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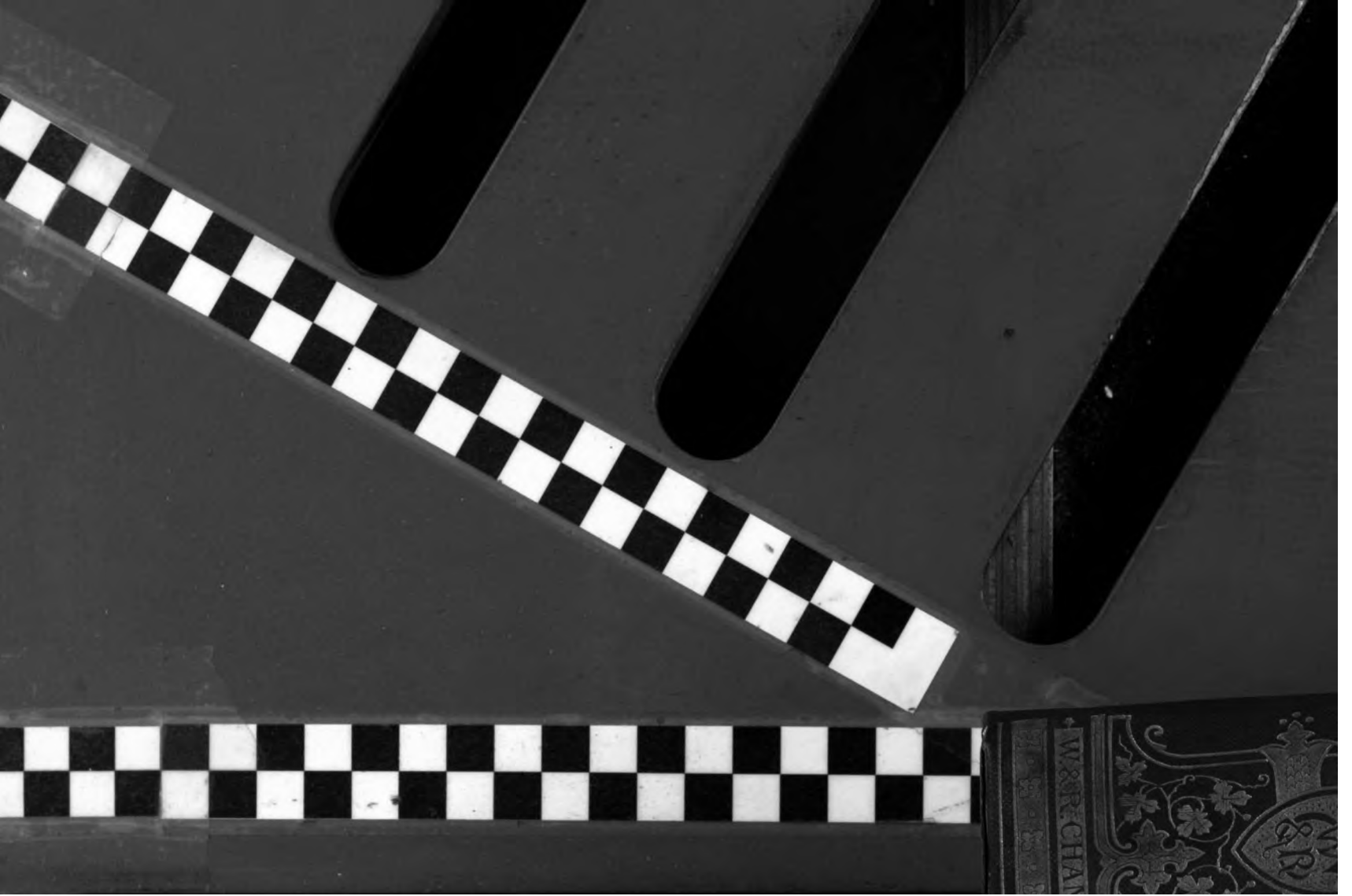
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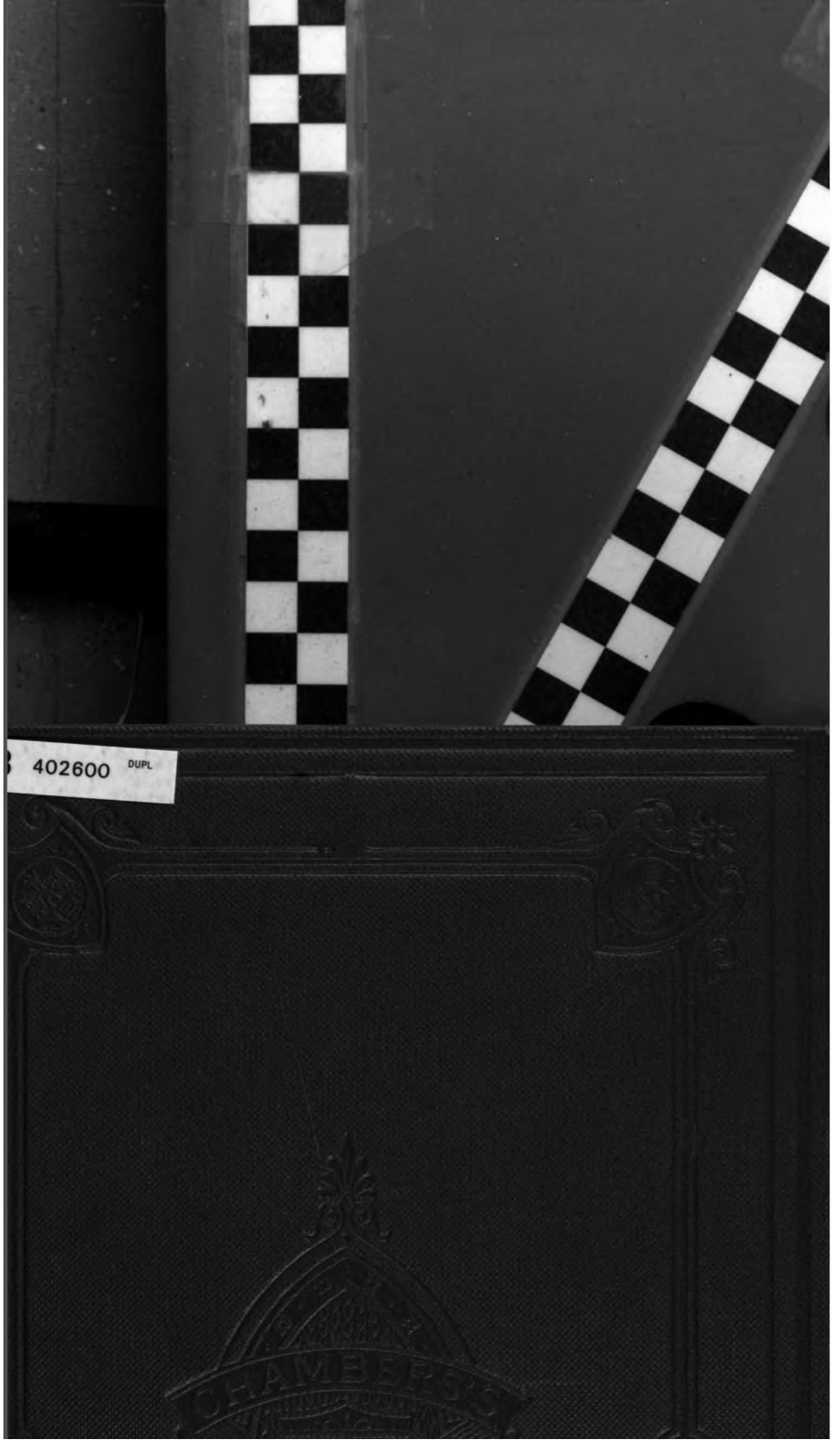
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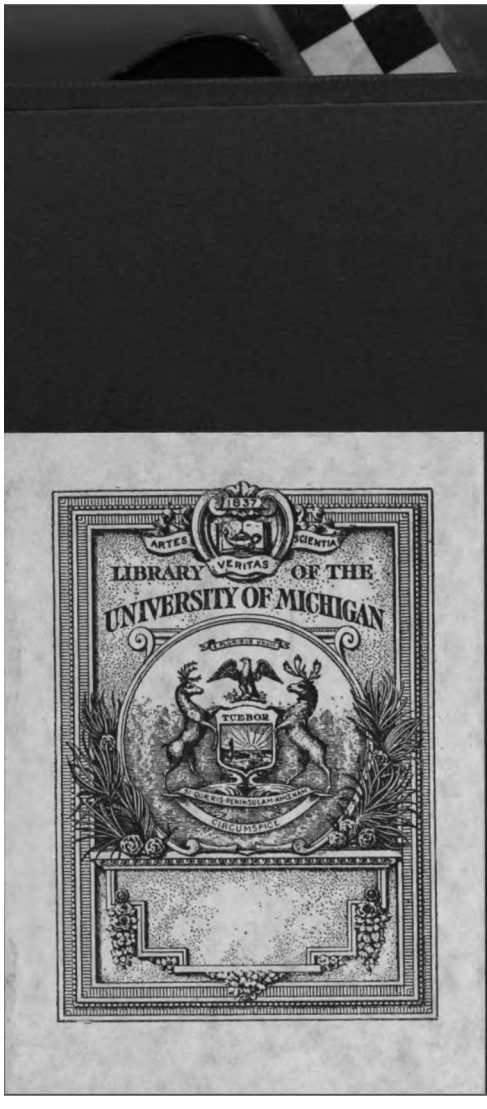

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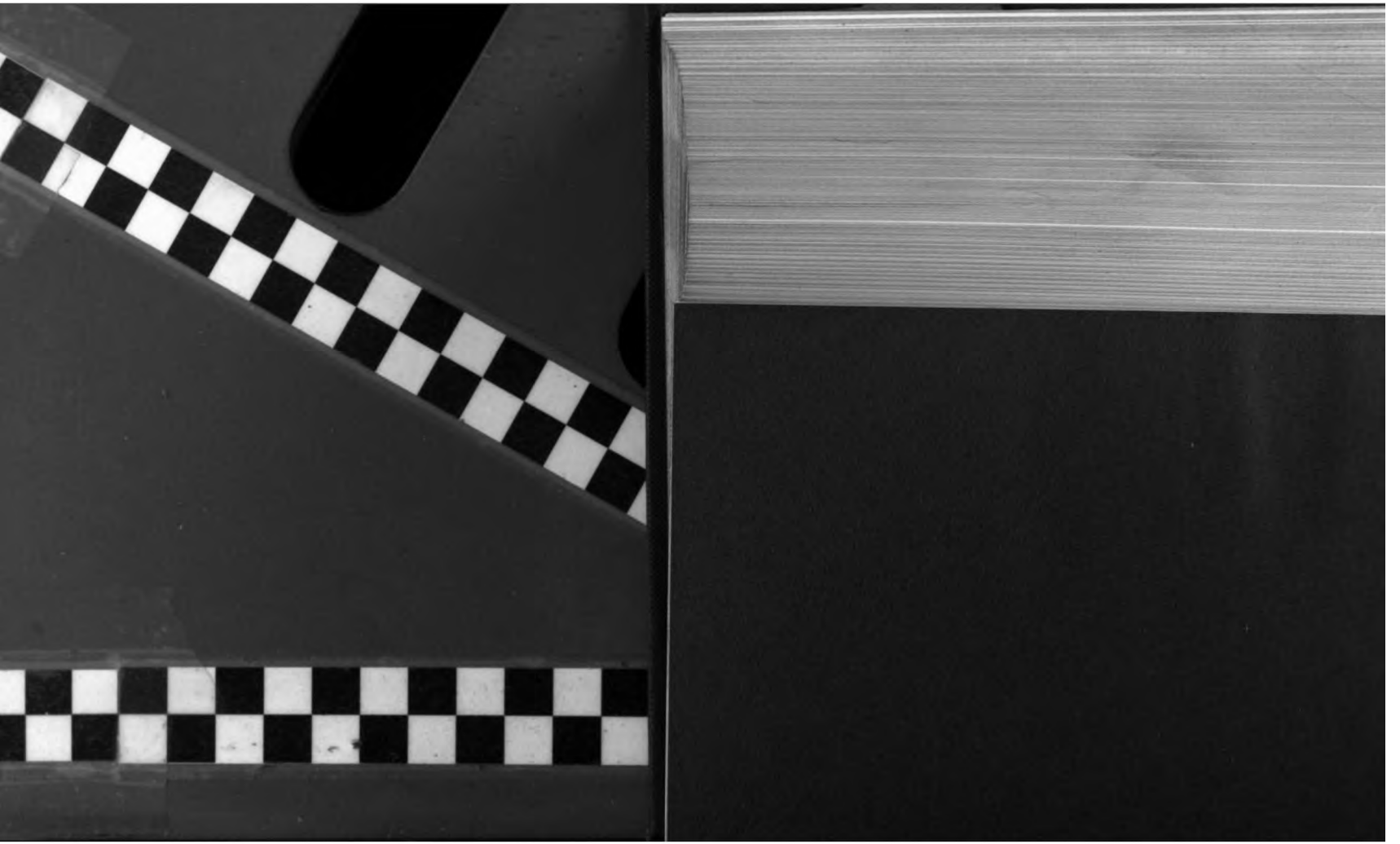

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES.

PETER AND JANE.

By S. MACNAUGHTAN, Author of *The Fortunes of Christina Macnab*, &c.

CHAPTER I.

MRS OGILVIE, red-haired according to the exact shade then in fashion, and dressed by Paquin, sat in her drawing-room reading the *Court Journal*. She thought on the lines of Aristotle, despised most women except Charlotte Corday, Judith, Joan of Arc, and a few others, and she dyed her hair and read the *Court Journal*. People who did not know her sometimes alluded to her as an overdressed woman with a wig. Those who had met her even but once admitted the power of her personality. Perhaps if any one had known her very well he or she would have been bewildered by the many-sided complexities of her character, and would have failed to discover any sort of unity behind its bewildering differences. But then, as a matter of fact, no one did know her well.

Those who cared to remember such an old story used to tell how, as a girl of eighteen, she had been deeply in love with a cousin of hers, Greville Monsen by name, and how almost on the eve of her marriage she had thrown him over and had married Colonel Ogilvie the explorer, a man twenty years older than herself, with an enormous fortune, and accounted something of a hero at the time.

Colonel Ogilvie married late in life, and his brother's wife had long ago decided that it would be better if he should never marry at all. Mrs Lionel Ogilvie was an ambitious woman with a fine family of sons and daughters to whom Colonel Ogilvie's large estates and immense fortune would have been wholly appropriate. She had always been civil to her brother-in-law, although the estates and the money were safely entailed upon his brother, and she weighed in the balance the disinterested affection which she showed him against her feeling of satisfaction in the fact that he was a daring and indefatigable traveller; one, moreover, who was seldom quite happy unless he was in danger, and who never thoroughly enjoyed a journey if any other white man had trodden the ground before he himself visited it.

Mrs Lionel Ogilvie was indignant at the news of Colonel Ogilvie's marriage. Being a very wise woman, she would probably in time have controlled her temper, and by a little judicious management she might have secured a considerable fortune for herself and her children. But, alas! there was a necessity within her of 'exploding' to some one when, as in this instance, her heart was hot and her head not quite cool. And so, with some sense of justice, venting her spleen upon the cause of it, Mrs Lionel Ogilvie said certain very unwise and unkind things about her brother-in-law's fiancée and her cousin Greville Monsen. Of course the heated and uncontrolled words of the disappointed woman were repeated, and there was a terrible and stormy interview between the two brothers, who parted that same day and never spoke to each other again.

Mrs Francis Ogilvie, the colonel's wife, bore the character of being a cold and dispassionate woman. And this was the more remarkable because on the distaff-side she was of Spanish descent, and might reasonably have been supposed to have inherited the instincts of that passionate and hot-tempered nation. She never quarrelled as the brothers had done, but her eyes narrowed for an instant, with a trick that was characteristic of her, when she heard Mrs Lionel Ogilvie's tale. And when, in the quieter moments that followed her husband's outburst of anger, he asked her, with a tone of question in his voice, if Lionel and that odious wife of his could possibly expect to be forgiven, Mrs Ogilvie raised her eyebrows and said simply, 'I do not know what forgiveness means.' She paid no attention to the vulgar gossip which her sister-in-law tried to attach to her name; and Greville Monsen had either got over his disappointment, or was sufficiently attached to his former fiancée to

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forgive her her treatment of him. He came to the house on terms of intimate friendship, and continued to do so even after Mrs Lionel Ogilvie's busy tongue had spoken.

Mrs Ogilvie was not affected by gossip nor moved by public opinion. To have altered her conduct even by a hair's-breadth because it was not generally approved would have seemed to her an absurdity; but those who offended her were not given the opportunity of doing so twice. To have had small quarrels followed by reconciliations would have been impossible to her. Very few things were worth quarrelling about at all, still less worth forgiving! Mrs Ogilvie was cynically indifferent to transgressions against herself; but when she did sit in judgment she always gave a life-sentence.

When Lionel died, the feud between the brothers would probably have been forgotten had it not been for the lamentable fact that his eldest son, who had grown up into a faithful likeness of his worldly and commonplace mother, took it into his head at the time of his father's death to write to his uncle in a way which showed as much greed as ill-breeding. The foolish young man's letter might have been put into the fire and forgotten, for Colonel Ogilvie had loved his brother long ago, and his death affected him deeply; but young Lionel made a mistake when he referred to the fact that Colonel and Mrs Ogilvie were childless, and alluded to his own prospects. This put an end for ever to all friendly intercourse between the two. Mrs Ogilvie, on her part, lifted her eyebrows again and said, 'The commercial mind is very droll!' But just for one moment she locked her hands together with an impulsive movement that had a whole life's tragedy and disappointment in it.

It was all the world to her and her husband that they should have children. But Fate, who had prospered them in every other respect, had denied them what they most desired. A son and heir was born a year after the marriage, and died the same day. Two years later a little girl was born who lived a few weeks, and then she also died. Since then there had been no children. Many women would have claimed sympathy for their sorrow; most women would at least have accepted it. Mrs Ogilvie, with her health somewhat impaired, came back to the world and assumed her place in it without any expressions of regret for her loss. Probably not even her husband knew whether she felt it deeply or not. No one else was ever permitted to speak of it. Colonel Ogilvie's own disappointment was never expressed. He had too much tenderness for his wife to say anything about it.

'If ever I am to be a mother again,' Mrs Ogilvie said once, 'my child shall be born out of reach of kind inquiries or deep sympathy. If he lives, let those rejoice with me who will. But pity is always offensive, and is generally meant to be so.'

As the years came and went Colonel Ogilvie lost interest in his property, and handed over the care of the greater part of it to agents and stewards, and came very near to hating the lands which some day would go to his nephew. A queer restlessness was upon him, and his wife watched him and said nothing. Until one day, seeing him reading a certain paragraph in a newspaper, she said to him, smiling slightly as they stood together on the broad stone terrace at Bowshott, 'Why don't you go with them on this exploring expedition?'

Colonel Ogilvie protested. He was a married man, he said, and his travelling days were over. It is probable, however, that never was a suggestion more welcome. The past years, in spite of his deep love for his wife, had been full of fret and shadowed by disappointment, and he longed, with a traveller's intensity of longing, for the wild, untroubled places of the world, the primitive life, and if possible some dangers on the road. An exploring party, sent out by the British Government to discover a lost missionary and to punish a warlike tribe, was exactly the thing to suit his adventurous disposition. In spirit he was already in the dangerous places of Central Africa, far from human habitation, and with very often his own right hand the only thing between him and a barbarous death. Even while he protested with conscientious emphasis against his wife's proposal, he already saw the dim forests of Africa, the line of bearers on the difficult march, the tents struck at nightfall, and all the paraphernalia of an interesting campaign.

He was away for eighteen months, beyond the reach of letters and telegrams for the greater part of the time; and during his absence Mrs Ogilvie, whose health had been feeble for some time, went to her native land of Spain for warmth and sunshine, travelling by sea to Lisbon for the sake of the voyage. From her Spanish mother she had inherited a property at Granada, and it was from there that she was able to write and tell her husband that she was the mother of a son. Colonel Ogilvie was in an inaccessible region when that event happened, and it was not until he was on his return journey home that he heard the good news. Two years later another child, Peter, was born; and, ardently as her first-born had been desired, Mrs Ogilvie showered by far the greater part of her affection upon the younger child. Everything had to give way to Peter, and she resented that even such baby-privileges as a child of tender years can receive were bestowed upon the elder son and heir. Her health gave cause for anxiety for some time after Peter was born, and her mental state and the condition of her nerves accounted for the partiality which she showed for her younger child.

The colonel, however, was always a little

jealous for the fair-haired boy who had come to his mother while he was far away; and by his will, which he made at this time, he secured an almost extravagant provision for Edward. He could almost forgive his nephews now for their obtrusive existence in the world, and he settled down to enjoy his property with the happy knowledge that he had two fine, sturdy boys to whom to leave it. He was still in the prime of life, and not all the dangers and privations which he had undergone seemed to have undermined his splendid constitution. But a drive home in an open dogcart, after speaking in an overheated hall at a political meeting, brought on a chill and pneumonia, of which very suddenly he died. His loss was sincerely and deeply regretted in a neighbourhood where he was both admired and loved for his many good qualities, and a monument in Culversham parish church tells of his excellence as a landlord and his intrepid courage as an explorer.

Mrs Ogilvie's health still being precarious, she went abroad for the winter after her husband's death to look into some matters concerning her own property, and to try to court health in the sunny, vine-growing country. And there, in a little, remote Spanish village by the sea which she loved to visit, little Edward Ogilvie, the elder of the two children, died; and not until six years later did Mrs Ogilvie return to England. To all outward seeming she was as emotionless and reserved as she had ever been, and she spoke no word of her double sorrow and her irreparable loss. Her love for her remaining child never showed itself in caresses, and was not even discernible in her speech; but in spite of her reserve there was an undefined feeling in most people's minds that Mrs Ogilvie idolised her son. Of the two who were dead no one ever heard her speak. Whatever she thought of them seemed to be buried in her heart as deeply as if it were their graves. And there remained only cheery, popular Peter Ogilvie—with his mind as open as the day, and not a secret upon his soul, and with as much reserve as a schoolboy—to inherit the fortune which a prince might have envied, and a property which was unique in a county rich in beautiful houses.

The gardens of Bowshott were the admiration of the countryside, and Mrs Ogilvie rarely entered them. The picture-gallery was visited by foreigners from every part of the world. Mrs Ogilvie frequently showed the works of the great masters herself, strolling along the polished floor of the gallery, and telling the story of this picture and that with that inimitable grace of manner which was vaguely resented by her country neighbours, and delighted the distinguished foreigners who came to see the pictures. She herself hardly ever glanced at the old masters for her own pleasure; and although full of technical knowledge on the subject, she had no love of art. It used to weary her when she had to listen to enthusiasm, generally only half-sincere, about her Botticellis or Raphaels. Music never stirred her, and she regarded the society of the country neighbourhood where she lived with a sense of uncomprehension which she sometimes found difficult to conceal.

'Why were such people born?' she used to say to herself at the sight of some rural gathering. On the rare occasions when she went to a party she was always the first to leave; boredom seemed to overtake her before she had been anywhere very long. Entertainments, so called, were horribly wearisome to her, and she never for an instant believed those people who professed to have enjoyed a pleasant party. Parties were all stupid, she thought; just as most people were stupid and most food was badly cooked. Therefore, why meet in somebody else's most probably hideous room, and eat impossible dishes, and talk to impossible people? Her own *chef* had been famous even in Paris, and every evening, according to the custom of the house, an extravagant *menu* was prepared, at which, when she was alone, she hardly glanced.

Mrs Ogilvie discussed all things in heaven or earth with a baffling lightness, turned philosophy into a clever jest, and made a sort of slang of classical terminology. Amongst a clever set in London she reigned supreme when she chose; but a false note or a pose offended her immediately, and the *poseur* or the insincere person would generally receive one of her exquisite snubs which cut like acid into tender skins. The pretentiousness of the so-called cultured set was a vulgarism in the eyes of this woman who could be rude with the airs of a princess, and could give a snub as some people offer a compliment. Inferior people sometimes wondered how she had a friend left. To be popular, they argued, one had to be civil, whereas Mrs Ogilvie was often daringly disagreeable. There was indeed something almost fine in her splendid disdain of the civility of the so-called popular person. She could wound; but she did it with the grace of a duellist of old days, who wiped his rapier with a handkerchief of cambric and lace when he had killed his opponent, and would probably expect a man to die, as he himself would die, with a jest on his lips and a light laugh at the flowing blood. Mrs Ogilvie slew exquisitely, and she never hated her opponent. She smiled at enthusiasm, and thought it bizarre and rather delightful; but towards vulgarity, especially in its pompous form, she presented her poniard point, sharp-tipped and deadly. 'Why should people take themselves seriously?' she would say with a shrug of her shoulders. 'Surely we are a common enough species!' And then the green-gray eyes would narrow themselves in their short-sighted way, and Mrs Ogilvie's voice, charmingly refined and well-bred, would with a few words lightly prick the falsely sentimental or self-inflated wind-bag of oratory that

had presented its unprotected surface to her shaft.

Towards religion her attitude was the well-bred one. She took off her hat to it, as a gentleman removes his hat in church whatever his creed may be. Her own beliefs were as daring and as nearly as possible uninfluenced by outward opinion or by the accepted systems as it is possible for a creed to be. She never tried to force them upon any one else; possibly she did not believe in them herself sufficiently to wish to do so; but, like her queer gowns and dyed red hair, her creed suited Mrs Ogilvie. There was a congruous incongruity about her which set many people puzzling to find out her real character. Pompous persons and snobs detested her. Stupid or vapid people saw nothing in her, or saw merely that she dyed her hair and was dressed by Paquin. Narrow-minded people disapproved of her, and clever people considered her one of the most striking, if not one of the most agreeable, personalities of the day. Women hardly ever understood her; but they respected any one who dressed as well as she did, and they had an undeclared admiration for a woman who could hold so lightly possessions which they believed to be all-important, and which Mrs Ogilvie seemed to find so trivial.

The house and its gardens were open once a week to visitors, and the country neighbours brought their guests and strangers to see it, their pleasure in showing off Mrs Ogilvie's possessions being somewhat tempered by timidity; while those who came to pay a call on the chance of finding her at home would sometimes say with an air of courage and independence to a friend, 'Mrs Ogilvie is considered rather alarming, you know, but it really is only her manner.' She played her part as country neighbour conscientiously. Once a year she gave a sumptuous garden-party, all other garden-parties in the neighbourhood being dated by it. And when Peter was a little boy there were children asked to the house to play games with him, and later there were dances and balls.

Peter accepted his mother, his property, and his position on what he himself would probably have called their most cheery side. He valued Bowshott because there was excellent hunting to be got there, just as he loved his place in Scotland because of the stalking and the fishing and the shooting; but that they were magnificent or enviable never entered his head. Fate had dealt very kindly with him, and its kindliness had provoked a charming geniality in the character of the young man whom it had treated with such lavish good fortune. Taking it all round, Peter considered this world an excellent one, and most of the people in it very good sorts indeed. He accepted his mother, as he accepted everything else, with a simple-heartedness which never looked below the surface or concerned itself with motives; and if any one had suggested to him that she was inexplicable, he would have considered such a judgment quite unintelligible. He enjoyed a visit to her more than almost anything else in the world. She had always been devoted to him ever since he was a boy, and he could never see that she was difficult to understand.

It was the fashion to say that Mrs Ogilvie had altered greatly since the death of Colonel Ogilvie and the little boy. People who remembered all the circumstances of that sad time thought always that in her own way Mrs Ogilvie was the victim of remorse for not having loved her dead child better. But, after all, there was nothing that a child of three or four years old could have felt seriously in his mother's conduct, and his father's affection must have consoled him for any coldness on her part. After the colonel's death there were those who said it would have been better if Mrs Ogilvie had married again; they regretted that she had not a daughter—some one who would have been always at home, and who, to use the common phrase, might have taken Mrs Ogilvie out of herself. Peter was too much away from home to be a real companion to his mother, and there were never guests at Bowshott unless he was there. It would surely have been in reason if the widow had taken a fancy to some nice girl and had had her to live in the house. But Mrs Ogilvie did not take fancies to nice girls. She loved Jane Erskine, but disguised the feeling under a sort of whimsical indifference. And the friendship seemed incongruous enough, if one came to think of it. Jane, with her wholesome love of outdoor life, her fresh beauty, her heedlessness of learning and ignorance of books—what had Jane in common with Mrs Ogilvie in her Parisian gowns and with her dyed hair, sitting in the vast drawing-room at Bowshott reading the *Court Journal* and thinking on the lines of the speculative philosophers?

And even to Jane Erskine her manner was cold. Her chilling philosophy would soon have quenched a less happy and impulsive nature. No one but Jane would have bothered her head about Mrs Ogilvie, the kindly neighbours said, envying, nevertheless, the girl's intimacy at the great house. But as a matter of fact Jane expended a wealth of honest affection on Mrs Ogilvie, and not only thought her the cleverest woman she had ever met, but had even been heard to affirm that her hair was not dyed. She called her 'such a really good sort;' and the words were as inappropriate as the words of Peter Ogilvie and Jane Erskine usually were.

(To be continued.)

'POOR WHITES' IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IT would be difficult to find within the four corners of the British Empire a more cosmopolitan population than exists in the South African Union at the present time; all sorts, conditions, and nationalities commingle—Britons and Boers, Hebrews of every conceivable type (from the man who buys rags and bottles to the opulent millionaire), the swarthy Malay with his scarlet fez, the Greek fruiteller, and the Indian hawker, to say nothing of the innumerable tribes of blacks scattered up and down the subcontinent. But there is one class of people possessing specially noteworthy and interesting characteristics, their direct origin involved in a good deal of obscurity, and their future furnishing much perplexity to the humanitarian.

Broadly speaking, the term 'poor whites' may be taken to mean British subjects of European origin who are domiciled in the colony, and who have been reduced to a condition of great indigence, from which, it seems, they are unable to raise themselves or their families without extraneous aid. Their number unfortunately is fast increasing, and the problem of finding a solution for their betterment is assuming every day a more serious aspect, as it is felt that many of them stand the chance of drifting into a state of helpless pauperism or becoming utterly demoralised. These 'poor' or indigent whites, as they are termed, may be said to approximate in some degree to the 'submerged tenth' in England; though, from a physical point of view, a sunny climate tells much in their favour. The most of them belong to the Dutch Boer class; but their ranks have from time to time been recruited by runaway sailors, soldiers, broken-down schoolmasters, as well as wastrels generally.

Some have drifted into towns, and the effect of their contact with townsmen has in many cases been to familiarise them with the vices of urban life. Those in the country are nomadic and unsettled in their habits, trekking about, some of them, with a few sheep or goats. They may perhaps live in a tent or in a dilapidated shanty constructed of old sheets of corrugated iron or flattened-out paraffin-tins fastened to wooden beams. A few perhaps may aspire to a tenement of sun-dried bricks, but there is hardly any pretence to comfort or convenience in their dwellings.

The children of many parents living in sparsely populated districts have been allowed to grow up in hopeless ignorance, and have never learned to appreciate the gospel of work or the value of time; indeed, self-respect is in too many instances an altogether unknown quantity. They vegetate rather than live in the ordinary acceptation of the term, and this listless, apathetic, spiritless habit of mind continues to be handed down from parent to child as the years go by.

Apart from what may be called the force of circumstances, other causes which have contributed to the number of 'poor whites' have been the extension of the railways, which has thrown numbers of ox-wagon carriers out of employment; the subdivision of farms not adapted for supporting many families, which has compelled the less industrious owners to seek some other calling; and in some cases intemperance on the part of individuals, leading to the impoverishment and ruin of those dependent upon them for support. One of the main causes, however, which has led to the coming into being of this class of people is the want of proper education. The conditions of life in a sparsely populated, non-agricultural country like the interior of South Africa are undoubtedly favourable to the development of a type of character peculiar to the pioneer; but without education people of this class become more or less unfit for the more strenuous struggle for existence which supervenes on the increase of population. There is reason to hope that with the efforts which are being made to extend the advantages of education throughout the country—as, for instance, the establishment of farm-schools—the evil in question will tend to diminish year by year; but there are many prejudices to be surmounted, not the least of these being that, in the eyes of these people, dignity is lowered by the performance of honest manual labour.

This trait has doubtless been fostered to a large extent by the fact that in former times slaves performed all the menial and arduous work, and that to-day natives are the recognised hewers of wood and drawers of water. Very many of the daughters of impecunious parents could readily obtain situations as 'domestics,' but they object to be designated 'servants,' though 'mother's help' might be more to their taste. In the course of examination by a select committee on this question, a witness was asked, 'What is the cause of these people being poor whites?' and the answer given was, 'Because their parents were too proud to let them learn any trade, or in fact would not let them learn to work at all. The young fellows are too proud to work as ordinary day-labourers—they all want to be *klein baases;* the girls prefer to sit at home and wait till they get husbands; a couple of the boys may look after the sheep, and the rest will hang about the place and get up to all sorts of mischief.' I have heard of a comparatively poor family where there are eleven daughters, and not one of them shows any inclination to go out and work, poverty being preferable.

And yet there is some invaluable material among these indigent whites. The superintendent of the Industrial School at Uitenhage, Mr M'Jannett, who had many years educa-

tional experience in Scotland, speaks most highly of the lads with whom he has come in contact. He believes that the solution of the problem lies in educating the coming generation. Young fellows sixteen or seventeen years of age, who have had absolutely no instruction whatever, have come to his school, and better latent talent is not to be found all the world over, if properly developed and supervised. I might say that the institution in question was founded by a committee of the Presbytery of the Dutch Reformed Church. It is supported by Government grants, coupled with the proceeds of the sale of the articles manufactured by the lads.

There is also a girls' indigent home at Graaff-Reinet, the object of which is to take away children from undesirable surroundings and train them to become good mothers' helps, so that in after-years they can earn a respectable living. The Destitute Children's Relief Act was passed in 1895, under which destitute children are admitted to the Home: firstly, those who wander about uncared for and without parents or guardians; secondly, those who live in houses of immorality, or whose mothers lead an immoral life; and, thirdly, those who live among thieves and drunkards. The matron's testimony is to the effect that not a single case has turned out a failure, and the only matter for regret is that such institutions cannot be multiplied and more waifs of humanity brought under their benign and elevating influence. Then, again, an experiment made at the railway workshops shows that the boys, after proper training, become excellent mechanics and do not compare unfavourably with imported labour, notwithstanding that when they start their career they are for the most part absolutely illiterate.

An effort has also been made to enrol men of the 'poor white' class in the police force, for which they appear well adapted, and great satisfaction has been given. One would naturally be led to suppose that, in a mineralised country like South Africa, mining was a pursuit which could be very advantageously exploited; but if European lads were to be taken on and taught the duties of a miner they would have to do the same class of work as the Kafirs—serve a sort of apprenticeship, in fact. Here again sentiment steps in, and the whites object under any circumstances to do the same kind of labour as natives do. Even in the Namaqualand copper-mines the poor whites have not proved a success; men and boys alike have a kind of natural repugnance to the calling, whereas in Cornwall, for instance, boys go to work with their fathers, and begin at the lowest rung of the ladder.

One witness before the commission to which reference has already been made, who possesses a large tannery and boot factory, employs a number of poor whites, and finds them very amenable to discipline and training. The younger ones have no inclination, when they have learned the trade, to go back to the land, as they find there is more money to be made in the factory; but the older men who have grown up on farms have a tendency, after they have accumulated some means, to get a few sheep and cattle and go back to the country again. Many of these latter, however, struggle along for a while and then return to the factory. It must be borne in mind that formerly, when a man got into such a condition that he had no land on which to live, he would simply trek a little farther, and was encouraged to do so, as the Government wanted the country opened up. Then there is the question of the larger farms, the owners of which may each have two or three families of the 'bywoner' class upon their land. The farmer gives them a good deal of assistance, it may be; but after twenty years or so the two or three families may have become twenty families, and then there is no room for them. The same trouble has been experienced in America.

Another contributing factor to the existing state of things is the desire of the people always to live on the old farm, divide it, and subdivide it, and thus the progressive members of the poor white family are held back by their debased and undesirable surroundings. The farms and the water are divided communally, the most cannot be made out of the land because the people will not combine, and the good men are retarded by the others. A clergyman recently in the course of a lecture told his audience that he had obtained for twenty-three young men of poor Dutch families in his parish situations as porters, signalmen, and gangers; and, although the wages averaged two pounds a week, only four of the twenty-three retained their posts. Some said, 'Why should we carry passengers' luggage? We are white as well as they;' and others found the work too hard or too continuous, so they gave it up, and went back to idleness and beggary.

It will be seen from the foregoing that the question is beset with difficulty, the pressure of circumstances and the lack of education telling heavily upon a very large class of the community who, experience has proved, can be raised in the social scale; although it seems that the process must inevitably be a slow one, demanding all the fostering care and supervision that philanthropic effort can bestow. The by no means few instances that have come to light where poor whites have got the better of their surroundings and been converted into industrious citizens are a proof that we know but little of the hidden qualities of things, and that treasure can be frequently extracted from most unpromising material.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

By Samuel Gordon.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

Of the many magnificent palaces that line the granite embankment on the left side of the Neva, between the Liteinyi Bridge and the Bridge of Nicholas I. at St Petersburg, that of Baron Anselm de Kolberg, the Jewish banker, was perhaps the most magnificent. He had bought it from a prince, the bearer of one of the proudest names in Russian history, whom insensate extravagance had brought to ruin. There were some, chiefly among the baron's co-religionists, who said that his acquisition of the mansion was rather a piece of ill-advised ostentation; but that did not trouble Baron Kolberg very much. He was not the man to subordinate his private predilections to other people's opinions. Else he would not have been Baron Kolberg.

Through the window of his luxurious study, where he was awaiting the return of his son Felix, the baron looked thoughtfully out upon the streets. It was near midnight, but the mighty city was still bathed in a sea of light. There it stood, a gigantic lie, cloaking beneath its thin European veneer all its semi-Asiatic savagery. Under its mask of ultra-modernity lurked the reactionary barbarism of the Middle Ages. The free, unfettered life that surged through it might have stood as the emblem of all that was meant by liberty and progress. Instead, it was the anvil upon which were forged the chains of galling servitude that turned a whole nation into one immense slave-gang. Its brazen laughter, its fevered gaiety, rose loud and discordant, and drowned the agonised cry of suffering millions. From the hour of its birth it had exacted a merciless toll of countless lives that were spent in redeeming the soil upon which it reared its pinnacles from the grip of the pestilential swamp; and ever since it had gone on glutting its greatness and splendour on human blood and sweat, and flourishing exceedingly on the fare, until in its pride and stony disdain it had become what it was now—a fit monument of the relentless might of the Muscovite Empire.

Baron Kolberg, as he watched the panorama before him, shook his head as though in answer to some secret misgiving. A soft tapping at the door broke in on his reflections.

'Well, Sebastian, what is it?' he asked, turning with a kindly air to the old man who entered.

'I only wanted to know if your excellency required anything. Perhaps a glass of hot punch? It's a little chilly to-night.'

'No, thank you, Sebastian; I'm quite comfortable. You had better go to bed.'

'Your excellency's pardon, but I have never yet gone to bed while any one was up in the house, and I won't make a beginning now.'

'Very well. I don't suppose Master Felix will be long.'

He watched the old major-domo withdraw with an almost affectionate look. Sebastian was one of the heirlooms of the Kolberg family, and one of its most valued. Besides, the baron reflected, Sebastian was the only one living now who shared his greatest secret.

He turned back to the window, falling again to his former meditations, and again shaking his head at his silent thoughts. Presently the door opened noiselessly, and his son Felix entered.

'What are you denying so emphatically, father?' asked the young man, with a smile.

'The advance of civilisation, the coming of the millennium—many things, in fact. I hardly know where to begin,' replied the elder man pensively. And then his voice assumed a lighter tone. 'But it's rather too late to-night to start moralising. Tell me, did you have a good time?'

'Oh, excellent. I think it was the best performance of *La Bohème* they have ever had at the Opera here. And then I was a bit of a lion,' continued Felix with a laugh. 'Crowds of people congratulated me on my picture. Everybody thought it a great thing that a firm like Holzmann should have bought it the very first day of the exhibition.'

'Oh, did they think so?' said the baron with an almost imperceptible smile. 'Let me see. I presume you were in the Kowalevskis' box?'

'I was,' replied Felix a little curtly.

'Who else was there?'

'Only Madame Kowalevski and Vera.'

'Did you see them home?'

'In my motor. Theirs had gone to fetch M. Kowalevski from a reception at the French Embassy.'

There was a pregnant little pause.

'By the way, Felix,' resumed the baron presently, 'has anything been said as yet between you and Vera?'

'Not in so many words,' was the somewhat hesitating reply; 'but we understand one another. I like her, and I think she likes me. And other things being equal'——

'Quite so—other things being equal,' interrupted the baron, seating himself ponderously in his chair. 'But, you see, they are not. As you know, there can be no talk of marriage between you and Vera until the little difference in your respective religions has been adjusted.'

'I am quite aware of that, father.'

'But I don't know whether the Kowalevskis

are. They are not the kind of people to spend their time poring over the statute-book. As a matter of fact, there 's not so much necessity to do that for real orthodox Russians as there is for—ahem!—us Jews. But of course they would be bound to give the question their serious attention when it came to making definite arrangements between you two young people. Their family solicitor would no doubt not omit to tell them that Vera by marrying a Jew is laying herself open to—I don't exactly know what it is, capital punishment or exile. At any rate, it 's something very disagreeable. They would hardly take kindly to the idea of their darling little Vera working in a platinum-mine, even in company with the man of her choice. In Siberia she would probably not find sufficient facilities for the champagne baths which I understand her doctor has ordered her.'

'I thought you were aware that that was just the reason why I have not yet made any formal proposal,' said the young man moodily.

'I am aware of it. And therefore we might seize the opportunity of thrashing the matter out between us. This seems a fitting psychological moment. Sit down, Felix.'

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was shown in the outward appearance of the two men, a contrast which did not seem altogether accounted for by the difference in their ages. Neither in feature nor in figure was there the least resemblance between this father and son. The baron was short, almost undersized, portly in gait, and his face was cast in a correspondingly heavy mould. Felix Kolberg, on the other hand, was tall and slender, with features delicately cut and a sensitive mouth that vibrated readily to every impulse of his artistic nature. Strangely enough, he showed as little resemblance to the late baroness, a half-length portrait of whom occupied the place of honour over the baron's writing-desk. It was a cold, stolid countenance, in which the Teutonic and Semitic types blended to the effacement of either. She had died some sixteen years back, and the baron had not replaced her.

During the pause that had ensued the baron had been dipping into a cigar-box, choosing among its contents with a deliberate care which seemed significant of the anxiety he felt to put his thoughts into appropriate words. The occasion demanded it.

'The position, my dear boy, is this,' he said at last. 'We—that is, you and I—are occupying a distinctly anomalous place in our environments. We move in a certain class; but we are among them without being of them, and we are not allowed to forget it. Every now and then we are given a sharp reminder that we are admitted into St Petersburg society only on sufferance. We are not even looked upon with the indulgent condescension which is the lot of parvenus. We might eventually live that down. No; the misfortune is that we are allowed to ascend to whatever height we please in the social scale, and yet the sharp line of demarcation follows us wherever we go. In fact, everybody admits that I play a great part in the world, that I am a financial and even a social force to be reckoned with; but even the people who press my hand most gratefully for the profitable investments I make for them, who are most effusive in their praise of my dinners, go away shaking their heads and whispering to one another, "What a pity he 's a Jew!"'

'So much the worse for them,' said Felix dryly.

'Admitted; but unfortunately also so much the worse for us. And what makes this state of things all the more regrettable is that it could be so easily remedied. It is merely a question of label, of outward conformity. Convictions do not enter into the case. I have only to be received into the bosom of the Greek Orthodox Church, and my racial origin is forgotten—or at any rate forgiven.'

'But you are a free agent, father,' said Felix, avoiding the older man's gaze.

'Not altogether. For one thing, I am bound by a matter of sentiment. I gave my mother on her deathbed a half-promise that I would not abjure the faith. I have kept it, and am willing to keep it so far as the considerations concern me. But there is yourself and your career.'

The young man's brows lifted in astonishment.

'My career!' he echoed. 'I should have thought that that was pretty well assured. At least, there is every indication of it. My picture in the Imperial Gallery'——

'Your picture in the Imperial Gallery!' said the baron, spacing his words. 'Yes, that is a case in point. My dear boy, you force me to a humiliating confession. Your picture was not accepted on its merits solely. The chairman of the selection committee told me that it was undoubtedly the finest work of the year. But it was their duty to give native—that is, orthodox Russian—talent the preference.'

'Still, what does it matter? It got in,' exclaimed Felix a little impatiently.

'It did; but the gold that got it in was not entirely confined to the frame.'

'Father!' exclaimed Felix, shocked.

'You see what you have to expect,' the baron continued, unperturbed. 'At every turn we strike against obstacles, and you know even the hide on an elephant's shins will wear away if he runs up against things long enough. And now comes this difficulty about Vera, and I think it 's time we made a clean sweep of all difficulties for now and for the future.'

'What do you suggest, father?' asked Felix dully.

'I haven't quite decided on my course of action. Having waited so long, it 's only right I should not be too precipitate. I want to think

the matter out in all its bearings. I am afraid my apostasy will make something of a sensation. It will be a great blow to my co-religionists, who have come to look on me as one of their staunchest champions—I don't know on what grounds, because I have never put myself out for them. So I want to see what I can do to minimise the effect. But I can't do it here.'

'Can't do what here, father?'

'I can't do any thinking in this noisy, tumultuous city. I must be quiet and undisturbed for a while. Where shall we go, Felix?'

'Well, what about your summer house on the Krestovskiy Island?'

'Where I should meet all my acquaintances of the Bourse and hear nothing but quotations and market-prices from morning till night!'

'A cruise in the yacht, perhaps.'

'I should be seasick all the time.'

'I have it, father!' exclaimed Felix after a short pause. 'Why not go to your estate near Tribunalska?'

The baron looked up, a startled look on his face.

'Oh no, no! that 's quite out of the question,' he returned hastily.

'But why, father?' insisted the young man. 'You have often made me wonder about it. Here is a splendid property, from which you derive a certain portion of your income, and yet you seem to make a point of ignoring its very existence.'

'I have no time to bother about it. It 's administered by an excellent steward in whom I have implicit confidence, and that 's sufficient for me.'

'But, if you will permit me to say so, father, it 's not altogether fair to me. I think you ought to let me satisfy my curiosity about a possession which one day—I hope to heaven it will not be for many years!—may be mine. You don't know how often I have felt tempted to slip away quietly and go there by myself. I hear it has some of the finest scenery in the world. It might inspire me to some good work. And I should think you will find there all the solitude you want.'

The baron had risen to his feet and paced the apartment once or twice. Then he turned and faced his son with an air of resolution.

'Very well, Felix; I think I may risk it.'

'Risk it! Where 's the risk?'

The baron looked a little confused, as though he had committed himself.

'I mean—— You see, here again we are hampered by our disabilities. A ukase has lately been issued forbidding Jews to take up their residence in the country without special permission. I don't like to lay myself open to a rebuff. We might be refused.'

'What, and the Minister for the Interior lunching with us to-morrow!'

'Well! well, I'll see what I can do with Gardanoff. I 'll open for him a bottle of the '54 Tokay. And now, my boy, to bed. I 'm glad we 've had this talk, although I 'm not sure that it has brought us any further.'

'Well, at any rate it has brought us as far as Tribunalska,' said Felix, smiling at him affectionately.

'Yes, as far as Tribunalska,' echoed the baron under his breath. And as he shook hands with Felix the latter could not help noting and wondering at the troubled look of retrospection that had come into the older man's eyes.

(To be continued.)

NOTES ON THE PORTRAITS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By W. Roberts.

PORTRAITS form one of the inevitable penalties of greatness from which there is no escape. To do most great men (and women) justice, it would seem one of the penalties to which they submit with a more or less good grace. The portraits of even moderately famous people are almost past counting; but who shall attempt to enumerate those of such celebrities as the Duke of Wellington, Mr Gladstone, and Queen Victoria, to name but three of the great figures in the history of the last century?

Some interesting and surprising facts concerning the portraits of celebrities may be found in two recently published compilations, neither of which can be described as being of a popular character: Mr Algernon Graves's *Royal Academy Exhibitors, 1769–1904*, and the American Library Association *Portrait Index*. In turning over the one thousand six hundred double-column pages of the latter, one stands amazed at the number of eminent persons whose existence, if nothing else, is demonstrated to us through the ages by means of portraits. In this great work Queen Victoria occupies nearly three columns, Mr Gladstone two and a quarter columns, the Duke of Wellington over one and a half columns, and Sir Walter Scott rather under one and a half columns. As a set-off it may be mentioned that Scott was the only one of the four who had the luck, good or ill, to live before the day of the photographer. Even so, it will be seen that he makes a very good show.

It is not, however, the intention of the present writer to deal at length with the various and many phases of the portraiture of Sir Walter Scott, but rather to confine himself to two aspects which have not yet been dealt with in print: first, with those portraits which have been hung at the

Royal Academy; and, secondly, with those which have at various periods appeared at Messrs Christie's salerooms. Both these subjects will contribute a good many facts to a much-needed *catalogue raisonné* of Scott portraits.

The writer's manuscript 'Index of Portraits' exhibited at the Royal Academy from its institution in 1769 to 1904 consists of nearly fifty thousand slips, alphabetically arranged according to the names of persons. From 1798 to 1810 there were four portraits of 'Mr Scott' exhibited at the Royal Academy—two in 1798 (one by W. Owen and the other a miniature by John Wright); a miniature, in 1803, by A. Plimer; and a portrait by Sir George Hayter, in 1810. Neither of these probably had anything to do with the subject of the present article; for although he had published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* in 1805, *Marmion* in 1808, and *The Lady of the Lake* in 1809, he had not yet electrified the world with his novels.

We may take it, therefore, that the first portrait of Sir Walter Scott to appear at the Royal Academy was Raeburn's second whole length, painted in 1809, and exhibited at the following year's Academy (No. 79). It was in effect a replica of the portrait painted in 1808 for Constable, which passed at his sale into the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. Both portraits are described by Lockhart, the repetition of the Royal Academy version being at Abbotsford. This portrait gave birth to at least three enamels by William B. Ford, which were exhibited at the 1859 (No. 822), 1863 (No. 746), and 1882 (No. 1383) Royal Academy. It would be interesting to trace the present whereabouts of these three enamels.

The second portrait of Scott to appear on the walls of the Academy was that of Sam. Drummond, which was No. 439 in the exhibition of 1817. An engraving by Blood was published at the time in *The European Magazine;* and in an autograph sale at Sotheby's on July 9, 1832, there was a letter, dated December 1817, from Scott to Asperne, the publisher of *The European Magazine*, in reply to an application for permission to engrave his portrait. This reply is so interesting that it is worth quoting: 'If you add any letterpress to the plate I hope you will make it as short as possible. In fact, there is nothing to be said; for I was born of respectable parents, and succeeded to a decent fortune, aided by preferments of the nature which my profession and standing entitled me to hope for; so that, except a degree of literary reputation which has far exceeded my own opinion of my deserts, no one has had a more uniform or undisturbed course through life, so far as it has hitherto passed away.'

Thomas Phillips's unsatisfactory portrait of 1818 (done for Mr John Murray) was not exhibited at the Academy, but there was in that year (No. 117) Wilkie's group of 'Walter Scott, Esqr., and Two Sons,' of which Lockhart regretted that he could not 'express much approbation.' In each exhibition of the Academy of 1825 and 1826 there was a portrait of the novelist, who had now become Sir Walter Scott, the earlier being that by G. S. Newton (No. 102), and the later by J. P. Knight (No. 563). Newton's portrait, a small three-quarter in oils, was painted at Chiefswood in August 1824, and is, according to Lockhart, 'the best domestic portrait ever done.' Mr Murray's duplicate is the version engraved for Finden's *Illustrations of Byron.* Knight's 'small head,' a 'juvenile production, ill-drawn and feeble in expression,' was engraved for Lodges' *Portraits.*

Earlier in chronological order than either of these two portraits, Sir Thomas Lawrence's 'unrivalled' three-quarter portrait was painted for George IV. in 1820, but for some reason was not exhibited at the Academy until 1827 (No. 146); whereas Chantrey's bust, for which Scott gave sittings concurrently with those for Lawrence's portrait, was in the 1821 Academy (No. 1133). In another form the Lawrence portrait appeared four times at the Academy, first in 1836 (No. 913), enamelled on china by W. Corden, and as an enamel three times by William Essex, in 1843 (No. 1087), in 1845 (No. 690), and in 1854 (No 665). One of these three was bought at Christie's, on November 15, 1868, by Henry G. Bohn (the size is 3½ in. by 2¾ in.), and forms No. 620 in his privately printed catalogue. It appears in a large ormolu frame with two others —namely, Lord Byron and Thomas Moore—a fact which proves that it dates from 1845, seeing that these three formed Essex's exhibit of that year. J. Watson Gordon's 'excellent' half-length portrait appeared at the Academy of 1831 (No. 149), and was painted in March of the previous year for Cadell the publisher, and is one of the most frequently reproduced representations of the 'Author of *Waverley.*' Following this came Sir William Allan's equally well-known 'Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford,' which was No. 165 in the Academy of 1832; twelve years later the same artist exhibited his group of 'Sir Walter Scott and Youngest Daughter' (1844, No. 84). Landseer's famous whole-length portrait of Scott in the Rhymer's Glen (Royal Academy, 1833, No. 351), a posthumous portrait painted for Wells of Redleaf, has the disadvantage of not being painted *ad vivam;* but Lockhart said that Landseer's familiarity with Scott renders this picture 'almost as valuable as if he had sat for it.'

So far, then, for such of the portraits of Scott as were exhibited at the Royal Academy. The sale by auction of portraits, authentic or otherwise, of Scott is a much less simple matter. To begin with, there is the all-important question of authenticity. Scott is a good 'selling' name, and his physiognomy had no striking characteristic—such as Wellington's

nose—to distinguish it from those of many other gentlemen of the day. Anything that can be called Scott is, for saleroom purposes, readily attached to his name. Quite recently the present writer was appealed to by an American gentleman in connection with a whole-length, life-size portrait ascribed to Beechey, and said to represent Scott. It was presumably in America for sale as such, but it was dated, and the *provenance* was such that the matter required very little research. There is no record of Beechey ever having painted Sir Walter Scott; and as the cash-books of that artist for the period at which the portrait was painted have been preserved, the matter was settled very quickly. It is more than likely, however, that the portrait will find its way into some American collection as that of Sir Walter Scott, whereas it represents a gentleman whom Scott probably never saw or heard of. There is always a distressing lack of reserve in the matter of iconography in sale catalogues, but a little careful sifting will bring us to what may be described as the bedrock of the subject.

It will simplify matters, in connection with portraits of Scott in the saleroom, to take the various artists in alphabetical order. Sir William Allan's (1782–1850) picture of 'Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford' was the last portrait for which Sir Walter sat; as already stated, it was No. 165 in the Academy of 1832, the catalogue of which gives a full, detailed account of the various accessories. It was at one time in the possession of Robert Nasmyth, F.R.S., when it was engraved by John Burnet, and at F. Richardson's sale in 1871 it was bought by Scharf, for the National Portrait Gallery, London, for three hundred and fifty guineas. In an autograph catalogue of 1900 there was an interesting letter from Allan to Birch the sculptor, with two pencil sketches, one of Scott and the other of Allan's picture of Rizzio. In the course of the letter Allan speaks of a complete set of drawings of Abbotsford, whence he had returned 'a few days ago,' and 'where I left Sir Walter in such a state that I expect to hear every hour that he has departed this life.'

The well-known picture by T. Faed (1826–1900) of 'Sir Walter Scott surrounded by his Friends,' which realised nine hundred and ten guineas at the Gillott sale in 1872, does not come within the scope of *ad vivam* portraits, and may be dismissed with no further remark. The 'head sketched in oils' by Andrew Geddes (1789–1844) is described by Lockhart as one of the studies for a picture of the finding of the Scotch Regalia in 1818, and as in the possession of Sir James Stewart, Bart. of Allanbank; this original or a replica was lent to the Old Masters Exhibition at Burlington House in 1892 (No. 33) by Sir William Agnew, and at Robert Rankin's sale, May 14, 1898, was sold for two hundred and forty guineas.

Sir John Watson Gordon (1790–1864) painted, as already stated, an excellent half-length portrait of Scott for Cadell in March 1830. He appears to have found the portrait a profitable source of income, for there are many versions of it. They vary from head and shoulders to Kitcat size. The version in the National Gallery of Scotland was presented by the artist's brother, Mr H. G. Watson. One of the earliest to appear in the saleroom was in an anonymous sale at Christie's in 1885, and then sold for fifty guineas. At the artist's sale at Mr Dowell's rooms in Edinburgh, in 1896, one of the Kitcat versions sold for one hundred and twenty-four guineas. The most important of the several versions to appear in the open market was that of the Dowager Lady Napier and Ettrick, sold at Christie's, on June 10, 1899, for one thousand five hundred guineas. This is a Kitcat size, and according to the sale catalogue is not only signed 'John Watson,' but dated 1820, or ten years earlier than the portrait done for Cadell, and three years before he assumed the additional surname of Gordon. This portrait was lent to the Exhibition of Scottish National Portraits in 1884.

In the 1906 sales there were two of the Watson Gordon versions. On May 26 two portraits by this artist, the property of the late Mr James Duncan of Benmore, were of Scott and De Quincey. The former (as well as the latter) was doubtless that which was in the anonymous sale in 1885 referred to above. The Scott portrait is an oval (30 in. by 25 in.); it realised four hundred guineas, and was purchased by Mr Gaskell, at whose sale in 1909 it dropped to ninety guineas. The second of the 1906 (July 16) portraits was the property of Mr John Kirkland of Glasgow; it had been exhibited at Edinburgh in 1871, and was now purchased by Messrs Connell for four hundred and fifty guineas.

As stated by Lockhart, John Graham, afterwards John Graham-Gilbert (1794–1866), painted a half-length, 'not destitute of merit,' for the Royal Society of Edinburgh. Of this a replica was presented to the National Portrait Gallery, London, by the artist's widow in June 1867. On May 7, 1909, an anonymous property at Christie's included a portrait of Scott in gray coat, trimmed with fur, and holding a parchment deed (35 in. by 27 in.), catalogued as by Graham Lindsay, and of which an engraving in line by T. Lupton was published in 1833 by J. M'Cormick, 14 Strand, London. Except that the portrait was the property of Mr George Fuller of Bath until 1852, nothing was known of its history; the portrait realised two hundred and ten guineas, and it was generally stated that there was no such painter as Graham Lindsay known, and that the artist was John Graham-Gilbert.

Sir Francis Grant, P.R.A. (1810–78), painted in 1831 the well-known portrait of the novelist seated at his writing-table and with his 'two

noble staghounds' for Lady Ruthven; this is well known through the engraving by Thomas Hodgetts, and still more familiarised as a picture post-card by a well-known firm of Scotch pen-makers. Grant made a replica of the portrait which at his sale in 1879 fetched two hundred and fifty guineas, and this is now, I think, the property of the Duke of Buccleuch. James Hall, the Scottish advocate and amateur portrait-painter (1797–1854), painted a whole-length portrait of Scott (whose manuscript of *Waverley* he gave to the Advocates' Library), which at his sale in 1855 was secured by a buyer named 'Leighton' for the small sum of five guineas.

Sir Edwin Landseer (1802–73) was another artist who knew Scott in later life, and has left many artistic souvenirs of the friendship. The famous picture of Scott in the Rhymer's Glen has been already referred to as exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1833. At the Wells sale in 1877 it realised three thousand and fifty guineas, and experienced a considerable drop at an anonymous sale in 1886, when it went for one thousand nine hundred and fifty guineas. In addition to two pencil sketches of Sir Walter Scott (which were bought by a Mr Potter for seventeen guineas), the Landseer sale of 1874 included two important portraits in oils, one selling for seventy-five guineas and the other for eight hundred guineas, and both found their way into the collection of Baron Albert Grant. One was presented in 1874 by Baron Grant to the National Portrait Gallery, London, and the other and larger portrait realised five hundred and ten guineas at the Baron Grant sale in 1877.

In 1824 C. R. Leslie (1794–1859) painted a half-length of the novelist for Mr Ticknor, of Boston, U.S.A. Of this several small versions —or it may be the same version—have appeared in the saleroom several times. At the Wynn Ellis sale in 1849 it was apparently bought in at forty guineas, to be offered again in the sensational sale of 1876, when it sold for sixty-nine guineas. At John Heugh's sale, May 11, 1878, it brought one hundred and twenty guineas, and is presumably the same picture (on panel 12½ in. by 9½ in.) which brought fifty-four guineas at Christie's in March 1888, and again one hundred and thirty-five guineas at the Denny sale, March 31, 1906. It was engraved by G. H. Phillips, and the probability is that this small version was done either by the artist or the engraver for the purpose of engraving. In the Appendix to Leslie's *Autobiographical Recollections* (1860), it is stated that the Scott portrait was 'repeated.'

As Sir Henry Raeburn was fifteen years older than Scott, it is quite possible that he may have painted the latter 'as a youth;' but there is no record of this in Lockhart, and any such portrait must be accepted with reservation. There is, however, such a portrait in existence; it was in the W. Russell sale of 1863, and was bought in at three pounds five shillings, for it reappeared in the same collector's sale in 1884, when it advanced to one hundred and fifty guineas; and once more in Lord Tweedmouth's sale, June 3, 1905, when it brought one thousand guineas, and in this catalogue it is stated to have been formerly in the possession of the poet Campbell. In this portrait (29 in. by 24 in.) Scott is shown as a young man in brown coat, with pink vest and white stock. In a sale held on May 8, 1897, there was another portrait by Raeburn of Scott 'when a boy, in Highland costume' (30 in. by 28 in.), which realised one hundred and fifteen guineas.

Of the Colvin Smith (1795–1875) portrait of Scott, done in January 1828 for the artist's uncle, Lockhart tells us that Smith executed fifteen copies (another and later writer estimates the number as over a score) for the novelist's friends. The half-length exhibited at the Scott Loan Exhibition of 1871 realised a hundred and ten guineas at Christie's on July 18, 1896; another on May 31, 1902, sold for three hundred and thirty guineas; and the Edward Cheney example, May 6, 1905, brought two hundred and fifty guineas.

Finally, there are the portraits by Sir David Wilkie (1785–1841), which, like those of other artists, failed to meet with Lockhart's approbation. Wilkie's portrait of Scott (16½ in. by 13½ in.) was in Sir W. Knighton's sale in 1885, and then brought one hundred and ten guineas; whilst 'The Abbotsford Family: a Finished Sketch of Sir Walter Scott and his Family' (11 in. by 14¼ in.), already mentioned as having been exhibited at the Academy of 1818, was offered at Christie's on May 25, 1895, and fell at six hundred guineas. This picture, which is signed and dated 1817, was engraved by J. Smith as the frontispiece to vol. xii. of the Waverley Novels, and was exhibited at Edinburgh in 1884.

THE VIGIL OF VICTORY.

By Harold Pensmith.

IT was Monday, the 19th of June, and the sun, no longer obscured by the storm-clouds brought by the cannonading of the days before, was shining on the steaming city with all the fervour of a fine forenoon. But in the fourth-floor sitting-room that faced the square its strength was tempered by the lowered blind, and, save where here and there a yellow sunbeam stole and struck, flecking the tall hangings with bright splashes of radiant gold, the small

apartment slumbered in a soft and sylvan gloom.

And the tense, almost oppressive, silence was scarcely broken by the appearance of Honorine, as the old doctor stepped aside deferentially to allow of her preceding him from the bedroom, and she entered, pale but resolute, into the cool quiet of the chamber.

'And you still think he can safely be trusted so near the square?' she asked in a low, guarded voice, with a little inclination of her head to show that she referred to some unseen inmate of the bedroom.

'I think so,' whispered the doctor as he tiptoed from the doorway. 'Yes; on the whole, I think it safer to trust him near the square than to let him lie longer fretting in bed. After all, the risks—what are they under the eyes of so tactful, so resourceful a daughter? You will keep the blind down, and continue to interpret matters as you have done.'

'Yes,' she sighed; 'but I can't explain much longer. You see how he starts and pricks up his ears at every cart that jolts by laden with wounded. Already, in the bedroom, he has heard the bugles; out there'—— And she looked round her with a gesture of exhaustion, as though bound and baffled by the sun-barred gloom.

'Come, come—courage!' cried her companion; 'you mustn't give way. This deception is only for a moment—to gain time. In a few days your affianced will return for you, and, in the joy of his coming, defeat will be forgotten.'

'Etienne!' sighed Honorine, the current of her fears diverted, but not decreased, by the mention of her lover. 'You will remember your promise to inquire for him?' she pleaded. 'Of every one—everywhere?'

'Rest assured, dear child,' returned the doctor. 'I shall have ample opportunities of finding out. There are in Brussels this morning many who saw the cuirassiers, and some that felt them.' And then, seeing the spasm that passed over his companion's face at his grim jest, he changed his tone and cried, 'But, come! When I do hear, what news can I bring but good news? Reflect! Seen last as the daylight faded behind La Belle Alliance, still mounted, unwounded, escorting the Emperor on his southward flight—almost in France—what further dangers could threaten him? Come; patience—wait!'

'Wait!' wailed Honorine, wearied out by her long vigil by her father's couch and half-breaking down. 'Wait! Oh, why have women always to wait? If only I knew—if only I knew!'

'Hush, or he will hear you!' said the kindly old doctor, turning a harassed face toward the bedroom doorway; and, even as he spoke, a voice cried from its inner darkness in accents of quavering zeal, 'Know what, Honorine? Know what?'

'Go to him,' commanded the doctor. 'Say you were asking the time of the Emperor's triumphal entry. Then get him out—out now, while I am here to help you;' and, touching her shoulder, he urged her gently toward the doorway.

Then, as she passed out into the bedroom, he turned to complete the preparations for the invalid's reception—pouring brandy into a glass, adjusting the pillows on the high-heaped chair, and arranging a screen before the passage-door to keep off draughts. He was just finishing this when Honorine again entered, carrying in her little hands a horse-tailed helmet and heavy sword. These he took from her and ranged before some violets that were set upon the table, and then stood waiting, as he had done so many times before since young Captain Florentin, placing his affianced cousin and aged uncle within his careful charge, had hastened southward to join the Emperor in the fatal march that led to Longwood and the grave.

And now, fondly deceived, ignorant of what had occurred, and still dreaming of victory in the midst of defeat, the old general was venturing out to see his Emperor come.

Presently he entered, half-supported by his daughter; his tall, commanding figure, though bent and bowed by wounds and suffering, still moving with the mien of masterhood as he tottered to his chair. He was fully dressed, even to his decorations, under the quilt that covered his shoulders; the loose, hanging uniform and high black boots accentuating the tenuity of his once massive limbs.

'Well, well, how do we find ourselves?' inquired the doctor genially, as he watched the effect of the administered brandy.

'Cold, weak—very weak,' replied the general, drawing the rugs about him with a convulsive shudder. 'Sometimes I think that I shall never live to see him. Cast aside like this—dying even in victory—worn out with glory!'

Presently, however, the brandy revived him, and as his pulse strengthened and steadied he lifted his head and said, 'Draw up the blind.'

'Oh no,' cried Honorine, with a quick glance at the doctor; 'remember your eyes!'

'Yes,' confirmed the doctor; 'the sunlight is too strong for them. Your being out here is only conditional, you know, upon your lying still.'

'And obeying your nurse.'

'Yes; and obeying your devoted, your discerning nurse.'

'Well, well!' murmured the general. 'But when the Emperor comes? The Emperor'——

'Wait till he does,' interrupted the doctor. 'Excitement now will only retard your recovery and prevent your seeing him.'

'Bah! Joy does not kill, doctor. I shall be there. Never shall it be said that Napoleon entered Brussels and Sebastian Florentin failed to salute him.'

'Assuredly—assuredly,' assented the doctor. 'Assuredly you will be there. If required, I shall be with the ambulances,' he said to

Honorine; and whispering 'Quiet,' he, with a cautioning nod, stole from the room.

But to enjoin quiet is one thing, to enforce it another; and no sooner had the door closed than the invalid rebelled against the blind. 'Are you sure that we shall see the Emperor?' he inquired, turning a dubious face towards it, and manifesting a desire to rise. 'I tremble lest I miss him!'

'Oh, you need have no fear on that score,' rejoined Honorine. 'Have you forgotten how you looked to see when first we took these rooms? And, drawing the obstructive linen an inch or two away from the woodwork, she looked out in confirmation.

And indeed the position was well chosen. From her elevated stand she could see every yard of the great white cobble-stoned space, over whose farther side carts full of wounded incessantly jolted with their groaning load; and, with a sudden sinking of the heart, she stood watching them till a bugle sounded, keen and piercing, from the shadows of the streets.

'The Emperor!' gasped the general.

'No, no!' she cried, throwing herself beside him. 'It is nothing!'

'Nothing!' he repeated, still struggling to rise. 'Do bugles blow themselves?'

'No,' protested Honorine. 'It wasn't our cavalry.'

'It was our call.'

'No; it was a Belgian escort.'

'Belgian!' gasped the general, with the face of one who has suddenly tasted a bad egg. 'H'm! Turning their coats, I suppose. Bah! What a rabble!' And, satisfied, he lay back quietly while Honorine, not hearing a low knock upon the door, adjusted his wraps.

But her father's strained ears had caught the low, guarded sound. 'There 's some one there,' he whispered with an indicative nod.

Honorine, however, guessed who it was. 'It 's Mrs Osborne—the English lady,' she whispered.

'Ah,' said the general sympathetically, 'I understand! Poor thing! she is afraid of being insulted by pillagers, and has come to us for protection.' And as Honorine ran behind the screen, he cried in his grand manner, 'Ask her in, Honorine, and reassure her. The Emperor does not war with women.'

But once upon the landing, Honorine dropped the mask of dissimulation. 'Any news of Etienne?' she asked with a tremulous sob.

'No; not yet, my dear. I only came with these flowers for your father.'

'How kind of you! Will you see him?'

'Has he been told yet?'

'No; the doctor says we must wait till we have good news of Etienne.'

'Yes; but if—if the news'——

'We can but die,' said Honorine simply. 'But see father.' And, stepping inwards, she showed her visitor the chair from whence the general cried, in smiling, genial patronage, 'Be not alarmed, dear madam. We French are not barbarians, and know how to treat a valiant enemy. Only, pardon me—I cannot rise to greet you.'

'Do not attempt to do so,' replied the Englishwoman. And, tendering her flowers with a smile, she asked, 'Will the victor accept tribute from the vanquished?'

'Ah, madam, it is we who are vanquished by your courtesy!' returned the general. 'Your flowers are not fairer than their giver. Honorine, my dear, put them beside the violets that gave us hope; their joint fragrance will remind us of the kindly acts that follow after war. And, indeed, madam, everything smiles to-day. Do you know, I had quite an appetite for breakfast this morning. Yes, the good news brought strength with it. There 's nothing like a victory'—— He stopped apologetically. 'Ah, pardon!' he murmured; 'I was forgetting. Our joy is your sorrow.'

'Well, we couldn't both win, could we?' replied the lady as a sound of cheering rose in the square.

'He 's coming!' shouted the general.—'Quick, Honorine!—Look, madam, look! Look! look!'

'No-o; it 's some—some people at the end of the square,' said Mrs Osborne. 'I can't quite see—yes, they are posting something up.'

'Posting! Posting what?'

'I—I don't know,' replied the kindly but slow-witted woman, staring helplessly at Honorine and forgetting her French.

But Honorine was quicker. 'I—I think I know!' she cried.

'You! How? Child, have you been practising concealment?'

'No; the care-taker told me on the landing. But—but how could I say it before an Englishwoman?'

'Oh, never mind me,' said Mrs Osborne, wondering what was coming.

'Yes; madam will pardon an old soldier's impatience. What?'

'You will lie back?'

'I am back. What?'

'The Duke of Wellington is a prisoner.'

'The Duke! And you, madam, had not heard of it?'

But the Englishwoman had taken her cue. 'Alas!' she murmured; 'the poor, poor Duke!' And as the clock chimed she counted, crying, 'Nine, ten, eleven o'clock! Dear me, I must be going! Good-bye. I hope you will be strong enough to see your Emperor—when he comes.'

'Ah, he will come, madam! As he came with the violets, so will he come with the victory. And if you should want protection, come to us. If I cannot wield a sword, I have at least my pistols.'

'And you will remember Etienne, madam?' cried Honorine.

'Yes; but see her out, child,' corrected the general. 'The wounded heart is quick to feel an insult, and victory falls heavy on the vanquished.'

However, the news, and the sight of a fresh face, had much revived him; and it was with a great show of resolution that he exclaimed as Honorine came back from holding a colloquy upon the landing, 'Now you must help me to get up!'

But the Emperor had never expended more meticulous care upon the preparations for a campaign than Honorine had upon her plan of operations, and she immediately developed a new line of strategy. Drawing a paper from her pocket, she asked, with well-simulated gaiety, as though not noticing his remark, 'What do you think I have got here for you?'

'For me! What?'

'A captured letter.'

'A letter? My glasses!'

'No; I will read it.'

'But who is it from?'

'The Duke of Wellington.'

'How did you get it?'

'The care-taker copied it.'

'Ah, that's what they posted?'

'Yes. Are you ready?'

'Yes; go on! I'm on fire!'

Then Honorine, sitting so as to screen the imaginary copy from his too inquiring eyes, read slowly: '"Sunday, the 18th of June 1815. From behind Waterloo"'——

'Wat-er-loo!' interjected the general, rolling the word on his tongue—'Waterloo! Yes, it has quite a French sound. That, you see, is what the battle will be called. But go on!'

'"To the Governor of Antwerp. Sir"'——

'Antwerp! Then he's retreating to his transports. Good! Go on!'

'"After the defeat of the Prussians at Ligny, and my own repulse at Quatre Bras by the troops under Ney"'——

'Ney! Yes; the "bravest of the brave" sent them nicely to the right-about, didn't he? But go on!'

'"I was compelled to fall back and take up a position across the road to Brussels. Here I was attacked by the Emperor in person"'——

'Ha! The Emperor! Yes, yes! Go on!'

'You interrupt so! Where was I? Ah, here! "Here I was attacked by the Emperor in person; and after an heroic resistance, in which my army covered itself with glory"'——

'Yes; they are good soldiers, these English. And then they thought, too, that the Prussians were coming to help them.'

——'"covered itself with glory, I was compelled, by the failure of the support promised me by Marshal Blücher"'——

'Aha! You see? Sly fox! Nicely he sold them! But the cuirassiers and the Guard?'

'I'm coming to them. "Compelled . . . to fall back under the incessant onslaughts of the cuirassiers after my centre had been broken by the Guard."'

'Ah, you see how clearly that explains everything! Who could withstand the cuirassiers and the Guard? How well I know it! I seem to see it as clearly passing before me as though I commanded them. I can see our brave fellows spurring to attack and overwhelm the enemy; the horses stretching themselves together like deer, and tearing the earth with their hoofs; the grapeshot, and the men on the ground. And all this passes in a smoke so dense that you can hardly see the squares you are attacking. Why, do you know, at Austerlitz, before the sun broke through, it was so thick that Murat nearly rode into me as he galloped up and gave the word to charge! Yes, how it all comes back to one! We were in front, and to our left were lancers; they were lighter, and led for a stretch or so as we came thundering down. I can see them now: their backs sloping, all in a row; the lances couched and ready; the—the'——

'Father!' cried Honorine, alarmed at his excitement; 'have you forgotten?'

But it was in vain that she clung to him and called his name. He was again a hero in the summer of his strength; his horse was gathering under him, the wind was whistling in his ears, and his face flamed with its ancient fire as his body rocked in the rhythm of the charge. It was not till his weakened heart gave a sickening throb of admonition that he halted and sat still. 'Pish!' he muttered contemptuously, 'what can women know of it? Would God you were a boy!'

But Honorine was used to the old warrior's testy outbursts, and, fearing to provoke him, neither replied nor offered to read further. Born to him late in life, as the outcome of a brief marriage contracted more out of compliance with his Emperor's wish to form an aristocracy out of the old soldiers of the Revolution than to gratify any desire of his own, Honorine knew little of the earlier enthusiasms which had carried the tricolour in victory from Valmy to the Kremlin, and could not sympathise. She knew only the gloom of glory: the long absences in Spain and Russia, the recurring defeats, the invasion of France, the Imperial abdication, and the old King's return—reverses which her father, buried in day-dreams, had almost forgotten. To him, the return of the Emperor seemed as inevitable as the coming of the violets, and quite as natural; the rest were but the winter chills that came and were endured in the lively hope of joys to come. And now that the dayspring had happened, now that the summer lay hot on the land, what could one expect but victory? Nothing. The events of the past week had but justified his forecast, each battle bringing nearer the delectable time when he should see his

Emperor's face. 'Well, well,' he muttered dreamily, 'you shall marry Etienne, and your children will perpetuate the glory of France.'

He was roused from his reverie by the rough jolting of a cart that, after shaking the house with its thunderous reverberations, stopped suddenly somewhere near them. 'What is it?' he inquired as Honorine stole to the window.

'Only a cart full of wounded,' she replied; and then, with a cry that she could not repress, 'Oh, there's the doctor walking beside it!'

'Some friends, perhaps,' murmured the philosophic victor. 'Poor fellows! Still, as old Rapp said at Austerlitz, one can't have omelettes without breaking a few eggs.'

But Honorine had received a signal, and her face blanched. 'If—if I go down and—help him, will you lie still?' she asked in piteous appeal.

'Yes. But why—why do you look like that?'

'I—I—oh, I think he wants me!'

'No; you are again concealing something. Tell me at once!'

Then Honorine summoned her last reserve, and threw in the Imperial Guard of her deferred resolution. 'Yes,' she admitted; 'I was afraid to tell you. I'——

'Come! I insist!'

'It was Etienne who took the Duke.'

'Etienne! My nephew?'

'Yes,' she sobbed, as the tears that she could no longer restrain welled in her dark eyes and overflowed upon her cheeks. 'He—he led the squadron that took the Duke.'

But her father mistook the cause of her emotion. 'Child,' he whispered in an awe-struck tone, 'the name of Florentin will be immortal!'

'Yes, what glory! Can I go?'

'Certainly,' said he, with a flash of inspiration. 'I understand. Etienne, your betrothed—he is below?'

'Ye-es, I'——

'Then go to him, dear child, and thank the hero who has fought for France and glorified her name.' And as his daughter left the room he prayed upon his pillows.

But the false news had fired his brain; the air seemed full of rhythmic movements, and, despite his promise, he could not lie still. And troops, too, were at last approaching the square; in the dim quiet he could distinctly hear their measured footsteps, and he raised his head to listen. A bugle wailed in the distance, and he held his breath; it was repeated, and he sprang up. Again it screamed; and, swaying and clutching the air as he went, he lurched to the table. 'At last!' he muttered as he grasped the brandy and gulped it down.

The raw stimulant nerved and warmed him, as under its inspiring influence he donned his helmet and buckled his sword, and then, creeping to the darkened window, drew up with trembling hands the holland blind.

But, to his horror, the strong sunlight beat upon and blinded him; and he found that he could only see the great square as a misty whiteness, over whose wavering surface a darkening flood was slowly pouring, to the sound of drums. Vainly he waved his hand, as though to part the vapours; and yet he could not be mistaken. If he could not see, he could hear the short, sharp rattle of the roll which was echoing and re-echoing among the tall, gray houses; and, drawing his sword in readiness, he unlatched the window and leaned out to look. And still he stood and doubted. The uniforms seemed unaccountably altered; and where, too, were the bearskins that should have swayed below the shouldered steel?

Then, as he strained, his dim eyes strengthened. Below, in the foreground, a cart was halted; and a girlish figure, with which he seemed to be strangely familiar, was helping a wounded cuirassier to alight. As they turned he saw their faces, and staggered backwards with an anguished sob, as with brazen crash the band struck up the 'British Grenadiers.'

And he remained thus, long after comprehension had come to him—strangling for breath, glaring out into the sunlight with starting eyes and fallen mouth—till Honorine ran in.

'Father!' she cried, and 'Father!'

And her cry drew him back from the grave and recovered his sense of duty. Turning to her at his full height, with sword upraised and face aflame, he gave, in a voice that rang like a clarion above the roll of the drums, the rallying-cry of the legions that were not: 'To ARMS, CITIZENS; TO ARMS!' then, with a crash of jangling steel, fell prone upon the carpet.

'Father!' cried Honorine, and 'Father!' But it was in vain that she knelt beside the silent shape, and raised its head, and cried into its ear. Its spirit had ranged at last with the souls of the cuirassiers, whose bodies lay ranked in glittering terraces around the squares of Waterloo.

A MIRROR OF EDINA.

I MET her in the street, th' enchantress fair,
And places of the past came back to me—
Haunt of the daffodils in meadows where
The east wind loves to blow in from the sea;
The Castle which, when clad in sable night,
Looks like a giant crawling thing that might
Spring on the sleeping town;
Topping the crags the tow'ring height which greets
The morning's smile, and sees the evening blush,
It seems the peak in Darien of Keats,
Impressive most within the midnight hush;
Dome over which the torch of learning burns,
And spire beneath whose crown proud sacred urns
Rest 'mid the tatter'd flags.

ARMSTRONG BARRY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED, LONDON AND EDINBURGH.

Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES.

A PUBLISHER AND HIS FRIENDS.

WE knew part of the story of the business romance behind the founding of the publishing house of Macmillan & Co. from the *Memoir of Daniel Macmillan*, so admirably done by Thomas Hughes, and published in 1882. But the part played by the partner who survived him by about forty years was withheld. Now we have the complete relation in the *Life and Letters* of Alexander Macmillan, his younger brother (Macmillan & Co.), by Mr C. L. Graves. The foundations were laid ere the death of Daniel Macmillan in 1857 on which the great structure was reared mainly through the genius and energy of Alexander Macmillan. The literature of the annals of the great publishing houses thus grows apace. Already the houses of Murray, Constable, Black, Blackwood, and W. & R. Chambers have been worthily memorialised; the records of the Macmillans are not the least interesting and important in the series.

It would almost seem as if the friends of Alexander Macmillan had largely helped to make him what he was, while he in turn gave world-wide currency and fame to their writings by securing an audience for them. Charles Kingsley, Tom Hughes, F. D. Maurice, Archdeacon Hare, and a host of others gave him of their literary best. It will be a revelation to many to remark how these brothers, trained in a Scottish Presbyterian atmosphere, helped by their personal influence and publications to extend and consolidate the English Broad Church movement. Mr Graves says it would be hard to name any one of his generation to whom the Church of England as a national institution owes a deeper debt of gratitude. Sterling character, unwearied perseverance, lofty ideals, and enthusiasm, with sure literary instincts, went to the building up of Macmillans' in a single generation—a really remarkable performance. Both brothers took their business and life seriously: 'As truly as God is,' wrote Daniel, 'we are His ministers, and help to minister to the well-being of the souls of men.' They made a literary, moral, and business success of it in their lives. Alexander Macmillan, with a strong head and heart and hand, left in money personalty some one hundred and eighty thousand pounds; but the real *personality* of the man—his broad humanity and intellectual keenness—we can clearly see in a biography of four hundred pages. His best monument consisted in the friends he made and the books he published. The Macmillan *Bibliographical Catalogue, 1843-1899*, covers the working life of Alexander Macmillan, and is a record of which any house might be proud. Only those behind the scenes can realise the stress and strain entailed and the unceasing vigilance required in making such a catalogue possible. But the thing was well and happily done, because Daniel and Alexander Macmillan had found their vocation!

The lives of Daniel and Alexander Macmillan are not only interesting but stimulating and inspiring. The sons of a small farmer with a large family, Daniel was born at Upper Corrie, Island of Arran, in 1813, and Alexander at Irvine in 1818. At eleven years of age Daniel went to Maxwell Dick, bookseller and bookbinder, Irvine, and served a seven years' apprenticeship (1824–31). His health broke down, and the shadow of illness hovered over the remainder of his business life. While with Johnson, Cambridge (1833-37), he began to form what became a fruitful acquaintance with professors and undergraduates. 'Reading men of all ages,' says Mr Graves, 'were naturally attracted by this intellectual young Scotsman, who had not only a thorough mastery of every branch of the business of the book-trade, but knew a great deal about the insides of the books that were worth knowing.' He was in Scotland in 1837, and in Edinburgh saw a good deal of George Wilson, a close and inspiring friend of both brothers. Daniel closed with a Leith stationer, accepting a situation at fifty pounds a year, but was released to fill a situation in Seeley's, London, secured through his friend James Maclehose. His services were so much valued at Seeley's that he was encouraged to invite his brother Alexander to the position of collector there at a salary of sixty pounds, which rose to eighty pounds in 1840. He was duly grateful, and once wrote to Daniel: 'Had it not been for your brotherly sympathy and help, I should certainly to this day have been a wretched and not very useful dominie at the best.' Henceforward only death separated the brothers. Both had received a thoroughly practical training. They had dusted books, read books, bound books, and sold them, and now they were soon to publish them.

Both brothers were inclined to trace any mental superiority they possessed to their mother, Katherine Crawford, 'the most perfect lady in all Scotland,' who instinctively did what was right, and read the great books when she had a chance to do so. She sang ballads and hymns, and influenced her family towards a

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generous toleration. 'My mother,' Alexander wrote to Guizot, 'was a woman of very devout nature and habits, whose daily life was, as I believe, lived as in the conscious presence of God. She had a very noble, sweet nature, and a certain serenity and clearness of mind that I have hardly ever met with in any other human being.' The missionary visit of the Haldanes to the island of Arran a century ago is credited with good moral and intellectual results in the Macmillan family, without which the life-work of the brothers had not been. Both brothers had only a slender primary-school education. Alexander was headmaster of a small school in Irvine before he was sixteen. In 1833 he was assistant to George Gallie, a Glasgow bookseller, but roused the wrath of his master by reading novels, an offending volume being torn to pieces and put in the fire. This ended for the time the bookselling experiment. He was afterwards a teacher at Shewalton, near Irvine; then in a common school in Glasgow, where the late Dr Alexander Maclaren was one of his pupils. Next he was assistant in a chemist's shop, took a voyage to America before the mast, returned to Glasgow penniless, and was glad to accept an ushership in a school at twelve pounds a year. For nine months he lived on about five shillings a week. He was at the 'drudgical' work of teaching rough colliery-children in 1838–39 at Nitshill, near Paisley, when the welcome invitation came from Daniel to join the staff of Seeley's in London. Alexander said of these links: 'A series of those strange sequences of events which our pious forefathers devoutly, and as I think wisely, called providences of God, led me into dealing in books. There can be little doubt I was led into the line for which my natural gifts fitted me.' The brothers opened a place of business at 57 Aldersgate Street, London, in 1843, from which their first book was published, the *Philosophy of Training*, by A. R. Craig. About this time Daniel thought of an Encyclopædia on the lines so successfully carried out later by Messrs W. & R. Chambers. Daniel had been much impressed by reading Hare's *Guesses at Truth*, and a correspondence with the author led to an invitation to Hurstmonceaux. Hare furnished a loan of five hundred pounds to complete the purchase of a business in Cambridge, the London premises were given up, and a partner named Barclay was assumed, who retired in 1850. Both brothers married during the Cambridge period, Alexander's wife being a sister of George Brimley the essayist. In 1858 Alexander opened a branch in London at 23 Henrietta Street, and in 1863 the headquarters of the firm were removed to 16 Bedford Street, the retail business remaining at Cambridge as Macmillan & Bowes. The present London address of the firm is St Martin Street; and, besides the founders, the following partners have been admitted: George Lillie Craik (1865); Frederick Macmillan (1874), son of Daniel; George Augustin Macmillan (1879) and Maurice Macmillan (1883), sons of Alexander Macmillan. In the year 1845 only some eight books and pamphlets were published; there were sixteen in 1850, forty-four in 1858, one hundred and two in 1863, and three hundred and sixty in 1889 (or nearly a book for every day in the year). Turning over the pages of their interesting *Bibliographical Catalogue*, we find Kingsley's *Glaucus* was reprinted ten times in 1855; the reprints and new editions of *Westward Ho!* were thirty-three; *Tom Brown's Schooldays* had been reprinted fifty times, *Tom Brown at Oxford* sixteen times, and *Water Babies* eighteen times; *Alice in Wonderland* had thirty-five issues; *Ecce Homo* had gone through twenty editions in 1866–88; and some of Miss Yonge's stories had been issued twenty-two times. Other authors are Archdeacon Hare, Matthew Arnold, James Bryce, Dean Church, W. G. Clark, Mrs Craik, Aldis Wright, Henry Fawcett, E. A. Freeman, Sir George Grove, Professor Huxley, Henry James, J. R. Lowell, David Masson, F. T. Palgrave, Dean Stanley, Canon Ainger, and Lord Tennyson. For the latter the firm became publishers in 1884, much to the gratification of Alexander Macmillan, who had published his 'Sea-Dreams' and 'Lucretius' in *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Alexander Macmillan, as far as was possible, read manuscripts for himself, and generally found about one in ten worth any further consideration. Doubtless the points which had much to do with the success of the firm were the publishing of nothing which went against a high standard of literary taste and morality. 'You don't know the influence of prettiness over sensible people,' he said; therefore prettiness in books was encouraged, with good paper, printing, binding, and illustrations. The publisher not infrequently gave an outline for the designs on the covers. Above all, the best results came from the employment of the best men in their own subjects in text-books—such as Huxley for physiology, Roscoe for chemistry, and Balfour Stewart for physics. Early experience at Cambridge, and intercourse with teachers, students, and professors, showed the way to a highly profitable business in school and university text-books. Equally useful in this way was his appointment as publisher to the University of Oxford between 1863 and 1881. The man who wrote to Farrar in 1860 that he could not 'write a book to save his life,' prompted, suggested, and laid down the keels of many books and series of books. He showed wisdom and breadth of mind in letters to authors; for, like Archibald Constable, he was a born publisher. Though he lost money in issuing some of Maurice's books, he was prouder of being that writer's publisher than of his Oxford connection. He criticised adversely Thomas Hardy's first novel, and rejected Robert

Buchanan's poems. He took enormous pains in explaining to authors why their manuscripts were rejected. He must have had a magnificent constitution to be able to sit up reading manuscripts until the early hours of the morning, and appear quite fresh at breakfast. Dr Sebastian Evans describes him thus in late middle-life: 'The face of my friend as I first saw him: the black locks, as yet unstreaked by gray, rippling upwards over a brow already perceptibly marked by lines of thought, but as yet unfurrowed by deep sorrow; the joyous, faithful eyes; the critic nose and sensitive nostril wings; the dear lips parted to speak words of sympathy and encouragement.'

Professor Jack, who was associated with him as a member of the firm, thus commented in the *Glasgow Herald* on his publishing experience, after the issue of the *Life and Letters*: 'He was always in my time, and before it and after it, the soul of all that was done while the famous science primers were coming out, the root-idea of which was his own, though he adopted and worked it out after full and intimate discussion with Roscoe, Huxley, Geikie, Michael Foster, Lockyer, and others. Huxley used privately to call him the Emperor Maximilian—emperor because, though he was not an expert in science as they all were, he initiated, adapted, and finally arranged everything with imperial generosity and imperial steadfastness and breadth of view. It was the same story over again with the *English Men of Letters*, the scheme of which he conceived and worked out, and found the men to write them, with the constant co-operation of his friend John Morley, who knew him and loved him as a younger brother sometimes loves an "elder soldier, not a better"—as Alexander himself loved Daniel. There was the great enterprise of the Cambridge Shakespeare under G. W. Clark and Aldis Wright, and it was followed in a natural development by the Globe Shakespeare and the rest of the Globe series of the great standard writers of English poetry—not forgetting Alexander Smith's Globe Edition of his native Ayrshire Burns. There was his discovery, if one may call it so, of Sir Samuel Baker, and of Sir John Seeley, whose *Ecce Homo* once so profoundly moved the religious world.' It was one of his hospitable habits to give a dinner on All Fools' Day, and the autographs of notable people present are given in the volume. One of the mottoes above the list is from Saint Paul: 'Ye suffer fools gladly.'

The frank and kindly intercourse of publisher and author is very delightful. This from Kingsley: 'I wonder whether I shall always be in Mr Micawber's purgatory—"Income twenty pounds per annum, expenditure twenty pounds and a halfpenny—result total misery;" or ever attain to his paradise—"Income twenty pounds per annum, expenditure nineteen pounds nineteen shillings and elevenpence halfpenny—result total felicity." Did I tell you that *Glaucus* seems to have pierced the "august abodes" of Windsor, and to have elicited the present of a handsome book from H.R.H. Prince Albert, not to mention a very kind letter from Lankester, the editor of the said book? *Glaucus* has certainly got me some dozen or two of introductions to first-rate naturalists, which will be a pleasure to me henceforth.' And this from Thomas Hughes intimating that *Tom Brown's Schooldays* was on the stocks: 'DEAR MAC,—How's yourself and where's yourself? My chief reason for writing is that, as I always told you, I'm going to make your fortune, and you'll be happy to hear that is almost or at least more than half done. I've been and gone and written or got in my head a one vol. novel, a novel for boys—to wit, Rugby in Arnold's time. Ludlow is the only cove, besides my wife, who has seen a word of it (and, mind, if you take it or don't, I can't afford to have it known); and he thought it would particular do, and urged me to go on with it, which I have this vacation, and only want the kick on the breech that some cove's saying he would publish would give me to finish it.' Only next in popularity was its legitimate successor, *Tom Brown at Oxford*, which ran as a serial in the first three volumes of *Macmillan's Magazine*, and came out in the orthodox three volumes. By 1862 Macmillan could write to his friend Maclehose: 'I don't think there is a house in England in a better position or with more capacity for growth than ours. It is all Daniel's far-sightedness in laying the outline and plan. I have been only working out his thoughts in an imperfect way. I feel that it is a wonder I have done so much. God and love for his memory and children helped me.' At Daniel's death, his widow and children had found a home with him. J. R. Green said once: 'Among the Stanley and Kingsley set Macmillan is the pet publisher of the day.'

The first suggestion for a new periodical as an adjunct to the publishing house came from Mr J. M. Ludlow, barrister-at-law. Maclehose was consulted, and the Macmillan parliament of authors, and *Macmillan's Magazine* came out in November 1859, with David Masson as editor. One of the finest of the first contributions is by the early friend of the Macmillans, Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, on 'Paper, Pens, and Ink.' His beautiful *Five Gateways of Knowledge* had just been issued, with a frontispiece by Sir Noel Paton. It has all the good points of a Macmillan book in that the get-up is perfect, while, like the article, it is the poetry of science. There was a strong list of contributors for the first year, including Alfred Tennyson and his brother Charles, Maurice, Kingsley, J. M. Ludlow, Tom Hughes, Alexander Smith, Sir F. H. Doyle, Huxley, R. M. Milnes, F. T. Palgrave, and Professor De Morgan. Such magazines seem to be too strong meat for this

generation; at least it ceased in 1907. The sale at one time was fifteen thousand a month. Daniel Macmillan and his brother had often canvassed the scheme of a new magazine, and a quarterly had been first thought about. Daniel died in 1857, and Mr George Macmillan, his nephew, tells us: 'For the next five years it was my father's regular habit to spend each Thursday night in London, and to keep open house that evening in Henrietta Street for any one who liked to come and take part in a modest meal, followed by free and easy discussion of literary and other matters. These "Tobacco Parliaments" were a very important feature in the development of the publishing business, especially after the foundation of *Macmillan's Magazine* in November 1859.' The guests were received in a pair of large, uncurtained rooms, one of which was the editor's on ordinary occasions, opening into each other. A round oak table was made at Tom Hughes's special wish by John Roebuck, a member of the Working Men's College, for use at these entertainments, and on its bevelled edge may still be seen the autograph signatures of Tennyson, Herbert Spencer, F. D. Maurice, Huxley, Tom Hughes, David Masson, J. M. Ludlow, Franklin Lushington, G. S. Venables, F. T. Palgrave, Llewelyn Davies, William Allingham, Coventry Patmore, and Alfred Ainger.

Macmillan enjoyed these 'Tobacco Parliaments' immensely at his place of business, as well as the friends who gathered in his future home of Knapdale, Upper Tooting, or Bramshott Chase, Haslemere. He had the true genius for friendship, as Mrs J. R. Green acknowledged after his great kindness to her husband. With his wife he had hurried from London to Mentone, where he remained five weeks until Green died. He believed in John Richard Green's *Short History*, although his fellow-partner, G. L. Craik, was doubtful; it has had a larger sale than any modern history of its kind.

No one interested in books and literature can afford to neglect the Macmillan story, while the human interest beats in every line. The life delineated was happy, busy, and extraordinarily interesting. A visit to America was fruitful in the foundation of an American house. The more he published the more he was perplexed by the laws that guided success in publishing. Had he lived to front the twentieth century he would have been even more perplexed by the problems of authorship and publishing. He resented the 'shameful impudence of modern compilers,' believed time spent in abridgment was well bestowed, and had he guided Maurice's pen his output had been three books rather than thirty. He believed in being masterful to get things done, and hated divided counsels. His relations with authors we have noted; those with his 'boys,' his own staff, were sympathetic and affectionate. The chief sorrows of his life, beyond the death of his first wife and of his brother, were the passing of Professor George Wilson and the loss of his eldest son Malcolm on the Asiatic Mount Olympus, near Broussa, which he had ascended with Sir Arthur Hardinge. As Professor Jack says, this broke the steel springs of his energy; and though he lived on for seven years more, he never held up his head again, and death came in 1896. A few hours before his death his wife was reading to him the last chapter of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*. She came to the words, 'My Sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my Pilgrimage, and my Courage and Skill to him that can get it.' He smiled, repeated the words, and added, 'To him that can use it.'

'Does it not seem,' he once wrote, 'as if one were constantly finding out how much better other people are, and how much worse we ourselves are than we had supposed?' Mr John Morley (now Lord Morley) wrote as a birthday message in 1878: 'You have now a long retrospect of effective industry and fine service to the world, and I make no doubt that you are wise enough to find in this a perfect comfort against the otherwise uncomfortable flight of years. Not many men in this generation have done better work or in a better kind. It is pleasant to me to think that for one quarter of your life you and I have been friends and fellow-toilers.' Canon Benham termed him the best layman he had ever known, while Tom Hughes could count on the fingers of one hand 'all the men he had known who had as strong heads and warm hearts!'

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER II.

JANE ERSKINE was at this present time at that interesting period when her friends and relatives, having just discovered the unexpected fact that she was grown-up, subjected her to mildly severe criticism. They were, they said, under no misapprehension about Jane; in moments of extreme candour, touched with responsibility, they had even been known to say that in one or two respects she was not absolutely perfect. Miss Abingdon, for instance, who always conscientiously encouraged these moods, and censured the General for spoiling Jane, would frequently compare her niece with herself, as she remembered that dim figure of girlhood, and never failed to find cause for unfavourable comparison between the two. From

the portraits which she drew it was generally believed that Miss Abingdon must have been born rather a strait-laced spinster of thirty, and to have increased in wisdom until her hair was touched with gray; when she would seem to have become the mellow, severe, dignified, loving, and critical lady who at this moment was looking out of her drawing-room window, and trying to show her impartiality for her orphan niece by subjecting her to lawful and unbiassed criticism.

'The day of the incomprehensible woman is past and gone,' said Miss Abingdon, and she sighed a little.

Jane Erskine was painting a rabbit-hutch on the lawn. Miss Erskine's attitude showed the keen workman, but disguised the woman of grace. Miss Erskine, in fact, was lying full-length on the greensward of her aunt's lawn, absorbed in the engrossing occupation of putting the right dabs of green paint upon a portion of the inside of the rabbit-hutch which was awkward to get at.

'They are all alike,' sighed Miss Abingdon. She alluded to the girlhood of the present day as it presented itself to her regretful and disapproving eye. 'They wear shoes two sizes too large for them, they don't require to be taken care of, they buy their own horses, and they are never ill. They call young men by their Christian names! I don't think they even have headaches.' Miss Abingdon sighed again over this lost art of womanhood. 'There is my niece Jane Erskine; she might be a graceful and elegant young woman, whereas she is sunburned, and—it is a dreadful word, of course—but I can only call her leggy; perhaps it is the fault of those narrow skirts. Women have never been so much respected since crinolines went out of fashion. I believe the independence of modern girls is no longer assumed—it is not even a regrettable passing fashion; the time has come when, I am afraid, they really are independent. Jane would think me insane if I were to go out and sit with her in the garden when Peter comes to call; and I don't believe she has ever done a piece of fancy-work in her life!' said Miss Abingdon.

She looked round her pretty drawing-room, in which, with a spinster's instinct for preserving old family treasures, she had gathered and garnered antique pieces of furniture, ill-drawn family portraits, and chairs covered with the worsted-work and bead-work of fifty or sixty years ago. She looked regretfully at the piano and the old, neatly bound folios of music with 'M. A.' upon the covers, and she wondered how it was that no one cared to hear her 'pieces' now. She went over to the music-stand and fingered them in a contemplative way. How industriously she used to practise 'Woodland Warblings,' 'My Pretty Bird,' 'La Sympathie, Valse Sentimentale pour le Piano,' and 'Quant' è piu bella,' fingered and arranged with variations!

On Sunday afternoons, when her guests were 'having a look at the mokes,' Miss Abingdon still played through her book of sacred pieces; and it was on Sunday afternoons too that she always stirred the jars of pot-pourri upon the cabinets so that their pungent, faint odour might exhale through the room. The old pieces of music and the scent of the dried rose-leaves together always brought back to Miss Abingdon's mind fragrant memories of long ago.

'We used to take a roll of music with us when we were asked out to dinner,' she reflected; 'and it was all-important to us who should turn over our leaves for us, and we generally blushed and hesitated before we sat down to the piano at all. Last night Jane almost fought with Peter for the larger portion of the keyboard of the piano; and they played music without any tune in it, to my way of thinking, and there is no seriousness at all about any of them.'

'I wonder if they'—Miss Abingdon again referred to that distressing body of young women of the present day—'I wonder if they have ever kissed a lover's letter or have slept with his picture underneath their pillows at night. Or have they ever lain sleepless for an hour because of a loved one's absence or because of a cold word from him? Do they write verses, or exchange valentines, or even give each other flowers?'

It was a relief to Miss Abingdon's sombre reflections when her friend the vicar's wife came in for a morning call. She thought that Mrs Wrottesley's brown merino dress and bonnet, and her constraining mantle which rendered all movements of the arms impossible, looked very decorous and womanly compared with the soles of a pair of brown leather shoes and the foreshortened figure of five-feet-eight of slender young womanhood stretched in strenuous devotion to her strange occupation on the lawn.

When Mrs Wrottesley seated herself opposite the window, Miss Abingdon resisted an impulse to pull down the blind.

'Yesterday,' said Miss Abingdon, glancing at her niece, 'she was trying to copy a feat which she had seen at the hippodrome, and was riding one pony and driving another tandem in front of her over some hurdles in the field.'

Mrs Wrottesley smiled with the rather provoking indulgence with which our friends regard the foibles of our relations.

'She is young,' said Mrs Wrottesley, 'and she is very beautiful.'

'No,' said Miss Abingdon with inward pride at her own unwavering impartiality; 'I honestly believe that if we were to consider Jane without prejudice we should find that she is simply healthy.'

'It is a great charm,' said Mrs Wrottesley.

'No, no,' corrected Miss Abingdon quickly;

'the charm of womanhood consists in its mysteriousness. Now, the girl of to-day is simply a good fellow. She doesn't require to be understood, and she doesn't drive men crazy; she shoves her own bicycle up hills, and fights for the larger half of the keyboard of the piano.' She sighed again.

'She is a moral influence,' said Mrs Wrottesley.

Mrs Wrottesley also alluded to the girl of the period; and Miss Abingdon thought that to refer to her as 'she' or a type, instead of 'they,' had a flavour of culture about it.

'Yes, yes,' she said impatiently, her love of contradicting Mrs Wrottesley and at the same time holding her own in the discussion, inclining her to undue severity, 'she is as straight as any other good fellow, and she pays up if she has lost at Bridge, and would as soon think of picking a pocket as of cheating at croquet; but she is not mysterious; she is absolutely comprehensible.'

'Probably,' said Mrs Wrottesley, 'Jane's shortcomings in this respect are due to the fact that she is lamentably unaffected. Affectation, in the case of girls who ride straight and don't know what it is to have a headache, very often takes the form of boyishness. Let us console ourselves with the fact that, by being perfectly natural, Jane has escaped masculinity.'

'Jane is a lady,' said Miss Abingdon severely, and with the faint suggestion of administering a snub. 'But,' she added with that touch of superiority in her manner which obtruded itself in most of her conversation with the vicar's wife, 'there are certain accepted traditions of womanhood such as conventionality approves, and it was not called artificial to conform to them when I was a girl.'

'I remember,' said Mrs Wrottesley, 'that we honestly thought that we were interesting when we ate very little, and I myself often used to aspire to an attractive display of timidity when inwardly I had no sensation of fear.'

As the wife of the vicar of the parish, Mrs Wrottesley wore brown merino and a mantle, but they hid a great soul securely held in check and narrowed down by a strict adherence to the small conventions and paralysing rules which society seems to have prescribed for vicars and their wives in the rural parishes of England. She prayed every morning of her life for more faith, and meant by that a narrower creed. Mrs Wrottesley was an inarticulate woman, and had gained for herself the character of being reserved. Her own view of things differed in all essentials from those which were held by persons about her. They were even inwardly opposed to those theories which her husband with such gentlemanly eloquence expounded every Sunday morning. People thought themselves charitable when they merely said that they did not understand Mrs Wrottesley.

'A Miss Sherrard stayed here last summer,' said Miss Abingdon, 'a friend of Jane's, and she smoked cigarettes in her bedroom. I know that, for I saw the ashes in her pin-tray.'

Miss Abingdon rather enjoyed making little excursions through her guests' bedrooms of an afternoon when she had the house to herself; and without deigning to touch or disturb anything, she knew pretty well, for instance, whose complexion was real and whose was false, who wore powder and who did not.

Mrs Wrottesley glanced at her own figure in the drawing-room mirror; her mantle disguised the fact that she had either a waist or a pair of arms, and she gave a little, dry smile as she reflected that she had accepted a dolman cloak as she had accepted all the other outward conventions of orthodoxy as understood by society in rural England.

'My cousin Peter Ogilvie comes here every day,' said Miss Abingdon; 'he is crossing the lawn now. In former days these two young people would have been talked about. (Peter is my cousin, you know, on my father's side of the house; he is not related to Jane.) But neither will probably mind in the least what is said about them, and for my own part I am positively unable to say whether they care for each other or not. Had I been Jane I would have sat in the arbour this morning, with a pretty, cool white dress on, reading poetry or some light romance, or working at my embroidery, till my lover came, instead of being found covered with paint and with the footman's green baize apron on.'

The two ladies moved closer to the window and watched the young man crossing the lawn. He was well built, and not much above Jane's own height; and perhaps when one has said that he was fair with that Saxon fairness which suggests an almost immaculate cleanliness, and looked like a gentleman, there is not much more to be stated about his external appearance.

Jane rose from her recumbent position on the turf and shook off some blades of short grass from her apron, and waved a brush filled with green paint in the air.

'Don't touch it, Peter!' she cried. 'Isn't it lovely?'

'Good-morning, Jane,' said Peter, lifting his cap. Whatever else might be said of them, it would have to be admitted that there was a fundamental sense of courtesy and good-breeding underlying the regrettably frank manner of these young people. 'If you wave your brush about in that triumphant way you'll splash me with green paint.'

'I have sacrificed two dresses already,' answered Jane; 'but real art is worth that!'

'The hutch looks ripping,' said Peter; 'but I should feel safer if you would put down that brush.'

'I couldn't resist painting the inside,' said

Jane, surveying her work ecstatically. 'Do you think the rabbits will lick off the paint, and be sick, Peter?'

'Probably,' said Peter.

'Of course we don't know,' said Jane gravely, 'that it isn't their favourite food. Rabbits may flourish on green paint just as we flourish on roast-mutton.'

'It would be beastly to have a green inside!' said Peter.

'I wonder what they are talking about,' said Miss Abingdon, glancing with an apprehensive eye from the drawing-room window. 'Perhaps, after all, they are making love to each other; and if they are, I certainly ought to go out and sit with them.'

Miss Abingdon had antiquated notions of a chaperon's duties.

'I suppose there would be no objection to the match if they do care for each other,' said Mrs Wrottesley in a manner that was often called brusque and had served to make her unpopular. 'Jane is rich'——

'Jane has money,' corrected Miss Abingdon, who saw a well-defined difference between the two statements. 'She is a ward in Chancery, you know, and she will not come of age until she is twenty-five. Peter, of course, has a very large fortune. Still, one would not like to be responsible for a marriage even if it is suitable, and I should not like the Erskines to think I had not looked after Jane properly.'

That nothing should happen always seemed to Miss Abingdon the height of safety and of peace. She mistrusted events of any kind, and had probably remained single owing to her inability to make up her mind to any such momentous decision as matrimony involves.

The young couple on the lawn left the unfinished rabbit-hutch and paint-pots, and strolled towards a garden-seat. All the gates and seats on Miss Abingdon's small property were painted white once a year, and their trim spotlessness gave an air of homely opulence to the place. The bench which her young relatives sought was placed beneath a beneficent cedar-tree that stretched out long, kindly branches, and looked as though it were wrought in stitch-work on deep-blue satin. Jane wiped her fingers upon the baize apron, and Peter lighted a cigarette.

'Have you seen Toffy's new motor-car yet?' he asked.

Had any one demanded of Peter and Jane what they meant by the art of conversation, they would probably have replied that it had something to do with Ollendorff's method.

'How's Toffy going to afford a motor?' said Jane with interest. 'Is it going to be "the cheapest thing in the end," like all Toffy's extravagances?'

Finance, one of the forbidden topics of 1850, was discussed to-day with a frankness which Miss Abingdon thought positively indelicate.

'He says he'll save railway fares,' said Peter; 'and as they are the only thing for which Toffy has paid ready-money for years, I suppose there is something to be said for the motor.'

'Is he going to drive it himself?'

'He says so, and it is to be run on the strictest lines of economy. I am not sure that he is not going to water the petrol to make it go farther.'

'I don't quite see Toffy steering anything,' said Jane, laughing with great enjoyment at the recollection of Toffy's mad riding; 'he can never take his horse through a gate without scraping his leg against it.'

'So Toffy generally goes over the gate,' said Peter, laughing also; 'and probably he'll try the same sort of thing with the motor-car.'

'Toffy *is* an ass!' said Jane affectionately.

'I am sure it is time I should go and mount guard,' said Miss Abingdon anxiously from her post by the window. 'Why should they sit together under the cedar-tree like that unless they are making love?' She stepped out on to the lawn with a garden-hat placed above her cap and a sun-umbrella held over her head.

'Aunt Mary,' said Jane, 'Toffy's got a new motor! Isn't it fearfully exciting? We are going for a serpentine run with him, and our next-of-kin are going to divide Peter's and my insurance between them if we never come back again. Be sure you claim all you can get if I depart in pieces.'

Miss Abingdon laughed. She knew she was weak, even where she disapproved of her niece. Jane never kept anything from her, and she would tell her aunt ridiculous items of sporting intelligence which were as Greek to that excellent lady, and would talk to her as to any other really good friend. Miss Abingdon was conscious of the charm of this treatment; but the disciplining of youth was important, and Jane required both training and guidance.

'I can't think why,' she said severely, 'you should call a young man Toffy. It is a name I should hardly have liked to call a dog when I was a girl.'

Peter raised his fair eyebrows and looked distressed. 'I don't see what else you could call a man called Christopherson,' he said. 'You couldn't call him Nigel—that's Toffy's front name—and I'm afraid he hasn't got any other. I believe fathers and mothers think you must be going to die young when they give you a name like that, and that it will look well on a tombstone.'

'You shouldn't joke about death, Peter,' said Miss Abingdon. She felt almost as though she saw an ally approaching when she perceived the Reverend Canon Wrottesley come up the drive to call for his wife on the way to the vicarage. Miss Abingdon had long ago accepted with thankfulness St Paul's recommendation to use the Church as a final court of appeal.

'How do you do, Peter—how do you do?' said the canon cordially, as Peter went across the lawn to meet him. 'Got leave again, have you? I don't believe you know what hard work is!' The vicar had pottered about a small parish for thirty years, and had given his five sons an excellent education on the handsome fortune which his wife had brought him. This helped to convince the canon that he had borne the burden and heat of the day, and he very naturally regarded idleness as the root of all evil.

'Mrs Wrottesley is looking over the Guild work in the morning-room,' said Miss Abingdon conscientiously. She loved a chat with the vicar, and thought him more genial and charming when his wife was not present. 'Shall I tell her you are here?'

'She likes taking a look at the things the girls have made,' said the canon indulgently.

The Vicar of Culversham and Honorary Canon of Sedgwick-in-the-Marsh was a genial and delightful man. He always spoke kindly of his wife's work, and he could even pardon fussing on the part of a woman. He was a universal favourite, and was no doubt aware of the fact—which gave him a very legitimate and wholly pardonable sense of pleasure. It is doubtful if any man was ever more happily placed than was Canon Wrottesley in the considerable village of which he was the esteemed vicar. In a larger place he might have been overlooked, in spite of his many excellent qualities; and in a smaller one he would not have had so many social advantages nor so many opportunities for usefulness. His rectory was large and well furnished, his sons were well grown and well educated, and he himself had many friends. The part of the country where he found himself was known to house-agents as being 'a good neighbourhood;' and it was not so far away from London as to make the canon feel himself cut off from the intellectual life of his day. Canon Wrottesley belonged to the London Library, and liked to converse on books, even when he had only read a portion of the volumes which he discussed. He often fingered them with truly scholarly affection as they lay on his library table, and he discussed erudite points of learning with a light touch which his hearers, in a parish not renowned for its learning, found truly impressive. Even his vanity was of the refined and dignified order of things, and seemed to accord pleasantly with his handsome, clean-shaven, aristocratic features. Perhaps his one weakness was to be the centre of every group which he adorned. And he held his position skilfully, not only by a well-bred display of tact, such as he showed upon all occasions, but by a certain gift which he possessed of appearing in different rôles at different times according to his mood. Still, in spite of a tendency to a self-convincing form of masquerading, one is fain to admit that the village of Culversham would have lacked one of its most pleasing figures had Canon Wrottesley been removed from it.

Mrs Wrottesley appeared from the house, still clad in her black mantle, which had evidently not been removed while she looked over the Guild work, for it bore traces thereof upon it in the shape of morsels of cotton and the fluff of unbleached calico.

'Come and sit beside me, love,' said her husband, indicating one of Miss Abingdon's garden-seats in close proximity to his own cushioned chair, 'and I will take care of you.'

Miss Abingdon smiled and looked admiringly at him. Conscience frequently protested against her giving way to the thought, but in her heart Miss Abingdon was convinced that Mrs Wrottesley was not quite worthy of her husband.

'I think I must go back to the house and finish the Guild work,' said Mrs Wrottesley. 'I have been very slow over it this morning; but I have got a little headache, and I have been counting up everything wrong, which is very stupid of me.'

'How often have I told you not to work when you are tired?' said the canon, shaking his finger reprovingly at her.

'I'll finish the Guild work,' exclaimed Jane, 'and I'll make Peter come and help me.'

Miss Erskine, who had been sitting upon one of her feet and swinging the other, rose impulsively from the garden-seat and covered the lawn in a series of hops, until her shoe, which had become hopelessly entangled in the laces of her petticoat, released itself with a rending sound. Then she removed her hand from Peter's shoulder, upon which she had been supporting herself, and together they went into the house.

'And this,' thought Miss Abingdon ruefully, 'is courtship as it is understood in the present day!'

(To be continued.)

OST-FRIESLAND AND THE GERMAN NAVY.

'NAVIGARE necesse est, vivere non est necesse' was in times past the motto over the Haus Seefahrt, or Seaman's Asylum, at Bremen; and East or Ost Friesland has always been in agreement with the spirit of this old proverb. It is not only strategic necessity, therefore, which has now fixed the headquarters of the German navy at Wilhelmshaven, on the edge of Ost-Friesland, but also a wise determination to use the resources of a country-side in which the maritime spirit has always predominated.

From Emden, on the Ems, to Wilhelmshaven,

on the Jade, the distance is roughly about seventy kilomètres, and between these two points, on the north-west and north-east respectively, and Oldenburg on the south, lies Ost-Friesland. Our Saxon ancestors came from this land and from its neighbourhood—the Angles coming from Holstein—and many English names are still to be found in the districts round about. Of these, Burlage (Burleigh), Bentley, Bosham, and Russel are amongst the best known. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the inhabitants not only resemble us in appearance—having oval faces instead of the more rounded Prussian type—but also have many words in their language or dialect which are exactly similar to English words. 'Platt-dütch,' as it is called, has almost as much in common with English as it has with modern German.

In the good old times, when Emden was a famous seaport and the Ministers of the infant Queen Mary of Scotland made a treaty with the widowed Countess Anne ab Oldenburg and Delmenhorst in order to provide for the disputes which continually cropped up between the sailors of the two countries—it also provided for mutual aid against England—the flat, wind-swept country-side west of Wilhelmshaven was sparsely populated with a few farmers. Nowadays there is a fairly numerous population, which has been created within recent years.

From Emden to Wilhelmshaven runs the Ems-Jade Canal, passing through Aurich, the capital of Ost-Friesland. A project, set on foot by the celebrated German naval writer, Graf Reventlow, has been in existence for some time past to deepen and to widen this canal into one for battleships, like the Kiel Canal. With a supplementary ship-canal of about ten kilomètres in length, from Eckwarden, on the other side of the Jade, to Nordenham, on the Weser, a hostile fleet would not only have Wilhelmshaven to blockade, but also Emden and Bremerhaven as well—an almost impossible task for any navy.

On the southern side of Oldenburg the Ems is also joined to the river Weser. From Oldenburg the river Hunte runs to join the Weser at Elsfleth, north of Bremen; and from a point on the river Leda, which runs into the Ems at Leer-ort, a canal runs to the Hunte. The Ems itself is linked to the coal-measures of Westphalia and to Krupp's works at Essen by the great Ems-Dortmund Canal (soon to be joined to the Rhine); and thus, in case of the railway system being monopolised by the army, there would still be perfectly safe means of communication by which Wilhelmshaven and the shipbuilding yards on the Weser could receive supplies.

The Ems-Jade Canal was cut quite recently, and has had a valuable effect in bringing into being the little-known fen-colonies of Ost-Friesland. People are encouraged to take up holdings on the peat-covered soil by a system of deferred payments. Subsidiary canals connect these holdings with the main canal at a very small expense, and thus the tenants are able not only to convey the *schlick*, or alluvial mud, full of animalculæ, from the *watten* or mud-flats by the seashore, but also can convey their peat or garden produce to market by the same boats on the reverse journey.

Throughout Ost-Friesland the soil is covered with peat to a depth of about three feet. This is used for fuel in North Germany far more extensively than coal, and by selling this as he removes it the fen-settler makes a small profit from the very start. Where the peat has been removed sand is exposed, and to make this fertile it is absolutely necessary to dig the *schlick* into it to a depth of about three feet. The farm produce raised from the ground thus fertilised goes to Wilhelmshaven and the neighbouring towns. It is a curious fact that the families of these fen-settlers supply both the imperial and the mercantile navies with many of their best seamen. Old sailors also settle down in the fen-colonies, and thus the Ems-Jade Canal has in every way amply justified its projectors.

Away from the fen-colonies, the grass-grown peat, intersected by dikes, forms excellent pastures for the horses, for which Oldenburg and Ost-Friesland are so famous on the Continent. Aurich, the ancient capital of Ost-Friesland, and the residence of its princes of the House of Cirksena (now extinct), is the centre of the German horse-trade, and at the end of January in each year a great horse-fair is held there. Anthon Gunther I., Count of Oldenburg, was the founder of horse-breeding in the district, and it was this potentate who presented Oliver Cromwell with the pair of horses which upset him when he was driving in Hyde Park. Numbers of horses, mules, and 'jacks' are exported hence to America; hence also will come the horses for the German army if ever it invades England.

Such of the farms as have arable land grow rye—the only crop which will flourish on so poor a soil; but horse-breeding and cattle-rearing are the chief occupations of the farmer. Sheep are scanty, for the German does not care for mutton.

The peasants have a very curious sport called *kloots* or *kloot* shooting, which appears to be unknown in England, probably because it is only played in winter when the pastures are hard-frozen and when there are no visitors in Ost-Friesland. The game causes as much excitement as does a race-meeting at home. Whole villages turn out with bands and banners to meet an incoming team, and stakes, often heavy sums, are played for. What with this and with a certain amount of betting which also takes place, aided by the *doornkat* drunk to keep out the cold, free fights have been known to occur. For this reason the rulers of the land in times past ineffectually tried to prohibit the game altogether,

one potentate sapiently announcing that it was useless to play a game which was unknown to the ancient Romans. This was in the days of the classical Renaissance; but *kloots* was known for centuries before that, and perhaps the surmise is warranted that it was the ancestor of our quoits. The game is played by casting an apple-wood ball, weighted with lead to about a pound, towards a mark—length of cast being the only object. In order to do this a short run and a violent underhand throw, circles being described with the arm as if it were a sling, are necessary; and the exertion is so violent that even in the depths of winter the players strip to a thin jersey and breeches, and (in order to avoid a slip) wear stockings without boots.

Hitherto the neighbourhood has not supplied the navy with many ships, apart from those built at Wilhelmshaven; but it is safe to predict that in the near future the shipbuilding industries of the Weser and the Ems will assume much larger proportions. The most important yard in the district is at present the Weser yard at Gropelingen, a village near the northern suburbs of Bremen. Here the *Westfalen*, the first German Dreadnought, was launched in October 1909. Here also the *Ersatz Beowulf* is now being built. The Weser Company was formed in 1872, after the purchase of some older works near the town. Several thousand workmen are employed by it, and besides numerous torpedo-boats and small cruisers the company has also built warships for Spain, Persia, and China. Since the new yard at Gropelingen was constructed some of the ships turned out have been very fine ones, including as they do the great cruiser *Viktoria Luise*, the battleship *Gneisenau*, and the three great ships *Göben*, *Lützen*, and *Berlin*, each capable of carrying three thousand passengers, built for the North German Lloyd.

Vegesack, about six miles farther north, on the Weser, at the confluence of the Wümme and the Weser, has another great shipbuilding yard, that of the Vulkan Company, formed in 1893. These works occupy ground extending to about three hundred thousand square mètres, and possess a water frontage of one thousand four hundred mètres. Hydraulic power, compressed air, and electricity have almost superseded steam in this splendidly equipped establishment. A peculiarity of the excellent workmen's dwellings built by this company is that each is surrounded by a garden, which is not at all usual in Germany.

At Bremerhaven and Geestemünde, at the mouth of the Weser, there are three more yards. Tecklenborg's has a river frontage of one thousand six hundred and fifty mètres, and seven slips for vessels up to seven hundred and thirty feet in length. This company was founded in 1897, and employs about four thousand men. Seebeck's was founded in 1895, and employs about one thousand five hundred. The third company, Rickmer's, is an important industrial venture of shipowners who are also rice-millers, and build their own ships. On the Ems there are only the Nordseewerke at Emden and Meyer's yard at Papenburg, but judging by the important government works now in progress at the former place, a second naval yard is sure to be constructed.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

CHAPTER II.

SOME four days later the baron and Felix were installed on the Tribunalska estate. They had made the journey in the powerful road-car, which had brought the whole country-side out of doors in a panic of wonder at the rushing monster. It told the two travellers that they were going off the track of civilisation into the heart of primitive life, and they were not sorry at the fact.

'Ah, here one can breathe!' said the baron, throwing out his chest, as he stood gazing through the windows of the country-house upon the vast stretch of upland before him.

'With one's lungs no less than with one's brain,' added Felix with a smile of content.

The baron nodded. The days that had intervened since their departure from St Petersburg had impressed on him more deeply the necessity of thinking out the task before him. It did not seem to grow easier by becoming more familiar. It was one thing to neglect the outward observances and rites appertaining to his ancestral faith, and another to abjure that faith altogether. There were the instinctive bonds forged round his heart by centuries of tradition. There was also the voice of conscience which made him shrink from the thought of becoming a perjurer to his dead mother.

And yet in the same degree that his scruples had increased, so had his temptations. The very morning after his conversation with Felix the Minister of Finance had called on him, and the recollection of that interview made the baron's heart beat high with the exultation of realised ambition. It was indeed a brilliant chance that lay fair within his reach. As yet he had said nothing of it to Felix. His sense of honour made him loath to influence the young man's decision by any considerations save those which had strict reference to Felix's own particular view of the question.

The country-seat stood in the centre of the estate, surrounded to the radius of a mile by spreading corn and grazing lands, which were

fringed off in the distance by the famous Orodways pine-forests. The massive pile turned its dazzling white façade in a sort of majestic aloofness to the little township huddling abjectly in a hollow some two miles to the south. He owned that township. Three generations of his forefathers had ruled it from this big white house with a patriarchal sway. He was the first of his line who had left it for the wider domain in which his life had since been lived. He had gone to St Petersburg to find an outlet for the great capacities with which he knew himself to be endowed. In no very long time he had made himself an assured position in the very forefront of *la haute finance*. His share in the negotiating of a foreign loan had brought him his patent of nobility.

And yet he was fully aware that all this had been a mere side-issue, almost an accident. It was neither the desire for nor the hope of worldly advancement that had sent him from Tribunalska twenty-three years ago. It was the same reason, too, which had induced him never to return to it during all that time. He had no need to specify that reason to himself. It was summed up in one word, one name—Felix. One could never err by keeping on the side of safety. If he had prevailed on himself to come now, it was because he thought he had allowed a sufficient margin of safety. After all, twenty-three years was not a day. A period long enough to change the map of the world, to pull down old dynasties and set up new ones, was surely long enough to wipe out the danger he wished to guard against, a danger which no doubt had for a good long while existed only in his imagination.

To Felix himself there never had come the shadow of a notion that he was in any way connected with the baron's reluctance to return to his paternal home. His uppermost feeling, from the moment they had arrived, was an exhilarating sense of spaciousness and freedom. He seemed to have shed all that was artificial and exotic in his life. Things had been reduced to their natural value, to their proper perspective. The episodes which only a few days ago had loomed so large in his mind had lost their aspect of tragedy. The incident of the picture and its bearing on his career had become almost farcical. He was afraid that even his relations with Vera Kowalevski did not appear to him so serious as his father perhaps thought or wished. She was a very charming little thing—but only a little thing after all. It was paying her a great compliment to allow her to figure prominently in any large scheme of life. He reminded himself that he was still carrying in his pocket the letter he had written to her yesterday. He would take a stroll down to the town or village, or whatever that nondescript heap of hovels over there chose to call itself, and add a postscript that he had gone to post the missive himself instead of entrusting it to one of the servants. There was no harm in feeding her vanity with trifles.

He set off at a brisk pace, his step elastic on the velvety turf, his blood tingling with the crisp breezes that blew over the heights. It felt good to be alive. If he had his choice he would never go back to the mephitic magnificence of the capital. But of course that was impossible. His father's wishes had some claim to be studied. But he would come here again at the earliest opportunity.

He was half-way through his walk without having paid any particular attention to his surroundings. But the nearer he approached the township the more subject he became to the strange sensation that was stealing over him. He did not know what to make of it. Unconsciously he slackened his step as though to tread warily in his effort to give it shape and meaning. And at last it resolved itself into a curious feeling of homeliness, of vague familiarity. More and more it became impressed on him that he was not setting eyes on these places for the first time in his life.

It was absurd. He knew for a fact that he had never been here before. And yet almost at every turn there came to him subtle intimations as of remembered things. Out of the dim vists of the past there uprose shadowy intuitions that were apparently based on actual facts. His memory seemed to turn into a palimpsest from which the superimposed impressions were being gradually rubbed away, revealing the originals they had concealed. He grew impatient at this hide-and-seek game his fancy was playing with him. He would put himself to a practical test. He paused at a bend of the road. If his imaginings were true, there should be behind that intervening hillock the little Jewish cemetery of the place. As with a vague backwash of reminiscence there recurred to his mind certain white headstones it had contained, and again he experienced a thrill of the childish terror with which the sight of them had filled him at night in that mysterious past to which he was harking back. He held his breath as at some impending catastrophe, and then resolutely he turned the corner. An involuntary cry broke from him. Yes, here—gleaming in the sunlight, but with all their dismal associations stamped upon them—rose the white gravestones of the little burial-ground.

There was no doubt of it, this was not his first visit to Tribunalska. Probably he had been here during his earliest childhood, in the first dawn of his intelligence. He felt more than a passing wonder why his father had never mentioned the fact. But beyond that he gave it no further thought for the time being. There were other things, sights and sounds, that claimed his attention.

As he set foot on the outskirts of the town it was plain to him at first glance that something

unusual was going on in it. An air of gloom hung like a pall over the place. An ominous quiet hushed the narrow, crooked streets with an almost palpable presentiment of disaster. Through the low lattices of the wretched dwellings could be seen wan, grief-stricken faces, and crouching figures flitting about the rooms with a sort of furtive and hunted haste. It seemed as though the indwellers were hiding from the menace of an invading enemy. And indeed quite a military aspect was given to the scene by the presence of a number of soldiers patrolling the streets with fixed bayonets. Another group was standing still, holding several bloodhounds in leash. Puzzled and vaguely uneasy, Felix passed several of the sentries, and then stepping up to a non-commissioned officer, he slipped a silver coin into his hand.

'What has happened here?' he asked.

'Nothing. It won't happen till later,' was the gruff but not ill-humoured reply.

'And what is that?'

'Not much. Only a few Jews to be expelled from here.'

'To be expelled! Why?'

'Because they've been living here without authority. There has been a revision of the list of those who have domiciliary rights; and all those that haven't must go.'

'How many?'

'Just a few—two or three hundred.'

'And where are they going?'

'Back to their kennels, the dogs!—to the Pale of Settlement. There's enough room for all of them there.'

Felix bit his lip, but forbore from making any retort. No doubt the man would have been more polite in his expressions had he known that his interlocutor and his interlocutor's father belonged to the same breed as these so-called dogs, and that nevertheless the local prefect of police had deemed it worth while to call and pay them his respects. Felix was glad that the man did not know. That was why he was now getting at the truth.

'And what's all this parade about?' he resumed.

'A guard of honour,' laughed the sergeant. 'We have to keep a sharp lookout on them, else they'd give us the slip and skulk about in the forest; although I don't think they would be doing themselves much good by that,' he added, swinging his arm with sinister significance in the direction of the straining bloodhounds.

'Is there no chance of their getting a respite?' asked Felix in as off-hand a tone as he could muster.

'Not the least. They have made their petition. They're always making petitions. The answer came back last night that they are not to be shown any leniency. If they resist, they will be driven at the point of the sword. A few of them'—he uttered another ugly laugh—'may have to be carried on ambulances, or possibly in their coffins.'

Felix nodded silently and turned to go, sick at heart. For the first time in his life he had come face to face with the great and grim tragedy into which the life of his people had shaped itself. He saw them hounded like pariahs, uprooted from their homes, and driven into exile. He saw them the sport of gratuitous cruelty, which made a holiday of the pain and heart-break of its unoffending victims. Even the wretched existence they had eked out on this barren spot was grudged to them. And their destination was the Pale of Settlement, which was no more than the Russian equivalent for Leper Island, to swell in its circumscribed area the cry of misery that ascended to heaven, to join in the fratricidal, the almost cannibalistic, struggle for life that went on among its herded millions. Perhaps that was why his father had never allowed him to come here. Perhaps he had wished to spare him the knowledge that the splendours and luxuries of their St Petersburg palace had such a set-off as the horrors he had witnessed to-day. He did not know whether he had reason to be grateful to his father for keeping him in a fool's paradise.

He was in no mood yet to go back to the big white house. He had to think these things over for himself before he faced his father again. He struck out along a disused path. Through an opening in the hedge he caught sight of the figure of an old man toiling painfully up the hill leading to his father's house. Felix stood still, vaguely fascinated by the spectacle. That old man was to him symbolical of the never-ending pilgrimage of his people. He might be the legendary Ahasuerus, whose doom had become perpetuated in that world-wide passion-play on which the curtain never fell. And again, as he watched him, that stoop-shouldered graybeard became to Felix no mere allegorical type. Between the two of them there seemed to undulate some magnetic wave of sympathy connecting them as by a close personal bond.

Felix turned away with a sense of fear. He was letting his imagination run riot with him. He must come back to everyday things and feel the earth solid under his feet once more. He tried to immerse himself in the wild beauty of the surrounding scenery. There was so much here to appeal to the artistic instead of the emotional side of his nature! He would look about and mark out a spot or two to which he would come to-morrow with his sketch-book.

And meanwhile he was forgetting that he still carried Vera Kowalevski's letter unposted in his pocket.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS DE QUINCEY AND THE INDIAN MUTINY.

By the Rev. JOHN LENDRUM, M.A.

IT may appear strange to put these two together. What could the great essayist have to do with the tragic happenings of 1857?

We are accustomed to think of De Quincey as a scholar and recluse, living for the most part in the quiet of his den, 'snowed up' with papers, lost in reverie too often begotten of opium, striving to catch down on paper the gorgeous fabric of his dreams. This popular idea, however, like many another, is but a fraction of the truth. It is true that De Quincey took opium and was usually alone. As Masson says, 'By temperament and habit he was a creature evasive of all publicity, a "fantastical duke of dark corners."' He was always most unwilling to go out to dinner, and no host could be sure of him save by going for and bringing him. He was also a prince among dreamers, and in power of imagination among the very first of our writers. But though a dreamer, he was never out of touch with reality. He avoided society, but no eye was more widely or steadily open on the men and things around it. He took the liveliest interest in all the events of the time. He read the newspapers as carefully as a member of Parliament, and he read the whole of them—not contenting himself with the high events of war or politics, but reading carefully police-court reports and the accounts of criminal trials. He was so keen, indeed, that often he sent out for second editions, and even on his deathbed he was eager to know what was in the paper.

For a short time De Quincey was the editor of a paper, and not a few of his essays deal with current affairs. He wrote on China and the Opium Question, on California and the gold-digging mania. It may not be generally known that he contributed to *Blackwood's Magazine* an article on the Disruption, in which, being himself a staunch Conservative and supporter of the Church of England, he pours out his wrath upon the Free Church and its doings. Again, in a letter to his daughter Emily, we find him giving his views on the Crimean war.

Hence we need not be surprised to find that in 1857–58 he contributed to the *Titan* (a half-crown Edinburgh monthly, into which *Hogg's Instructor* had been transmuted in 1856) three articles on India, entitled, 'Hurried Notices on Indian Affairs,' 'Passing Notices on Indian Affairs,' 'Suggestions upon the Secret of the Mutiny.' His interest in the Mutiny was intense. 'Nothing,' says Masson, 'seems to have interested De Quincey so much or roused him so nearly to a paroxysm of personal excitement as the Indian Mutiny of 1857–58.' The impression of it, Masson adds, was the last great experience of his life. And for this there was a special reason. His interest in the Mutiny was not merely that of a patriot; it was also and above all that of an affectionate father, whose heart was wrung with anxious fear. For he had a daughter in the midst of it.

Though a man of books and letters, De Quincey did not hide himself from his own flesh. Nor is it to be thought that because he indulged, and at times overindulged, in opium, he had anything about him of the heartlessness of the drunkard. He was one of the kindliest of men. He never could refuse a beggar. And his devotion to his children was most tender and touching. He moved among them with doting attention, and looked after their education. His daughter, Mrs Baird-Smith, tells us that sometimes, to still her crying in the nursery, her father would come and fetch her in his arms into his own warm room, place her in a chair for the supreme delight of 'sitting up with papa,' and after petting her with sips of well-sugared coffee, give her a book and paper-cutter to amuse herself while he went on with his writing. In later days the arrival of the post with letters from his daughters was the event of the day, and sometimes he would stop work and push aside his books that he might shut his eyes and think for a while of his three girls and the two grandchildren in Ireland.

Imagine, then, the feelings of such a man as the news came in of the ghastly doings at Meerut, at Delhi, at Cawnpore! For in the year 1855 his second daughter, Florence, had gone out to India to be married to Colonel Baird-Smith, a distinguished engineer officer whose name is well known to every reader of the story of the Mutiny. This is the link between Thomas De Quincey and the Indian Mutiny. One of his daughters was married to one of the heroes of the siege of Delhi.

There are those still among us who remember the awful dread and sickening horror that fell upon the nation in the summer of 1857. If even we shiver as we read the story of the massacre at Cawnpore, how much more must our fathers have shuddered when the first news came of it, not being sure even then that they had heard the worst! And the unhappiest of all were those, like De Quincey and his daughters, who had loved ones in the midst of the murderous Sepoys, who tore open the morning paper, eager to learn, yet almost afraid to read.

Thus on Monday, 29th June 1857, De Quincey writes to his youngest daughter Emily:

'MY DEAR EMILY,—You doubtless are suffering under the same anxiety as myself about our poor dear Florence [Mrs Baird-Smith]. Let me

tell you all that *I* know; then do you write as soon as possible to tell me all that *you* know. Yesterday (that is, Sunday, late in the evening), by pure accident, Miss Stark [the landlady of De Quincey's rooms at 42 Lothian Street, Edinburgh] came and asked me if I knew that late on Saturday there had been an important second or third edition published of the *Scotsman*. The daily *Scotsman* is the particular paper which I take in; and on Saturday before eight in the morning I had received it as usual. At that hour there was no news stirring; but now it seemed something was wrong. *About China*, Miss Stark thought. But I, upon occasion of the still to this hour unexplained and mysterious mutiny in the native 34th Regiment [a Sepoy in this regiment, Mangal Pandy, had attacked and severely wounded the sergeant-major and the adjutant; the regiment was stationed at Barrackpore, and was disbanded on the 6th of May, the outrage here referred to having taken place on the 29th of March], had a misgiving that it would be India. With great difficulty, the day being Sunday, a copy of the Saturday night edition was obtained; and it then appeared that India it was. Three regiments at Meerut had mutinied—1 cavalry, 2 infantry; they had been attacked by our British regiments; beaten, but able to retreat upon Delhi, where (the Marseilles report was) they had massacred all *white* people.'

We thus see that De Quincey's keen ear had caught one of the first mutterings of the coming storm—the outrage at Barrackpore. Whether he had heard the story of the greased cartridges does not appear. He had now learned of the outbreak at Meerut, which took place on Sunday the 10th of May. The mutineers, however, were not, as he says, attacked and beaten by the British troops at Meerut. They might easily have been, for our troops were strong in numbers and in artillery; but they were grossly mishandled by an old, incompetent General. They were called out, indeed, but did nothing, and allowed the Sepoys to get clean away to Delhi.

In the latter part of the same letter De Quincey says: 'It is certain, as in all such cases, that everything will have been dreadfully exaggerated; and, as one example of this, from Delhi the assurance was that the massacre of the British had been universal and undiscriminating; but *now*, though so little time has elapsed, this horrid butchery is reduced to "*eleven*" officers killed.'

In this case, however, the first rumour was as true as the second. Outside Delhi, where the cantonments were, or at the Cashmere Gate, where some fighting took place, not fewer than eleven officers were killed. But inside the city every European found, man or woman, was done to death; only one or two succeeded in hiding themselves and afterwards escaping.

Already, in the first sentences of this letter, we feel the pulsings of keen personal anxiety; but the most poignant paragraph has still to be quoted; it follows immediately after the reference to Meerut and Delhi: 'All this you have heard, no doubt. Now, tell me Colonel Baird-Smith's last station; how is it named? But above all, how is it situated? Surely not on the route from Meerut to Delhi?'

What anxiety and fear lie beneath these simple words, so that we cannot read them without emotion! Was it possible that his beloved daughter and her husband were in the thick of the terror, in the path of maddened Sepoys, who did not scruple to murder helpless women and children? Was it possible?

After the news from Delhi came the still more tragic story from Cawnpore, where, on 27th June, Wheeler and his men were enticed from their entrenchments by the notorious Nana Sahib and treacherously slain at the river-side; and on 15th July the women and children, over two hundred in number, were foully done to death, the bodies of the dead and dying being afterwards thrown into a well. The effect on De Quincey is seen in a letter to his daughter Emily, dated Sunday, November 1, 1857:

'Up to the last mail but one . . . I suffered in my nervous system to an extent that (except once in 1812) had not experimentally been made known to me as a possibility. Every night, oftentimes all night long, I had the same dream—a vision of children, most of them infants, but not all, the *first* rank being girls of five and six years old, who were standing in the air outside, but so as to touch the window; and I heard, or perhaps fancied that I heard, always the same dreadful word, *Delhi*, not then knowing that a word even more dreadful—Cawnpore—was still in arrear. This fierce shake to my nerves caused almost from the beginning a new symptom to expose itself (of which previously I had never had the faintest outline)—namely, somnambulism; and now every night, to my great alarm, I wake up to find myself at the window, which is sixteen feet from the nearest side of the bed. The horror was unspeakable from the hell-dog Nena or Nana; how if this fiend should get hold of Florence and her baby (now within seventeen days of completing her half-year)! What first gave me any relief was a good, firm-toned letter dated *Rourkee* in the public journals, from which it was plain that *Rourkee* had found itself able to act *aggressively*.'

At first, as we have seen, De Quincey could not remember the name of Colonel Baird-Smith's last station, and feared it was on the way from Meerut to Delhi by which the mutineers had passed. In her answer to his letter, however, his daughter Emily had been able to tell him that the Baird-Smiths' last station was Rourkee, which is not on the way from Meerut to Delhi;

and, as we have just seen, his anxiety was further relieved by a letter in the papers which showed that at Rourkee the Sepoys had never been allowed to get out of hand. In a letter from Manchester he tells how things had gone at that station:

'Two years ago my second daughter married Lieut.-Colonel Baird-Smith, who enjoyed considerable reputation in Bengal as an engineer officer, and was also favourably known by his connection with irrigation for the North-West Provinces. The station at which he resided was a small and obscure one—namely, Rourkee; and when first this hideous explosion of malignity began, I heard with great thankfulness that the station had these two vast advantages: first, that it was not a depôt for public treasure; and, secondly, that it lay upon a byroad not leading to any place more important than itself. . . . Meantime, no place could be entirely safe; and one alarming incident, which exposed at the same moment the weakness and strength of the place, occurred at an early stage of the enormities. One evening about six or seven, when the resident British . . . were all gathered together at dinner, a servant whispered to Colonel Baird-Smith that a detachment of about forty native troopers had ridden into the station, and desired to speak with the commandant. Colonel Baird-Smith said nothing to the company, but immediately went out, and naturally in some anxiety; for, though the men had not announced themselves as mutineers, he had little doubt that such they were. He thought it best to try this question by telling them that in his opinion the best course for them was to move off to Meerut. The men replied that such was not *their* way of thinking. "Very well," said the colonel; "come, then, to this open area, where you can feed your horses whilst we discuss the point in question." Naturally, they followed him without suspicion, and in a few seconds found themselves arrayed before a battery unmasked, which could have closed the discussion with an unanswerable syllogism of scenical catastrophe. Under this advantage, he dismounted them and also disarmed them; and for the present the danger had melted away.'

The man who could so act in a crisis was no common officer. It is clear, also, that De Quincey was very proud of his son-in-law, as he had good reason to be; nor can it be doubted that the splendid service Colonel Baird-Smith rendered at the siege of Delhi was one more reason why De Quincey was so deeply interested in the story of the Indian Mutiny. Writing to his daughters on 31st July 1855, De Quincey tells how, at a dinner-party of men at the house of Mr John Ritchie, proprietor of the *Scotsman*, he found that his daughter Florence's engagement to Colonel Baird-Smith had already got abroad. Some one having said, 'We understand, Mr De Quincey, you are going to lose another of your daughters,' he replied, smiling, that such a rumour was certainly current. 'Ay, but it's more than a rumour,' said Mr Russel, the editor of the *Scotsman;* and went on to explain how the news had come out through Sir Ralph Abercromby, a son of Lord Dunfermline, British Minister at Turin, with whom Colonel Baird-Smith had stayed and become intimate while studying the system of irrigation in Piedmont. De Quincey adds: 'On this occasion, by the way, as previously at Mr J. B.'s [Mr John Blackwood the publisher], I found all persons loud in the praise of Colonel Baird-Smith.' Baird-Smith was thus already distinguished as an officer of engineers, and, we gather from a letter of De Quincey's to his daughter Emily, a most flattering notice of his work appeared in the *Athenæum* in October 1856. But his great chance came when, in the beginning of July, he was summoned from the quiet of Rourkee to act as Chief-Engineer to our forces on the Ridge, and direct the assault on Delhi.

In his book, *Forty-one Years in India*, Lord Roberts, who was himself present at the siege of Delhi, speaks of Baird-Smith's work in the very highest terms. He took at once a firm grasp of the difficult situation. It was by his advice that all the bridges over the Western Jumna Canal were destroyed for several miles, so that communication with the Punjab might not be cut off. He was of those who, when Wilson, the officer in command, grew nervous and hesitated to attack, insisted that Delhi must be taken at once.

'Fortunately for the continuance of our rule in India, Wilson had about him men who understood, as he was unable to do, the impossibility of our remaining any longer as we were. They knew that Delhi must either be taken or the army before it withdrawn. The man to whom the commander first looked for counsel under these conditions—Baird-Smith of the Bengal Engineers—proved himself worthy of the high and responsible position in which he was placed. He too was ill. Naturally of a delicate constitution, the climate and exposure had told upon him severely, and the diseases from which he was suffering were aggravated by a wound he had received soon after his arrival in camp. He fully appreciated the tremendous risks which an assault involved, but in his opinion they were less than those of delay. Whether convinced or not by his Chief-Engineer's arguments, Wilson accepted his advice, and directed him to prepare a plan of attack.'

Baird-Smith 'showed his grasp of the situation in attacking from our left;' and, though unable through illness to superintend personally the construction of the breaching-batteries, he was able to report on September 13 that the breaches in the walls of Delhi were practicable, and urged instant attack. 'Before Wilson and

Baird-Smith separated, orders had been issued for the attack to be made at daybreak the next morning, the 14th.

'On that memorable morning our little force made its daring leap upon the great city, led and inspired by the famous John Nicholson, and, after desperate fighting, carried the Cashmere Gate and entered the city. Our men, however, were but a handful, and held but a corner of the city; Nicholson had fallen mortally wounded; the casualties had been heavy; and Wilson again became so nervous and dejected that he proposed to withdraw from the city and thus timidly give up all that had been won.

'He would, I think, have carried out this fatal measure, notwithstanding that every officer on his staff was utterly opposed to any retrograde movement, had it not been his good fortune to have beside him a man sufficiently bold and resolute to stimulate his flagging energies. Baird-Smith's indomitable courage and determined perseverance were never more conspicuous than at that critical moment, when, though suffering intense pain from his wound, and weakened by a wasting disease, he refused to be put upon the sick-list; and on Wilson appealing to him for advice as to whether he should or should not hold on to the position we had gained, the short but decisive answer, "We *must* hold on," was given in such a determined and uncompromising tone that it put an end to all discussion.'

Canning said of John Lawrence, 'Through him Delhi fell.' And that is true. For it was he who sent down the troops and the heavy guns. But the famous words might also be rightly used of Baird-Smith. For it was he who twice over saved the situation. By his ability and courage and strength of character he persuaded a timorous General first to make the attack, and then to stand fast. He well deserves to be regarded as one of the heroes of the Indian Mutiny. And lovers of that thrilling story will care to know that he was the son-in-law of De Quincey.

Nor was this De Quincey's only personal link with the Indian Mutiny. For he had not only a daughter in India at the time, but also a son. This son was Paul Frederick, an officer in the Seventieth Queen's Regiment, who had been present and carried the Queen's colours at the great battle of Sobraon, 10th February 1846. About him, however, De Quincey had not the same anxiety as about his daughter, Mrs Baird-Smith; perhaps because he was a man and an officer, whose duty it was to be in danger, or perhaps because his regiment never came within the zone of greatest danger.

Japp and Masson both assert that Fred De Quincey served all through the Mutiny, and returned home in July 1857, not observing that these two statements are quite inconsistent. In other words, his son Fred served all through the Mutiny, but did not return home till July 1858. De Quincey's son returned to India, and, attracting the notice of Sir Hugh Rose (Lord Strathnairn), was made brigade-major. He afterwards served in New Zealand, and ultimately bought land and settled in that country.

Colonel Richard Baird-Smith died in India in 1861, and there is a memorial to him in Lasswade churchyard, near Edinburgh. Mrs Baird-Smith gave every assistance to Dr Japp ('H. A. Page') in his biography of De Quincey, and her reminiscences of her father are among its most interesting pages.

Such, then, was the link between the 'English Opium-Eater' and the Indian Mutiny. And perhaps nothing fixes it better in our minds than a sentence from a letter written by Colonel Baird-Smith to a friend after the capture of Delhi. It is given in Kaye's *Sepoy War* (vol. iii. p. 547), and is repeated, though not quite accurately, in Sir Evelyn Wood's recent volume, *The Revolt in Hindustan*. After telling of an attack of scurvy, a neglected wound which threatened to mortify, and a bad fall, Baird-Smith continues: 'And, to crown the whole pleasant catalogue, I was worn to a shadow by a constant diarrhœa, and consumed as much opium, with as little effect, as would have done credit to my father-in-law [De Quincey].'

MONDAY.

I often wonder why it is
That Monday's never nice;
Why nursie seems her crossest,
And the pudding's always rice;
Why I always get a pinny
That's not been worn before;
Why such a lot of errand-boys
Come knocking at the door.
For that's the way that Monday goes
From breakfast-time till night.
I wonder what's the reason why
On Monday nothing's right?

I wonder if, when Monday comes,
I'm really, truly worse;
Or if I only seem more bad
To mother and to nurse?
I'd like to know, because, you see,
It doesn't seem quite fair
To say I'm naughty just because
It's Monday in the air.
For that's the way that Monday goes
From breakfast-time till night.
I wonder what's the reason why
On Monday nothing's right?

I often think that if I could
I'd not have Monday first;
I'd put a better day instead,
And not the very worst;
Then mother needn't hurry;
And nursie needn't scold;
I could eat jam roly-poly;
And my pinny could be old.
For that's the way that Monday goes
From breakfast-time till night.
I wonder what's the reason why
On Monday nothing's right?

EDITH L. ELIAS.

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WANTED: WRITTEN LAW FOR TOURISTS.

By F. G. AFLALO.

AT a time when nations strive with more sincerity than guile after a better understanding with each other, with promising talk of arbitration and even the dream of disarmament, can nothing be done to improve the *morale* of the tourist, the sample by which every country judges of its neighbours? Like traders, careful that their travellers' samples shall be of, at least, average quality, cannot we, a nation of shopkeepers, do something to ensure that a more favourable impression may be made abroad by the Englishmen and Englishwomen who spend their holidays in foreign capitals? A century ago the Grand Tour was part and parcel of every young nobleman's education, a progress of pomp and circumstance, with much posting and social amenity, a fine and dignified inspection of cities and scenery. If now and then this high-class travel found its expression in somewhat pedantic literature, like the memoirs of Mrs Piozzi, there was no compulsion to read it, and the Grand Tourists of the eighteenth century were at least worthy to represent in foreign parts the dignity and prestige of the Empire on which the sun never sets.

The same cannot, unfortunately, be said of the Little Tourist of to-day. He is cheaper, like his modes of travel. He moves by favour of the coupon in personally conducted parties, and he leaves such manners as he has on this side of the Channel. Doubtless the work of his improvement is everybody's business, and therefore nobody's business. I shall be told, perhaps, that it is none of mine. Yet I venture, in despite of such criticism, to suggest that if the Foreign Office could so far stoop to a sense of lesser duties as to issue with every passport a printed code of hitherto unwritten law, an epitome of etiquette, such an innovation would contribute even more to the friendship of the nations than the Hague Conference. Much of this mutual distrust among neighbours arises, without a doubt, from trivial misunderstandings, petty differences of standpoint, shades of mentality; in short, from want on both sides of that tact which our late King exercised with such happy results on his travels both within and without his Empire, and which, all said and done, is neither more nor less than a combination of moral perspective and sense of humour.

It is quite impossible to measure the degree in which the bad impression left in foreign minds by the worst type of British tourist may contribute to strained relations between his own country and that in which he forgets his manners. I shall perhaps be told that his boorishness, his contempt for conventions, his indifference to local prejudices, his irreverence in places of worship, his arrogance in eating-houses, all count for very little; that his eccentric dress and want of manners excite mirth and not anger; in short, that I am attaching a quite disproportionate importance to a grievance which has none. This optimistic view of his shortcomings does not, unfortunately, tally with what I have seen and heard in half-a-dozen Continental countries; while to watch English tourists in company with those of other nations during an Easter Week in the Holy Land was to confirm a previous conviction that they need educating.

They are not provided for in the better class of travel handbook. It is to be regretted that there exists no special manual for their behoof, written for them as Galton's *Art of Travel*, or the excellent handbook of the Geographical Society, is written for the academic traveller of more serious pursuits. Those who spend a month in Continental capitals do not need to be told how to pitch a tent, light a camp-fire, or signal for help when lost in the jungle. What they need to be told is how to behave themselves in churches, in railway-carriages, restaurants, or at public entertainments. Pity it is that they should stand in need of such information, but the melancholy fact remains that they do. Should the Foreign Office see its way to supplement its passports with such a code of hints as has been suggested, here are a few of the salient matters which should not be overlooked.

First and foremost, a general instruction to the wandering tourist of ultra-patriotic temperament that there are other countries besides Great Britain. It may seem ridiculous to insist on this; but it is a fact commonly overlooked, and it is a concession that the travelling Englishman may make without disloyalty to his King. There is France, there is Germany, there is Italy—particularly Italy, the beautiful land in which he is seen at his worst. On the strength of a

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half-remembered smattering of fifth-form Latin, even the more educated tripper sometimes takes possession of Rome as if it were a suburb of Oxford. In so doing he quite ignores that other modern Rome, the princely Rome of the late Marion Crawford's novels, which moves in a world of its own to which the vulgar sightseer has no access. In addition to the counsel to recognise the existence of nations other than his own, the globe-trotter should be exhorted against race-prejudice generally. Those who suffer from this obsession should stay at home, since world-travel will do little to eradicate it if it is in their bones; and the man who roams abroad with a catholic contempt for 'dagos' and 'niggers' will make life a misery to himself and those about him. It is not here suggested that this bigoted prejudice against those of other colour, creed, or language has the same significance in the irresponsible traveller as it would have in those entrusted with the administration of the Empire's affairs overseas. Yet there is no doubt whatever in my mind, after twenty years of travel in Continental capitals, as well as in the country districts, that this vulgar and ignorant contempt for every ideal in dress or manners which does not conform to the conventions of Brixton Hill, thinly veiled where indeed it is not openly expressed, does incalculable harm in disturbing otherwise cordial relations. I do not hesitate to say that even to-day, with all the talk of the *entente cordiale* on the one hand, and the 'Rhine' on the other, a party of German tourists will excite less derision in a boulevard café than one composed of a too familiar type of English people.

The etiquette of the railway-carriage is another matter in which the British tourist might with advantage be guided to a better understanding of his obligations. Railway journeys in this country are for the most part so short that a boor has scarcely time to make himself objectionable. On the Continent, however, or in America, where the journey may last for days and nights, he has endless opportunities, and much greater importance therefore attaches to those little amenities so often neglected at home: the matter of keeping the window up or down during the day, or the light covered or otherwise at night, the arrangement of hand-baggage on the rack, and so on. It is simply a matter of compromise, and the commonest cause of friction with the Englishman is not so much his churlishness as his remarkable ignorance of modern languages. Unable to make himself understood, he blusters. True, there are times when a little knowledge of languages may also be dangerous, in proof of which let me tell a story against myself. Some fifteen years ago, one night in March, I found myself at Madrid in the night express, bound south for Ronda. I had wired from the hotel in the Puerto del Sol for a corner seat in a first-class smoking-carriage; and, knowing that it would be retained, I lingered over an excellent dinner and drove to the station at the last moment. The compartment accommodated eight, and I found the other seven places already occupied by stalwart Spaniards, all of whom had lighted large cigars and removed the boots from off their feet. Both windows were up, and the atmosphere was not to my liking. My reserved seat, in the farther corner, faced the engine, so that at home, at any rate, etiquette would have permitted me to lower it if I had so desired. But I was not at home, and a feeble attempt to open it a few inches while the train was still in the station produced a dissentient grunt from opposite. I hastily shut it again; but sleep was out of the question, and I lay in my corner with a splitting headache. When we had gone about two hours of the journey I could stand it no longer. My acquaintance with the Spanish language was very slight, but I knew something of Italian; and, trusting to the resemblance between the two, I murmured a request to the gentleman opposite that I might be allowed to open the window a trifle '*per lasciar scappare il fumo.*' Alas! my words conveyed a very different meaning to the hidalgo, who without more ado drew from his inner pocket an immense sealskin cigar-case, and insisted on my taking an enormous weed. There was nothing for it but to thank him and light up, though by the time I had smoked a couple of inches of it I was beginning to feel sick; but we fortunately stopped at a station, where I managed to lose it. This reminiscence merely illustrates the danger of a little knowledge. Had I not even known enough Italian to proffer that misunderstood request, but merely lowered the window surreptitiously, all would have been well. After the politeness of my *vis-à-vis*, I obviously could not do that to which he had previously taken exception. Yet a total ignorance of foreign languages is even worse, and I have seen it responsible for more unpleasantness, particularly with officials, than any other cause.

Two minor offences, from which our countrymen who tour abroad might perhaps be dissuaded, are in the matter of dress and tipping. It may be that the outrageous holiday garb affected by the extreme type—the chessboard knickerbockers of the men, and the 'useful' skirts and boots of the ladies—promote only the hilarity that Caran d'Ache managed to convey in his drawings, and cannot give offence. But there is another side to this eccentricity, and it is to be regretted that a few Englishmen should permit themselves to bring ridicule on the race, that they are unable to realise that by dressing like buffoons at a country fair they are lowering the national prestige in the eyes of ignorant folk abroad. This is particularly true of the East, where there is dignity in the robes of even the meanest native. To appreciate the differ-

ence between the sartorial ideals of East and West one need only watch the landing of British or German tourists on the quays of Constantinople.

The chief offender in the matter of extravagant tipping is, as a matter of fact, the American; though the Englishman is not exempt from blame. It may be that the travellers of other nations err in the other direction, and give too sparingly of their bounty; yet, if such be their pleasure, they have a right to be thrifty, and it must be galling to have prodigal foreigners 'spoiling the market' by spending their money broadcast and inspiring in the venal natives a contempt for lesser generosity. Americans fling their dollars to dragomen as they would fling maize to hogs, but the manner of the giver is readily overlooked in the munificence of the gift; and the poorer traveller, offering the more modest gratuity that he is able to afford, is indifferently looked after. Seeing that tips are neither more nor less than a secret commission for services rendered or implied, it is a pity that they cannot be made, if not illegal, at any rate the subject of regulations.

Needless to say, however, by far the most important matter in which most English tourists need very serious instruction is the proper reverence for the holy places of other sects and creeds, in which, though religious in their own country, they are so sadly lacking abroad. Their fine contempt for the 'tinsel' of papist fanes or the mosaic of Moslem mosques may be proof of simple faith, but they should keep it strictly to themselves. Their thoughts are their own, but they need not express them till they get home again. Not long ago a worshipper shot at a party of Europeans in the Mosque of Omar at Jerusalem. That beautiful building, which I know well, stands on the site of Solomon's Temple, and encloses, among other symbols sacred throughout Islam, two adjacent pillars between which very pious Moslems endeavour to squeeze in the hope of thereby adding ten years to their life. This appears, no doubt, a childish superstition to the higher intelligence of the West (which trembles whenever a black cat runs across the road); but that is no reason for laughing at it in the mosque in the presence of worshippers at their prayers. Nor is it seemly to stand gaping in front of the confessionals in St Peter's, as if, forsooth! the whispered admissions of veiled penitents were part of a side-show arranged for the entertainment of the personally conducted. In the Holy Land, so far as I have seen, the Germans were the most conspicuous tourists, behaving with an assurance that was perhaps encouraged by the influence of their countrymen throughout Syria and Palestine, where every seaport of consequence has its German colony, and where, in the interior, all the best hotels (best only by comparison with the worst) are in their hands. The tourists of nations belonging to the Orthodox or Latin Churches are in a marked degree more reverent in both Christian and Moslem places of worship than those of Protestant races, and it was the reverse of edifying to contrast the respectful behaviour of ignorant, long-haired peasants from the Volga with the more boisterous conduct of others from the Thames. The Mohammedans appreciate the distinction too, and it is to be regretted that the thoughtlessness of a handful of tourists should have earned for the English, with their subject population of more than sixty million followers of the Prophet, a reputation for irreverence. These things count for much in the East. How, I wonder, would the worshippers in a village church at home feel if half-a-dozen robed Moslems were to enter the building during divine service and comment in audible whispers on the congregation? And why is such conduct to be condoned on the part of English tourists in a mosque?

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER III.

THE following morning Miss Erskine was awakened at the unusual hour of 5 A.M. by having her window broken by a large pebble.

'I tried small ones first, but they were not a bit of good,' said Peter later, with compunction.

Jane stirred sleepily, and flung her heavy brown hair up from the pillow. This was probably some nonsense on the part of a young Wrottesley, and Jane was not going to be taken in by it.

Next, the point of a fishing-rod was tapped against the pane; it was, therefore, probably that particular Wrottesley boy whose passion for fishing in the early hours of the morning was well known. Jane rubbed the sleep from her drowsy eyes, and called out that she knew quite well who it was, and that Cyprian was to go away at once.

'Jane,' said Peter's voice, 'I wish you would wake up and come down. Toffy 's had a horrid smash. He says he 's all right, and he won't go to the doctor; but his hand is badly cut, and he has had a nasty knock on his head.

'Oh Toffy,' said Jane, 'you 've been in the wars again!' She had descended from her bed-

room, and had now unbarred the windows of her own sitting-room and stepped out on to the dewy grass in the clothes which she had hastily put on, her heavy, brown hair, tied loosely with a ribbon, falling down her back. The windows of her boudoir were protected by green wooden jalousies, and were considered a safeguard against thieves.

'This is awfully kind of you, Jane,' said Toffy. 'I don't think there is really much the matter with me.'

He came inside the sitting-room, and Peter made him lie down on the sofa. There was a bruise on one side of his head, and his hand was bound up with a pocket-handkerchief drenched with blood.

'Don't look at it,' said Jane. 'Just stretch out your hand like that, and I'll bathe it.' She had the simple remedies which Miss Abingdon kept in the house—boracic, and lint, and plaster. Nigel Christopherson lay on the sofa and looked up at the ceiling, because somehow Jane had divined that he hated the sight of blood; and he discoursed gravely on his misfortunes while she dressed the ugly wound and bound and slung his hand.

'Talk of sick-nurses!' muttered Peter, and wondered how it was that Jane was able to do everything better than other people could; although, indeed, the bandaging showed more tenderness than skill, and there was something almost pathetically youthful and inconsequent in the manner of both patient and nurse.

The room itself was indicative of the youthful and unlearned character of its owner. A large box of chocolates occupied an important position on the writing-table; some envelopes stuffed with dress patterns lay upon a chair. There was a large collection of novels which Jane did not often read, and a much larger collection of illustrated books and papers which she and Peter thoroughly enjoyed. A favourite parrot, who never could be induced to talk, sulked in a cage, and had a great deal of affection expended upon him. The remains of the Guild work which Mrs Wrottesley had not finished occupied a large part of the sofa, and Jane meant to ask her maid to 'run up' all the little blouses and petticoats, as she herself was too frightfully busy to undertake them. An immense number of photographs ornamented the mantelpiece, and were mixed up, with no attempt at classification, with curious odds and ends which Peter had sent home from South Africa during the war-time. Some riding-whips hung on a rack on the wall, side by side with several strange sketches in oil-colours of Jane's favourite hunters painted by herself. Peter thought the sketches were among the best he had ever seen, and even Jane was rather pleased with them.

'I'll take the Guild work off the sofa,' she said, 'and that will give you more room.' She settled Toffy's head comfortably upon the pillows, and turned to Peter for an explanation or an account of the accident.

'I don't know much about it,' said Peter, giving his head a shake. 'The Wrottesley boy and I were going out fishing early, and we found Toffy sitting in the middle of the road, with a motor-car hung in a tree.'

'You see,' said Toffy in his grave, low voice, 'I have made up my mind for some time past to travel by night because it saves hotel-bills.'

'But it doesn't cost you much to sleep in your own bed, Toffy,' protested Jane.

'No,' said the young man, looking at her with admiration. 'I hadn't thought of that. I have dismissed my chauffeur,' he went on, 'because he was always wanting things. I said to him, "My good man, get anything you like if you can get tick for it." He was a maniac about ready-money. I got on all right for the first forty miles or so after leaving London, and I was going on splendidly, when my motor, to gain some private end, went mad. How do these things happen? Thank'e, Jane,' as Jane fastened a silk handkerchief to serve as a sling for the wounded arm.

'Providentially the thing broke down at the Carstairses' very gates,' he went on. The loss of blood was making him sick, but if he continued talking he would probably not faint. 'And it was then three o'clock in the morning. So I coaxed it up the drive and shoved it into the coach-house, and took their motor, which is rather a nice one.'

'Then it wasn't your own machine that you smashed up?' said Peter.

'No, thank Heaven!' replied Toffy.

'When will the fraud be discovered?' asked Jane. 'Gilbert Carstairs is quite a good sort, but his wife has very little sense of humour.'

'Oh, I left a note all right in the coach-house,' answered Toffy, 'and I pointed out to Gilbert that he had no right to encourage burglaries by having inefficient locks on his coach-house doors. I added that I thought he ought to be very thankful that it was an honest man who had stolen his motor-car.'

'Also, I hope you said that he might have the loan of your disabled one till he had had it thoroughly repaired?' said Peter.

'I said something of that sort,' Toffy replied. 'And I should think Gilbert would do the right thing by the motor. I am only afraid Mrs Carstairs may misunderstand the whole thing.'

'One is liable to be misunderstood by even the best people,' said Peter.

At breakfast-time it appeared that nothing had been done to prepare Miss Abingdon for the news that one of her best spare bedrooms was at this moment occupied by a man with a broken head, for she appeared at the door of the breakfast-room in a serene frame of mind, and

was kissed by Peter, who announced that here he was, you know, and hoped she was not much surprised to see him so early.

'I am never surprised,' said Miss Abingdon with intention.

'I have been thinking,' said the young man presently, in the peculiarly genial voice which was characteristic of him, and helped to make him so likeable, 'that suppose a policeman should come sniffing about here this morning, you had better tell him that there is no such thing as a motor-car in the place, and that there has never been one.'

'That is hardly true, Peter,' said Miss Abingdon in the severe manner which she cultivated, 'considering how often Sir Nigel is here with his.'

'As a matter of fact,' said Peter steadily, 'Toffy is here now. He is—he is in bed, in fact.'

'Something has happened!' exclaimed Miss Abingdon apprehensively. Why was it that youth could never be contented without incidents? To be young seemed to involve action, while acquaintanceship with Jane and Peter brought one, however unwillingly, into a series of events.

'There was a little accident early this morning,' explained Peter. 'Toffy was travelling at night—to save hotel-bills, you know—and there was a breakdown because he didn't quite understand the Carstairses' machine, which he had borrowed; so poor Toffy came off second best; but Jane patched him up most beautifully, and Martin said he had better have the blue room.'

'Do I understand that Sir Nigel Christopherson stole Captain Carstairs's motor-car in the middle of the night, and left his own damaged one in its place,' said Miss Abingdon, 'and that he regards this matter quite lightly?'

'Toffy is a cheery soul,' said Peter.

'You are all cheery souls!' said Miss Abingdon hopelessly. She summoned the butler and sent for the village doctor, and made Peter telegraph to Captain Carstairs.

'You always seem to think of everything, Cousin Mary,' said Peter admiringly.

'Some one has to,' said Miss Abingdon, with a strong touch of superiority in her manner; and then she walked round the breakfast-table to where her niece was sitting, and kissed her, because a few minutes ago she had looked at her severely, and what would happen if Jane were ever to prefer the Erskines' house to hers? What if Jane were to prolong the six months which it had been stipulated she should spend with her father's relations in London? Jane loved General Erskine too well already. Miss Abingdon felt weak as she said, 'Don't worry any more about it, Jane,' for Jane did not look worried. 'And now,' she said, 'I must go and see how Sir Nigel is.'

Sir Nigel Christopherson was lying in bed reading the Bible. When he was not getting into debt, or riding races, or playing polo, or loving Mrs Avory, Toffy generally employed his spare moments in reading the Bible. He was a preternaturally grave young man, with large eyes, and long eyelashes of which he was properly ashamed, being inclined to class them in his own mind with such physical disadvantages as red lips or curling hair. Miss Abingdon thought that he was generally misunderstood. It impressed her very favourably to find him employed in reading Holy Scripture, and she turned away her eyes from the book, which Toffy laid frankly on the outside of the counterpane, feeling that the subject was too sacred to comment upon.

'How do you feel?' she said gently. 'You look very white.'

'Oh, I'm as fit as a fiddle, thanks, Miss Abingdon,' said Toffy.

'You don't look it,' said Miss Abingdon, with a return to her severe manner.

'I'm really a very strong chap,' said Toffy. He had been delicate ever since he was a little boy. School games had often been an agony to him. He had ridden races and had lain awake all night afterwards, unable through sheer exhaustion to sleep; he had played polo under burning suns, and had concealed the fact (as though it had been a crime) that he had fainted in the pavilion afterwards. He very seldom had a good night's sleep; and habitual bad-luck or the effort to conceal his constitutional delicacy had given him a curious gravity of manner, combined with a certain gentleness, which contrasted oddly with his whimsically absurd utterances. No one ever looked more wise than this young man, no one ever acted with more conspicuous foolishness, and no one ever received a larger measure of ill-luck than he. If Toffy hunted, his horse fell or went lame. If he rode in a steeplechase, some accident, the conditions of the ground, or the position of the jumps made the course unusually difficult for the particular horse he was riding. Did he play polo, his most brilliant hits just failed to make the goal. His gravity and his gentleness increased in proportion with his ill-luck. No one ever backed Toffy, and no one believed in his best efforts. But they borrowed his horses and his money, and lived for months as his guests at the huge, ugly house which was his home; and Toffy accepted it all, and philosophised about it in his grave way, and read his Bible, and loved Mrs Avory. No one but Toffy would have loved her; she was quite plain, and she was separated from her husband, a truculent gentleman who employed his leisure moments in making his wife miserable. And she had a daughter of ten years old, towards whose maintenance Mrs Avory made blouses and trimmed parasols for which her friends hardly ever paid her.

'You must have some beef-tea at eleven,' Miss Abingdon said, and felt glad that she was able to do something in a crisis.

'I think I was brought up on beef-tea,' said Toffy. He had accepted with his usual philosophy the fact that whether you broke your back or your heart, a woman's unfailing remedy was a cup of beef-tea.

Miss Abingdon told herself that she was an old woman, and suggested with outward boldness, but with inward diffidence, that Sir Nigel required a wife to look after him.

The young man smiled gratefully at her. 'I think so too,' he said simply; 'but then, you see, she won't have me.'

They were all so amazingly frank! Jane's friend, Kitty Sherard, the girl who smoked cigarettes in her bedroom, had actually told a funny story one day about a flirtation of her father's, and had made everybody except Miss Abingdon laugh at it.

'Perhaps,' she said, 'the lady may change her mind.'

'I don't think she will,' said Toffy slowly. 'You see, she 's married already.'

Miss Abingdon did not discuss such subjects. She glanced at her key-basket, and moved uneasily in her chair.

'I 'm going to revise the marriage service when I 'm in power,' said the gentle, lagging voice from under the heavy canopy of old-fashioned chintz with which Miss Abingdon, who disapproved of draughts, hung all the beds in her house. 'You see, it 's like this,' he went on, 'girls when they are about eighteen or twenty would generally like to improve on their parents a bit, and to have meals at different hours from those which they have grown tired of in their own homes; also, they have an idea that if they haven't a romance some time or other they will be rather out of it, don't you know, so they say "Yes" to some fellow who proposes to them—you must have done it yourself hundreds of times, I dare say, Miss Abingdon; but if you haven't the luck to get out of it, you are jolly well tied for the rest of your natural life.'

'There are some very sad cases, of course,' said Miss Abingdon, drawing down her upper lip.

'And it 's so often the good ones,' said Toffy, from the depths of his profound experience of life, 'who have the hardest lines. And that makes it all the more unfair, doesn't it?'

Miss Abingdon rose now and bade him goodbye, and then she glanced at the open Bible on the counterpane, and decided once more that young people were inexplicable; and she clung to her key-basket with a feeling of security, and holding it carefully in her hand, she went downstairs again.

(To be continued.)

THE TAY BRIDGE CATASTROPHE RECALLED.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

By W. T. Linskill.

What structure, like an airy goss'mer thread
At distance, spans yon noble river's bed;
Whose perfect 'standards,' like a spider's feet,
Seem creeping o'er to make two counties meet?
G. Bruce.

I CAN write with some authority on the subject of this terrible calamity of Sunday, December 28, 1879, as I left Edinburgh that evening and travelled to Leuchars in the very train that met with such an awful doom. I fear that most of my fellow-travellers that night met their sad fate in the submerged train at the bottom of the river Tay. A few, however, got out at St Fort, and one or two, I believe, missed the train there. A friend and myself had been spending a few days in Edinburgh, and had fully intended to return to the old city of St Andrews on the Saturday night; but the weather proved so very inclement and boisterous that we deferred our return journey till that memorable Sunday night. I had wired to Mr Davison, of the Royal Hotel at St Andrews, to send a cab to meet the train at Leuchars. When we started from our hotel to the Waverley Station it was blowing big guns with a vengeance, and a chimney-can crashed down on the roof of our cab, narrowly missing the driver's head. When we arrived at Granton it was blowing a terrible gale, and the walk down to the pier among the trucks was not a very cheering experience, and the state of the Firth of Forth was more than alarming. We scrambled on board the pitching steamer—I really forget whether it was the *John Stirling* or the *William Muir*—and off we went.

The cabin was close and stuffy, and every one was pretty squeamish, so we stayed on deck and hung on somehow or other in the teeth of a tremendous hurricane and flying spindrift. That crossing of the Firth is better imagined than described, and is an experience never to be forgotten. There was no time to think of *mal de mer*. The main thing to do was to hold on tight to anything, so as not to be blown off the saloon-deck. We bumped up at last against Burntisland pier, thankful to get ashore. The old skipper of the steamer told me some time afterwards that had we been half-an-hour later that evening landing would have been

almost an impossibility. The gale was now simply awful, and it was a heavy job to walk up the pier to the waiting train—the same train that went over the Tay Bridge with the high girders an hour or so afterwards.

It was an extremely slow train, a veritable tortoise in fact, and I remember remarking to our guard at one of the numerous stoppages what a fearful night it was. Little did one think then that he, poor fellow, and his van would soon lie at the bottom of the river. The wind increased in violence every minute. Its velocity must have been tremendous, and ever and again terrific blasts struck the train, making the carriages rock, and shaking the windows in such a furious and alarming manner that I fully expected them to burst in at any moment.

At length we reached Leuchars, feeling very sleepy and used-up, and were informed that no cab had arrived for us from St Andrews. I looked out, and saw no appearance of it along the road. Truly a pleasant predicament! Three courses lay open to us: to put up at the village inn at Leuchars (some distance away), to walk to St Andrews (a physical impossibility on such a night), or to go on to Dundee, where I had several standing invitations. This we had almost resolved to do, and the train was about to start, when we descried our tardy cab labouring along the road in the teeth of the hurricane. We got out of that ill-fated train, and stepped very cautiously on to the platform with our bags and rugs. I hope never again to experience such a howling storm, and even then it was not at its very worst.

I was next told that my old friend, the well-known author and critic, Mr Patrick P. Alexander, was asleep in another carriage. We woke him, and told him we had a cab to take us to St Andrews. So we persuaded him to join us. That also was a narrow shave. I well remember, as I crossed the bridge to the cab on the road, watching the crowded and lighted train slowly moving out of the station to its terrible end. I can recollect the cabman's remark, 'If I had known what a night it was going to be I would not have attempted to come out.' One thing is certain, if that cab had been a minute or two later in arriving we would have gone on to Dundee for certain. There was no alternative.

We had the wind behind us as we drove to St Andrews, and nothing of great moment occurred on our homeward way until we arrived at the corner of Strathtyrum Woods, about a mile from the city. Then suddenly the great gale seemed to gather itself together for one mighty and stupendous effort, and tore down upon us with a tremendous, thunderous roar and crash. I never heard the like of it before; it resembled an earthquake. It seemed to surround and get under our cab and lift it across the road. I really thought for a moment that we were over into the ditch. We were all pitched together in a way that reminded me of a railway accident which I had been in, and a few cursory observations were quite audible above the noisy tempest. That awful blast we experienced at Strathtyrum must have struck the ill-fated train when it was at the weakest part of the bridge, and hurled it and the high girders (a trellis-work tunnel) into the seething and greedy Firth of Tay.

We arrived at the old city in due course, and drove Mr Alexander to the Golf Hotel. As he alighted his hat soared away like a bit of paper right over the houses, and for some time afterwards I noticed when I met him that he had his new hat tied on with a bit of rope. On our arrival at my rooms I found my dear and worthy landlady metaphorically tearing her hair, as she feared all sorts of terrible evils had befallen us. The night was enough to terrify the bravest. However, the worn and weary travellers were soon solaced by an excellent dinner, and we felt a sense of comfort in listening to the raging storm outside and the crash of falling slates and chimney-pots at frequent intervals.

Dinner finished, I wended my way to the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, to find it in total darkness, the reason being that the windows of the big room had all been blown in, and I walked through the open space to see if any letters awaited me. One of the members had a rather narrow escape, as he had been writing at a table near the big window, and had only just left the room when the glass came crashing in. This was the great blast that struck us at Strathtyrum.

When I returned to my rooms I found several friends there, some smoking, some singing and playing, all talking of the weather and the gale. I remember one friend calling in to tell me the roof was blown off some house or other; but as we could not put it on again, I told him to make himself comfortable and set his mind at ease. I was very glad to turn in, and went off to sleep to the accompaniment of roaring wind, rattling windows, and crashing tiles.

I was awakened early next morning by a rap at the door and the startling and awful announcement that the Tay Bridge had fallen with the train, and that every soul was lost. I was horrified. My servant, Tom Kidd, the well-known golfer, came in and confirmed the dreadful news. In half-an-hour I was off in a gig to Newport. The scene was terrible, and made one feel very thoughtful after the experience of the previous night.

It was only the high-suspended girders which fell into the Firth of Tay, torn away from the rest, and leaving a great gap in the centre of the bridge—a terrible spectacle. Numerous boats were sailing about looking for the bodies and wreckage. There was a tale told then that one person had been washed ashore alive, and that cries had been heard; but I never knew it to be con-

firmed, and I do not see how it could have been possible. On my return to St Andrews I found numerous telegrams awaiting me that had arrived hours late. I took my replies to the post-office, but was informed that it was impossible to say when they would leave, as it was a question of first come first served, and there were already piles of telegrams awaiting to be despatched. Nearly all the wires were down, and I think I am right in saying only one wire was in action at the time. The devastation caused by that storm was quite phenomenal; and no wonder. I possess photographs of the engine minus its funnel, the tender, the guard's watch (which had stopped at 7.17 P.M.), the fallen girders, and the broken piers; also a photo of the tickets that were collected at St Fort Station—over fifty in number—and pictures of the engine-driver, stoker, and guard. Fragments of the carriages were washed ashore in far-distant places, and for some time I kept as a souvenir a portion of one of these.

Most or all of the mail-bags were recovered. I really must mention here a very curious episode. A few days after the accident I received a large parcel, sodden with water, that contained my theatrical outfit which was coming to St Andrews from Cambridge for a dramatic performance I was about to give at the Town Hall. The contents of the parcel were practically uninjured, and only needed drying; but the wig was in such a limp and disreputable condition that I had to take it to my friend Mr Sturrock, then in his old shop in Market Street, to get it redressed. On the first evening of the entertainment I went in front of the curtain and told the audience that all the things I then wore had been recovered from the bottom of the Tay, and that I had been nearly there with them.

It seems a long time since that ghastly occurrence took place, all so sudden and unexpected. There are great changes everywhere, and most of the old friends have gone from among us. However, as long as I live that night can never be effaced from my memory, nor the many possibilities connected therewith. Only once in a lifetime, let us hope, such a thing is likely to happen as the awful tragedy of the Tay Bridge.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

CHAPTER III.

BARON KOLBERG was awaiting his son's return with some impatience. To this were added several other moods which reduced his mind almost to a chaotic state. He had not long ago been left by a deputation of Tribunalska Jews, headed by the local Rabbi, who had implored him to use his influence at this eleventh hour to have the decree of expulsion revoked. He had sent them away with an evasive and non-committal answer. It was a great nuisance to have come here at this juncture of events. He would even have preferred being seasick on his yacht. In view of the news contained in the cipher telegram he had just received from his friend the Minister of Finance, it would be most awkward for him to identify himself with Jewish interests at this moment.

He took up the telegram and read it again. He felt a distinct resentment that his hour of triumph should be embittered by this disagreeable contretemps. He almost began to see how it was that his co-religionists had succeeded in becoming so unpopular. Why would they insist on obtruding themselves at the wrong time and place? Why would they get themselves into trouble just when it was most difficult to help them? He regretted it had not occurred to him to point out to the deputation that it was in a way impious of them to make such a fuss about the whole thing. Were they not under the care of a special Providence, or in the belief that they were, and did they not somehow manage always to fall on their feet? And even if not, what was the fate of a handful of Jews compared with the epoch-making issue involved in this telegram?

He sat down again at the table and took up the copy of the reply he had despatched to the Minister of Finance, scrutinising carefully every word and every letter to assure himself he had made no mistake in the prearranged code. He turned irritably at the sound of a knock at the door. Sebastian entered.

'What is it now?' asked the baron curtly.

'There's another of them,' replied the old servant.

'Another of whom?'

'Of the Jews, your excellency.'

'Send him away. Say I have no time for anybody.'

'I told him so already, your excellency. And what does he do? He falls down on his knees, and grovels and clutches my coat, and cries that it's a matter of life and death.'

'Of course, everything is a matter of life and death with them,' grunted the baron. 'Very well, then; let him come in.'

He remained at his desk with his back to the door, so that he did not immediately see the scarecrow of a man who presently limped into the room. A sorry sight he made, this old man, as he stood there, bent and haggard and ragged, with the gloom of despair peering out of his red-rimmed eyes. And yet in his very decrepitude and sordid state there was a certain majesty of bearing. He waited patiently for a minute or

so, and then said in his wheezy voice, 'Will you pay me a little attention, Baron Kolberg?'

At the sound of the voice the baron spun round as though at an electric shock, and springing up from his chair, stared at his visitor with wide-open eyes. His face had almost an ashen tint.

'I prostrated myself before your servant,' continued the old man, striving painfully to keep himself erect, 'because he is a Gentile, and we are the vassals of the nations. But to you I am speaking as equal to equal, as the sons of the same father, Abraham the patriarch, and it is fitting you should treat one of your race who is your elder in years with courtesy and respect. Our sages command it so.'

'Nahum Nahumovitch, what is your business with me?' asked the baron, having seemingly recovered himself. 'What do you want?'

'I, thank God, want nothing of you; but I come to you as the messenger of another—to wit, my wife.'

'Well, then, what does she want?'

'Before I tell you, Baron Kolberg, I have to explain one or two things to you.'

'But please be brief.'

'Yes, yes, brief—very brief. God gave us five children, but it pleased Him—blessed be His name!—to afflict me even as he afflicted Job. He took them all away from me again—yes, all. The eldest got drowned in the great flood, another died in the war away in Manchuria, two were snatched from us by the cholera, and the fifth'——

'Hush!' broke in the baron, taking a step forward.

'The fifth, our Ephraim, we gave to you, freely and of our own accord. And my wife says we lost all the others as a punishment for selling our flesh and blood for the gold with which you tempted us. We sold him to you, though we knew full well that in your keeping he would transgress all the ordinances of our holy faith, that he would eat forbidden food and desecrate the Sabbath. Our sin was great, and we do not murmur. But the human heart does not die, though all it cherished as its dearest may long be dead.'

The baron was visibly growing restive.

'Nahum Nahumovitch, I asked you to be brief. Come to the point!' he exclaimed.

'Indeed, I am coming to it in a moment. It happens that we are among those proscribed. We have to leave here to-morrow, or possibly even yet to-day.'

'To-day?' asked the baron quickly.

'And so, when my wife heard you had arrived here, she said—you know there is no accounting for the fancies of women—"Nahum," she said, "there is the hand of God in his coming. He has brought our son with him—my heart tells me so. Now, if you go to him and entreat him kindly, perhaps he will let me look once more on the face of our son—our only living child—before we start off on our long journey into the unknown." You see, your excellency, I am not asking any favour for myself. My wife has sent me.'

Baron Kolberg set his teeth tight. So he had been right after all! His intuition had told him correctly! He knew what might await him any time he came to Tribunalska. They were a hardy race these people, clinging to life, as the old man had said, all the more tenaciously the less they had to live for. He might have guessed that he would not be able to shake himself clear of Nahum Nahumovitch so easily. But fortunately a kindly bureaucracy had come forward in the nick of time to help him. It was only a matter of a few hours. They were going—perhaps to-day. If he could tide over the danger till then, he would be safe for all time. The moment demanded drastic measures.

'I am sorry, my good friend,' he said. 'I should have no objection to granting your wife's request. But, alas! it's impossible. The boy whom I adopted from you is dead.'

The old man tottered back a pace.

'Dead!' he echoed pensively. And then he broke into a mirthless laugh. 'Ah, truly it is said that since death came into the world no man is safe with his life. I thought it was only the children of the poor who died. You must have mismanaged things a little bit, Baron Kolberg. You should have taken better care of—of your son.'

'What could I do?' asked the baron with a shoulder-shrug. 'He never had much stamina. He died when quite a boy.'

'Oh, well, then, that's the end of it,' said the old man, gulping back a dry sob. 'But she will be very disappointed. She was so sure that she would see him again. Every day of her life has she ached to see him. Do you know what she once made us do? She made us go to St Petersburg—half the way we tramped on foot—and we smuggled ourselves into the city by stealth, having no passport. By day we hid ourselves in foul places, and at night we prowled about the streets thinking that we might chance our way to your house, for we dared not ask. But the third night the gendarmes caught us, and put us in chains, and packed us back here in the same gang with a lot of thieves and murderers. But it appears it wouldn't have mattered, anyhow. Then he's really dead, our little Ephraim?'

'I said so,' replied the baron gruffly.

'I'm sorry I troubled your excellency. Dead is dead. May you yourself live yet many happy years! Good-day.'

He was shuffling out, when, on a sudden thought, the baron called him to stop. The old man turned and followed the baron's movements with half-vacant eyes. Baron Kolberg had been fumbling in his pocket-book, and

now came towards him with a handful of paper money.

'You have probably a wearisome journey before you. This may come in useful,' he said rather more kindly.

Instantly, and without hesitation, the old man pushed aside the proffered gift.

'What for, your excellency? I have done nothing to earn it. You don't owe me anything. For what I gave you years ago you paid me amply. As it was, it was a wasted bargain. I have nothing of it, and you have nothing. We are quits. But I thank you all the same.'

'As you please, Nahum Nahumovitch.'

'As God pleases, Baron Kolberg,' the old man corrected him.

The withdrawal of his visitor did nothing to improve the baron's humour. Why had he been subjected to this unnecessary ordeal? His irritation was aggravated by the superstitious dread for the makeshift lie with which he had staved off the old man's importunity. He had said that Felix was dead. The words re-echoed in his heart with a sound of evil augury. He wished he had hit upon some less dismal, less clumsy prevarication. To get out of his dilemma he had consigned to the grave that splendid young life, his Felix, the being whom next to himself he loved best in all the world. What, suppose—his heart stopped beating at the thought—God took him at his word?

He had by no means regained his equanimity when a little while later old Sebastian had occasion to enter the room on some casual errand. The sight of a suitable scapegoat made the baron's anger flare up afresh.

'It's evident that you're going into your dotage, Sebastian,' he said severely. 'How could you be so stupid as to admit that man, of all people in the world?'

'That man—what man, your excellency?' faltered the old servant, taken aback.

'You mean to say you didn't recognise him?' continued his master, working himself up into quite a state of fury. 'Didn't you see him often enough while we were—were negotiating with him? You mean to say you didn't know Nahum Nahumovitch?'

'Was that he?' asked Sebastian with a gasp.

'Of course it was he. However, it doesn't matter. I've been thinking for some time that I had better pension you off. I must have a younger and brisker man about me.'

'But, your excellency'—— stammered poor Sebastian.

'That will do. Don't argue the point. I'm busy.'

Like a beaten dog the old fellow crept from the room. Tears of grief and vexation stood in his eyes. Never before had he been spoken to like that by his master. He could not understand it at all. Half-dazed, he fumbled his way along the corridor, and at the farther end came face to face with Felix, who had just re-entered the house after his morning ramble.

'What on earth is the matter, Basti?' he exclaimed in astonishment, gripping him affectionately by the shoulder, for he loved the faithful old servitor.

'To say that to me! To treat me like that!' said Sebastian, now sobbing outright.

'Who did? Tell me,' Felix urged him.

'Who? Why, his excellency. Is there any one else from whom I should take it so to heart?' exclaimed Sebastian a little wildly. 'To expect me to recognise him after all these years!'

'Recognise whom? Calm yourself, Basti,' said Felix, getting more puzzled. But in the face of his sympathy the old man lost more and more control of himself.

'When I saw him last he was a tall, well-set-up man, with a fine black beard, and now he looked a wizened, shrivelled-up ape. Who would imagine they were one and the same man? Would I have let him in if I had known it was Nahumovitch?'

'Yes, yes, quite so,' said Felix, retaining his patience with difficulty. 'I understand now. Somebody came here, and you admitted him without recognising him. Well, who was it?'

'The man from whom his excellency adopted you,' cried Sebastian, his excitement overpowering his discretion. 'How was I to know'——

Felix had recoiled as from the point of a dagger. Then he stood rigid.

'One moment, Sebastian,' he broke in, tense and quiet. 'You said a man came here from whom his excellency had adopted me. The man, then, you speak of was my father—my real father?'

A frightened cry broke from Sebastian. Frantically he seized Felix by the hands.

'What have I done—what have I said?' he moaned. 'Oh, for Heaven's sake don't let his excellency know I told you! Only the three of us knew—he and I and the baroness. Oh, what will become of me now?'

'You have nothing to fear, Basti. I will take everything on myself,' said Felix, still in the same tense voice as before.

Beyond the initial shock, the tremendous news had left him calm and unaffected. A few days ago the revelation would have come to him with the force of a thunderbolt, or more likely he would have laughed the old man's words to scorn. He would have thought that his wits were wandering. But the knowledge he had gained that morning had prepared his mind for an instant acceptance of the truth. Many things had become clear to him. So that was why the baron had avoided Tribunalska so sedulously! And that was where the risk came in of which he had spoken! He was afraid that Felix might remember, might delve into the past, might ask questions, that his father

might appear on the scene; he had been afraid exactly of all that had come to pass. Felix laughed. Even a great and powerful man like Baron Kolberg was not strong enough to turn the stream of ordained events out of its course. Money, even millions of it, could not fight Fate.

He pulled himself together, and sent the disconsolate Sebastian away with a few more reassuring words. And what now? The knowledge that had come to him was clearly not meant to run to waste. It was intended for the pivot on which his future was to turn. There was no choice, no alternative. There was but one thing to do, and that it was the right thing he felt from the joyous warmth that had begun to thrill through his heart. A gradual exultation came over him, as that of a beggar who is slowly realising that he has come into unsuspected riches. His whole being went out to this unknown father of his as it had surely never gone out to the baron. A new instinct had sprung up in him which was altogether different from the link that had bound him to his foster-father. His soul was hearkening eagerly to that most powerful call of all—the call of the blood.

Yes, he would follow that call wherever it might lead him. His father! Perhaps there was a mother too; perhaps brothers, sisters! He had no idea. He might possibly find out by asking the baron; but that would be stupid, since he would so soon acquire certainty for himself. And altogether it would be better not to go near Baron Kolberg till he could face him with a definite plan of action. A vague resentment stirred him as though at a trick that had been played on him. Kindness, loving care, all the indulgences that wealth could offer, the baron had given him—everything save honesty. But for this mere chance he might have gone about to the end of his days a mystery to himself, trying to reconcile discordant factors, to dovetail puzzling incongruities. Had it depended on the baron, he would have remained that most ignoble and ludicrous thing—an unconscious sham, a self-mistaken identity. He felt that he was not only going forth to find his real father; he was setting off in quest of his own true self.

(To be continued.)

HEALTH IN THE TROPICS.

By F. N. BURN, Rangoon.

A MAN who, like the writer, has spent half a century of his life in the tropics in average good health, and without requiring medicine or medical attendance during the greater part of the time, may be able to offer a few suggestions of value to readers who contemplate going to tropical climates, and save some from committing mistakes, as they would otherwise do.

For over a century my family has been connected with India. My grandfather was in the India House. In 1819 my father obtained a cadetship in the Madras army. He joined the Fourteenth Madras Native Infantry as ensign, and only held that rank for one day, being promoted to a lieutenancy the following day. He retired, after serving forty-one years, with the rank of major-general. I was born in Bangalore in 1843, my father then being absent from India with his regiment in the first China war. We all came to England in 1845, and lived during my father's furlough in Pembridge Villas, Westbourne Grove, London. I remember the Chartist movement, when my father and brother were special constables. My sister and I had a governess until I was about nine years old, when I went to the Westbourne Collegiate School as a weekly boarder. It occupied an extensive site of some ten or twelve acres where Hatherley Terrace now is, and opposite Whiteley's shop, which was not then in existence. I went to India in 1862, and visited my old master when I came to England in 1876. He had then removed to Powis Square. I only stayed five months in England, returning to Burma, where I have been since. Counting my babyhood, I have thus had over half a century's life in the tropics, exceeding my father's stay by a few years. He died at the age of eighty-nine years. I remember as a boy his telling me that he had always enjoyed good health in India, and that he never remembered a single day on which he had not a good appetite for dinner, even in the hot weather. The secret of good health in the East, as in other places, I believe to be moderation and regularity in all things. When I came to India in 1862 I was told by some people that health could not be kept without using a certain amount of stimulants daily. Beer was recommended by some, brandy-and-soda by others. The P. & O. Company, which was then the only direct line of steamers to India, inculcated a liberal use of stimulants by giving liquor free at all meals to its passengers. Many of these consisted of young men leaving their homes for the first time, and it was remarkable that the privilege of free drinks was so seldom abused. Most of them drank beer; not the light ales like Pilsener now popular, but then unknown, but the much more heady Bass or Allsopp. Liquor being given free, every one seemed to consider it his duty to take something. To confine one's self to water, as the majority on board a steamer do nowadays, would have been

thought to be defrauding one's self of one's rights, and enabling the company to make an unfair profit at a passenger's expense. A wiser system was not adopted till the opening of the Suez Canal, when passage fares were lowered, and passengers paid for what they drank themselves, and not for what others drank. For some time after my arrival in India I used to drink beer regularly at meals, and brandy-and-soda occasionally. I always liked beer. Brandy-and-soda was then the universal tipple between meals. One never saw or heard of whisky. It is the other way about now, and brandy is seldom seen or asked for. There is much less spirit-drinking now than there was forty years ago. No doubt that fact has something to do with improved health amongst Europeans. They also take more open air exercise than formerly. Since bicycles were introduced people seem to be less afraid of exposing themselves to the sun than they used to be. Of course exercise, like other things, can be overdone; but with a good head-covering I have never suffered from the sun. I should be sorry, however, to play tennis and cricket, as I have seen many youngsters doing, at 4 P.M. without any head-covering at all. The sun has great power till even within a few minutes of setting, and my experience is that the head should always be protected from it by a good pith head-covering. If one is on a march, putting a piece of plantain-leaf inside the helmet affords additional protection and comfort. I was four years foresting in the sixties of the last century, often marching ten to fifteen miles a day; and though, of course, I found the sun hot, it never seemed to do me any harm, and I enjoyed good health when in the forest, though I used to have attacks of malarial fever, lasting three or four days, when I returned to town.

I have twice made the overland trip between Moulmein and Bangkok, a journey since made often enough by Europeans; though when I first made it I was told by Sir Robert Schomburgk, the British Consul-General in Siam, that he was the first European who accomplished it, and that he took the precaution of taking three grains of quinine every morning before starting. Quinine is a valuable medicine in cases of malarial fever; but like other things its use can be overdone, and I do not think the regular taking of it as a preventive is a practice to be recommended. In the case of one who had been in the habit of taking it daily getting fever, larger doses would be necessary to be effective, and I have been told that when taken in large doses it often brings on headache and deafness. A very healthy practice which I have adopted for many years, and which I would recommend, is to take a tumbler of cold water every morning on rising, with a pinch of ordinary table salt in it. This is always available, and I find it quite as effective as the various effervescing preparations so extensively advertised nowadays.

Early rising was greatly in favour when I was a child, and many people advocate it at the present time. It all depends, I think, on the hour at which people go to bed. A proper quantum of sleep to enable one to keep in good health is of still greater importance, and that depends on most people's inclination. Every adult should get from seven to eight hours' sleep in the twenty-four. If he gets this, and feels inclined to rise early, he will be all the better for doing so, for in the tropics the two hours before sunrise are the pleasantest of all, more especially in warm weather, which, except on hill-stations, may be said to be for nine or ten months of the year. Breakfast is usually taken at nine or ten in the morning, and many people make a substantial meal of it. When younger I used to eat meat or fish at breakfast. I now take bread and butter and jam or marmalade, and ripe fruit in season afterwards. Tea or coffee is the usual drink. If plenty of good milk is used, and the tea is not allowed to stand more than five minutes, I have never found any bad effect follow; but strong tea or coffee with little or no milk should be avoided. For some years I have drunk egg-flip for breakfast, and find it better than either tea or coffee. Two raw eggs are beaten up, and sugar, salt, and nutmeg added, with a spoonful of Jamaica rum. Into this a pint of milk is slowly poured, the beating being continued whilst the pouring is going on. To the bowl containing this mixture a few lumps of ice are added, and after a minute or two the egg-flip is ready for consumption, and is preferable, I think, to either tea or coffee. I have known people who said they could not take either milk or eggs. As milk is the food of children and invalids, and is generally easily digested by old people, one would have thought it would suit every one. I know of nothing that can be substituted for it with equal advantage. Lime-juice made from the fresh fruit also makes an agreeable breakfast or dinner drink, with salt and sugar added to taste, and plenty of ice; there is no better drink in moderation, but it should not be taken oftener than once a day. I knew a young man who, thinking you could not have too much of a good thing, drank nothing else. In about six months his brain was affected, and the doctors sent him to England, where he soon recovered after leaving off lime-juice as his sole tipple. Europeans are usually meat-eaters. In the tropics I think many of them eat too much meat. For myself, I have found that meat once a day is sufficient. I usually take it in the form of curry at an early dinner. Fashion has made the dinner-hour later and later every few years, and for the majority of people nowadays eight-thirty or nine at night is often the hour fixed. The eating of a heavy meal at that hour, if one goes to bed before midnight, is not to be recommended. I have always found having dinner by daylight to be preferable, and I have kept to this practice all my life. At the

change of monsoons there are usually a number of flying insects of all kinds about directly lights are brought on to the table, making eating almost impossible with any comfort. One's plate becomes filled with winged pests, some of them smelling atrociously. In olden days at Madras the usual dining-out dress was white, as I believe it still is at the Straits Settlements and in Dutch India. It is a much more sensible costume than the black dress-coat and black trousers which succeeded it, and much more suitable wear in hot climates.

Sir Robert Schomburgk, who was British Consul-General at Bangkok when I was there some forty years ago, was, I believe, a descendant of William III.'s distinguished general in Ireland, who was killed at the battle of the Boyne in 1690. Sir Robert Schomburgk's assistant was Thomas George Knox, a man of great capacity and experience, who afterwards succeeded him. He was once an officer in India, in the Ninety-eighth Regiment, commanded by Sir Colin Campbell, afterwards Lord Clyde. Knox had applied for a few days' leave to attend some race-meeting, which Sir Colin refused to give. Knox at once sent in his papers, and went to the race-meeting. He afterwards drifted to Siam, where he found employment in drilling and disciplining the Siamese troops. When he gave this up, having studied Siamese, he got into the diplomatic service, and rose to be Consul-General.

When I first arrived in India I was often told that it was necessary to wear flannel if health was to be preserved. I commenced to do so, but, finding it too hot, discarded it, and have found no ill effects as a result. At night I wear nothing on my chest and arms, but the stomach should always be well protected, though not necessarily with flannel. A blanket should always be placed alongside one in bed, so as to be easily pulled on if required. If it is placed at the foot of the bed, a man is often too drowsy or careless to pull it on; and in the rains, when temperature frequently goes suddenly down, it is well to have it easily available for covering the stomach. I would advise every one to use mosquito-curtains. They not only protect from mosquitoes, the bite of some species of which brings fever, but they are a protection from every other kind of insect, and also from snakes and scorpions. Not that I have been very much troubled with the two last-mentioned animals; but they are sometimes met with, and I would advise every one to light a lamp or candle if he rises at night, and never to put his feet down without looking to see that the coast is clear.

When I was in London in 1876 it amused me to hear people insisting on the necessity of taking a yearly trip to the country or seaside for change of air. Many thousands of their fellow-countrymen in the tropics work for years without such so-called 'change of air' or any other holiday than the weekly Sunday and a few gazetted holidays at Easter, Christmas, and New Year. One would think that in hot climates rest and change were more required than in temperate climates, but it appears to be otherwise.

Health in the tropics for any one of good constitution can be kept by moderation in everything. As regards drink, I believe—though I am not a total abstainer—that total abstinence is best. The less one takes the better, especially if out in the sun. To a tropical sun a European can never get acclimatised, and a good head-covering is always a necessity; although one will often see a native with shaved head sitting cooking his rice in the sun, when shade might be obtained under a tree by moving a few yards to right or left. As regards food, a person should eat in moderation what he finds to agree with him. Ripe fruits at breakfast, I think, will agree with any one, and they should be freely eaten. I have not found the old saying about fruit being golden in the morning, silver in the afternoon, and lead at night to be correct. I can always eat and enjoy good fruit, and have occasionally eaten nothing else for dinner at 5 P.M. In this as in most things *experientia docet*, and every one should be the best judge himself. But with moderation and regularity in all things, I believe most people could lead as healthy lives in the tropics as in Europe, and as I have done myself in my half-century in India, Siam, and Burma.

OLD IRONSIDES' OWN.

By C. BENBOW, Author of *A Rising in Embryo* and *The Bridge*.

CHAPTER I.

'EXTRAORDINARY old buffer!' said the senior sub., speaking from his favourite position astride the anteroom hearthrug. 'Been in the regiment about half a century, and clears off without saying good-bye to a soul.'

'Yes,' said the man he addressed, who was of the eyeglass type, and was known in the regiment as the 'Deah Boy.' 'Strange fellah Ironsides; regular old Stoic, yer know; absolutely no feelin's.'

'I wish you wouldn't talk through the back of your neck, Ransome!' snapped a deep voice from a writing-table in the corner. '*You* wouldn't feel very talkative if you had to leave the regiment after living in it for thirty-four years, particularly if you had no home to

go to. The fact is, it was too much for the old man at the last. He couldn't face good-bye.'

'Sorry, majah,' said the man he addressed, turning lazily in his deep chair; 'didn't know you were there.' The senior sub., seeing battle in the major's eye, suddenly remembered his duties as orderly officer for the day, and departed hurriedly.

Fifty miles away, in an express train hurtling towards London, the man they had discussed sat alone in a first-class compartment, his gray head bowed, his deeply bronzed face hidden in his hands. Colonel Cromwell, 'Old Ironsides,' as the men had affectionately dubbed him, felt that his little world was slipping away from him; each minute carried him a mile farther from the regiment which to him had been home and kith and kin in one. He was trying to realise it all, to understand that he could never go back; or, if he did, only on a fleeting visit as a guest. A guest—how strange it seemed! What a failure his career had been; thirty-four years and not a day's active service! If only he could have led that magnificent battalion in the field once before he retired! *His* battalion, the battalion he had laboured for all those years, and had commanded for the last five.

'Nothing could have stood before them,' he muttered, looking up and gazing fiercely at the cushions opposite. What a pity he hadn't married! Perhaps he wouldn't have felt so utterly lonely now. Ah, well, he might have done so twenty-five, thirty, thirty-one years ago, if——

He sat up abruptly as the engine whistled and the brakes began to grind under foot. What a doddering old fool he was! Thank Heaven, there was still the club, and here was Paddington!

The Fates decreed, with their usual irony, that within a year of Old Ironsides' retirement war should come unexpectedly, and that his old regiment, the Blackshires, should be one of the first to be ordered out. The new commanding officer was, however, of the genus known in the service as 'old woman,' and the regiment suffered accordingly. It was inspected on arrival at the base of operations by a certain General, a big man, one of the gods of that war. His verdict, delivered to his chief staff-officer, was characteristically laconic and to the point: 'Useful-looking crowd, but impossible C.O. Put them on L. of C. at present, and side-track C.O. on first opportunity.'

Unfortunately the commanding officer refused to be side-tracked, the most alluring 'fat billets' at the base were offered him in vain, and as a result the Blackshires were kept on the line of communications, in durance vile. One by one their best and keenest officers, realising that the prospects of seeing any fighting were hopeless so long as they remained with the regiment, obtained staff appointments, and departed for the front. Day and night excited train-loads of khaki-clad men passed up the line, cheering lustily as they sped by the disgusted pickets of the Blackshires, who were heard to mutter among themselves that if only Old Ironsides were there he would soon get them out of that blankety, double-blanked 'ole. As the dreary weeks dragged by depression grew into bitter discontent, which soon threatened to give place to something uglier. The officers began to whisper of mutiny, while the weak hand of the colonel trembled as it wrote totally inadequate punishments on daily increasing numbers of 'crime' sheets.

Meanwhile, in far-away England, Old Ironsides, who was posted weekly in the state of affairs by several correspondents in the regiment, gnawed his fierce gray moustache in silent anguish, and after innumerable fruitless visits to the War Office, resigned himself to black despair.

For weeks he spent the greater part of the day and half the night ranging restlessly from room to room in his club, muttering to himself, and it was with intense relief that the members heard one morning that he had departed for the 'shires' to try to forget his woes in the hunting-field.

CHAPTER II.

The battle had raged among the hills since early dawn. All day Death had flown swiftly to and fro across the beautiful sunlit landscape, and had reaped a generous but ghastly harvest.

From the summit of a commanding ridge several miles behind his defensive line the British General directed his operations. Around him were a number of staff-officers, and close by a scattered group of war-correspondents armed with note-books, hand-cameras, and field-glasses. These 'watchers on the hilltop' were all more or less experts, and could therefore follow the developments of the battle taking place in the vast amphitheatre before them; but to the uninitiated onlooker the sight would have been perplexing.

The valley was filled with noise. The booming of big guns, the shrieking and bursting of shells, the peculiar peremptory drumming of pom-poms, the distinctive tapping of Maxims in the distance, and the faint, continuous splutter of musketry told of a fierce conflict; but where were the men? The landscape was to all appearance empty, and save for the continual and rather bewildering appearance, out of apparent nothingness, of beautiful little shrapnel clouds, and the twinkling of several heliographs, there were at first sight no signs of life. A pair of field-glasses disclosed the defenders as irregular lines of little brown dots stretched along the distant crests, where the shrapnel played, or moving up the bare hillsides to support the firing-lines. In the nearer foreground columns of stretcher-bearers could be seen crawl-

ing like ants down the hills towards a clump of trees in a broad valley, where several white dots resolved themselves into ambulance-wagons showing conspicuous red crosses. Of the attackers nothing could be discerned save here and there on a far-distant crest-line a speck which vanished almost as soon as it appeared.

The General's impassive face and quiet manner gave no clue as to how the fight was progressing; but on the faces of several of the younger members of his staff suppressed excitement, mingled with anxiety, was plainly written.

A beautiful and amazingly large star of light sprang up suddenly on a hilltop to the far left, and began twinkling busily.

The General turned eagerly to his signalling staff-officer. 'That's Denbeigh's helio, isn't it? Get me the message as soon as possible; or, stay,' as the officer was moving off to a signalling-station close by; 'read it out to me. Time is precious.'

The message proved to be in cipher, and when decoded read: 'To Chief.—Outflanked and hard pressed. Am retiring on second line of hills.—DENBEIGH.'

In war to be outflanked generally spells disaster; but no one could have guessed that the message he had just received meant possible defeat and ruin to the hawk-faced little man who heard it so calmly. There were, as he knew, only two courses open to him—namely, immediate retreat, or a bold counter-attack in the form of a concentrated and determined assault on the key of the position, a low hill opposite. The latter course, if successful, meant victory complete and decisive; but in the event of failure his forces would be surrounded, and the only alternative would be annihilation or ignominous surrender.

The crisis was at hand; the psychological moment for the employment of the general reserve in that final and decisive counterstroke which is the essence of modern defensive warfare had arrived; but, alas! it had arrived too soon for the defenders, for the reserves were not ready. A battalion which should have arrived during the night had not arrived owing to a break in the line of communications. The force available for the defence was too small for the extended perimeter which it was necessary to hold; and the General had been forced to accept battle at early dawn with an inadequate reserve, the greater part of which had already been expended during the day in supporting the hard-pressed firing-lines. It was a grave risk which the fates had forced upon the British commander; but he had accepted it cheerfully, for the wires had told him that the promised reinforcements were coming up as fast as steam could bring them, and it seemed certain that they would arrive in ample time. Hour after hour, as the long, hot afternoon wore on, the staff had cast anxious glances back to where two shimmering lines of metal wound through the country behind them; but still the landscape was empty, no welcome puff of white smoke appeared to announce the coming of the long-expected troop-train.

On receipt of the fateful message which told of the retreat of the left flank the little group on the ridge turned about simultaneously, and once more scanned the country behind them through their glasses. The excitement was almost too intense for words; but an old war-correspondent was heard to mutter hoarsely, 'Would to God the Blackshires would come, or night!' The dramatic instinct of the journalist was paramount even in this supreme moment, but nevertheless this paraphrase of Wellington's famous exclamation at Waterloo well expressed the despair which gripped at the heart-strings of all.

The din from the left flank seemed to grow louder and nearer each moment. Denbeigh was evidently fighting desperately, and the fact that the firing sounded nearer showed that he was being driven back. It was nearing sunset, and the shadows seemed to lengthen visibly as the motionless group on the ridge strained for what seemed like an eternity into the misty landscape.

'Thank God, there they are at last!' exclaimed some one.

'Where?' 'Where?' 'Where?'

'There, half-left, two fingers right of the red-brick farm,' said the staff-officer who had spoken, holding two fingers up before his face. He was a musketry expert, and gave the correct direction without pointing and in the familiar technical manner from force of habit. All turned and gazed in the direction indicated. Sure enough, a tiny white cloud had emerged suddenly from the blue haze; in another moment it was clearly visible as it moved quickly along a distant hillside, trailing a fairy-like plume behind it.

'Take down this message,' said the General to his signalling-officer: 'To Colonel Denbeigh.—Hold second ridge to last man; reinforcements arriving. Am about to deliver counter-attack.—CHIEF.

The Blackshires leapt out of their trucks almost before the train had stopped at the troop-siding, for the iron-throated guns had been calling them for hours as the train wound its way through the ranges, and now they heard that their comrades over the hill needed them badly.

At this stage the initial mistake was made. The young staff-officer who had been sent to meet the regiment with the General's orders also acted as guide, and in his eagerness and anxiety to bring the reinforcements up quickly, he led the men at the double all the way to the spot where the battalion was to deploy, a distance of nearly three miles. There was, it was true, great need for haste; everywhere the defenders were hard pressed, while the ever-increasing

nearness and volume of the thunderous uproar on the left showed that the gallant Denbeigh was in desperate straits. It is at such a moment that a cool brain may be worth ten thousand men. Unfortunately the colonel of the Blackshires, who was mounted, was too excited to notice that his men were exhausted and had lost cohesion. It is an elementary precept in modern war that without cohesion no attack can succeed.

The Blackshires arrived on the borders of the fight completely blown. They had led a sedentary life, sitting on the line for weeks, and the long double in full marching order—no one thought of ordering them to leave their heavy packs behind—caused a temporary loss in stragglers of nearly two hundred men. Without even a halt long enough to enable these breathless ones to rejoin their companies, the battalion was deployed into three widely extended lines, and launched to the attack.

From the first it became apparent that the regiment was being badly handled. The already distressed men were again advanced at the double, and no time was given them to pull themselves together or to regain their formations. The result was that the straggling units soon became intermixed, and the battalion resolved itself into a formless cloud of skirmishers. At this juncture, to make matters worse, they came for the first time under that most severe of all ordeals for untried troops, a heavy shell-fire. Still no halt was called, and, away back among the watchers on the ridge, the old General for the first time that day showed signs of anxiety.

'Why the devil doesn't the infernal idiot give them a chance?' he was heard to mutter, and he sent off a second galloper with a message to the colonel of the Blackshires—a message which never arrived.

The din of the battle broke forth with renewed fury. The hillside up which the Blackshires advanced was swept with a hail of lead and dappled all over with little white clouds of bursting shrapnel. On every side men fell fast, but still the battalion, leaderless and disorganised, staggered on. It looked as if once again it was to be the private soldiers' battle, as if once more the splendid courage of the British infantry was, in spite of all disadvantages, about to overcome every obstacle and win the day. But now came the supreme moment of trial. The enemy played his last card, and in his turn made a desperate counter-attack. Had the regiment been in hand, with a second line held in reserve for this contingency, all might yet have been well; but, leaderless as they were, this fresh attack proved too much, and the old General, away back on the ridge, dropped his glasses with something which sounded very like a groan as he saw the sparse line waver.

At this moment a trooper, dressed in the uniform of some corps of irregular horse, rode furiously up the hill through the breaking ranks.

'Forward! Follow me, Blackshires!' he roared; and his high-pitched voice rang out over the valley and above the din like the scream of an eagle from the heights.

The men turned in awed amazement; to them it was a miracle, that well-remembered voice and strangely familiar figure on horseback, up there on the great, bare hillside. Regardless of the storm of lead which swept around him, he took off his trooper's hat and waved them forward. Then they were certain. That close-cropped, iron-gray head was unmistakable. A great shout went down the line, 'Old Ironsides!' 'It's Old Ironsides!' His horse, shot in several places, sank suddenly under him, but he was up instantly.

'Follow me, Blackshires! Char-r-ge!' he roared again. With a noise like the angry mutter of a great multitude, a long wave of khaki-clad figures dashed fiercely up the hill.

The charge was so simultaneous, so unexpected, coming as it did in the very moment of apparent defeat, that it was irresistible. It swept the astonished enemy from the crest; they fled from that long, glittering line of steel as chaff before the wind.

The rest is soon told. The key of the position was won, and a general and hasty retirement of the enemy followed as a matter of course.

'Finest bayonet-charge I ever saw in my life,' said the delighted General to his staff for the tenth time. 'And at the very moment I thought they were beat, too! Whoever that fellah on horseback was, he shall have the V.C. if he is still in the land of the living and I can get it for him.'

Up on the distant crest-line, where the enemy had been, the victors, officers and men, pressed round an old, gray trooper to shake him by the hand or to get a smile of recognition from their hero.

Old Ironsides had come to his own at last.

THE GLOAMING.

THOUGH sunlight be merry, though moonlight be sweet,
'Tis the gloaming, the gloaming, where true lovers meet,
With the dusk on their faces, the dark at their feet.

When the gold and the glory have drifted away,
And the evening has kissed her dim hand to the day,
Then the gloaming, the gloaming, steals out of the gray.

A lonely white star flickers, lost in the sky;
A bat flutters over, a beetle drones by,
And speech is a silence, contentment a sigh.

The gloaming, the gloaming, 'tis scented with rose,
And the breath of dear lips as the day-lilies close,
And the perfume of passion the night-wind bestows.

The gloaming, the gloaming, what music it brings,
Though beneath it no bird in its silences sings!
Only Love we can hear, and the beat of his wings!

WILL H. OGILVIE.

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NAPOLEON'S COOK.

HOW Cipriani—or, to give him his proper name, Cipriani Franceschi—came to be appointed cook to Napoleon at Longwood, St Helena, is one of those mysteries which probably will never be discovered. How, again, Cipriani himself dared to show his face in an island governed by Sir Hudson Lowe is another puzzle hard to understand, for if the faintest inkling as to who Cipriani was had ever come to the governor's ears the cook would have been shot without mercy.

The Emperor was fully aware of Cipriani's history and character, and it may have been thought that this clever and artistic spy—for such was his profession—might be useful should an attempt ever be made to liberate Napoleon from his imprisonment.

How Cipriani acquired his domestic training is not stated; and as the greater part of his time had been passed under Saliceti, the head of the police at Naples, he would scarcely be classed, one would think, as an Imperial *chef de cuisine*. Nevertheless, there he was installed over the kitchen at Longwood, and holding almost daily conversations with Sir Hudson Lowe, whom he had formerly duped and cheated. The only precaution, apparently, that Cipriani took to hide his identity was to drop his second name, Franceschi, on arriving at St Helena.

There may be differences of opinion as to the character of the governor, Sir Hudson Lowe, and his treatment of his great prisoner; but the following story gives a sidelight on his past career which by no means redounds to his credit. In the year 1806 Colonel Lowe, as he then was, was entrusted with the command of the island of Capri, which he held to the great annoyance of King Joachim, now occupying the throne of Naples. Capri was a difficult place to attack, and, in fact, was looked upon as impregnable. Nine-tenths of the circumference of the island consists of steep, perpendicular rocks several hundred feet above the level of the sea. Secure in this fortress, with a garrison consisting of a regiment of Corsicans, the royal regiment of Malta, and some English artillery, Colonel Lowe believed himself perfectly safe. As he was cut off from the mainland, his only chance of getting information of what was going on outside was by means of small boats which, for fishing and trading purposes, came to the island. It was necessary, therefore, to get some one upon whom he could rely for news, and he selected a man named Antonio Suzzarelli, a Corsican, and a man of education, who at one time had been an officer in the English service. A fishing-boat, which went out at night ostensibly to fish, conveyed Suzzarelli to Naples, where he gleaned the latest news, and returned with it to Colonel Lowe.

It was on one of these expeditions, while sitting in a tavern, that Suzzarelli came across Cipriani Franceschi, then in the pay of Saliceti, the head of the Naples police. As both were Corsicans, they fraternised, and Cipriani drew from Suzzarelli the nature of his employment under the governor of Capri. Cipriani suggested that while he was drawing money from the English, it would be perfectly easy to take pay from the French, at the same time intimating that if he refused he might one day be caught and shot. Suzzarelli finally agreed, and Cipriani took him to Saliceti, who gave him instructions. The upshot of all this was, that whenever Suzzarelli received a despatch from Colonel Lowe it was brought at once to Saliceti, who acted upon it as he thought proper. In some cases, when an answer was difficult, Saliceti would imprison for a day or two the spy and his boatmen, and this gave an opportunity for getting some compensation from the colonel on their release. In this manner only such information reached Capri as Saliceti chose to give, and the governor was kept ignorant of matters of the highest importance.

The contrivance adopted by Colonel Lowe for paying those in his employ was ingenious. Loaves of bread were baked in the oven of his own house, and into these he placed the wages of his spies. The loaves had the appearance of food for the boatmen at night, and attracted no notice. Amongst other valuable information acquired by Saliceti for the French Government by means of these spies was the real destination of the army under General M'Kenzie Fraser, and the fleet under Sir J. Duckworth. The perfect success of the plans adopted by these spies emboldened them to play further tricks upon their dupe at Capri. Letters forged by a schoolmaster at Naples, purporting to be written by Colonel Lowe stating that the English wished to get the Royal Family out of the country and send them as prisoners to England, led to differences between Queen Caroline and the governor,

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while the spies met at night to enjoy themselves, and Saliceti joined them in drinking Colonel Lowe's health with laughter and derision.

On one occasion Suzzarelli almost persuaded Colonel Lowe to come to Naples by night, and go to a small house near the beach, and Saliceti was to be there in disguise. There was no intention of seizing the governor's person, for, as Saliceti said, it would be difficult to get another governor who would allow himself to be so egregiously gulled; and, besides, his spies would be of no further use to him. 'I should like,' said Saliceti, 'to see this colonel of thine. Let me see him. A man may allow himself to be deceived for some months, but he who suffers himself to be humbugged so grossly for so many years must be a beast indeed.' 'Oh,' replied Suzzarelli, 'he is not quite so great a blockhead. It is my cleverness.'

An event took place about this time which very nearly brought Cipriani's career to an end. Queen Caroline, who was residing in Palermo, sent an apothecary named Gherardi to assassinate Saliceti, and he managed his affairs so cleverly that he actually obtained admittance to Saliceti's house, and hired a room in the basement as an apothecary's store. One night, when it was quite late, Saliceti returned from a dinner-party, and passed very quickly up the stairs to a room in which was Cipriani. Hardly had he done so when a fearful explosion took place, and upwards of thirty rooms were either blown to pieces or materially injured; but Cipriani and Saliceti escaped. Immediately afterwards Cipriani thought he heard groans, and proceeded in the direction of the voice, but in doing so fell through a floor into the room below. This brought him nearer to the suffering person, who proved to be Saliceti's daughter, and who was pinned down by some beams, which, happily, had formed a protection over her from the falling débris. She was extricated uninjured after some hours' imprisonment. The conspirators were taken, and Gherardi's two sons shot. Gherardi himself, being an old man, was imprisoned for life.

In the same year Queen Caroline attempted another assassination, of no less a personage than Prince Joseph Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor. Two letters, which were extant in 1820, and were seen and read by Dr O'Meara after he left St Helena, completely proved the guilt of the Queen. They were not written in her handwriting, but in that of her confidante, Princess V. T., addressed to one Mosca, a Neapolitan, instructing him 'to get rid of the usurper,' and giving him every assurance 'that the good Queen, his mistress, would fulfil all her promises to him.' Mosca accordingly left Capri in a felucca, provided with all the neccessary passports, in one of which, signed by an English officer, there were instructions requiring that all British officers should afford every assistance to the bearer, who was proceeding on a secret mission for the good of the service of King Ferdinand. Mosca landed at Molino, near to a country-house of Joseph's, and his intention was to kill him while he was walking in his garden. Mosca happened to meet a pretty Neapolitan girl, to whom he made love, and confided to her the mission he had undertaken. The girl, alarmed, went to Saliceti, and the letters and passports were found on Mosca, who was promptly taken and shot.

In the same year Saliceti became anxious to know when a certain packet from England was expected to arrive in Sicily, and the spies set to work to get the information from Colonel Lowe. They pretended news was wanted to keep up the spirits of the English party in Naples, and the colonel blandly informed them that he was expecting favourable intelligence from an English packet which would arrive in a few days. Saliceti at once sent a privateer, called *L'Ardito*, to cruise off Sardinia and intercept the English boat. The privateer was successful, and captured the ship. The mail was thrown overboard; but in the hurry it hung by one of the cords attached to it, and the privateer's-men kept up such a fire of musketry that the crew dared not cut it away, and it was taken. In it were despatches giving some directions for an attack which was meditated upon Corfu, with some letters from the Admiralty relative to the blockade of the island. Cipriani described the English packet as having been commanded by a young man about twenty, with a crew of fourteen.

About this time Colonel Lowe began to suspect Suzzarelli, who in consequence went over to Capri, where he employed his eloquence so effectually as to convince the governor that he was the most trusty of mankind, and wholly devoted to his service. On his return Suzzarelli went to Saliceti, to whom he related the whole conversation which had taken place between them, accompanying it with strokes of wit at Lowe's expense. Saliceti, when he wanted to amuse himself, used to send for Suzzarelli to make him laugh by recounting the gross way in which he had humbugged the colonel.

The possession of Capri by the English had long been a thorn in the side of the Neapolitan Government, and it was decided to take steps to capture it. It was impossible to make preparations on any large scale at Naples without the news leaking out at Capri, and so the spies set to work to persuade Colonel Lowe that an attack was meditated in another place, the islands of Ponza. Believing this, Colonel Lowe actually sent away the English ships defending Capri to Ponza! There was a difficulty in Naples about scaling-ladders, but this was got over by ordering all the lamplighters to assemble the night before the attack with their ladders, which were taken on board the ships. It was also decided that at the last moment Suzzarelli should land

Naples and tell the truth to Lowe, and so keep in his confidence.

The account of the capture of Capri is thus described by Dr O'Meara, who received it from Cipriani: 'The expedition consisted of some eighteen hundred men, under the command of General Lamarque, and sailed from the Bay of Naples on the 5th of October 1808, and arrived under the rocks at Capri. In spite of all the natural and artificial obstacles, the French landed, being obliged in some places to climb precipices by means of ladders resting on the moving bases of boats below. The regiment of Malta, whether through cowardice or from having been corrupted by Suzzarelli, threw down their arms, and refused to fight, and were made prisoners, in spite of all the exertions of their officers, several of whom, including the commanding officer, were killed in the attempt. In this manner the fort St Barbe, and Anacapri, the summit of the island, were taken. The only way of communicating with Capri itself, the citadel, and the forts, where Colonel Lowe and the rest of the garrison were, was by means of a stair or ladder of four or five hundred steps, down which only one person at a time could descend, and which was commanded by pieces of cannon. Notwithstanding this, the French troops made the attempt, and succeeded in investing the town. Five hundred men were harnessed to some twenty-four-pounder guns, which they dragged up in one night to Mount Salaro, the most elevated part of Anacapri, and commanding the citadel. During his government, Lowe had neglected to fortify this part, on the supposition that it was impracticable to drag heavy cannon up the steep sides of a mountain. Breaching batteries were constructed facing the citadel, and others, furnished with furnaces for red-hot shot, erected along the beach, in order to keep off the English squadron and flotilla which were seen beating up from Ponza. Some reinforcements also pushed off from Naples, and landed near Tiberius' Bath; and in a few days Colonel Lowe capitulated, surrendering to the French the island, forts, artillery, ammunition, and stores.'

It is impossible to read the story of Sir Hudson Lowe's governorship of the island of Capri without feeling that he was a weak man, utterly unfit for the post, and a disgrace to the British army. Yet he was selected as the custodian of the Emperor Napoleon, who, with all his faults, was undoubtedly the greatest military genius the world has ever seen. The Emperor said of him: 'This governor is a man totally unfit to fill the situation he holds. He has a good deal of cunning, but no talent or steadiness. *C'est un homme soupçonneux, astucieux, menteux, et plein d'insinuations*, like the Italians of two or three centuries ago. He ought to be sent to Goa.'

The end of Saliceti was in accordance with the life he had lived. He died a few hours after having dined with an enemy to whom he had been reconciled. The French physicians said he had been poisoned, but the Italian doctors denied it. On hearing of his death Napoleon said, '*Son nom seul me valait une armée de cent mille hommes.*'

Cipriani fell a victim to the climate of St Helena, and died, after a short illness, of internal inflammation. Shortly before his end he confided to Dr O'Meara that an Italian servant of the Emperor's, named Santini, had determined to shoot Sir Hudson Lowe. Cipriani, finding he could not control the man, reported the fact to the Emperor, who sternly ordered him to abandon the idea. Shortly after this Sir Hudson Lowe banished this man and two or three other servants. The matter would hardly be worth mentioning but for the fact that the late Sir Harry Verney, who died at the age of ninety-five, used to tell the story of his walking with Sir Hudson Lowe in an unfrequented part of Hyde Park, and how a man suddenly shot at Sir Hudson with a pistol and bolted. Sir Hudson declared this was Count Las Casas, but it is far more probable that it was Santini.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER IV.

JANE meanwhile had walked over to Bowshott to see Mrs Ogilvie and tell her the news of Toffy's motor-car accident, and to explain why Peter was delayed. She came into the drawing-room, with its long mirrors in their gilded frames, its satin couches and heaped-up flowering plants, and huge windows looking on to the scrupulous gardens and park. She walked in the shortest dress that the present merciful fashion allows, a loose shirt hung boy-like on her slender figure, and a motor-cap with the brim well pulled down over her eyes covered her head. She shook hands, and regretted inwardly that Mrs Ogilvie did not like being kissed, although disclaiming even to herself that her distaste in this respect had anything to do with rouge and powder. She sat down on a low chair by the window with the fearlessness of those whose complexions are not a matter of anxiety, and she told Mrs Ogilvie the story of the disaster.

'Toffy's so awfully unlucky!' said Jane, with genuine sympathy; 'and the doctor says his hand will be bad for a week at least.'

'Is there such a thing as bad luck?' said Mrs Ogilvie, shrugging her shoulders.

'I 'm always sorry for the man who is down,' said Jane.

Mrs Ogilvie smiled and rang for tea.

'You are one of those who can say, "I am sorry." Now, I am never sorry, and I consider that what is called repentance is the function of an idiot. If I do a thing, I intend to do it. Regret is the most weak-minded of all human emotions.'

'I am always regretting things,' said Jane, looking handsome and delightful, and treating even penitence from a fresh, open-air standpoint. 'But, then, I believe that as often as not I do the wrong thing, which is a great bore at times.'

'Right and wrong,' said Mrs Ogilvie, with a shrug, 'loving and not loving, believing and not believing—only very young people ever make use of such ridiculous terms. There is only one law, and that is the law of expediency.'

Jane began to laugh, and exclaimed, 'That 's quite beyond me! I know I'm hopelessly stupid; but whenever people begin to talk about whys and wherefores, and if it is any good saying their prayers, and whether love is the real thing or not, I get fogged directly, and I always want to go for a ride or a walk, or to see the horses, or even to descend to the kitchen and make jam, to get rid of the feeling.'

'If you were in the fashion, Jane,' said Mrs Ogilvie, smiling, 'you would not only know with which portion of gray matter you say your prayers; but you would also be able to show scientifically with which ventricle of your heart you love and hate, or whether, indeed, love and hate are things not of the heart at all, but merely a microbial disease. Will you have some tea?'

'Yes, please,' said Jane; 'and several lumps of sugar.'

'I like people,' said Mrs Ogilvie, 'who still go to church and take sugar in their tea. It is very refreshing.'

'I must go back now,' said Jane presently, 'for I promised not to be long. By the bye, we want to keep Peter to dinner. May we? Or will you mind being alone?'

'I am alone, say, three hundred and thirty nights in the year,' said Mrs Ogilvie dryly.

'I wish we hadn't asked Peter to stay and amuse Toffy!' said Jane with compunction. There was a tired, white look on Mrs Ogilvie's face, and an appearance of fatigue in her movements, which neither her supreme art of dressing nor the careful manipulation of light in the room wholly concealed.

'Ah, now you are beginning to repent!' said Mrs Ogilvie. Only her good manners prevented her remark having a sneer in it. 'That will spoil your evening, you foolish child, and it will not make mine more amusing.'

'But I am thinking of you,' said Jane.

'Do not think of me,' said Mrs Ogilvie, laying her hand for a moment lightly upon the girl's shoulder.

Jane walked down the hillside, and stopped at the edge of the wood to see the young pheasants, and then went on again, swinging a crooked walking-stick, and singing, in a voice clear and sweet but somewhat out of tune, snatches of songs which she had picked up from Peter, humming the ridiculous words in a sort of unconscious happiness. She walked with a raking grace which became her as wings become a bird or a long, swinging stride a racer. The twilit woods held no fears for her; imagination never peopled Jane's world with bogies. The perfect poise of her figure showed a latent energy and physical strength in spite of her slender build, and her bright, clear complexion and abundant brown hair and white, even teeth lent an appearance of something essentially wholesome and faultless to a face that at all times looked handsome and well bred.

She called 'Good-night' to the lodgekeeper as she passed through the gates and found her way back to the high-road, until by a short cut down the hill she reached her aunt's charming gardens, and the wide, low house with its air of repose and comfort, and the long French windows opening on to the quiet, smooth-shaven lawns.

'My mother says she is going to give a ball,' announced Peter at dinner.

'When?' said Jane, breathless with interest. 'Peter, we 'll have both houses as full as they can be, and I 'll ask Aunt Mary to stay here, and you shall ask your mother to stay at Bowshott for it.' She obliterated the menu from the porcelain tablet in front of her by rubbing it with a damask table-napkin; and, having moistened a pencil, she began to write a list of names of those people who were to be asked to stay for the dance. 'Kitty Sherard certainly,' she said, and put the name down on the tablet.

'She 's some one's niece, isn't she?' said Peter.

'She 's every one's niece, I think,' replied Jane.

'Rather rough luck on Miss Sherard,' said Peter.

'It 's a fact, though,' Jane went on. 'Really and truly, Aunt Mary, each of her relations married about ten times, and then the next generation married each other. And they send problems to the puzzle columns of newspapers to find out how they are related to each other. Kitty's father is his own great-grandmother, or something complicated of that sort.'

'It must give one an immense respect for one's self,' said Peter, 'to discover such a relationship. One would always be taking care of one's self, and not allowing one's feet to get wet, and thinking what one owed to one's position, and whether one were being treated with respect.'

'There are fillets of beef coming, and ducks interpolated Miss Abingdon. 'I let you kno

this, Peter, as Jane seems to have erased our only menu. What will Sir Nigel have, do you think?' she went on. 'I don't think he is at all well; he was reading his Bible in bed, and I'm not sure that we ought not to send for some of his people.'

'Poor Toffy never had any people,' said Peter. 'They were all just as unlucky as he is, and most of them died violent deaths when they were young; and one of them, I know, founded some sort of queer religion, so perhaps Toffy takes after him in his biblical researches.'

At this moment Sir Nigel Christopherson walked into the room, looking as white as any ghost.

'Toffy, you lunatic!' said Peter, 'why can't you lie still?'

Sir Nigel apologised for being late, and declined to have anything brought back for him.

'How are the Amalekites and Hittites and Girgashites?' said Peter, making room for his friend at the table.

'I think,' said Miss Abingdon, 'that such discussions are best left for Sundays.'

'We will go on with our dance-list,' said Jane. 'Mrs Wrottesley says she can let us have several rooms at the vicarage, or if the worst comes to the worst we might have tents in the garden.'

'The canon is always so good-natured,' said Miss Abingdon, who believed that a man's house belonged to himself, and whose mind always reverted with a sense of peaceful orthodoxy to thoughts of the vicar. She mentally decided that he must not be asked to receive any of the guests for the Bowshott ball, believing that visitors must be always more or less disturbing to a host. She accepted as part of her gentle creed that a man's writing-table must never be disturbed, that his dinner must never be kept waiting, and that his special arm-chair must not be appropriated by any one else. Canon Wrottesley always read the morning paper before any one else in the house had seen it, and then imparted pieces of intelligence to his relations with a certain air of self-congratulation, as though conveying news which could only possibly be known to himself, and it was in this way that Miss Abingdon loved to have the items of interest retailed to her, with instructive comments upon politics

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CHAPTER V.

MRS WROTTESLEY had a theory, which she never asked or expected any one to share with her, that all men's mental development ceased at the age of twelve years. She had watched five sons grow up with the hardly concealed conviction that each one of them was destined to be a genius, and that each one would make his mark in the world. But her sons as they attained to the fatal age of twelve years seemed predestined to disappoint their mother's hopes. Most of the men whom she knew, and whom her sons brought to the house, were delightful boys whatever their ages might be. She liked most of them, but she wished sometimes that it were possible to meet a man with a mature mind. The male interest, she determined after giving much study to the subject, centred almost exclusively round playing with a ball. Give them a ball to play with, and they were quite happy. There were football-matches, cricket-matches, polo-matches, tennis, croquet, and golf; but the aim and object of the most strenuous exertions seemed to be the same—namely, to send a ball in a particular direction. She had heard men extolled as grand cricketers and magnificent putters with an enthusiasm which could hardly have been greater if they had saved their country or had died for a cause. And she admitted to herself that the mind of a woman was deficient when she failed to do justice to these performances.

Her reflections on these and kindred subjects this morning had been induced by hearing of the determination of Canon Wrottesley to light the rubbish-heap in the garden. The rubbish-heap had grown high, and Canon Wrottesley had determined to put a match to it. Mrs Wrottesley had been married too long not to know that whatever at the moment engaged her husband's mind required an audience.

'Now, mamma,' the canon said busily, 'let us have plenty of nice dry wood to start the blaze, and then you must come down to the field and watch us put a match to the pile.—Cyprian, my boy, where are the old newspapers kept? Fetch them, like a good son, and then you shall carry a little camp-stool down for mamma to sit upon.—Now, my coat,' he said to his butler.—'And, Cyprian, tell Mary to find papa's old gloves.'

Mrs Wrottesley left her morning's work to go to the meadow, and Canon Wrottesley looked down the road once or twice to see if by some happy chance a friend or neighbour might be passing to whom he could proclaim his boyish jaunt.

Alas! when the corner of the meadow was reached it was found that the rubbish-heap had already been fired, and nothing of it was left but the smouldering ashes. The canon wondered why people could not leave things alone, and was inclined to blame mamma. She surely might have known how much he enjoyed this sort of thing, and have asked the gardeners to leave it to him!

His boyishness, however, could hardly be repressed this morning; and, speaking to his fourteen-year-old son as though his age might be five or six years, he clapped him on the back and bade him 'never mind; we will go for a

merry jaunt to the ruins instead, and have a regular big affair, and you shall boil a kettle, and we 'll have tea.—What do you say, mamma?'

Mrs Wrottesley replied with the enthusiasm that was expected of her, and the canon, with a 'here we are, and here we go' sort of jollity, conducted her indoors to write notes of invitation to friends to join the picnic. The canon dictated the notes himself, and generally finished with a playful word or two suitable to each recipient; and when he failed at first to hit off the perfectly happy phrase, Mrs Wrottesley had to write the note over again.

In the matter of actually arranging the details of the picnic Canon Wrottesley did not interfere; for, in the words of his favourite prototype, 'he never disputed his wife's ability at making goose-pie, but he begged her to leave argument to him.'

Foiled of his morning's occupation, the canon walked up to Bowshott himself with Mrs Ogilvie's card of invitation. Mrs Ogilvie frankly and without a moment's hesitation refused to be one of the party; a picnic was in her eyes one of those barbarous, not to say indecorous, things which she classed with bathing in the open sea or trying on a hat in a shop. Why should one sit on the ground and eat indifferent food out of one's lap? Mrs Ogilvie was too sorry, but it was impossible; she had friends coming, or letters to write, or something; at any rate, she was quite sure she was engaged. Mrs Ogilvie's manner always became doubly polite and charming when she ignored the customary formalities of society or purposely travestied them. No one could ignore social conventions with more perfect good manners. Peter would go, of course, she said. Peter enjoyed eating luncheon in snatches, while he hopped about and waited on people; but Mrs Ogilvie preferred her meals at home.

An invitation to the proposed merry-making was given to Peter, who was ever so much obliged, but thought Canon Wrottesley had forgotten that the 24th was the day of the races. He said that he was going to drive the coach over, and hoped that Canon Wrottesley would join them there when he felt inclined, and that his mother, not feeling disposed to spend the whole day at Sedgwick, would meet them at tea-time. Miss Abingdon and Jane were going to be kind enough to take her place and act as hostesses at lunch.

Canon Wrottesley felt that he could not do better than see Miss Abingdon in person and explain the change of plans, and he arrived, in his friendly way, just as she and some guests who were staying with her were going in to luncheon.

Miss Abingdon occasionally reminded herself that she had not met the vicar until long after his marriage, and she still more frequently assured herself that her feeling for him was one of pure admiration untouched by sentiment such as would have been foolish at her age, and at any age would have been wrong. But there were times like the present, as the canon came in unasked in a friendly way, and hung up his clerical hat in the hall, when Miss Abingdon, without going so far as to make the matter a personal one, could understand why women married.

She ordered another place to be laid, and asked him to say grace almost with a feeling of proprietorship; and she ordered up the particular brand of claret which the canon had more than once assured her would be all the better for being drunk.

Jane came in presently from her morning ride, handsome and charming in a dark habit and a bowler hat; and Toffy appeared, looking white and thin, and protesting that he was perfectly well; and Kitty Sherard came in late as usual, and much hoped that something had been kept hot for her.

Kitty Sherard was a decorative young woman, with a face like one of Greuze's pictures, and a passion for wearing rose-colour. Her father was that rather famous personage Lord Sherard, one of the last of the dandies, and probably one of the few men in England in the present day who had fought a duel. He was still thought irresistible by women, and probably the only sincere love of his life was that for his daughter Kitty, to whom he gave his whole confidence, and whom he found better company than any one else in the world.

(To be continued.)

THE FLYING-MACHINE OF THE FUTURE.

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT.

WHAT will the flying-machine of the future be like? He would be a wise man indeed who could predict with any degree of accuracy the exact form and dimensions of the coming aeroplane. The dreams of the old-time imaginative novelist seem almost to be realised now. Our more modern Kipling, looking back in his mind's eye at our feeble efforts, talks with scorn in the *Night Mail* of 'the days when men flew wooden kites over oil-engines.' Yet it is not likely that we shall graduate from that crude type for many years to come. A scientific forecast of the flying-machine's possibilities and its effect on human affairs must, therefore, be deduced from present aeroplane facts.

The aeroplane of our time is a thing of almos feathery lightness. In its construction th lightest and straightest woods and the smalles possible amount of metal must be used. As result, it is well-nigh as delicate as a watch, an

like a watch, it must be handled with some care. Since the motor is the heaviest part of a flying-machine, it offers the most serious obstacle to the attainment of lightness. Because of the motor's necessarily small size its power is none too generous, and because of its delicate construction it breaks down with awkward ease. Hence it is safe to prophesy that the flying-machine of the future will be equipped with motors of far higher power than those at present in use.

It is probable that the future aeroplane will carry two motors instead of one, each motor independently operative, so that if one fails, the other will still be able to drive the machine safely through the air. For military purposes, at least, such a double-motor aeroplane is absolutely necessary. Imagine a spy in the air being compelled to glide ignominiously down into an enemy's camp because his engine failed him! Mere considerations of safety demand the installation of two motors on a flying-machine. In March 1910 the French aviator Crochon fell to the ground in a cross-country flight from Mourmelon to Châlons because his motor broke down. Le Blon was killed at San Sebastian on April 2, 1910, as a result of a similar motor trouble. During the Nice meeting in April 1910, Chavez and Latham dropped into the Mediterranean, also because of motor trouble. All of these accidents might have been avoided if the aviators could have relied upon a second motor.

The aviator of the present day is somewhat in the position of a bicycle-rider on a slack wire armed with a parasol. He must exercise incessant vigilance lest he lose his balance. The strain upon nerves and muscles, for the beginner at least, is tremendous. Hence, even now, we hear of automatic devices which will prevent a flying-machine from losing its equilibrium, and which will enable the aviator to soar in the sky more blithely than he can at present. When Louis Brennan exhibited to the world a monorail car which was kept on an even keel merely by gyroscopes—in other words, by swiftly revolving flywheels—it seemed obvious that the same device should be applied to the flying-machine. Yet the attempt had been made long before Brennan came to the front. Octave Chanute and Sir Hiram Maxim both made promising experiments with the gyroscope years ago. Paul Regnard, a French experimenter, has secretly been testing a flying-machine which is perfectly controlled by a little wheel measuring only a few inches in diameter, but turning ten thousand times a minute. The success of the gyroscope in preventing the rolling of ships at sea and in guiding Whitehead torpedoes on their course would seem to augur well for the gyroscopically controlled aeroplane.

Balloonists find difficulty in ascertaining their location, particularly after descending from a cloud-bank. It is true that the aviator can swoop down to the earth and find out where he is. Nevertheless it is very likely that in the future he will be provided with charts and instruments which will obviate that necessity—charts which will indicate landmarks, and instruments which will exhibit the angle of the flight-path, and include convenient field-glasses and day and night signalling-devices. Needless to say, the aviator will carry a compass, probably a prismatic compass, from which directions can be taken with great accuracy so long as fixed objects on the earth are visible. No doubt the compass will have a dial covered with luminous material, visible in the dark. At night a trailing-line will be cast overboard, fitted with an electrical indicator, which will ring a bell if some object should be struck, to warn the pilot that he is flying too low. The German Aerial Navy League has proposed that special beacon-lights be erected at certain points. The aviator of the future will certainly need some such guidance if he flies by night, some light which will send a long beam in the direction in which the wind is blowing.

Two men at least will be carried by the aeroplane of the future, one to look after the controlling mechanism, and the other to navigate. The military aeroplane will surely be so manned, for one man alone cannot perform the duties of mechanician and observer.

Explorations into unknown lands will be robbed of their perils by the flying-machine. The hummocks of the Arctic regions, the jungles of Africa, the morasses of a country untrodden by the foot of man, will hide nothing from the exploring aviator. Tasks which formerly occupied years for their achievement will henceforth be accomplished in as many months, weeks, or even days. If Sir Ernest Shackleton found the motor-car of service in Antarctic exploration, what shall be said of the flying-machine which speeds on its journey unimpeded by mountains of snow or grinding pack-ice? The information gathered by the future explorer-aviator will be of greater scientific value than that which is at present so painfully collected. A Livingstone or a Stanley chopping his way through dense tropical vegetation brings back no complete map of the region traversed. All that he can show is his itinerary, a mere fringe of the new country; mountains and rivers he indicates rather than charts. Instead of crawling over the face of our planet, the sky explorer will some day survey it from a height. He will see Africa or Asia or India spread before him like a map. His eye will sweep an area hundreds of square miles in extent. The camera will record those topographical peculiarities which he came to note, and he will be spared the necessity of imperilling his life to discover the source of a river or the secret of some Tibetan forbidden kingdom.

So far, present-day flying experts differ in their opinions as to the flying-machine of the future. Mr R. W. A. Brewer, an English authority, foresees a larger and a heavier machine than we have at present, a kind of air-yacht, weighing at least three tons, and built with a boat-body. The craft of his fancy will be decked in. It will carry several persons conveniently, and will be provided with living and sleeping accommodation. He prophesies that it will fly at a speed of one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles an hour, for the reason that high speeds in flying mean less expenditure of power than lower speeds. Mr F. W. Lancaster entertains similar views on the necessity of high speed. He argues that the speed of the aeroplane must be twice that of the maximum wind in which the machine is to be driven. A certain amount of automatic stability is then obtained; for a machine travelling at one hundred miles an hour is practically uninfluenced by gusts and eddies that might prove disastrous at thirty-five miles an hour. A modern *Lusitania* plunges undaunted through waves that would be perilous to a schooner. If it is ever possible for an aeroplane to travel at such terrific velocities, all Europe will become the playground of the British aviator. Daily trips of one thousand miles would not be extraordinary. It is even conceivable that there will be aeroplane liners which will travel from Europe to America in twenty-four hours.

It seems certain that special starting and alighting grounds will be ultimately provided throughout the world. If tram-cars must have their stables and their yards, it is not unreasonable to demand the provision of suitable aeroplane stations. Depôts or towers will be erected for the storage of fuel and oil—garages on stilts, in a word. The aviator in need of supplies will signal his wants, lower a trailing-line, and pick up gasolene by some such device as we now employ to catch mail-sacks on express trains.

It may well be that the advent of the flying-machine will have a marked effect on our architecture. Some day houses will be provided with landing-stages, assuming that the aeroplane will be able to alight more easily than at present and without the necessity of running along the ground for some distance before its momentum is expended. If that day ever dawns, roofs will disappear in favour of flat terraces suited for launching and landing. A business man, instead of travelling in a lift from the ground floor of a building to his office on the twenty-first floor, will start from the roof and proceed downwards.

Above all things, flying must be made safer than it is now. Although the dangers of a sport will inevitably attract to it adventurous spirits, a flying-machine designed for commercial purposes must satisfy the requirements of the highly nervous man or woman to whom sailing a yacht seems a suicidal pastime.

The early days of the bicycle and the automobile industries offer a close parallel to the present position of the aeroplane industry. The pioneers having shown the way, the machine immediately became an instrument of sport. Speed was the thing most desired, and the speed of anything that moves can best be demonstrated in a competition. Bicycle and automobile races became, and still are to some extent, the manufacturer's opportunity for testing and demonstrating the quality of his machines. Long before the manufacture of either touring bicycles or touring automobiles assumed its present proportions the production of the racing-machine was all-important. The flying-machine is now in this stage. Races and endurance-tests will be the contests from which will emerge the flying-machine of the future, the machine capable of sustained flights, many hours in duration, at speeds of eighty and one hundred miles an hour. The racer will give birth to the touring flier, just as the touring-car of to-day was evolved from the racing-car of five years ago.

Incredible as it may seem, in less than a year from the date when Blériot flew over the English Channel—a feat which set France aeroplane-mad—the actual sales of flying-machines outnumbered those of automobiles in the first year of their commercial development. Here are a few figures showing the number of flying-machines sold by the more prominent manufacturers since July 25, 1909: Santos-Dumont, one hundred machines; Blériot, two hundred and thirty; Farman, one hundred and fifty; Clemenceau-Wright, ninety; Voisin, one hundred and ten; Antoinette, one hundred and twenty.

All these machines are not in actual flight. It is safe to say that over one-half of them have been built to take the place of wrecked and deteriorated fliers.

A flying Frenchman clamours for his Blériot or Farman as impatiently as an automobiling American millionaire for his high-powered car, ordered months in advance. The one is no more inclined to bide his time than the other. Hence agents have sprung up in Paris who order machines from Blériot or Voisin on speculation, and receive as much as one hundred and twenty to two hundred pounds above the factory price for immediate delivery. In Paris, at least, such signs as 'Bouvard et Pecuchet, Agents pour Monoplanes Antoinette,' can be seen even now, the harbinger of a great industry and of a flying-machine quarter of Paris.

Compared with the flying-machine of the future, the motor-car will seem as tame and dull as a cart drawn by a weary nag on a dusty country road. Confined to no route in particular, unhampered by speed restrictions, the speed-maniac will drink his fill in the high-powered monoplane. Even the most leisurely of air-touring machines will travel at speeds that only a racing automobile now attains, while the air-

racer will flit over us a mere blur to the eye and a buzz to the ear. In an hour or two a whole province will be traversed; in a day half a continent. An air-tourist, a few years hence, will breakfast in Paris and sup the same evening in Moscow. His air-charts, the equivalent of our present automobile road-maps, will be an atlas—a book in which the air-routes of all Europe will be laid down. Swifter than any storm will be his flight. If the black, whirling maelstrom of a cyclone looms up before him, he will make a detour or even outspeed it; for the velocity of his machine will be greater than that of the fiercest of howling wintry blasts. At a gale which now drives every aviator timorously to cover he will snap a contemptuous finger, plunge through it with a breathless dash, and emerge again in the sunshine as indifferent to his experience as a locomotive engineer after running through a shower.

The aspect of the heavens will be wonderfully changed when the pleasure-plane of the air has arrived. Black specks will dot the blue sky, more like birds than machines, specks that the practised eye will recognise as impetuous and daring high-fliers. Lower down the less reckless will perform their evolutions, and the whir of their motors will be as the droning of bees, so numerous will they be.

All this deals with the sport. Has the aeroplane no mercantile future? Shall we see flocks of gigantic artificial birds, freighted with heavy cargoes, darkening the sky as they wing their way across the Atlantic or the Continent? Will travelling by steamship and railway give way to the aeroplane?

The most sanguine aeronautic engineer would not venture to predict the supplanting of the freight train or the steamer by the aeroplane. For many, many years to come the flying-machine will remain what it is now, a vehicle of sport and war only. Perhaps it may never be anything more. Why? Because it cannot be made large enough. The carrying capacity of an aeroplane depends on its spread of plane. To increase the load means so great an increase in spread that an unmanageable area of supporting surface would be necessary. In order to secure the necessary strength to uphold this increased area an increased weight per square yard is entailed. Hence it is unlikely that aeroplanes carrying many passengers will be built in our time. Not so very long ago Mr Orville Wright expressed the opinion that aeroplanes 'will never take the place of trains or steamships for the carrying of passengers. My brother and I have never figured on building large passenger-carrying machines. Our idea has been to get one that would carry two, three, or five passengers; but this will be the limit of our endeavours.'

The sizes of aeroplanes for two men are now bordering on the unmanageable. In the future it may be necessary to put the pilot and engineer and the motors on one plane, and the passengers on another without motors, the two planes being coupled together somewhat after the manner of a locomotive engine and its tender, but more rigidly. Such a train of aeroplanes might carry a considerable load at high speed, but not so economically as a railway goods train.

The late Professor Samuel P. Langley discovered in the course of his classic experiments that the higher the speed at which a plane travels through the air the less is the supporting surface required. Hence there is a chance that in the future a machine may be constructed which, if this law is taken advantage of, will be provided with a supporting surface adjustable in area, so that it can start with a large surface, and fold up when travelling at full speed. In such a machine the supporting surface would be ultimately reduced until it was a thin edge. We should then have an aeroplane propelled by great power, and supported largely by the pressure against its body, its wings reduced to mere fins, serving to guide its motion.

As a future commercial possibility, the airship is far more promising than the aeroplane. To the size of the airship there is no limit. Indeed, the larger it can be built the more economically can it be driven, when we measure economy by ratio of carrying-power to cost of operation. Just how large an airship can be constructed is a question of constructive engineering. In considering that question the late Professor Simon Newcomb pointed out that economy is gained only when the dimensions of an airship are so increased that it will carry more than an ocean steamer or a railway train. To attain that end he estimated that it would be necessary to build an airship at least half a mile in length and six hundred feet in diameter. Such an airship might carry a cargo of ten thousand tons or fifteen thousand passengers. The construction of so huge a craft is not an utter engineering absurdity, remote as it may seem to us now. We recently witnessed something like this when Count von Zeppelin's passenger-carrying airship made a voyage that excited the admiration of the world, even though the vessel was wrecked in a storm. Some fourteen passengers were transported on that remarkable trip, for whom adequate seating and dining accommodation was provided. But the cost of operating such a giant of the air is enormous.

After all is said, money will decide the question of the commercial possibilities of the flying-machine and the airship. How much does it cost to build? How much does it cost to maintain? How much does it cost to operate? Not until these questions are answered satisfactorily can we tell whether or not the aeroplane will ever be anything more than a racing-machine for gilded youth, and the dirigible an air-yacht for bankers too old for the more perilous aeroplane.

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

CHAPTER IV.

FELIX was half-way back to the town before he remembered that in his haste he had forgotten to ask Sebastian for some indication of his father's address. But he was reluctant to turn back, for fear some untoward incident might interfere with his errand. At any rate, he had caught the name by which his father was known, and he also knew that an all-vigilant Government kept each of the Czar's millions of subjects carefully pigeon-holed and docketed, so that he might give them his individual attention whenever occasion required. It was a system which might be productive of untold good if it were not meant instead to serve the most evil of purposes. Well, for once it should be made to redeem itself by being turned into a blessing.

He found his way to the local police station, and was presently shown into the sanctum of the sub-prefect, having sent in the necessary credentials.

'You are the son of Baron Kolberg?' said the official, coming towards him with an obsequious smile. 'I am delighted to see you. Pray be seated. What can I do for you?'

'Oh, it's quite a trifling matter. About an hour or so ago an old Jew of the name of Nahumovitch called on Baron Kolberg.'

'What! has he been annoying his excellency?'

'No, no,' said Felix hastily, alarmed at this construction put on the object of his visit. 'I merely have a message for him. But I don't know his address.'

'Oh, that's quite a simple matter. I'll see to it for you,' said the sub-prefect.

He rang a bell, and a gendarme entered. The sub-prefect gave him some hurried instructions, and the man saluted and left.

'If you will kindly wait a few minutes? Perhaps you will do me the honour of smoking a cigarette with me meanwhile,' said the officer, turning affably to Felix.

Felix readily assented. The consideration with which he had met seemed to constitute an additional count of indictment against his foster-father. On his own admission, the baron had not used his vast influence in the service of his co-religionists to anything like the extent he might have done. But Felix did not harp on the thought. His mind was bent on a greater issue. With forced attention he listened to the sub-prefect's amiable small-talk—the officer was careful not to touch on any controversial topics—while the minutes crept on, and his heart beat like a muffled drum in trepident expectancy. At last, after the lapse of a quarter of an hour, the gendarme returned and made his report to his superior.

'That's right,' nodded the sub-prefect. 'Now, M. de Kolberg, if you will be good enough to go with my man he will see you to your destination.'

Felix, genuinely grateful, rose to follow his guide. After a walk of only a few minutes, they stopped at the entrance of what appeared to have been a little chandler's shop. The empty window gave it a wretchedly derelict look, and, in view of the cruel ordinance hanging over the town, told its own tale. The owners were on the proscribed list! They had already passed several such empty windows. Felix could easily gather what had happened. The stock had been sold for anything it would fetch. The same, no doubt, had been the case with the fixtures and furniture. Any offer was good enough, for anything was better than nothing. From a remark of his guide he learned that the police authorities did not look kindly on the sales. The less that was sold the more would be left behind. And it was naturally the duty of the police to take care, after their fashion, of all property that had been left ownerless.

Felix dismissed the gendarme, having made him ample recognition for his services. He breathed more freely to know himself rid of the man's inquisitive stare. As he stepped across the threshold of the shop a great wave of pity threatened to sweep him onward with a rush. He held on to the doorpost as though to check himself. He felt he had to husband his strength, to economise his emotions. He did not know to what strain they would be put.

The first glance told him. The floor of the interior was littered with nondescript wreckage, among which two large, clumsy packages stood out. Over one of them stooped an old man, panting audibly as he pulled at one of the cords to make the fastenings more secure. Almost without surprise Felix recognised in him the man he had seen climbing the hill to the baron's mansion earlier in the day. The old man faced round sharply at the sound of approaching footsteps. And over there, in the half-gloom of one of the corners, huddled an old woman frantically clasping and unclasping her hands. Felix's heart almost stood still. Great Heaven, perhaps—nay, assuredly—this woman was the mother who had given him life! Both the old people stumbled to their feet as the tall figure of the stranger appeared in the doorway.

'Is it time?' asked the old man in a tone of sullen fear.

'I wish to know if you are the person who came to see Baron Kolberg this morning,' said Felix, stepping closer to him.

'I am.' And half-turning to the old woman

he whimpered, 'Woe, woe, what new misfortune does this mean?'

'What was your business with him?' continued Felix.

'A private business,' said the old man with rather more spirit.

'I want to know. Answer my question.'

'Answer him, Nahum; in Heaven's name, answer him!' said the old woman in an imploring whisper.

'I went to ask him about a child of mine whom he took from us years ago to be his son. I begged him to let me see him before we went.'

'And his reply?'

'That there was no son. The child had died.'

Felix heard it unmoved. It had become evident to him that the baron had adopted a certain policy with regard to his origin, and that he was carrying it through unswervingly. It was only to be expected of Baron Kolberg. Even his worst enemies did not deny him the virtue of consistency.

The old woman, misinterpreting his silence, wailed aloud, 'Oh, don't punish him for it! He meant no wrong. It was I that sent him. The fault was mine.'

'Is this your wife?' quavered Felix, turning to the old man.

'Yes, young sir. And never was man blessed with a better.'

'Listen,' said Felix, coming to a swift resolution. 'Baron Kolberg has sent me to you with a message. He wants to make amends to you for having told you a falsehood. It is not true that your son is dead. He lives, and you are to see him.'

'Oh God in heaven!' cried the old man, 'what new devilry is this?—Chaya, do you hear? There is some trick behind this message. Oh, why don't they let us go forth to die in peace by the roadside?'

But the old woman had been creeping forward stealthily inch by inch. At his last words she had gripped her husband by the arm and whispered in short, deep gasps, 'Nahum, Nahum, you fool and sinner, blaspheme not! You are wrong. This is no trick. God has put a new light into my half-blind eyes. I see all He wants me to see.' In a moment she had thrown herself on Felix and strained towards him with all the strength of her feeble arms. 'This is the head that lay on my breast when he was a babe; these were the arms that twined round my neck; these were the lips that babbled to me "Mother!" Nahum, as God lives, this is our son Ephraim!'

'Yes, little old mother, I am your son,' said Felix, his tongue shaping naturally to the quaint jargon in which she had spoken and in which he had made his first essays of childish speech. 'I am your son, a hundred times your son. I have stepped back to you across the wide gulf of the years. I am your own again, your very own. Take me, mother—father!'

A quivering silence seemed to hold the room. But before either of the old people could reply a sudden noise made their hearts leap into their mouths. From the streets came the long roll of a drum, which was followed by a deepened hush. And then there rang out the harsh, guttural voice of a man uttering words in tone of command.

'What does he say, Ephraim? You know their language better that we,' said Nahum tremulously.

A thrill of joy shot through Felix. How quickly they had learned to lean on him!

'Nothing to be alarmed at,' he informed them, throwing an arm reassuringly around each. 'It is only what you have been expecting, except that it has come a little sooner. He says that in an hour's time you are all to assemble in the market-place. The transport will start from there. And that doesn't give me much time to get my business done. Wait here till I return.'

'Chaya, Chaya, I told you it was a trick! He is going!' shouted Nahum despairingly.

Chaya, however, uttered a joyous laugh. 'Oh you blind of faith!' she reproved him. 'If God has worked one miracle for us, can He not work another? He has sent him to us once. He will bid him come to us again.'

'Those whom God has sent once need no bidding to return,' said Felix solemnly; and then, with a short but loving backward glance, he made his way out into the open.

Ay, he did not have too much time to get his business done. It was a great, an heroic business, but he felt quite strong enough for it. Nay, his strength seemed to grow giant-like the nearer his hurried steps made him approach the big white house in which his sojourn was to be so brief. The steep incline that brought him into its purview became a symbolic height to which he was rising as on eagle's wings. A few minutes later he stood again in the huge porch and made his way straight to the baron's room.

'My dear Felix, where on earth have you been all this time? And you've had no lunch!' exclaimed the baron, walking towards him with a solicitous air.

'Don't trouble. I won't starve,' replied Felix a little curtly.

'I nearly sent out a search-party for you,' continued the baron, not noticing his strained manner. 'Not because I was afraid you were lost,' he added with a smile, 'but because I was anxious to let you have my wonderful news. Shortly after you left I received a telegram from Dagoutsky. To tell you the truth, my dear Felix, I've not been quite candid with you.'

A quick flush came into the young man's cheeks at the unconscious irony of the words.

'It's quite true that I left St Petersburg for the purpose of—well, of spiritual introspection. But there was also a more material reason for it.

Certain negotiations were going on, and Dagoutsky advised me to disappear for a little while from the arena, so as to leave him more freedom for action. His wire says he has succeeded. Do you know in what?'

'I regret I have no idea.'

'Felix, I have been appointed director of the Imperial Bank! Can you imagine what that means?' he went on, his chest broadening visibly under the swell of his triumph. 'It means that I become practically the financial dictator of Russia. All its international interests, all its widely radiating threads of foreign policy, centre in my hands. I am that greatest power of all—the power behind the throne. I don't suppose it will be a bed of roses—a nation's money-bags are not comfortable to sleep on; but I shall take care not to be troubled by nightmares. Of course, Dagoutsky says it's a *sine quâ non* that I must forthwith join the Greek Orthodox Church. So he takes the choice out of my hands. In fact, I have committed myself to his condition in my reply.'

'Quite so,' said Felix, still holding back, but feeling ready and primed for the attack.

'There's no object now in our staying here longer. I shall order a special train for to-morrow morning.'

'I shall not accompany you.'

'No?' The baron was plainly disappointed. 'Well, if you like you can follow me in a few days.'

'I shall not follow you, Baron Kolberg.'

'Baron Kolberg!' There was no mistaking the baron's utter bewilderment at the unusual form of address. 'What's the matter, Felix? You seem very strange.'

'Several strange things have happened to me since I saw you last. Why did you not take me into your confidence?'

'About Dagoutsky?'

'Not about Dagoutsky. I don't care two straws about the financial dictatorship of Russia. Why have you never told me the truth about my parentage?'

The baron winced as at a physical blow.

Felix did not give him time to recover himself. 'Surely that was a matter about which I had a right to be told. It's some time since I arrived at years of discretion, and I might have been trusted to take my own view of it. You evidently thought that your opinion was good enough to serve for the two of us.'

'Felix!' exclaimed the baron in a tone of alarm.

'That was assuming rather too much, even though you had acquired a certain right to act as the arbiter of my destiny,' went on Felix relentlessly.

'Felix, Felix, I meant it for the best!' cried the baron.

'No doubt, from your own egotistic point of view. You had taken me over body and soul, which, I presume, included everything that was mine before I came to you.'

'I admit it was selfish of me,' said the baron, his arm uplifted as though in dread of a further onslaught. 'But I am not sorry that—through whatever accident it might be—my selfishness has come to light. It will prove to you more than anything else the immeasurable love I bear you, Felix. I wanted you to be all mine, to leave no question in your mind but that you were my own flesh and blood. I was jealous of all who might rob me of a single heart-throb of yours. And what is more, I have made sacrifices for it. I have lived a lonely life. I might have married again. I might have had children of my own. But I would not. You were all-sufficient for me. From the moment you came to me you fulfilled for me all my cravings of fatherhood. The same single-heartedness I felt for you as my child I wanted you to feel for me as your father. In my desire for that it did not occur to me that my egotism might lend itself to another construction.' He sat down, the spent and broken shadow of his proud self.

Felix stood looking at him, his heart full of pity and remorse. Then he came and stood close to him. 'Forgive me,' he said quietly, humbly. 'I don't know which I have been—cruel or foolish. I too thought of only one aspect of the case. Dearest and best of friends—I need not give you any higher title—forget what I said in my thoughtlessness. There is a loftier plane on which we may stand to argue this thing out than that of sordid recrimination. There is a greater, a diviner motive that brings us to the parting of the ways.'

'The parting of the ways?' For a moment the baron looked puzzled, and then an agony of fear came into his eyes. 'Felix, Felix, you are not thinking of leaving me?' he cried.

'I am—I must. I must as surely as if I saw the finger of God outstretched visibly to point me the path I am to take. Let me speak. This'—he picked up the telegram from the baron's writing-table—'is calling you one way. Two quavering voices, hoarse with crying out against the doom that awaits them, are calling me the opposite way. I have seen my father and mother.'

'Felix, it need not be,' broke in the baron quickly.

'I don't see how it can be avoided,' proceeded Felix steadily. 'You dare not take me with you unless you are prepared to foil your ambition. I cannot follow you across the border-line that separates you once and for all time from our—from my people. You dare not harbour under your roof a son, an alleged son, who openly flaunts his heresy while you go about wearing the mask of a true believer. Your enemies, and from your own admission you anticipate many, will lay you by the heels in a moment. And that is the case as far as it concerns you.'

Baron Kolberg made no reply. He sat, his head drooping low on his chest.

'And now for myself,' continued Felix, his voice taking a firmer tone. 'There the matter is quite simple. It means merely coming down to the elementary emotions. I should be no better than any hog feeding at the trough were I to let my poor old mother and father trudge their tottering way along the road of exile without my arm to hold them up, to shield them. To give me credit for going with them would be nothing but the grossest affront.'

Still his listener sat silent.

'But that is not all. It is a great thing for a man to find his kith and kin, but'—his voice rose in a sort of ecstasy—'it is sublime for a man to find his nation. I found mine to-day. A people that is abject, prostrate, trodden in the dust, but therefore all the more glorious to me. A race of martyrs, a race of conquerors! I should never have believed it had I not seen it with my own eyes. Oh, I tell you—though probably you know—there are martyrdoms going on to-day to which the savageries of Torquemada are but an exhibition of brotherly love. But they conquered the Inquisition, and they will conquer again. I too want to bear a small share in their victory.'

'What are your plans, Felix?' asked the baron, looking up with heavy eyes.

'I don't know yet. In the first place, I suppose, to see my parents safely out of this inferno.'

'Where to?'

'Abroad, to the lands of liberty—England, America.'

'But you have no means. You don't even know the language.'

'No; but the palette, I think, talks Esperanto. And besides, I have to-day received Holzmann's cheque for a thousand roubles for my picture. I forgot to mention it to you this morning. It was sent on to me from St Petersburg.'

The baron nodded. He had not had the courage to offer Felix money, and it would not be safe to tell him now at whose commission the dealer had bought the picture. Felix was staring pensively at the ground.

'I thought at first of using it to buy Vera an engagement-ring,' he said slowly. 'But of course there's no occasion for that now. By the way, I'm afraid I must trouble you to apologise to her for—for my eccentric conduct. You may give her any explanation you like. And now'—there was a catch in his voice—'I must go.'

A despairing groan came from the older man.

'Felix, Felix, is this the end?'

'No; the beginning. The end rests solely with Providence.'

'Shall I hear from you?'

'Possibly. If not, you will hear of me. You see, I am going forth into the world with the best of all equipments—confidence in myself. There is just one thing more. Don't be hard on old Sebastian for telling me your secret. You know he was nothing more than God's tool in this.'

The baron shrugged his shoulders wearily. 'I know,' he said, bowing his head. 'This was ordained, or else He would not have let your brothers and sisters die. He would not have lent you to me to save you from sharing their fate. I too was merely His tool.'

A flash of joy overspread the young man's face. 'Ah! at last you are striking the right note,' he cried. 'Do you think it was, after all, so easy for me to part from you? But now my heart will be lighter for the comfort which I know you have put into yours.'

He turned to go, and then, on second thoughts, he stopped and faced the baron once more.

'Perhaps you think me ungrateful,' he continued humbly. 'I have said nothing to you about all that I owe you. I have not said it because I feel it too deep down in my heart for utterance. But I think I can pay you no greater tribute than to say that it was your training that made me take up my duty the moment I saw it. Perhaps'—he gazed earnestly into the grief-stricken face before him—'perhaps one of these days God will let me also taste the joy of suffering for the nobility which I have taught to others. Good-bye.'

. . . . . .

Down in the market-place of the township the transport-gang was mustering for the trudge to the nearest railway station, seven miles off. From there those who had the means might continue their journey by train at first-class fares—in cattle-trucks. All around them the naked swords of their escort flashed in the sunlight. Wild-whooping Cossacks encircled them on nimble horses, savagely whirling their pennoned spears. The mortal fear in the hearts of the outcasts was painted on their ghost-like faces. In all that wretched band there seemed to be only one living man. To his exceedingly great surprise, the sub-prefect, who was superintending their departure, had seen Baron Kolberg's son take his place among the exiles. He was about to address a jesting inquiry to him, but something in the other's mien and manner cowed him, as it were, into silence. With a shoulder-shrug he turned away. They were a strange people these Jews, their millionaires no less than their beggars. It was useless to try to fathom them. He only felt vaguely that there was a time when even a Russian sub-prefect of police must refrain from asking questions.

'Ready, all!' rang out the command.

And the transport moved, shuffled, stumbled forward, urged to a panic haste that was beyond their strength by the threatening shouts of their guards. And towering high above the bent-shouldered throng strode Ephraim Nahumovitch—Felix Kolberg that was—gripping the hands

of his parents on either side of him, his gaze fixed fearlessly upon the distance beyond, his hopes outstripping the tortoise march of the present and speeding towards the joyous future that from far-off seemed welcoming him with outstretched hands.

And long after he had gone, for a span that could not be reckoned by the ordinary measure of time, Baron Kolberg remained seated at his writing-desk, staring with vacant eyes at Dagoutsky's telegram.

THE END.

LINKING UP THE SEAS.

By F. G. AFLALO.

DURING the last few moments of time engineers have contrived to make such changes on the face of the earth as would, through purely natural agencies, have been the work of centuries of centuries. With their steam-shovels and their diamond-drills they divorce continents and marry oceans, upsetting conditions that have ruled almost since the globe cooled down from molten formlessness. The cutting of the Suez Canal is old history, but the effect of that gigantic enterprise on the distribution of fishes in the seas on either side is only now being understood; and the interest of such operations is enhanced by the approaching completion of that other great canal conceived by the same brain, but left for realisation to other hands than his.

In either case, oceans that hitherto only met thousands of miles away must mingle their waters under the control of dams and locks—which, however, are no bar to the passage of fishes anxious to extend their range. Yet the two canals differ widely in the circumstances of their construction. When your steamer, forging slowly between the coal-dust of Port Said and the white roofs of Suez, throwing great beams from its searchlight on the low-lying shores of two continents, has done the hundred miles of artificial waterway that lie between the Atlantic (or its inlet, the Mediterranean) and the Indian Ocean, you are conscious of crowded impressions of uninteresting scenery, of roosting cranes and other ghostly fowl startled in the night-watches, and next day of lean Arabs stalking over the burning sand, or little French children blowing kisses from the *gares* built at intervals along the route. Those who navigate the Panamá Canal, or so much as I know of it, will have little chance of seeing the more beautiful tropical vegetation, the lofty mountains, and the luxuriant ferns, for the decks will be below the level of the surrounding country. They will see little, also, of native life; for the interior of the isthmus, though not half the width of that at Suez, is not such as invites settlement. Near the Bitter Lakes of Menzaleh the eye rests on the elegant forms of rose-coloured flamingoes, on the heavier bodies of greedy pelicans, and the graceful figures of snowy ibis. In Panamá there will be little evidence of bird-life, with all its jungle, and Nature hides all but a few gaudy parrots and an occasional hovering hawk. The vegetation, on the other hand, will be superb, but is best seen from the train, whereas the banks of the older canal are bare of all but cactus, save where, at each signalling-station, loving hands have planted mimosa, tamarisk, or parkinsonia.

It is, however, in the changes wrought among the fishes that these links between the oceans are of first interest to the naturalist. Leaning over the bow of the steamer that passes slowly on its way to Suez, so that its wash shall not by erosion destroy the sandy banks, the traveller sees many porpoises using the canal without paying dues, and speculates on all the unseen natives of the Red Sea or Mediterranean that must likewise be seeking new homes on either side. Not altogether favourable to such vagrancy is the Suez Canal. A mean depth of four or five fathoms must, for instance, be prohibitive to many of the deep-water forms that might otherwise have made use of it to satisfy their curiosity. Its bed is muddy, its currents strong, its waters at all depths too disturbed by the passage of heavy craft to make it anything like an ideal route for nervous or delicate forms of sea-life. Chiefly will the larger forms, the porpoises and sharks, which habitually follow in the wake of ships, use its short cut; and, in fact, sharks have alarmingly increased at many of the Mediterranean bathing-resorts during the past twenty years. More deterrent even than any of these obstacles is the exceeding saltness in the neighbourhood of the Bitter Lakes, which, involving as it does a great increase in the density of the water, would prove an effectual barricade to fishes sensitive to such abnormal conditions.

As a matter of fact, though further research will no doubt from time to time strengthen the list, the actual results are meagre. The bass, the sole, the oyster, and the cockle (or a species of each) are among those which have found their way to the Red Sea. On the other side of the account, as migrants to European from Asiatic waters, stand two kinds of horse-mackerel, a sea scorpion, and a coffer-fish. These, so far, are the only known scaly beneficiaries by French genius British capital, and fellaheen labour.

Since much water must run under the bridge ere Colonel Goethals sees the cutting of the last sod between Colon and Panamá, it is prematur to speculate on the effects which a union

Atlantic and Pacific may have on the fishes of either; but our knowledge of their faunas points to equally slight changes. It so happens that at that narrow neck the fishes of the two oceans—I have fished in both within a single morning—do not differ so widely as might have been the case had they not in all probability been one at a much later date than those reunited by that other canal farther east. For example, it was once held that that interesting little four-eyed fish, the *quatro ojo* (Anableps), which can see both in and out of water, was confined to the Atlantic seaboard, but it has long been recognised as common to both oceans. The most interesting immigrant for the Pacific would be the splendid tarpon, and my Californian friends might well possess their disappointed souls in patience if there were any promise of such compensation at compound interest for the loss of the tuna. It is, however, a very remote possibility, for, although I have hooked fine tarpon off Colon, the giant herring is not the kind of fish to find its way through a narrow cutting full of traffic. Time alone can show the results of cutting the Panamá Canal; but, as another ten years must pass before even ships are free of its locks, and as fishes take longer to find out new routes and to overcome their fears of hidden dangers, the passing of the tarpon or less interesting creatures from east to west may not be in our time.

A GRUESOME TALE.

By Lady NAPIER.

IT was a wild winter night on one of the outer islands of the west coast of Scotland. Three men sat over a peat-fire in a small inn, smoking their pipes and awaiting the belated steamer that was to take them south. They were all three workers of sorts, and fast friends, despite difficulties owing to differences of conditions. There was a big Irishman employed in the Foreign Office, a horse-artillery man, and a secretary to a scientific association; and now their holiday was at an end, they told each other discontentedly that they must go back and begin 'rotting' in towns again.

They had been shooting, and had thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The long tramps after wildfowl, the out-of-door life, the sweet winds that blew in their faces, even the rain, had been enjoyable; and, 'Thank goodness, there were no ladies!' they said ungallantly to each other as they changed one old shooting-coat for another, and sat them down to their well-earned dinner of Scotch broth, stiff with barley; Highland mutton, dark as hare, close and fine in the grain; and the inevitable 'shape,' with thick cream from the Highland cows, and luscious jam made from the gooseberries that grew so plenteously in the garden of the little inn.

There is much of the savage underlying the surface of the polished man of society even yet, and I think it is safe to say that it is in the best kind of man that the strain runs strongest.

The wind howled outside; the ill-fitting window-sashes rattled and shook; the rain dashed in sheets against the window-panes.

'What a night! The Walkyrie must be enjoying themselves to-night,' said the secretary. 'I wonder whether Wagner was ever in the Outer Hebrides; they would have been an inspiration to him with their sights and their sounds—the wailing of the wildfowl, or the thunder of the surf on the rock-bound shores, or the murmur of the sea in the caves on calm days, when the whales come up to the surface and sigh heavily, and the puffins say *aarh!*'

'All the same, I would rather hear all that than any of Wagner's beastly old operas,' said the soldier moodily.

'It is a night for ghosts to be abroad, for dead faces to be pressed against black window-panes, for runaway knocks at doors, and so on,' said the Irishman with a grin, knocking out the ashes of his pipe against a peat.

'Did you ever see a ghost, Pat?' said the gunner curiously.

The Irishman was silent, and slowly refilled his pipe. 'No,' he said; 'but I have heard one, and it was about the most horrible experience I have ever come through.'

'Do let us have it,' said the other man.

'Well, it is truth I am telling you; but I don't expect you will believe me. However, here it is:

'There was once an old house—I won't say when, and I won't say where—but it had gathered to itself a most evil name. A scientific man had had it on lease, and they said that he had carried on secret experiments too gruesome to describe on human beings and on animals—of course in the interests of science, he would have said; but I believe myself that he was one of those abnormal devils of cruelty and vice who spring up sometimes, and who ought to be killed off as you would kill a cobra, and that it was not altogether in the interests of science that he worked. However, the fact remains that he lived in that house for years, and was shunned by every one.

'The village children shrieked with terror when he appeared; the women shut their doors close when he passed. He was usually accompanied by a huge dog, which lurched after him, its head hanging down, its tail between its legs.

'Howls were said to be heard at midnight, and shrieks strangely human proceeded from the house; but, of course, one must take all such things with a grain of salt. The neighbourhood was remote, the people ignorant and superstitious.

'But to cut a long story short, one morning the man was found dead on the floor of his workroom or laboratory, with the dog lying on his chest, its teeth fixed in his throat. They said the dog was a mass of wounds, some healed, some open, and that part of its skull had been removed and a silver plate put in.

'Well, the house was dismantled, and ghastly things were found — frightful drawings, and models, and bones. There was a great furnace built into the room, and I cannot tell you what besides.

'It was a beautiful old house—indeed, perfect in its way as to architecture and surroundings; and after a time it was let, they said, for a song to some people from a distance who had seen a picture of it in a sporting paper, and had promptly fallen in love with it, and they rushed down and took it, asking no questions, ecstatically delighted with their bargain. They very soon cleared out, however, giving no reason; and they never came near the place again.

'It was then taken by some other people, and the same thing happened with them; and, of course, as time went on the evil fame of the house became an established fact, and it remained empty, and promised to fall to pieces from neglect.

'I was fishing in those parts, and tried to find out all about it. You know how those things interest me. They said it was haunted, and that no one could live in it. Some young men had gone there to try to see the ghost; but they left pretty quickly, the innkeeper said; and they looked like ashes, and were in such a hurry to get away that they did not wait for the change due to them when they paid their bill.

'I have a pretty good nerve, you know, so I determined that I would run this ghost to ground if I could. The innkeeper strongly advised me not to do so. "It is a bad place," he said, shaking his head. I was determined however. "I shall take my Irish terrier Con with me," I said; "he will make short work of the ghost. But if I hear or see anything disagreeable I shall just clear out and come down here. Leave the door on the latch, like a good chap, and I will take the key."

'It appeared that the scientist's laboratory was the spot to be shunned. I strolled up after dinner. A fire had been lighted. I had a good stock of candles, a box of cigars, and a novel. I smiled and made myself very comfortable in a deck-chair, locking the door, and seeing that there was no other means of ingress. Con went sniffing about with his bristles up. He evidently did not like his quarters a bit, poor dear little dog.

'Well, I smoked and dozed, and the candles guttered. It must have been towards morning when I started, broad awake. A soft, heavy, dragging footstep was coming down the stair, and then it stopped outside the door; and there was a sound as of some great beast snuffing and breathing heavily under the door. Then whatever it was pushed itself against the door, and I distinctly saw the panels bulge as though some heavy body were pressing against them.

'Con was shivering with terror behind my chair, and I cannot say that I liked it. I took a candle, and my revolver at hand in my pocket. I flung the door wide open. There was absolutely nothing to be seen but the dim grayness of the summer night and the sickly light from the candle—not a sight or a sound of anything living.

'I told myself that I must have been dreaming. I locked and double-locked the door. The panels were quite intact, but the woodwork was old and thin. I lit fresh candles and waited, and, I think, dozed; but again I started, broad awake, and the same thing recurred—the heavy footfall, the pause at the door; but this time the snuffing was louder and angry, and there was a sort of hoarse growl behind it. It was perfectly horrible. I cannot describe it. I sat transfixed, watching the bulging of the panels, and I think that I must have fainted, for daylight was streaming into the room when I recovered.

'Con was dead.'

AT THE WORLD'S EDGE.

On the edge of the world and the sea and the sky—
Where the gray mists are spun and the white clouds are woven
To the beat of the waves and the winds' ceaseless cry,
By the rays of the sun to be scattered and cloven—
Here plain and made known all such mysteries are
As the scent of the violet, the birth of a star,
How day ends, night begins, where is gathered the rain. . . . .
Strange secrets like these by the wild winds are hurled,
Secrets of life and death, pleasure and pain,
On the edge of the world.

On the edge of the world, where wild harmonies surge,
Mystic voices are heard and soft-winged spirits hover,
Bringing perfume or passion, the moan of a dirge,
The song of a bird, or the dream of a lover;
Out from the vastness here gather and meet
All things that are powerful, all things that are sweet—
Strange things that madden and gladden the spheres
'Mid colour and shade through the foam-drifts are swirled—
Music and sorrow, love, laughter, and tears,
On the edge of the world.

MARIE STEUART.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

A LONG stretch of time is needed for the changing of all outward tokens of the reign of a monarch that is ended. There is a proclamation, an accession, and a coronation, and the reign of the previous king soon seems to dip its way down into history; but certain official signs of it remain, and sometimes, as we contemplate them, a curious reality appears to be given to the constitutional idea or principle that though there may be a 'demise of the Crown,' the Crown is yet perpetual and is deathless. We have George the Fifth upon the throne; but we may tender a coin with the figure of George the Fourth upon it for some purchase, though it is eighty years since such money was exactly correct for the time. Some days ago I walked through Regent's Park, which in a way we might call Georgian ground—and in many respects it bears less sign of modern artificiality about it, and is more natural and charming, than any of the other parks—and noticed that iron stumps set by the sides of paths to protect them or to guide the traffic, and certain lamp-posts too, have 'G.R.' moulded on them. All through three reigns—of a William, a Victoria, and an Edward—these markings have thrust themselves upon the attention of passers-by for their inaccuracy; but now, by the accidents of time and coincidence, they are good again, and will stir no more attention. Each time we take a postage-stamp we see an error, and not until the next month of May, so we are told, can it be properly remedied. Then the new stamps of King George will be placed in circulation, and will be printed, as the information goes, at the rate of one million in every hour. They will be much the same in looks and colours, it is said, as the Edward stamps; but for the new coinage that is being got ready at the Mint, the kingly head is to face the other way from that in which the effigy of the late King was made to look; that is to say, we revert now to the look towards the left which obtained in the Victorian coinage. There are little rules in these matters which are necessary and unalterable, but are not commonly understood by the people. Thus the direction in which the head of the monarch faces must be changed with every reign; and those who wonder why penny stamps are always red and halfpenny stamps always green, without change in other values, forget, or do not reflect, that some system is necessary in these days for facilitating the passage of letters abroad, that stamps of the same value should be of the same colour in all or most countries, and so there must be no changes, an abiding agreement having been made. In many other ways all haste is being made in substituting the tokens of the reigning King for those of his dead royal father, but scarcely any is of such curious interest, little enough as it may seem to concern the people at large, as the changing of the Great Seal of the United Kingdom, for there is something a little awe-inspiring about this seal, which is the official mark of Britain, the sign of its authority and the token of its force. And then we heard lately that the commission for executing the designs of the new Great Seal that is now required had been given to one of the most brilliant of the younger British sculptors in Mr Gilbert Bayes. He is making a Great Seal that will be different from all the others that we have had for many centuries past. It has been the custom to show on the obverse side the sovereign in royal robes sitting on the throne, while on the other side the sovereign has been on horseback. What will be the exact nature of the changes is one of the things that remain to be seen. When a drawing is at last approved a model will be made of it in wax, and from that a plaster cast will be made, and then a steel cast from the plaster one. The steel cast will be about eighteen inches across, but the actual seal which is reproduced from it, and reduced at the same time, is only about one-third of that diameter. But a seal that measures six inches across is an imposing thing, as such a seal should be.

* * *

The Great Seal! When they hear it spoken of there comes into the minds of many people an echo of their schooldays, the remembrance of a slight but picturesque incident of a tremendous period in English history—James the Second throwing the Great Seal into the Thames at the beginning of his flight. Such was the end of one Great Seal, and perhaps this is all that some

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of you have ever heard or remembered about these tokens of the authority of our country. It is not often that they come by an end so untoward or accidental. Generally their extinction, when they are extinguished, is a formal thing. Three times during the long reign of Queen Victoria a new seal was required, and on each occasion the old one was solemnly broken. But disused seals are not always destroyed. The Lord Chancellor, as we know, is the Keeper of the Great Seal, and it is an understanding that it becomes his perquisite when it goes out of commission—an understanding that on at least one occasion has led to some dispute. That was when William the Fourth came to the throne and a new seal was ordered. Lord Lyndhurst was Chancellor at that time, but Lord Brougham had succeeded to the office when the seal was actually delivered. Whose, then, was the old one, Lord Lyndhurst's or Lord Brougham's? Each of them claimed it, and there was a hot dispute—so hot, indeed, that the king himself had to intervene at last, and he settled the matter in a simple way by cutting the seal in two and giving to each of them a half. It is the general thing for a Lord Chancellor, when by a turn of happenings he has come into possession of a disused seal, to have it made into an ornamental cup, and it is, of course, handed down to his family in succeeding generations as an heirloom, and a very valuable one at that. It is a little singular, then, to think that one of our old seals, one that was once in the possession of Lord Thurlow, now belongs to an American millionaire in Mr Pierpont Morgan, who gave no less a sum than three thousand one hundred guineas for it. Here it may be mentioned that the original cost of making is generally between four and five hundred pounds. The Lord Chancellor, Keeper of the Great Seal that is in use, needs, of course, to take the greatest precautions for its safety while he has it, and does so. When he sits upon the woolsack he has it in his sachet behind him on that crimson lounge, and it is a tradition that he should carry it with him when he goes to bed. Lord Loreburn, as he has shown on many occasions since he rose to his present high dignity, is an extremely sensible and practical man, a veritable prince of Chancellors; and there is within him a fine sentiment and a strong respect for traditions, and one may sometimes wonder whether it does carry him so far that at night when he steps his way upstairs he has this seal tucked away under his arm, and preserves it for the night in some very safe place from which, with him alive, it could not be removed. Yes, if the idea seems a little odd, there is some good sense in the practice. Iron safes are vulnerable things in these days of advanced science in burglary, a thought that was impressed upon us with some sharpness the other day when we read of a party of skilful London burglars having removed a substantial safe from the place where it generally stood to some private apartment where they could conduct their operations upon it without being seen from the outside, while in the meantime they fixed up a dummy cardboard safe, an exact facsimile, in the place that the real one had but lately occupied. However, no matter what the custom of modern Lord Chancellors may be, we do know that Lord Eldon for one certainly carried the Great Seal up to bed with him when he retired for the night, and very careful he was in the conveyance of it, and very particular in the manner in which he put it away before he laid himself in the sheets. And then, when, alas! his house at Encombe was once on fire, it was not his private valuables that he first thought of when danger and panic seemed to be setting in, but it was his precious Great Seal, and he seized upon it and hurried off with it to a place of safety. Flames and flames were all about the house and in it, and there seemed to be no place above the ground at Encombe that was safe from them; and that being so, this good and wise Lord Chancellor went out into his garden and dug a deep hole, and there buried his Great Seal. When the fire was out, the danger over, and the general effort towards restoration was being made, Lord Eldon went back to his garden to look for the place where he had buried his precious seal; but he had forgotten entirely the whereabouts of the particular spot, and it was long before he could find it. Here was a pretty predicament—the Great Seal of England buried in a garden and nobody able to find it; and a great explanation would it be to the House of Lords that there was no Great Seal because the Lord Chancellor had so buried it among his geraniums and his chrysanthemums, and it was no more to be found! But it was regained at last; and describing the search for it, some years later, Lord Eldon wrote: 'You never saw anything so ridiculous as the whole family down that garden, walking, probing, and digging until we found it.'

* * *

We were saying to ourselves the other day that the kindly understanding that was brought about some years ago between France and ourselves—now well established so that as friends of old we have come to see that our intimacy is able to bear, if need be, some strains and shocks—had led to some interesting results from the desire of each country to know more of the other. One of these results is the increasing knowledge and appreciation of the best French literature in England. There is scarcely one of us who is too young to remember the time when prejudice and ignorance were so strong together that there was a feeling among persons who made some pretence to culture and education that modern French literature was mostly poor

and that such as was not poor was otherwise unsuitable for general reading. From such a darkness the people who thought in this way have now for the most part emerged, to their considerable intellectual advantage. They are coming by a familiar acquaintance with the best of the modern French writers, whose works are being sold extensively in cheap and most excellent translations. They even come to know a little of the lives and the ways, the ideas and the styles, of such as Alphonse Daudet, Paul Bourget, Georges Ohnet, and certain others; while, when they dip into the works of some of the writers of another day who have a less general and extensive public than Alexandre Dumas—such as, for example, Gustave Flaubert, with his masterly expositions of human feeling, motives, impulses—they come to realise the extent of their misfortune in their earlier neglect. The French are the most splendid story-tellers! There has been practically no sympathy and no collusion between the art of their fiction and ours, and the two have developed along different lines with different ideals set before them, so that at the present time the results are very different indeed. In some ways the greater art would appear to be displayed by our own best writers—the very best, one must be particular to stipulate; but there is an economy and selection of words, a point and a precision, about the best work of the French that stamp it with an artistic merit all its own. It is probable that in the future English and French writers will influence each other more than they have done in the past, and for their mutual good. There are, indeed, evidences of such mutual influence already. Fiction, one of the greatest of the arts, and that commanding most popular attention—though it is one of the newest, and even now has hardly any maturity—is different from all others, and at a great disadvantage for development compared with them in that it speaks a language, and one only, and has not a tongue that speaks to all the world. It is one of the great forces of art that it is cosmopolitan. The picture, the figures in stone or bronze, the sonata in music, speak with equal clarity to the cultivated people of all nations; but the novel of words is local to its own country except for those of foreign ones who read its language, and among themselves they are too few to make a custom. The objections that have been urged against translations, even when well done, in their inability to repeat the richness and the subtleties of language and style that are borne in the original, have been much overdone and have savoured largely of pedantry. A thoroughly good translation from French prose to English, done by a translator who knows his French subject well and is in close sympathy with it, need lose little or nothing in the conversion. This is coming to be well understood at the present time. And of all living writers Anatole France is one who ought to be translated, but only on the condition that he is translated well. Surely one would not be exaggerating, or be over-forgetful of the excellences of the writers of one's own country, if the suggestion were put forth that there is no other living man expressing his thoughts and fancies in written words of prose who does so to such fine effect, with such grace and beauty of style, with such perfectly cut and polished sentences, displaying such high erudition and such nice philosophy, having a charm that thrills and stirs the senses as modern prose not often does. Flighty readers who may be unaware of their own qualities of taste, and spend their time mostly in devouring countless volumes of modern fiction, caring, as they think, for nothing else, will be caught by the fascination of Anatole France. But how many of them have even so much as heard of the titles of his works? We like him in his prose philosophy and his criticisms, and there is a great genius in some of his shorter stories.

* * *

M. France is now sixty-six years of age, and perhaps his best work has been done. His perfect measure, the harmony of his grouping of words, his beauty of expression, and the simplicity and lucidity of it all make his prose a thing that is rather different from and rather better than most of the best of others. You may find it at its best in the critical essays which make up the four volumes to which were given the title of *La Vie Littéraire;* and there is a portion of this work in a volume, entitled *On Life and Letters*, just printed in English, with the imprint of the Bodley Head on it, the remainder being to follow. The work of translation has been so well done by Mr A. W. Evans, the right English words and the rhythm of sentences and phrases so well gained and preserved, that it is difficult to believe that the original has lost anything at all in translation, and there is really no excuse for the affectation of people that unless you can read a foreign author in his native language it is better not to read him at all. The short chapters or articles of which these volumes consist deal critically with all manner of subjects that interest worthy minds, but chiefly with literature in its different phases; and they were for the most part contributed by invitation of the editor of *Le Temps* to that journal, wherefore M. France prefaced them, when they were collected into book-form, with an address to that editor, M. Hébrard, which has probably become more famous than any other preface of its kind. There is more than one sentence in it which will live always and be often quoted; as, for instance, the author's definition of a critic: 'The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his own soul among masterpieces.' And a couple

of pages farther on he defines a book in his own way thus: 'A book, according to Littré's dictionary, is a collection of several sections of manuscript or of printed pages. That definition does not satisfy me. I would define a book as a work of witchcraft from which there escape all sorts of images which disturb people's minds and change their hearts. I will put it better still: a book is a small magical apparatus which transports us into the midst of images of the past or among supernatural shades. Those who read much are like hasheesh-eaters. They live in a dream. The subtle poison which penetrates their brains renders them insensible to the real world, and throws them as a prey to terrible or to delightful phantoms. Books are the opium of the West. They devour us. A day will come when we shall all be librarians, and that will end it all.' Sceptic as he is, pessimist as some will call him, Anatole France is insisting always on the perpetuation of the beautiful and the rejection of the vulgar and the ugly, and in every chapter, when the opportunity is given him, he urges that true art is beautiful only. He considers George Sand, and then he says: 'Beauty depends upon ourselves; it is the sensible form of all that we love. It is a mistake to contrast the realist novelists with the idealists. People oppose the real to the ideal as if the ideal were not the only form of the real which we can grasp. The truth is, the realists want to render life odious, while the idealists seek to beautify it. And how right they are! What an excellent task they perform! There is in mankind an incessant desire, a perpetual need, for ornamenting life.' Again: 'Let us not be deceived by high-sounding words about art and truth. The secret of the beautiful is within the reach of little children. The humble sometimes divine it more quickly than the proud. To love is to beautify; to beautify is to love.' Then, when he has been considering the case of a certain French novel dealing with military life in France, and not making a wholesome picture of it—the general commanding a regiment that was maltreated in its pages ordered it to be burnt on a dungheap, and all soldiers found in possession of it to be sent to prison—he says, in condemning it: 'It is claimed that naturalist fiction is literature founded on science. In reality it is disowned by science, which only knows the true, and by art, which only knows the beautiful. In vain does it drag its dull deformity from the one to the other. Both reject it. It is not useful, and it is ugly. It is a monstrosity, and soon we shall be astonished at it. . . . To say everything is to say nothing. To show everything is to make us see nothing. The duty of literature is to note what counts, and to light up what is suited to the light. If it ceases to choose and to love, it becomes like a woman who gives herself without preference. There is a literary truth as well as a scientific truth, and do you know the name of that literary truth? It is called poetry.' This book is one which makes you, as you pass along its pages, think even better than you did of the modern France that has such a writer in it. Better than that, it makes you think sweeter things of life, and the good and beauty and greatness that there are in it, and a humble reader can say no more in testimony to the power of Anatole France.

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This appreciation of the writings of Anatole France may lead many people to consider again the full meaning of the admirable address that Mr Asquith delivered to the students of Aberdeen a few weeks since, when he made a good plea for the recovery of the lost art of style in speaking and in writing. We have some good orators, but oratory is not now the art that it used to be. Public men make speeches; they do not deliver orations. It is because they make so many speeches that so little artistic value is attached to any of them. They may tell you in their own defence that this is a practical age, and that they make speeches in order to recite facts and express opinions, not for the purpose that they shall be read in volumes and admired in ages after they have left all earthly platforms. They may be right; but sometimes when we come upon the file of an old newspaper and read what was spoken in the early Victorian times, and earlier than those, and see the richness of some of the old parliamentary oratory—the fine choice of words, the dramatic effects of sentences, the cadence of the chosen language, and the aptness of the frequent classical allusion — we come to think that there will not be such fine addresses made in the new Parliament that will soon be opening. In literature, style has had some special hardships to contend against. There has been such an overflooding of printed matter in recent years that the best work has had extreme difficulty in gaining recognition, and there are many writers who might ultimately have gained it who have been too weak of heart for the long-sustained effort, and have yielded to temptations. In different ways literature has suffered keenly in modern times from the plague of too many newspapers and too many new periodicals. The demand everywhere has been for facts and not fancies and fine writing; articles and not essays have been the things that have been best paid for. But there are signs of a coming change in this respect. The public is showing a better education and a better literary taste. There has lately been a distinct revival of the essay. New volumes that a very few years since would have been scorned from the booksellers' shelves now make a brave and established appearance there and one is told that they are selling well. Th

public is clearly improving, and when one discusses its bettered state with some others who probe for causes, and have exceptional skill in and means for finding them, their belief for the most part seems to settle round upon the effect of the cheap reprints of classical works that have been so much the vogue in recent years. For all that, we have few authors in these days with any great pretence to a style that is at once fine, artistic, and serious. The writers whose manner of writing seems to have most effect on the readers are the serio-comics. But here and there we have English writers who are doing great work. Those who would know of what they are capable may very well be recommended to take up some of the volumes of Mr R. B. Cunninghame Graham. Here really you have a master of style. Of course he is not being put forward for comparison with M. France, of whom we have been writing at such length and praising as a stylist, because the two do not compare at all. Mr Cunninghame Graham is not a critic, but the describer and the story-teller, and he does not gain his effect, to any extent at all, from delicately chiselled detail, as does M. France, but from broad impressionist effects. I have just been looking through a collection of his pieces which Messrs Duckworth have published in a volume with the title of *Hope*. They are half-stories, half-descriptions, just impressionist effects of incidents and scenes. But each one is a most perfect piece of literary art. The scenes are for the most part laid in sunnier and wilder lands than ours, and you have the hot sunlight, the baking desert, and all the colour and the fierceness and intensity of life in them represented vividly by the most artistic and subtle suggestion. I doubt if anything so good as this has been done in English prose for a long time past; and I would like to show some specimens of it, but it will not bear small quotations. The effect that is gained comes from the whole, and not from the parts.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER V.—*continued.*

MISS SHERARD was in a wilful mood this morning, a mood which, let it be said at once, was one to which she was often subject, but it had been more than usually apparent in her for the last few days. She began by hoping in the politest way, after she had sat about five minutes at the luncheon-table, that Miss Abingdon did not mind the window being opened, although it was a well-known fact that Miss Abingdon held the old-fashioned theory that only the furniture should enjoy fresh air, and that windows should be opened when rooms were unoccupied. So many people rose to do Miss Sherard's bidding that Miss Abingdon, of course, found it quite hopeless to try to assert herself. And later, the servants having left the room, the gentlemen waited so assiduously on Kitty that Miss Abingdon began to fidget and to wish that everybody would not constantly jump up and down. Kitty further had a ridiculous way of eating which Miss Abingdon could not approve of. She ate mere morsels of everything, and talked the whole time, very often with the air of a gourmet, and she would lay down her knife and fork after having made a meal such as a healthy blackbird might have enjoyed as though she had finished an aldermanic feast. She accepted a glass of Miss Abingdon's very special claret, and never even touched it; and later, in one of the pauses of her elaborate trifling at luncheon, she told a funny story which made every one laugh, and caused even Canon Wrottesley to wipe his lips with his dinner-napkin several times in a hopeless attempt to conceal the fact that he saw the point of the story.

The worst of it was that Sir Nigel encouraged her in everything she said and did. These two had met in London this year, and had stayed at the same house for Ascot, and it must be admitted by a faithful historian that, in her own wilful and provoking way, Kitty had flirted outrageously with him. To-day she offered to cut up his food for him, because his right hand was still in a sling; and when Miss Abingdon suggested, with deliberate intention in her voice, that a footman should do it for him, Kitty pretended that the wounded man could not possibly feed himself, and gave him pine-apple to eat on the end of her fork.

When she sat in the veranda drinking coffee after lunch, she showed Canon Wrottesley how to blow wedding-rings with the smoke of her own favourite cigarettes; and she talked to him as though his early youth might have been spent in a racing stable, and with the air of one expert to another.

'I hear,' said Canon Wrottesley when Miss Sherard had begun to play a left-handed game of croquet with the crippled young man, 'that Sir Nigel is going to ride at the Sedgwick races. I was a fearless horseman myself at one time, so I cannot quarrel with him for his decision; but I only hope that his hand will be healed by the 24th.'

'He has a good mount,' said Peter, 'and I don't think it is much good trying to persuade Toffy not to ride.'

'Kitty Sherard says she has laid the whole of her fortune on him,' said Jane, 'so let's hope that will bring him luck.'

'I believe,' said the canon in a manner distinctly beatific towards the subject of his remarks, 'that I enjoy that little race-meeting at Sedgwick as much as anything in the year. We must all have our little outings once in a way.'

The inhabitants of Sedgwick put on sporting airs and curiously cut overcoats on two days in each year, and carriage-hirers and owners of one-horse wagonettes are supposed, by less fortunate persons, to make their fortunes during the race-meeting. The weather for the occasion is nearly always cloudless, and has been so for so many years that the townsfolk have begun to think that either they are very clever in arranging the date of their local function, or that the clerk of the weather is deeply interested in Sedgwick races.

In the paddock there was an unusual number of horses being led round and round in a ring, and some well-known bookmakers—not often seen at the little provincial meeting—were present with their hoarse cries and their money-bags. Kitty Sherard carried a pair of field-glasses on a long strap, and consulted from time to time a little gold-bound pocket-book, in which she added up figures with a business-like air. She believed in Ormiston, which Sir Nigel Christopherson was riding, and she had something on Lamplighter as well. She knew every bookmaker on the course by sight, and had as much knowledge of the field as any one in the ring. And she looked exactly like some very beautiful child, and carried a parasol of rose-coloured chiffon beneath which her complexion and eyes appeared to great advantage. She smiled whether winning or losing, and ate luncheon with an epicurean air.

Mrs Ogilvie arrived at the racecourse, as she had promised to do, about tea-time. She hardly ever cared to watch the races; but she stood amongst her friends for a little time in the pleasant shade of the wood, and looked on at the little gathering with that air of detached and hardly concealed weariness which she always felt on such occasions. She congratulated Peter, who had won a rather closely finished race earlier in the day; but her voice betrayed little interest in the event, and an onlooker might have been surprised at the almost distant way in which she spoke to him. She was sumptuously dressed, as usual, and wore her clothes with extravagant carelessness. She found herself at tea-time sitting next Canon Wrottesley, whose patriarchal mood seemed to her unnecessarily affected, and she requested him, without a moment's hesitation and in her perfectly courteous manner, to ask Miss Sherard to come and speak to her. 'Kitty amuses me,' she said, with one of her characteristic shrugs, 'and most people are so dull, are they not?'

Canon Wrottesley felt that mixed sensation which acquaintanceship with Mrs Ogilvie always gave him, a feeling of resentment combined with a desire to please. He rather hastily let the mantle of the seer drop from him, and said, 'I wish our little party were not so much dispersed. Mr Laurence from Frisby brought two charming friends with him, and they much hoped to be here to meet you. Falconer is their name —Sir John and Lady Falconer. He has just been made Minister at Buenos Ayres, as I dare say you know, and he told me they once had the pleasure of meeting you in Spain years and years ago.'

'I never remember people whom I have met years and years ago,' said Mrs Ogilvie. Her near-sighted eyes, with their trick of contracting slightly when she looked fixedly at anything, narrowed as she spoke, and the heavy lids closed lazily upon them.

Lady Falconer meanwhile had arrived at the tea-table, and greeted Mrs Ogilvie with evident pleasure. 'I am afraid you will hardly remember me, as it is a very long time since we met,' she said; 'but my husband and I always remember how good you were to me when I was ill at Juarez.'

Mrs Ogilvie rose and shook hands with a cordiality that was charmingly expressed. Her eyes were no longer half-closed, and her colour never varied. 'You were ill, were you not?' she said in a manner that was a little vague but polite and sympathetic.

'Yes,' said Sir John; 'and you let your maid come and nurse her. My wife always said she would have died if it had not been for you.'

'The climate was abominable,' said Mrs Ogilvie; 'every one felt ill there. Why does one go to these out-of-the-way places?'

'It is very absurd,' said Lady Falconer in a friendly way, 'to be surprised at people growing up; yet I can hardly realise that Captain Ogilvie, whom we met to-day, is the little boy who was with you at Juarez. How time flies!'

'It more often crawls, I think,' said Mrs Ogilvie, smiling, with her mouth a little twisted to one side. And then she rose to go, because she never stayed long at any party, and not even the fact that Sir Nigel Christopherson was going to ride in the last race altered her decision. At parting she was too glad to have met Lady Falconer, trusted that if ever she cared to see a collection of tiresome pictures she would come to Bowshott, and hoped that if the gardens would be of any interest to her she would drive over some afternoon, when it was not too hot, and have tea with her—any afternoon would do. Had Mrs Ogilvie been giving an invitation to tea in a barn it is probable that her manner would have been as distant, as casual, and as superb as when she suggested with a queer sort of diffidence that people might care to see the famous galleries and gardens of her magnificent house.

'How very interesting,' said Canon Wrottesley to Lady Falconer when the carriage ha

driven away, 'your meeting like this!' The vicar's acquaintance was not extensive, and that people should re-encounter each other or have mutual friends always struck him in the light of a strange coincidence.

'She has not altered much,' said Sir John Falconer, 'and yet it must be many years since we met. I suppose she never was good-looking. Somehow one seems unaware of it when one is speaking to her.'

'I could do nothing but look at her dress,' said Lady Falconer good-naturedly. 'How is it that everything she wears seems to be in such perfect taste?'

'Mrs Ogilvie is a rich woman,' said Canon Wrottesley, enjoying a proprietary way of talking of his neighbour, 'and she is able to gratify her love of beautiful raiment. I do not understand these things myself,' he went on with a masculine air, 'but the ladies tell me that her dresses are all that they should be.'

'I don't know what we should have done without her at Juarez,' said Lady Falconer in her peculiarly kind manner. 'Sir John and I were on our honeymoon, and like many other newly married people we wanted to be alone.'

'Dudley the artist told us about Juarez, I remember,' interpolated Sir John, 'otherwise I do not suppose we should ever have heard of the place. Dudley had been sketching there.'

'I had not a maid with me,' went on Lady Falconer, 'and Mrs Ogilvie in the kindest way allowed a Spanish woman she had with her to do everything for me.'

'Mrs Ogilvie is always devoted to everything Spanish,' said Mrs Wrottesley. 'Her mother was Spanish, and I dare say you know she made her home in Spain for six years after the eldest boy's death.'

'I did not even know that she had lost a son,' said Lady Falconer. 'How very sad!'

The crowds of gaily dressed people about them, the shouts of the bookmakers, and the pleasant sense of being on an enjoyable picnic contrasted oddly with any reference to such banished topics as death and sorrow.

'I consider that Mrs Ogilvie is one of the most reserved women I ever met,' said the canon, proceeding to give an epitome of a character which he thought he—and perhaps only he—understood. 'She is impulsive yet cautious, clever yet light-minded; for a woman, her intelligence is quite above the ordinary run, and yet she is often hopelessly difficult to convince.' He leaned forward on the table, looking handsome and dignified, and his clean-shaven face had an appearance more clever than was quite justified by his attainments.

'I am sure that Mrs Ogilvie is a woman of deep affections,' said Lady Falconer, whose tongue seemed framed for nothing but kind speeches.

'I remember,' said Sir John, 'how struck my wife and I were by her devotion to her son that year we met her in Spain. It seemed to us to have almost a touch of tragedy in it; but that, of course, is now explained by hearing that she had just lost her only other child.'

Lady Falconer turned in an explanatory manner to Mrs Wrottesley. 'My husband and I were having a discussion, on this marriage journey of ours,' she said, 'on the subject of how much one would do for any one whom one loved. Sir John was horribly disappointing, and seemed doubtful whether he would tell a lie for any one. Mrs Ogilvie, if I recollect rightly, said that even a crime was justifiable for the sake of one whom one loved.'

'Poor Mrs Ogilvie!' said Mrs Wrottesley.

The words seemed incongruous. Mrs Ogilvie, with her contempt for pity, her sumptuous manner of living and of dressing, was hardly an object for pity; and Canon Wrottesley felt that his wife's remark was out of place, although he was far too kind to say so in public.

There was a sudden lull in the noise of the racecourse; the bookmakers' harsh shouts ceased, and even conversation stopped for a moment, for the last race must have begun.

The last race was an interesting event. It was a steeplechase for gentlemen-riders only, and friends of the riders were standing up in the grand stand with field-glasses to their eyes watching with absorbed attention the horses, which were still a great distance off on the other side of the course. Jane was standing by Peter. Kitty Sherard was quite near; she was not looking through field-glasses as the others were doing, but stood leaning lightly on the balcony of the grand stand, with her two hands clasped on the wooden rail in front of her.

'Can you see who is leading?' said Jane, and received no answer to her question; and then she saw that Miss Sherard was not looking at the racecourse at all. Her face was white, and her hands, which were clasped on the wooden rail before her, had a strained look about them, and showed patches of white where the slender fingers were tightly pressed on the back of her hands.

The last race involved some big fences, it is true; but then Kitty of all people in the world was the last to be afraid of a stiff course. It was not like her to keep her eyes turned away from the horses until some one quite close to her said, 'Well, they're over the water-jump, anyway,' when she suddenly raised her field-glasses, with hands that were trembling a little, and kept her eyes fixed on the race. It was going to be a close finish, most people thought, and as the horses came round the farther corner you could have spread a tablecloth over them. Toffy's horse closely hugged the rails and was kept well in hand; while, of the two in front of him, one was showing signs of the pace, and the other had not much running left in him. These two soon tailed off, when the favourite

(dark-green and yellow hoops) came through the other horses, and rode neck to neck with Toffy's brown jacket. It became a race between these two, and it was evident that the finish was going to be a close one.

'Toffy 's not fit to ride,' said the voice of a young man who would have liked Toffy to win the race, although he knew better than to back him. 'He is as mad as ten hatters to ride to-day.'

'I wish to goodness they wouldn't talk!' said Kitty suddenly under her breath.

The two horses came on neck to neck to the last fence but one.

'By Gad, he knows how to ride!' went on the masculine voice; 'but Spinach-and-Eggs is the better horse of the two.'

The ground was in splendid going condition, and the two horses raced over it. They could see Nigel Christopherson's face now, and Toffy was smiling slightly, while the other man's teeth were firmly set. Their two stirrups clanged together as their horses rose to the rails and galloped on to the last fence.

And there, of course, Toffy's horse fell. It was not his fault; there was a bit of soft ground just where he landed, his horse blundered and fell, and the favourite rode past the winning-post an easy winner.

The spectators in the grand stand could see Christopherson pick himself up a moment later and lead his horse home; but there was one moment, as the rider behind him took the last jump, when for a fraction of time it seemed more than possible that he might land on the top of Sir Nigel. For a breathless space there was that dramatic silence which may be felt when a concourse of people literally hold their breath. Miss Abingdon covered her face for a moment; and Jane heard Peter say, 'Good God!'

The next moment the danger was over, and Jane was surreptitiously handing Miss Sherard a handkerchief drenched in eau de Cologne; for Kitty had sat down suddenly and her face was white. She did not speak, but she looked up into Jane's face for a moment; and the look said as plainly as possible, 'I can't help it. Don't tell any one.'

'It was a horribly near thing,' Jane said, in order to explain Kitty's pallor to herself, 'and I'm afraid it has given you rather a turn.'

Miss Sherard's feeling of faintness was only momentary, and already the bright colour was in her cheeks again, and she laughed and said, 'It was not the last jump really, Jane; but I'm a horrible gambler, and I put my very last shilling on Toffy.'

(To be continued.)

A FORGOTTEN ISLE.

By MARY STUART BOYD, Author of *Our Stolen Summer*.

WITH regard to Iviza, the third in importance of the Balearic Isles, which lie midway between Spain and Africa, even the usually omniscient Baedeker maintains a dignified reserve. And, indeed, Iviza is so little visited that, while the Isleña Marítima Steamship Company convey passengers thither from Majorca for fifteen pesetas first class, or eleven pesetas second, they charge eighteen and thirteen pesetas respectively to convey them back to Majorca; which looks as though they thought voyagers might require to be cajoled into going to Iviza, but would need no inducement to return.

The complete history of Iviza has never been, and never will be, written. From the fragmentary records existent, one gathers that from earliest days occupation of the lovely and fertile island was hotly contested. Chaldeans, Egyptians, Phœnicians, Romans, Greeks, Vandals, Saracens, and Moors fought for its possession. Since the Aragonese invasion of the thirteenth century Iviza has belonged to Spain.

During our winter in Majorca we had heard strange tales of the Ivizans—told, it must be admitted, by people who avowedly had never set foot on their island—grim stories of ferocity, of the crack of the ready pistol, of the slash of the handy knife. We had also heard that these fierce islanders were invariably kind to strangers. Now we were on the way to judge for ourselves.

We had left Palma on a bright April noon; but as the heliotrope mountains of Majorca receded into the distance the brilliance faded. From azure the Mediterranean changed to purple, from purple to gray, and the wind blew keenly against us.

Before the land we left had faded from sight two little clouds, low on the western horizon, were recognised as outlying islets of the Ivizan group. Then, as we gradually approached, hills upon hills, promontories, and more islets appeared. The sun sank in golds and grays behind the heights, and still we steamed on through the gloom, past a rocky, indented coast, on which we saw no sign of habitation.

Then, as the *Lulio* entered a narrow passage, out of the darkness rose a town, piled on an eminence—a town of unexpected beauty; for from the tranquil waters of the almost landlocked bay to the highest point it was sparkling with lights. It was Iviza, the one important town of the island.

Having secured rooms and supped at the *fonda*, which is in the newer town that clus ters about the harbour, we set out to explore Mounting a slope, we found ourselves confronte

by the Roman walls that encircle the steep rock on which perches the ancient, tower-crowned city. Passing through the gate, in a niche on either side of which stands a massive headless marble statue, we encountered a medley of dark, secretive streets, in whose recesses something of the atmosphere of the Middle Ages seemed still to linger. But the Ivizans go early to bed. The lights that illumined our landing had already been extinguished, and finding our progress over these tortuous steeps a protracted stumble, we groped our way back to the *fonda*, resigned to leaving further exploration to the morrow.

A clerical friend in Palma had given us an introduction to his chosen friend, who was a *beneficiado* of the cathedral at Iviza, so when we had drunk our coffee we climbed to the cathedral on the heights to find the *padre*.

Service was proceeding as we waited, enjoying the music and the tuneful clamour of the curious wheel of bells that mingled so harmoniously with the sound of the organ. Though the cathedral, in common with all the Ivizan churches, belongs to no known school of architecture, it is very beautiful; and the interior, with its canopied Virgin, gives an inspiring sense of light.

The *padre* had been forewarned of our coming. When Mass was over he joined us on the *mirador* outside, and, ignoring the differences in our nationality, language, and religion, promptly took us under his kindly wing. With his guidance we saw the treasures of the cathedral, climbed the tower to enjoy the comprehensive view, and visited the adjacent strongly fortified castle, now used as a military barracks. Leaving the heights, we walked down to the church of Santo Domingo, an antique building with curious red-tiled domes.

The priceless possession of the old Dominican convent is a certain image of Christ that for ages has been the object of great devotion. Until the last century all ships, on entering or leaving the harbour, were in the custom of saluting it with flags and a shot from their cannon.

As we neared the church we saw approaching a peasant family attired in the quaintly attractive gala-dress of the island. The sun-tanned peasant father had a complete suit of old-gold embossed velvet, and a purple scarf was wound about his waist. The mother wore the immoderately wide skirt gathered into a plain, high-waisted bodice, the short, full silk apron, the little shoulder-shawl with its prettily flowered border and long fringe, and the gaily embroidered head-wrap that make up the distinctive Ivizan costume. From the tip of her pigtail a brightly coloured ribbon hung down to the hem of her spreading skirts. A girl of eight or nine was a diminutive facsimile of her mother. The elder boy wore a man's suit in miniature of very light blue, and a wide-brimmed yellow hat. The group tapered off with a wee boy in an oddly cut long frock and a white Carlist cap, and a baby in bunchy petticoats and a muslin cap with wings. The father, who smiled pleasantly when he saw us notice the children, carried with evident care a liqueur-bottle. Moving decorously, as though conscious of being bound on some important mission, they passed into the church.

We had paused to examine an antique painting, and when we reached the chapel that contained the venerated image we found the little family already kneeling before the altar, even the youngest apparently impressed by the solemnity of the occasion.

After a few moments, the father, still holding the bottle, approached the *padre* to crave a private word with him, and they left the chapel together, leaving the mother and children still on their knees.

A great silver lamp, suspended from the roof, burned before the Christo, and all round the walls were votive offerings. While we lingered, a female attendant entered the chapel, carrying the liqueur-bottle. Drawing down the lamp, she proceeded to fill its reservoir from the bottle; the peasant family, who still maintained their devotional attitude, half-turning to watch her movements.

Returning to the body of the church, we found the *padre* and the rustic in earnest converse. During a recent serious illness, the *padre* explained, the husbandman had vowed the gift of a bottle of olive-oil for the sacred lamp. Now on his recovery his first action had been to make a little pilgrimage to the chapel, bringing his entire family, to give thanks for his restoration to health, and to deliver the promised gift. The incident was typical of the simple and sincere devotion of the Ivizans, and our hearts melted and were glad with the little household.

As we walked along the ramparts, a portly figure, joyously arrayed in a suit of maize-coloured corduroy, a lilac-checked shirt, and a green hat, gladdened our vision.

'That is the English Consul,' said the *padre*, who was on good terms with all the parishioners. 'I shall introduce him.'

The British Vice-Consul blushed—nay, even twittered—when presented to genuine natives of the country he represented; but his knowledge of its language was rudimentary. After a few tentative efforts the conversation lapsed into Spanish. As the youngest member of our party said, it was quicker.

A few years ago a lucky chance revealed the existence of a Phœnician necropolis on a rocky slope just without the old Roman walls, and there, after lunch, the untiring *padre* escorted us. There was nothing in the appearance of the scene of the excavations to suggest catacombs underneath our feet. Tall asphodels were blooming all around; and two men in wide felt-hats and abbreviated blouses, who were standing by some

heaps of tumbled soil, were the only visible sign of the explorations that were going on beneath. When we neared them we saw that their labour consisted in passing the earth through a fine sifter, and that close by yawned a hole overhung by a rope running on a wheel attached to a rough tripod.

The youngest of our company was the only one daring enough to accept the invitation to descend. Sliding down the rope, he vanished into the bowels of the earth. One of the workmen followed, and while we awaited their reappearance we noticed that many brown bones, light in weight and brittle to the touch, mingled with the mounds of refuse, and that bits of broken pottery and fragments of iridescent glass leavened the heaps.

The adventurer's account was that after passing through an outer hall they entered a narrow chamber, where a ghoulish being was sitting on the edge of a long stone coffin, grubbing in the dust and ashes that filled it. Resting on the rim of the coffin were the relics that had just been recovered from the débris — portions of shattered pottery and a beautiful, but mutilated, five-inch-high statuette of terra-cotta. Descending farther, they reached a large chamber where there were many stone coffins and a plenitude of bones.

At some unknown date the Moors, discovering the catacombs, had despoiled them of treasure, in the process leaving trace of their own presence in the form of broken water-jars and other worthless belongings. Fortunately these early marauders valued only gold; so that, in spite of the irremediable damage caused by their rough handling, a mine of precious things still remains to enrich archæology.

By the windmill on the crest of the hill was the house where the treasures are temporarily housed before being removed to the museum, which is close by the cathedral. There also the *padre* was a welcome guest; and there, in a small, dark room, wonderful things were shown us—tiny jars delicately decorated; perfect vases of iridescent glass; strange bas-relief recumbent figures, with stiffly extended hands; antique coins; scarabs, from which the Moors had reft the setting; golden ornaments that had escaped their rapacity; and old lamps enough to have satisfied even the covetous Abanazar.

Sunday morning dawned so calm and beautiful that we rose early, and went out to the Alameda to watch the country-folk coming in to town to Mass and to market; and as we sat on the stone seats under the trees we chirruped with irrepressible enjoyment, so unexpectedly and deliciously odd were the figures that streamed past.

Some of the women rode mules, sitting perched high on a pile of sheepskins, their multicoloured petticoats billowing about their neat ankles; others were packed closely into open carts that had cushions placed low on either side of their sagging floor-matting.

With its flippant hues and staid cut, the native dress was a bewildering combination of garishness and sobriety.

They say there are ten men for every woman in Iviza, and the aspect of the roads on that sunny April morning inclined us to believe the report, for from every direction came fine, strapping fellows moving in droves. In striking contrast to the expansive attire of the women, the men's dress appeared designed to accentuate their natural slimness. The trousers of richly coloured velvet or plush fitted closely to the limbs, except at the ankles, where they spread widely; while their further adornments were gaily hued shirts or short, full blouse-jackets and bright sashes. The popular large felt-hats were lavishly adorned with gold cords; and in addition to one necktie for use, it was customary to add a second, and even a third, for show.

As the morning advanced, a moving throng, resplendent in colour, crowded the market-place. Girls temporarily freed from their chaperons were parading in decorous rows, their hands, holding pocket-handkerchiefs heavily edged with crochet lace, sedately crossed over their short but voluminous green silk aprons.

It was perhaps only to be expected that wherever we saw a bevy of girls a corresponding cluster of men would be at hand. Yet we rarely saw them address one another. The modern etiquette of a rustic courtship in Iviza is clearly defined. A plenitude of suitors being assured, it is the maiden who makes the selection. The admirers of a marriageable girl wait for her outside the church door on Sunday, and when she leaves Mass the one who has the prior claim presents himself and walks beside her for the first portion of the homeward journey. Then at a given point, or within a stated time-limit, he yields place to the second, and the second to a third, until the number is exhausted. If any suitor seeks to transgress the unwritten law, pistols may flash and knives are apt to spring. In all other matters the people of Iviza are peaceable, and on all points moral and virtuous. It must be admitted that certain of the more frolicsome spirits still keep up the custom of saluting the maidens of their choice with a charge of rock-salt aimed at the ankles, and it is devoutly to be hoped that the unwieldy masses of petticoats serve at least one useful purpose by shielding the wearers from the saline missiles of love's artillery.

After breakfast we visited the museum, a rich treasure-house, from whose top shelves skulls of vanished races grinned down as though the owners found food for secret amusement in the idea of a special building being set apart in which to guard with ceaseless care what to them had been but everyday possessions.

Then the *padre*, with kindly thought and

subtle intuition of what is interesting to the stranger in a foreign land, took us a-visiting. Our first call was upon the only professional artist on the island, who, like everybody else, seemed on affectionate terms with our sponsor. And in the artist of that forgotten isle we rejoiced to meet the romantic painter of fiction, the picturesque hero one reads about, but rarely has the good fortune to see in the flesh.

Don Narciso—his very name seemed in harmony—was young, buoyant of spirit, charming in manner, and an enthusiast regarding art. He had a thick, curly, black beard and abundant wavy black hair. He wore a becoming blouse, and his loosely knotted tie was of *amarillo* silk.

Don Narciso welcomed us cordially. He was working at a full-length portrait of a bishop, who was a native of Iviza; and around the walls of his studio were brilliant studies in figure and landscape. It was refreshing to breathe the artistic atmosphere, and when we parted from the painter it was with a speedy reunion in prospect.

Next day, with the *padre* as guide, we drove across the island to San Antonio, the town that ranks second in importance to the capital. And here I may remark parenthetically that in this land of simple delights a whole day's hire of a man, horse, and conveyance costs four shillings; and that country *fondas* volunteer to board and lodge visitors for two pesetas a day (about ten shillings a week), wine, of course, being included in the fixed price. The *fonda* at Iviza, which enjoys a monopoly and ranks as fashionable, charges six pesetas a day for its best rooms, with full board.

At first sight we found San Antonio disappointing. What we had expected I do not know. What we found was a whitewashed village set on a rocky slope by an enclosed bay. The situation was delightful; yet, after the grandly characteristic city of Iviza, this zealously whitewashed little town, in spite of its undoubted antiquity, seemed insignificant and new.

Though our time was limited, we saw many things—the curious old church that was once a fortress against the raids of piratical Moors; the modern lighthouse; and the famous Cave of Santa Ines, with its unique subterranean chapel and the Holy Well, that on San Bartolomé's Day (which occurs in January) is the object of annual pilgrimage, when people from all parts of the island visit the cave to picnic, drink the waters of the Holy Well, and dance decorously—in those voluminous skirts it were impossible to frisk—until sunset.

The cave is about a mile from the village, and the way to it is a track over solid rock. Thither we were escorted by Señor Antonio, yet another comrade of our good *padre*.

In the thirteenth century, before the fortress was converted into a church, the inner chamber of the cave was used as a place of worship. And there are curious legends of a supernatural image of the martyred Santa Ines, that on the day of San Bartolomé made its appearance before the underground shrine—an image that, no matter by whom it was removed or in what consecrated building it was housed, miraculously found its way back to the cave.

Carrying a lighted candle, the valiant Antonio entered the cavern; and close on his heels we followed, doubled up, down an uneven burrow that led by devious angles to the inner chapel, where we could stand upright, and where, despite the passage of centuries and the falling of much débris, the arch of the roof masonry and the place of the altar were still discernible.

The climax of our visit to the little white town was an introduction to Señorita Antonia, the beloved of Antonio, whom we met in the house of her mother in the steep street near the church.

The concluding day of our fleeting visit had rushed upon us. In the morning we went in the company of the British Vice-Consul to the Salinas, the great lagoons whose utilitarian existence dates back to long before the Conquest, and from which nine thousand tons of salt are annually shipped to various parts of the world.

The weather was magnificent, and as we drove along by the wide, shallow pools the scene was one of unexpected brilliance. The strong sunshine glittered on the sharp-faceted crystals of pyramids of rough salt, that were reflected in the still blue water. Twice a year, when the lagoons are dry, a thousand men find employment in recovering the sun-dried salt crystals and building them into miniature icebergs. It was the quiet season at the Salinas. The sun had not attained its summer heat, and the pools were full of water. Yet a succession of trucks were conveying salt over the movable lines of rails to the wharf, where streams of salt, like sparkling white torrents, were falling from the shoots of the pulverising-machines into the flat-bottomed barges that were supplying a large Italian barque.

Don Narciso was our companion that radiant afternoon, and it was through a fair, green world that he led us, by pleasant country byways, towards the little village of Jesus, to see a noted picture in the church there. Our way thither led first by the watercourses—the *feixas* that are so quaint a feature of so delightfully quaint a country. On either side of the raised centre path ran broad ditches full of clear water, where shoals of little fish, like vivified marks of exclamation, darted out and in among the rushes; and where on every floating leaf a tiny frog, green or golden, bronze or chocolate, sat and croaked like a little king on an island throne. It was with lamentable lack of monarchical dignity that each in turn, as he got hint of our

approach, took an agile header into the water and vanished.

Vines trained to trellises bordered the *feixas;* and at frequent intervals tall, whitewashed gateposts, reached by narrow bridges, but quite unsupported by walls, reared their arched bulk with something of the self-conscious air of whited sepulchres. A few of the tall gateways led to sheds from which issued the grunts of unseen animals; but most of them seemed to have singularly little reason for existence.

Our path led under trees heavy with green velvet almonds, and past fields knee-deep in full-bearded grain and rich in blood-red poppies and crimson gladioli, among which wide-hatted women, the upper of their many skirts tucked up pannier-fashion, were busy weeding.

The church belonged to that informal, almost casual, style of architecture peculiar to Iviza. The roof was red-tiled, and within and without the building was severely whitewashed. The special picture, which formed the centre of the great altar-piece, was the work of an unknown painter of the early Valencian school. It was a simple and refined composition, obscure in detail—even after Don Narciso had thrown open the big door of the church to allow more light to enter—but remarkably rich and full in colour.

The *cura* of the little church was not at home; but his parents, a dear old rustic couple who lived with him, knew Don Narciso, and welcomed us warmly, offering that spontaneous and insistent hospitality that struck us as being a special feature of the Ivizans. A winter passed in Majorca had accustomed us to the polite but purely perfunctory fashion in which, like the Spaniard, the Majorcan offers food to all comers, secure in the knowledge that it will be declined. A very few days spent in Iviza had taught us that when the Ivizan offers refreshment to the visitor he means it to be accepted.

The moment we were all seated on chairs set round the walls of the large, airy room, into which the wide, outer door directly opened, the good old father hastened to bring out a tray of liqueur-glasses and a decanter of amber-hued Ivizan wine—wine that had been pressed from grapes ripened close by; and the mother ran to fetch a plate of sweet biscuits and large goblets of clear water. Then, standing before us, they watched with genuine pleasure while we sipped the wine, and, having praised it in all sincerity, followed the custom of the country by drinking the water.

The sole offspring of the worthy couple had been two sons, both of whom had shown a vocation for the Church. The son in whose house they lived was now *cura* of Jesus, while his brother was *vicario* of San Raphael, a parish only a short walk distant.

Our casual visit to the little hamlet left us an unfading impression of rural sweetness of atmosphere and of modest pride that had attained its ideal.

So ended our stay in Iviza; for when dinner at the *fonda* was over and our farewells said, the steamer was waiting to take us back to Majorca. The visit had been a short one, yet our thoughts held precious memories of a sincere and kindly people, of the gentle *padre* and his affectionate care for his flock, of Narciso and his pictures, of the Consul and his flamboyant taste in dress, of the loves of Antonio and Antonia, and of the dear old father and mother of the *cura* of Jesus.

Though it lacks the savage grandeur of some parts of Majorca, Iviza has beautiful and romantic scenery; and life in the remote island is sweet and simple and wholesome. There is little money in circulation, but more is not needed. Fish may be had for the catching, the ground is fertile, the climate gracious, and the water-supply unfailing, so food is abundant and cheap. We had thought house-rent low in Majorca, but in Iviza it surely reaches its minimum.

This, then, was our impression of the forgotten isle, about which such highly coloured tales were circulated. As we found the Ivizans—honest, courteous, generous, and hospitable, quaint of dress and soft of voice—so have I written of them.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW AND NOVEL DECORATIVE PROCESS.

'M' LADY' is ever on the lookout for some quaint novelty capable of fulfilling the purpose of personal adornment, and now the feminine world of western America has certainly secured something which is distinctly unique in this particular field. By means of a secret process, the discovery of Professor Louis Delamothe, a prominent American electro-metallurgist, fruit, flowers, insects—indeed, all plant and animal life—can be converted into metal without any depreciation of the natural beauty. 'Metallising' it is called, and its application appears to be illimitable. Thus, for instance, the rose, no matter how delicate and beautifully tinted it may be, is taken from the garden, and within a short while every petal, leaf, and stalk is transformed into solid metal about twice as tough as copper. It is not a plating process, but an actual metamorphosis from the organic into the inorganic condition. The process is entirely electrical; and so skilfully and completely are the natural characteristics of the articles under treatment preserved that it is not until they are taken in the hand that their metallic nature is detected

by the weight. The writer has seen bunches of grapes, with every vein in the leaf, every hair-like tracing, tint, and even bloom on the fruit, fully and imperishably preserved. Leaves, insects, flowers, and so forth have been treated in this manner, and make an attractive pin, brooch, buckle, or what not. One of the most fashionable objects of this character is the 'Chanticleer' hat-pin—a fowl's foot completely changed into metal—which forms one of the most quaint means of securing a lady's headgear that has yet been devised. The process is also utilised for the production of articles for the boudoir and dining-table, the thornless cactus (with the interior removed and the rind subjected to the art) forming an excellent pepper-box or sugar-dredge. The perfection of the process has taken Professor Delamothe some twenty years, and it was only a few months ago that success was at last achieved. The metallising factory is now in full swing. The novelties have not yet made their appearance in this country; but it is safe to assert that when they at last reach these shores they will command as big a vogue as they do in America to-day.

THE EDISON ELECTRIC STORAGE-BATTERY.

Much has been written from time to time about the electrical battery that the American wizard has perfected, and the remarkable performances that have attended its utilisation. That there is a great future for the electrically propelled vehicle in the busy streets of our large cities no one can gainsay, since it is smoother in running, more silent, and more convenient to handle than the petrol-bus, while the liability to breakdown is more remote. But the great disadvantage has been its comparatively brief period of activity, only some fifty miles or so being run on one charge. With the Edison battery, however, the radius of action on a single charge is at least doubled, and without any increase in weight. A motor-bus seating thirty people has been built on these lines, with no outside deck; and its total weight in running order, with the driver and conductor, is about twenty-one hundredweight. This vehicle has completed a number of runs made in the country around Orange, New Jersey, in order to demonstrate its possibilities. On a single charge its average running distance at fourteen miles an hour was about one hundred and twenty miles; the shortest day's run, in very hilly country, being one hundred and two miles. The car measures twenty-eight feet in length; and, in addition to the eight-cylinder battery with which it is fitted, it is heated with hot water and lighted by electricity. The average running cost—that is, for electrical energy—comes out at about a half-penny per mile, and the motor can develop fifty horse-power, which is adequate to drive a fully laden vehicle up the steepest public road. The system has got far beyond the experimental stage, for one American railway has nine motor-cars of this type operating on its system, while another, forty feet in length and built of steel, has been constructed for a Chicago railway.

A NEW TYPE OF OPEN-AIR DWELLING FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The battle against the 'white scourge,' as tuberculosis has come to be called, is waged to-day with unremitting vigour. It is now generally realised that the most efficient means of combating its ravages is pure air, and plenty of it. For this purpose open-air sanatoria have been established in various parts of the country, and the course of treatment is in the great majority of cases highly successful. The style of buildings adopted at these institutions, in the opinion of a close observer, is not all that could be desired, and accordingly he has evolved a new type of open-air shed which has the advantage of being much cheaper than the conventional class of building, so that such treatment is brought within reach of a far larger number of the community, while existing disadvantages are overcome. The inventor has patented his idea, and has set forth the reasons which led him to perfect it, and the essential features of his system, with plans of the improved dwellings, in a small brochure which is well worth perusal by all those interested in this campaign. The essential point, he urges, apart from the improvements in the design of the building, is the erection of small and inexpensive sanatoria, instead of setting up here and there extensive and costly establishments. In this way not only would the isolation hospitals be more widely distributed over the country, but the open-air treatment would be rendered cheaper than it is at present. Following up the extension of the same treatment to delicate and backward children, which is now being actively pursued, he has elaborated an interesting open-air 'camp' system which should certainly arouse the interest of those concerned in the solution of this problem.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE PEA-NUT.

We in this country are rather apt to regard the little pea-nut—or, to quote its popular cognomen, the 'monkey-nut'—with disdain. As a matter of fact, however, it is one of the most valuable food products which we possess, and the cultivation of the humble little 'goober' is an extensive industry. In North America it is held in much higher estimation, owing to its dietetic value, and pea-nut groves as extensive as peach-orchards, and nursed with just as much care, can be found in places where the natural conditions are adapted to its cultivation, since the little tree is somewhat particular in regard to situation. Last year the United States raised over two million and a quarter pounds' worth of these nuts. They enter very extensively into the

vegetarian menu and the confectionery trade; while as butter they are in great demand, especially for camping-out parties, and for yachting, motor-car, and other excursions. The manufacture of the butter is a very simple process. The nuts are first shelled, and then slightly roasted. The thin outer skin is removed by fanning, being rendered easily detachable by the roasting operation, and the kernels are then ground to a pulp, which, as it exudes from the machine in an oleaginous mass, is fed into tins or bottles, and tightly sealed. Certainly this butter is more tasty than the ordinary commodity, and it is far more nourishing. In this country the nut is extensively used as a substitute for the almond, especially with the addition of a little essence of the latter nut to disguise the fraud, in the composition of fancy cakes, macaroons, and icing. In the Southern states many planters who formerly raised cotton are now devoting their attention to the cultivation of the pea-nut. The crop is far more certain, owing to the ravages of the boll-weevil in connection with the cotton, and the enterprise is being attended with conspicuous financial success. Under ordinary cultivation, one acre will yield thirty-four bushels of nuts; but the Government authorities believe that if the seed is carefully selected and cultivation carried out on more scientific lines, the yield can be increased to about sixty bushels per acre. Indeed, top notch has been obtained with one hundred and sixty bushels to the acre. The industry has another attractive feature: the nuts represent absolute profit, since the vegetation is a valuable forage, and, aggregating two tons per acre, provides sufficient to defray the whole cost of cultivation of the staple article.

GOLD-BACKED MIRRORS.

The utilisation of gold for backing mirrors as devised by Mr Sherard Cowper-Coles has proved eminently successful, and is entering into extensive commercial application, since the advantages over the ordinary silvering method are so great. It has been found that not only is the gold unaffected by conditions which invariably set up deterioration in silvered mirrors, but the light reflected is more penetrating and less dazzling. The gold-backed mirrors are thus eminently adapted for use in motor-car headlights and similar applications where a powerful beam of light is desired. The invention has also been adapted to general house lighting, decoration, and other purposes. One of the drawbacks of the metallic filament electric incandescent light is its powerful glare, which is so trying to the eyes. This drawback can be entirely overcome without any sacrifice of illumination if a thin gold film is deposited on the lower half of the lamp-bulb, though a more satisfactory effect is secured if a glass reflector coated with a thin film of gold is suspended immediately beneath the lamp. The reflector throws the greater part of the light back on to the ceiling, where it becomes diffused; but a certain quantity of the light passes through the reflector. This, being of a pleasing green tint and mingling with the diffused illumination, produces a soft light, which is very restful to the eyes.

A NEW NON-CORROSIVE DISINFECTANT AND SHEEP-DIP.

Sheep-farmers who realise the great difficulty attending the use of arsenic and sulphur in their dipping operations will doubtless be interested in a new dip which has been recently evolved. Many efforts have been made to secure an efficient means of dissolving crude arsenic and sulphur in the deodorising liquid, but without success, with the result that dipping could only be carried out in an irregular manner. Recently, however, a process has been invented whereby the arsenic and sulphur are readily dissolved, and in such a manner that when they are mixed with the tar acids a very powerful non-corrosive disinfectant is obtained. It is stated that, this speciality being much stronger than any other type of non-corrosive deodoriser—it is from four to five times as powerful as the disinfectant usually employed—only a much smaller quantity need be used at a time, so that the dipping operation can be carried out far more cheaply as well as successfully.

STUDYING THE MAP OF THE HEAVENS.

During the past few years the study of the stars has become far more popular among the masses, and this trend towards a keener appreciation of a fascinating branch of science is one to be fostered. While several popular books on astronomy have been published, and have an extensive vogue, they are somewhat beyond the grasp of the average observer. What he particularly requires is some simple means whereby he can readily identify the prominent features of celestial phenomena. This desire is now fully met by means of the *New Star Calendar* and *The Stars from Year to Year*, the editions of which for 1911 are now obtainable. The general arrangement is distinctly ingenious, as the heavens are mapped out in a circle, with the 'landmarks of the sky' drawn and titled in white, and with the centre as the zenith. They give a vivid and intelligible representation of the heavens at ten in the evening, about the middle of the month, with instructions as to how to determine the exact location of any particular stellar point on any other day of the month by means of a simple mental calculation. In the *Star Calendar* the rim of the map representing the horizon is divided into twelve equal segments, each of which corresponds to a month in the year. All that is necessary is to turn the circular map round until it assumes the form of a star, keeping the name of the current season

at the bottom. This chart is undoubtedly the simplest and most efficient means of reading the sky that has yet been devised. In *The Stars from Year to Year* a chart of the sky for every month is provided, and together with the notes and explanations that are given, it forms a handy guide, philosopher, and friend to the vast unfathomable overhead. The publishers are the *Beds. Times* Publishing Company, Ltd., Bedford.

A NEW STAMP-AFFIXING MACHINE.

Another simple appliance for affixing stamps by mechanical agency to general postal matter has made its appearance. This machine is designed to carry five rolls of stamps of one thousand each, and of different values. The letter is inserted and stamped, afterwards falling into a locked receptacle. By this arrangement it will be seen that a business house can detect whether its stamps are being legitimately used or otherwise, and can easily determine its postal expenditure by reading the register. The machine is so designed that stamps from any of the five different value rolls can be affixed as desired, or one from each, placed side by side, on the document. Special means are provided for moistening the gum for affixing at the instant the latter operation is about to take place; and, in order to prevent the adhesive becoming moist from humidity within the closed box, the supply of water for damping purposes is carried in a sealed vessel.

A REMARKABLE ELECTRIC SIGN.

The American has an inordinate taste for doing things on a large scale, and the latest outburst in this direction is a mammoth electric overhead sign that is being erected in the largest cities throughout the country. At the same time, however, it must be admitted that this latest specimen of advertising in the sky is striking, vividly real, and picturesque. When the writer was in New York recently it had just been completed, and a dense crowd of people packed all the streets giving a view of this latest wonder. It is a vast reproduction in electric lamps of the chariot scene from *Ben Hur*, the 'tale of the Christ,' by General Lew Wallace, with all the hustle and rush of frantic movement and excitement faithfully portrayed. The picture is carried within a frame ninety feet in length, presenting the proscenium of a theatre, with the curtain, lit in red, just pulled up. At each side is a huge pillar, outlined in electricity, capped with a bowl of flame which is produced by a huge gas-jet, and the waving of the fire in the wind is produced by the rapid moving in and out of switches governing the lighting of the electric lamps. Right in the centre of the picture is a broadside view of the chariot, forty feet in length, the driver and horses of which are twenty feet in height, while the wheels are eight feet in diameter. Behind is seen a second chariot, and in front one gets a glimpse of the huge arena, with its crowded tiers of seats. The whole picture is mounted on a colossal framework of steel erected on the roof of an hotel, above which it rises to a height of seventy-two feet. Behind the picture are two large houses built into the framework carrying the electric mechanism. Every minute detail in the composition is worked out in a lamp corresponding to the colour desired, the white road-bed and the clouds of dust alone requiring over one thousand lamps. The race is shown in every detail. The motor devices move in and out so rapidly and punctually that you see the horses' legs leaping backward and forward in long strides in their frantic dash; the chariot rolls; the wheels fly round so rapidly that the spokes cannot be seen; the track appears to rush beneath the horses' feet with terrific rapidity; clouds of dust roll into the air; the charioteer is seen urging his horses on in their mad career, with the next chariot in hot pursuit; the manes and tails of the horses appear to flutter in the wind; the gaily coloured robe of the driver waves in the breeze; and the outline lamps of the arena are so manipulated that it seems to fly past you. The illusion is so complete that one has the impression of actually being in the Roman amphitheatre and gazing upon one of the most terrific races that ever took place. The Americans pride themselves that this is the most realistic piece of work in electric lighting that has ever been produced, and they are certainly entitled to every credit for what is undoubtedly a masterpiece in advertising. But the expense must be tremendous. The race is repeated about every ten minutes from dusk to midnight. Altogether twenty thousand electric lamps are employed in the picture, and they are controlled by two thousand seven hundred and fifty switches. For the rapid extinguishing and lighting of the lamps, by means of which the vraisemblance of rapid movement is produced, a special type of switch called a 'flasher' is used, and they are so arranged as to give no less than two thousand five hundred flashes of light per minute. The lamps vary in intensity from two to thirty candle-power each, and six hundred horse-power is consumed in the operation of the sign.

AN AUTOMATIC DEVICE FOR SELF-PORTRAITURE.

The desire for taking a portrait of one's self is one that no amateur photographer can quell. Sooner or later he makes the attempt, with a length of string, tubing, or so forth for the manipulation of the shutter, but rarely scores a success. An inventor has now come forward with a new bulb-pressing device which works automatically, and which renders self-portraiture a simple and easy matter. The device is small, and comprises a frame in which are placed bellows which are fitted with a spiral spring of outward tension. The upper part of the frame

is triangular in shape, and houses the bulb operating the shutter of the camera. The base of this triangle is movable, and when the bulb is inserted within, the base is forced somewhat downwards. The bellows in opening out to the full tension of the spring come into contact with this movable section, forcing it upwards, thereby compressing the bulb which actuates the shutter. In taking a self-portrait the operator focuses his camera in the usual manner, and then sets the automatic device by compressing the bellows and setting the catch-bolt by which it is held in the closed position. He then releases the bolt and moves to take up his own position in front of the lens. As the bellows distend very slowly he has ample time to assume his pose, and by watching the action of the apparatus can tell the moment the exposure is to be made. The apparatus is very simple and positive in its action, so that the number of failures in self-portraiture should be reduced by its employment to a negligible quantity.

THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL INDUSTRY.

There have been many grumbles in the newspapers and elsewhere as to the decadence of British inns. Mr T. E. Kebbel has contributed to *Blackwood* a paper on 'Country Inns,' in which he draws a sharp distinction between the old English inn as described by Dickens and the ordinary public-house, which will not usually bear comparison with the Continental *restauration*. A motorist of experience has pointed out the absurdity of imitation French dishes under French names in Highland hotels, and suggests that in Yorkshire, as in the Highlands, there should be more dishes which recall the really excellent native products. A motoring correspondent of the *Times* compares French and English inns much to the disadvantage of the latter both in price and quality. In France the total cost worked out at eight and fourpence a day, exclusive of tips. In England for a less appetising bill of fare the cost was from eleven shillings to fifteen shillings a day. He concludes that for the motorist the English charges are likely to prove almost double those of the French. Dickens's refreshment-bar described in 'Mugby Junction' is not a thing of the past; for this correspondent, on his return from Normandy, when the steamboat landed him in England at six-forty-five A.M., with no prospect of being in London before ten, found a train without a breakfast-car, and the sole place of refreshment a bar measuring about ten feet by four feet, containing nothing but tea bitter as the waters of Marah, four small, stale buns, six bananas, and thirty-six large biscuit-tins—all empty as himself. Other people besides Mark Twain have termed Switzerland one big hotel. In a recent book on Switzerland it is stated that in the Grisons, in which even the larger towns rarely have a population of more than fifteen thousand, there are not less than three hundred and fifty-eight hotels; while the canton of Berne boasts of over four hundred hotels. The total for the twenty-two cantons is given as about two thousand, with accommodation for one hundred and thirty-five thousand tourists; but this does not include the 'irregular beds' which supplement these in the height of the season, on the billiard-table or in the bathroom. One group of hotels in a single centre entertains over seventeen thousand guests, while one hotel has about seven hundred men and women on its staff. A waitress has been known to take home twenty pounds in tips; a porter may receive for the season twenty-eight to thirty-two pounds, the luggage-master fifty pounds. In one big hotel the tips amount to about seven hundred and fifty pounds in a season. Altogether, the tourist is credited with spending about six millions sterling annually in Switzerland.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A SEA-SYMPHONY.

All day the sea made a song for you, singing
Of brown rocks jewelled by opal spray,
Of wild sea-chargers, their white manes swinging,
And fair sea-maidens as wild as they:
The sea made a song for you thus, all day.

The wind that listened, joined too; his sighing
Is but the burthen of song too sweet
To waste on the sails of the ships far flying
Toward strange horizons where dim worlds meet:
The wind made a song for you, blent with sighing.

All night the sea and the wind together
Call to you, searching the moonlit beach,
Past the yellow gorse and the scented heather
To the cliff's white edge where the shadows reach:
All night the sea and the wind beseech.

But I? I listen and watch and wonder,
Silent, cold at the lips and heart,
For the wind may sigh and the great waves thunder,
They never can reach you, afar and apart:
You lie asleep, and I watch and wonder!

CONSTANCE FARMAR.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

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NOT WHOLLY BAD.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

FROM the dawn of a certain September day, a few years ago, till past luncheon-time, a dense white fog had enveloped the country for miles around the little town of Dunstan's Cross. Then the sun's rays had succeeded in dispersing it, and a bright afternoon was now merging into a serene and unclouded evening.

At an easel in a room devoted to her own pursuits—she hated the word 'boudoir'—which fronted the west, and the open French window of which glinted in the yellow sunshine, stood Vera Willoughby, painting. It was a very pretty room, its furniture and fittings, in the main picked up piecemeal at sundry places abroad, displaying evidences of taste beyond the common; and Vera was a very pretty young woman. As she paused now and again to contemplate her work, with her head held a little on one side, she whistled a few bars softly to herself. It was an accomplishment she had picked up from her brother Max. She was engaged in putting the finishing touches to the background of a portrait of her mother. Once she spoke aloud. 'It's a wretched daub, and I've a great mind to burn it;' adding a moment later, 'and I would, too, only mamma would be so dreadfully vexed.'

In the pauses of Vera's whistling the only sound that broke the afternoon stillness—yet seeming not to break it, but rather as if it were whispering into 'the ear of Silence'—was the faint, complaining murmur of the river Boone as it tumbled over the weir, half a mile away down the valley. There had been heavy rain among the hills, and the river was in flood.

Save for two or three domestics, Vera was alone in the house. As soon as the fog had cleared off, Mrs Willoughby had gone in the victoria to visit a sick friend a dozen miles away, and was not expected back till after dark. Max was away in London for a few days in connection with certain business for his mother.

Over the lintel of the main entrance to Mallow Dene, the home of the Willoughbys, was a slab bearing the date 1688. It was a rambling, strongly built two-storied domicile, heavily roofed to withstand the fierce winter storms of these parts. It had lozenge-paned windows, huge fireplaces, and a considerable amount of substantial panelling—such a house, in short, as nobody thinks of erecting nowadays, when we no longer build for our posterity. It had been the home of several generations of well-to-do yeomen-farmers. When the last of them died, without issue, the Dene stood empty for some years. Then Arabin Willoughby, a prosperous London merchant, saw it, took a fancy to it, and bought it. Although there were more rooms in the Dene already than he and his small family were ever likely to need, he added a dining-room, together with a room in the rear for his daughter's especial use, to the existing accommodation. When that was done he retired in a great measure from business and its worries, and made the Dene his permanent home, running up to London for an occasional day or two. But he only lived for a few years to enjoy his well-earned leisure.

Vera went on painting and whistling while the afternoon deepened towards evening. Suddenly she put down her palette and brush, and turned her easel with its face to the wall. Her expectant ears had caught the click of the gate which opened from the garden in the rear of the Dene on a winding lane, and on the instant the love-light sprang to her eyes. Up the pathway between the flower-beds came swinging a tall, personable, young fellow, wearing a Norfolk suit, who paused for a moment on the veranda to disburden himself of a fishing-rod and sundry tackle before entering the room. A kiss—more than one—followed, as a matter of course, for Fred Marsden and Vera were engaged lovers.

'I've brought Max's rod and tackle back,' said Fred, 'because the river won't be fit for fishing during the short remainder of my stay.'

He had come down from London for a fortnight in order to be with his beloved, and had taken up his quarters at the Red Lion Inn in the neighbouring village. It was now Wednesday, and his brief holiday would come to an end on Friday.

'What a disappointment for you!' remarked Vera sympathetically.

'I don't feel it as such, because it will furnish

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me with an excellent excuse for seeing more of you than I might otherwise have done.'

'Oh, indeed!' was the sole reply vouchsafed him.

'How are you progressing with the portrait? May I not have a glance at it?'

'Certainly not. It's just horrid, and I'm ashamed of it. Don't say another word about it, but come to the piano. I want you to try over a new duet with me. I don't think you'll find it too difficult.'

Accordingly they sat down side by side at the instrument, and had just struck the opening chords when the grotesquely distorted shadow of a human form, as projected by the rays of the setting sun, sprang into visibility upon the wall above the piano. Vera and Marsden jumped to their feet simultaneously, and turned to confront the intruder, and as they did so a low cry broke from the girl.

On the threshold stood a man in the hideous garb of the convicts whom Vera had seen at work outside the walls of the penal prison some half-a-dozen miles away. His right hand was grasping the framework of the French window, while his left was pressed to his side as if he were labouring for breath. His bare head left visible his close-cropped chestnut hair, streaked with gray about the temples. He was tall, and thin almost to the point of emaciation, and was sun-embrowned through much labour in the open air. He had a thin-lipped mouth and coldly watchful, blue-gray eyes. Conventionally attired, he would have been accounted by most persons a strikingly handsome man. One might guess his age at forty or a few years over.

After staring at him for a few seconds in silence, Marsden, as if mechanically, moved towards the bell-pull.

'Don't do that,' said the convict, taking a stride forward and holding up a protesting hand. 'Don't do that, or Miss Willoughby will be sorry ever after.'

Fred paused and looked at Vera, who could only give utterance to a gasping 'Oh!' Both were struck by the convict's cultured intonation.

He advanced another step. 'Permit me to explain,' he said to Vera with a courteous bow, which, as coming from a being so garbed, smacked of the bizarre. 'In my unhappy self you behold none other than Edward Delane, your mother's brother and your uncle. After telling you this, you will not, I am sure, wish to give me up to my pursuers, who may be here at any moment.'

He spoke with the air of one forced into a painful confession, and he now stood before her, with his head slightly bowed and his eyes bent on the ground, awaiting her decision.

It took Miss Willoughby some seconds to recover her power of speech, so utterly taken aback was she. 'But—but I was always given to understand,' at length she contrived to stammer, 'that my uncle Edward died abroad many years ago.'

'That I did not do so is proved by my presence here to-day,' replied Delane, with a lifting of his eyebrows and a whimsical smile. 'I admit that I was the black sheep of the family,' he went on, speaking rapidly. 'When a very young man I was fleeced by gamblers, and was unable to meet my liabilities, which were liquidated by my father. After that I was shipped off to the Colonies with two hundred pounds in my pocket, and from that time was disowned by all my relatives save by my sister Laura, your mother. No doubt they were pleased to hear that I had shuffled off this mortal coil. But how do such reports get about?'

He darted to the window and threw a searching glance down the lane and along the visible stretch of high-road leading to the village. Then he went back.

'So much I tell you now,' he said, still speaking rapidly, 'but there is no time for more at present. The question is, now that you know my relationship to you, are you prepared to do whatever lies in your power to save me from recapture?' He looked appealingly at Vera.

'What is there that I can do?' she asked in a strained voice. Her mind was in a turmoil. The strangeness of the revelation thus flung at her, as it were, had deprived her for a little space of the power of coherent thought.

'Cannot you find me some clothes other than the cursed togs I'm wearing? Cannot you spare me enough money to enable me to get out of the country? Surely that's not too much to ask of you!'

Vera looked at her lover as if asking him to counsel her. Thereupon he whispered a few words rapidly, and on the instant her face brightened.

Turning to Delane, she said, 'My brother is from home just now; but in his room, which Mr Marsden will show you, you will find a quantity of his clothes, out of which you can take your pick.'

'A thousand thanks, my dear niece. You have made me your debtor for ever,' replied Delane; and to Marsden it seemed as if the hunted expression his features had hitherto worn faded out of them as he spoke.

Half-a-minute later Vera was left alone. For a short while she stood motionless, as if lost in thought; then she tottered to the nearest chair and sank into it, saying aloud as she did so, 'It must be. There is no other way—none.' Her face had paled, and she sat with an air of utter abandonment, her cheek pressed against the cushioned back of the chair. Again her lips murmured the words, 'No other way.'

She straightened herself as Marsden entered two minutes later. She was seated with her

back to the waning light, and he noticed nothing unusual in her.

'I've left him changing into some of Max's things, which ought to fit him fairly well, seeing that they are both about of a height. I hope to goodness he 'll succeed in getting safely away. So far, he has not explained how it happens that Mr Edward Delane is, or was till this morning, an inmate of a convict prison. But he may yet do so.'

'Oh Fred, do you really think he is the person he says he is—that he is mamma's brother and my uncle? Is it not possible that he may be nothing more than a vile impostor?'

'Possible, but not probable, as it seems to me. After his escape, why should he have made his way to the Dene, instead of going elsewhere, unless he knew it was the home of his relatives? If he were an impostor, how should he be aware that you ever had an uncle named Edward Delane, and how should it be within his knowledge that your mother's baptismal name is Laura? No. Till some cogent proof to the contrary comes to light, I, for one, shall continue to accept him as Mr Edward Delane.'

Vera sighed, but apparently found nothing to say.

'And now as regards some pecuniary help for him,' resumed Fred. 'I've only a few pounds on me just now; but'——

'My dear Fred, what are you thinking about?' interrupted Vera. 'That part of the affair is mine entirely. Mamma has about thirty pounds put aside for a certain purpose, which I can get at; besides which, nearly half of my last quarter's allowance is still unspent, to all of which he is welcome. But before he returns I have something very particular to say to you. Dearest, in view of what has happened within the last hour, I freely and fully release you from your engagement, and beg of you to forget the vows we made to each other that happy day three months ago.' Her voice broke, and she turned aside to hide the emotion she could no longer control.

Fred looked dumfounded, and as if he feared Vera were taking leave of her senses.

'I can't in the least comprehend what you are talking about,' he said.

'Oh, cannot you understand? After this afternoon's dreadful revelation you must see how impossible it is that I should ever become your wife.'

'I see nothing of the sort. You seem bent on mystifying me.'

Vera tapped the ground with her foot. Her colour was coming and going fitfully. 'You must comprehend how out of the question it is that you should marry into a family one member of which is an escaped convict.'

Fred broke into laughter. 'Is that all, you foolish darling? How absurdly you talk! What would it, or could it, matter to me if half your relatives were escaped convicts? What do you imagine my love is made of that it should fail you before it has ever been put to any real proof? How little you know me!'

'But think—think, Fred! Your father would never forgive you were you so far to demean yourself as to'——

'Don't talk like that, darling. My father need never know of the existence of such a person as your uncle. But all the opposition in the world would not affect my engagement to you. I love you too much for that. Besides'—— He stopped at the opening of the door.

They were standing by the window, and on the instant they turned, to find themselves confronted by a man whom neither of them recognised as having ever seen before. He halted on the threshold, regarding them gravely. He was habited in a suit of boating-flannels, with shoes to match, and a straw hat—conspicuous by its club ribbon — which he removed on coming forward. He was clean-shaven save for a small moustache, which, like his hair, was jet-black. A monocle was stuck in his left eye.

Vera's first thought was, 'He must be one of Max's friends to whom I've not been introduced.' But if such were the case, he could not have timed his call more inopportunely.

Advancing a few steps, she said, 'May I ask the nature of your business, sir?'

A laugh broke from Delane. 'Is it possible, my dear niece, that you fail to recognise me?' he said, as he shut the door behind him.

Vera sank into the nearest chair with a gasp of amazement, and Marsden fell back a couple of steps in sheer surprise.

(To be continued.)

THE BRITISH RAILWAY SYSTEM.

THOSE who talk glibly about the nationalisation of our railways, as if it were as simple a matter as the purchase of the telephone system, may receive a little instruction from the interesting paper contributed to the Engineering Section of the British Association by the President, Professor W. E. Dalby. This remarkable contribution opens with the reminder that the capital invested in the railway companies of the United Kingdom is nearly twice the amount of the National Debt, that the gross income of the railway companies is within measurable distance of the national income, that to produce this income every inhabitant of the British Islands would have to

pay annually £3 per head, that they employed over 600,000 people, and that about 8,000,000 tons of coal were burnt annually in the fire-boxes of their locomotives.

The paid-up capital of the railways in 1908 was £1,310,900,000, in comparison with £240,000,000 in 1850. The increase up to 1896 was at the rate of nearly £100,000,000 per annum. After that the increase was greater; but in 1900 the rate showed 'a tendency to a gradually decreasing value.' Part of the increase immediately after 1896 was due to nominal additions to capital. The gross receipts amounted to £120,000,000 in 1908; and the net revenue, after deducting from the total receipts the working expenditure for 1908, was £43,500,000, corresponding to 3·32 per cent. of the total paid-up capital.'

At the end of 1908 there were 23,205 miles open, corresponding to 53,669 miles of single track, including sidings. In that year the railways of the United Kingdom carried 1,278,000,000 passengers, exclusive of season-ticket holders, and 491,000,000 tons of goods; the quantity of the latter in 1907 being nearly 515,000,000 tons. It was curious, remarked Professor Dalby, that very approximately the companies carried per annum one passenger and about 0·4 ton of goods for every pound sterling of paid-up capital. The proportion of the gross receipts absorbed in carrying out this service had increased from 47 per cent. in 1860 to 64 per cent. in 1908. 'The net receipts reckoned on the paid-up capital, exclusive of the nominal additions, had not declined more than ½ per cent. since 1870, notwithstanding the increase in working expenditure. The cost of working the traffic, calculated in terms of the train-mile, remained fairly constant over a series of years. The average working costs per train-mile over the years 1905 to 1908 were 41·63d. Locomotive power absorbed an amount equal to the traffic expenses; and the companies actually paid in rates and taxes a sum nearly equal to the whole amount required to maintain the rolling-stock in an efficient state. If the whole of the locomotive power could be obtained for nothing, the average dividend would be increased only by 1¾ per cent. Reckoned on the ordinary stock alone, the increase would be about three times this amount.

Amongst other very interesting information supplied by Professor Dalby are some old statistics relating to British railways, in which the financial position and the cost of the working of the railways in those earlier days is compared with the present state of matters. Professor Dalby compares the position of the old London and Birmingham Railway with that of the London and North-Western Railway, the system into which the former has grown, the years selected being 1840 and 1908. The number of train-miles on the old system for the year 1839 was 714,998. The cost per train-mile for that year worked out at 93·3d. The receipts amounted to 231d. per train-mile. Hence the working expenditure was 40 per cent. of the gross receipts. The gross receipts for the year were £687,104, which, after deducting the necessary charges for loans, rents, and depreciation, enabled a dividend of 9¼ per cent. to be paid on the ordinary stock. There were two noteworthy facts in these old accounts —first, the allowance for depreciation on the rolling-stock was nearly 4 per cent. of the receipts; and, second, the cost of working the traffic was given per ton-mile. The actual figures given by Mr Bury, the locomotive-engineer, for the year 1839 were: for passenger trains, 21,159,796 ton-miles, giving an average of 542,533 ton-miles per engine, at 0·86 lb. of coke per ton-mile, costing 0·17d.; and for goods trains, 17,527,439 ton-miles, giving an average of 584,247 per engine, at 0·57 lb. of coke per ton-mile, costing 0·11d. per ton-mile. If we compare the capital receipts, miles open, train-miles, and working cost of the old system in 1840 with that of the London and North-Western in 1908 we get some curious facts. The gross receipts of the London and North-Western in the year mentioned were twenty-two and a half times as much as those of the old system in 1840, and the track-mileage open was about twenty-two times as great. The money earned per mile of track open was thus practically the same after a lapse of seventy years. To earn the same amount per mile of track open, however, the trains of the London and North-Western had in 1908 to run 63·3 times the number of train-miles that the trains of the London and Birmingham Railway ran in 1840. 'That was to say, in order to earn a sovereign a London and North-Western train had now to run three times the distance which it was necessary for a London and Birmingham train to run to earn the same amount. Another point was that although the mileage and the receipts per mile of track open had each increased in the same proportion, yet the capital had increased at a greater rate, being as the total amount twenty-four times as much as in 1840, and the stock and share capital had increased twenty-eight times. So that with the necessity of running three times the train-mileage to obtain the same return per mile of track open, there was the obligation to pay interest on an ordinary stock which had increased in a greater proportion than the mileage and in greater proportion than the earning power of the line. Lowe dividends were therefore inevitable.'

Professor Dalby concludes this section of h paper as follows: 'The cost of working p train-mile had decreased gradually to about ha its value in 1840, but at the same time th receipts per train-mile had dwindled to one-thi of the amount in 1840. These figures show that a more conservative system of financing t railways might have been adopted in the earl

days with advantage. If, when the receipts per train-mile were larger, a proportion of the revenue had been used annually for the construction of new works and for the provision of new rolling-stock, instead of raising fresh capital for everything in the nature of an addition to the railway, the companies would to-day have been in a position to regard with equanimity the increasing cost of working. It was too late in the day to recover such a strong financial position; but even now on many lines a large proportion of the revenue could be sunk in the line with great ultimate advantage to the financial position.'

It is interesting to observe an optimistic note in Professor Dalby's remarks: 'The mileage, passengers, and goods carried increased regularly with the increase of capital, indicating that up to the present time the possibility of remunerative return on capital invested in railway enterprise in this country was not exhausted. It was true that there was a *maximum* of goods carried in the year 1907; but the sudden drop in the curve between 1907–8 suggested that the drop was only of a temporary character, and there was every reason to believe that the curve would resume its upward tendency in time.'

PETER AND JANE.

By S. MACNAUGHTAN, Author of *The Andersons, The Fortunes of Christina Macnab*, &c.

CHAPTER VI.

MRS OGILVIE'S ball, according to an old-established custom, followed closely on the races. The proximity of the two events had gained for the quiet countryside the name of being a gay neighbourhood. Country houses were filled with guests, and the ballroom and the famous picture-gallery at Bowshott received an even larger number of guests than usual. There was something impressive in the great space and width of the ballroom, with its polished floor. The palm-houses had been emptied to form an avenue of green up the middle of the room, at the extreme end of which an altar-piece representing a scene from the Book of Revelation showed a company of the heavenly host as a background to a buffet-table crowded with refreshments. The constant movements and the brilliant lights provided a fitting air of gaiety to the scene. It was Mrs Ogilvie's whim to have her rooms illuminated in a manner as nearly as possible to represent the effect of tempered sunlight. 'No woman cares to see,' she used to say; 'she wants to be seen.' And so the lights at Bowshott were always arranged in such a way that the beauty of women should be enhanced by them. Plain faces softened under the warm glow which had no hard shadows in it, and beautiful faces were lighted up in a manner that was almost extravagantly becoming.

'It is only on such an occasion as this,' said Miss Abingdon, 'that one really seems to think that Bowshott is put to its proper use.'

She was talking to a young man who called old furniture delicious and Spanish brocade sweetly pretty.

'The modern Englishman,' said Mr Lawrence, 'was made to live in barracks or in a stable. Probably he is only in his right place when he is on a horse. Could any one but he live at Bowshott and dress in shabby shooting-clothes, and smoke cigarettes in a room where Charles I. made love, and wear hobnailed boots to go up and down a grand staircase?'

Miss Abingdon sat on a convenient large couch where a chaperon might close her eyes for a moment towards the end of a long evening without being accused of being sleepy. She was the recipient of many wise nods and hints and questions.

'How well they look together!' said a lady, as Peter Ogilvie and Jane came down the line of palms together, and she left a blank at the end of her speech to be filled in, if possible, by Miss Abingdon.

'Jane makes Peter look rather short,' said another. 'She should have chosen some one taller.'

'I suppose it really will be settled some day,' said Mr Lawrence.

'They went for a ride this morning,' said Miss Abingdon dryly, 'and they were positively disappointed because Sir Nigel Christopherson could not go with them. I do not profess to understand love-affairs of the present day.'

Mr Lawrence was a portly, red-faced young man with a high-pitched voice like a woman's. He throve on scandal, and gossiped like a housekeeper. Miss Abingdon liked him, and thoroughly approved of him; his views were sound, his opinions were orthodox, and he always took her in to supper at any dance where they met.

Peter and Jane meanwhile had strolled into the picture-gallery, with its softly shaded lights and long vistas of flowering plants and palms. There was about them to-night something which seemed to set them apart. Few persons cared to disturb them even by a greeting as they sat side by side in the corridor or walked together down the long gallery. Jane Erskine had put off that air which suited her so admirably of seeming to be always under an open sky; she had left it behind with her short skirt and the motor-cap which she loved to pull down over her eyes. This evening, in shimmering

white satin, and with a string of pearls round her throat, she looked what she was—a very beautiful and very distinguished young woman. The tempered light of the room seemed to deepen the colour in her cheeks and to bring out the bright tints of her hair. Her lips were parted in a radiant smile.

She and Peter mingled with the throng of dancers again, and then, not waiting until the music had finished, they left the ballroom by the farther door, where Mrs Ogilvie was standing.

Peter stopped when he saw her, and looked a little anxiously at her. 'You should not be standing, should you?' he said in his kindly way. 'You look tired.'

Mrs Ogilvie gave one of her enigmatic smiles. 'Who would not be tired?' she said. 'Was there ever such an extraordinary way of amusing one's self as to stand in a draughty doorway in the middle of the night shaking hands with some hundreds of people whom one doesn't want to see?'

She sat down on a couch and watched the two figures as they passed down the long corridor. The mechanical smile of welcome with which she had greeted half the county this evening had not died away from her face; she sat upright on the satin-covered sofa. There was about her an air of strength, of eminence almost, which seemed to place her genuine ugliness above criticism. Her dress was of some heavy purple stuff which few women would have had the courage to wear, and the diamonds in her hair, with their sharp points of radiating light, accentuated something that was magnificent and almost defiant about Mrs Ogilvie to-night. Her short-sighted eyes contracted in their usual fashion as she watched the couple disappear down the vista of the corridor. 'If only it could be soon! If only their marriage could be soon!' she murmured to herself, her lips moving in an inward cry that in another woman might have been a prayer.

'How do you think she is looking?' said Peter as, without conscious intention, they drifted away from the dancers into a more distant part of the house. 'Surely she gets tired too easily? I wish she would see a doctor; but she hates being fussed over, and one can never persuade her to take care of herself.'

'What is one to do with so wilful a woman?' said Jane.

They paused and looked at the dim crowd of dancers through one of the entrances to the ballroom, and passed down the corridor, where misty figures sat on sofas and chairs enjoying the cool. Every one looked misty and far away to-night, and almost as though they had not sufficiently materialised to be perfectly distinct.

With definite intention, Peter led his partner towards a little room, hung with miniatures and plaques, at the farther end of the long corridor. Here they found Sir Nigel Christopherson in conversation with Miss Sherard. Kitty was talking as lightly as usual, deliberately misunderstanding everything that was said to her, and being as provoking as she always was; and Toffy was so much in earnest that he never saw Peter and Jane, but continued to talk to the girl beside him. So the two intruders never entered the room at all; but as they pursued their way still farther, Peter was thinking about Mrs Avory, and wishing to goodness that Toffy had never met her.

The big house seemed too full of people for his taste to-night. Every room and corridor was occupied, and Peter said, 'Let 's go to my mother's sitting-room. Do you mind, Jane? We can get cool on the bridge.'

Bowshott is a very old house, so old that if it had not been for archæologists who came there sometimes, and read the old stones as though they had been printed paper, no one would ever have known when the earliest part of it was built. Antiquaries agreed that it dated from Norman days; but the only portion of the building of that period which was standing at this time was a tower at the eastward end of the house. It had been almost in ruins at one time, but Colonel Ogilvie's father had restored it, and with a considerable amount of skill had connected it with the more modern part of the house by a stone bridge on a single arch. The whole thing was excellently contrived; the archway lent a frame to one of the most beautiful parts of the garden; and the tower, which was entered by a strong oak door from the bridge, now contained three curious, romantic-looking rooms, with quaint, uneven walls six feet thick, and deep, narrow windows, and heavy oak ceilings.

The largest of the rooms to which admittance was gained by the oak door was Mrs Ogilvie's sitting-room. She had a curious love of being alone for hours at a time, and she enjoyed the sense of isolation which was afforded her by being cut off from the rest of the building by the stone bridge on its high arch. Here she would spend whole days by herself, reading or writing. Above this room, which was full of her own particular possessions, was a smaller apartment containing a valuable library of philosophical works. Here were muniment-chests, and a large writing-table where she wrote all the business letters relating to the estate; and here it was that she was wont to see her steward and her agent from time to time. No one but Mrs Ogilvie and her son ever entered the room without some special reason, and it was too far away from the rest of the house for casual visitors to intrude themselves. The short passage within the more modern house which led to the bridge was reached by a door hung with a leather curtain securely arranged to prevent draughts,

and no one ever lifted this curtain except those who had a right to the rooms beyond.

To-night, however, the house was open to all comers, and it afforded no surprise to Captain Ogilvie and his companion, when they had quitted the corridor and the reception-rooms, and had left the guests and servants behind them, to find a man's figure before them in the short passage leading to the leather-covered door.

'Who's that, do you know?' said Peter when they had passed under the curtain and were crossing the bridge.

'I have no idea,' said Jane; 'some stranger, I suppose, whom some one has brought.'

'They don't seem to be looking after him very well,' said Peter, 'leaving him to prowl about alone and get lost in a great barrack like this. I don't suppose I ought to have asked him if he wanted partners, or anything of that sort? Some one is sure to look after him.'

'Oh, sure to!' said Jane, and they passed over the bridge together and went into Mrs Ogilvie's morning-room.

When they had arrived there and secured two comfortable chairs, the power of speech seemed suddenly to have deserted two persons whose conversation was never brilliant, but who at least were seldom at a loss for anything to say. It appeared as though Peter Ogilvie had brought Miss Erskine to this distant room for no other purpose than to say to her in an absent-minded way, 'Are they all enjoying themselves, do you think; and have all the girls got partners?'

The Bowshott ball was a red-letter day in the calendar of a quiet and somewhat parsimonious county society, and young ladies organised their dress allowances with a view to purchasing at least one good gown should Mrs Ogilvie give a dance as usual.

'I think they are all enjoying themselves,' said Jane, and added with characteristic frankness, 'I know I am!'

Peter gave her a quick glance, turning his eyes full upon her for a moment as though to read something in the face beside him; then he began with absorbed attention to twist the silk ring of his ball-programme round and round his finger. The room where they sat was singularly unlike those rose-shaded bowers which are considered suitable to the needs of dancers who pause and rest in them. Its austere furnishing had something almost solemn and mysterious about it; and the stone walls hung with tapestry, on which quaint figures moved restlessly with the draught from an open window, would have given an eerie feeling to a man, for instance, sitting alone there at twelve o'clock at night. But in the gloom and austerity of the still and distant chamber sat Jane in white satin, with pearls about her neck, and the room was illumined by her.

'So you are enjoying yourself?' said Peter at last—Peter, who never made fatuous conversational remarks of this sort. The words, for no reason in themselves, fell oddly, and were followed by a silence which was disturbing and made for sudden self-consciousness wholly to be condemned and banished, if possible, directly.

Jane, who did not fidget aimlessly with things, began diligently to pluck a long white feather out of her fan, and said in a voice that was deliberately commonplace, 'We ought to go back now, oughtn't we? Let me see who your next partner is, Peter, that I may send you back to dance with her.' She stretched out her hand for the young man's ball-programme.

But Peter sat absorbed, twisting its silk cord round his finger. 'Don't let 's go yet,' he said, and the constrained silence fell between them again. 'I want to ask you something, Jane,' he said presently.

'Yes,' said Jane. Her hands lay idle now in her lap, and she no longer tried to extract the white ostrich feather from her fan.

'I want to know if you think you can care for me a little.'

Probably when a man feels most deeply his utterances are the most commonplace, and an Englishman is proverbially incapable of expressing his feelings. In the supreme moments of their lives, it is true, a few men, and those not always the most sincere, may speak eloquently; but for the most part a proposal from an Englishman is—as it should be—a clumsy thing. Peter Ogilvie could only speak in such limited language as he always used. Yet the world seemed to stand still for him just then; for he knew that everything in his heaven or upon earth depended for him upon what Jane's answer would be.

'Don't let me bother you,' he said at last, 'or rush you into giving an answer now if you would rather wait.'

Perhaps a declaration of love from an old comrade is the most dear as well as the most embarrassing of all such avowals. A heart that has already given itself in loyalty and affection to another finds that it is not a deepening of this loyalty and affection that is asked, but that a complete reordering of things is demanded. The lover's petition, therefore, either comes to the woman as a revelation, betraying to her in a flash that she has loved always, and has merely been calling the thing by another name, or else it finds her impatient at the disturbance of an old comradeship, a cherished friendship, which nothing but this foolish, exacting thing called love could ever shake.

Peter was not versed in introspective questions or hair-splittings; he loved with his whole heart, and he had tried to say so, without very much success, he was afraid. Just then he would have given anything he possessed to be endowed with a little more eloquence, though deep down in

his heart he had a lingering hope that perhaps Jane would understand. 'It's neck or nothing,' he was saying to himself in the homely jargon in which he usually formed his thoughts. 'God knows, I may have been a fool to speak!'

'Peter'—— began Jane shyly. And Peter ceased twisting the silk cord of the programme round his finger, and they turned and looked at each other.

'Is it true?' he said at last with a queer kind of wonder in his voice. He kneeled down suddenly on the floor beside her and gravely kissed her hand.

'Let us go into the garden,' he said. His instincts remained primitive, and just then this room was too narrow for all he felt, and it seemed to him that the large things of the night and the distant glory of the stars were the only environment that he could bear just then.

Passers-by, had they been mean enough to pause and listen outside the sheltering yew-hedge where they sat, might have questioned the poetry of their love-making, and have condemned an avowal of devotion that was punctuated by barbarous slang; but the silence that fell between them was full of tenderness and more easily understood than speech; and perhaps the moon—an inquisitive person at the best of times—as she peeped over the gray turrets of the house, saw the dawn of a love as single-hearted and as genuine as many which have been more carefully analysed and described.

These were two happy, light-hearted persons, without very much to recommend them except a certain straightforwardness of vision which abhorred, as by a natural instinct, circuitous or crooked things, a transparent honesty, and a simple acceptation of those obligations which race and good-breeding demand.

At the present moment, out in the garden on the stone seat set in the embrasure of the high yew-hedge, they were oblivious of everything in the world except each other and the absorbing discovery of love.

They were the last to hear the cry of 'Fire!' which rang out from the house, and they were still sitting undisturbed while men ran with hose and buckets, and a clamour arose in the stable-yard for more water, and a clatter of horse's hoofs could be heard as a groom galloped off for the nearest fire-engine. The yew-hedged garden where they sat was distant a long way from the house, and it was not until a heavy cloud of smoke rose up against the sky that Peter's attention was attracted, and he realised that the Norman tower was on fire.

He started up and ran to the place where grooms and helpers, gardeners and strangers' coachmen, and waiters and guests were standing with hose and buckets pouring a ridiculously little stream of water against the burning pile. The fire had begun in the roof, and the smoke was pouring from the narrow windows in the tower. No flames had shot up yet, and the fire-engine from Sedgwick, prompt and well served as it always was, might be here any minute. The oak roof would burn slowly, and the walls were secure; but the tapestry in the lower room was dry and old, and would fire like a bundle of shavings. An effort was made by a body of men to force an entrance into the lower room and save what they could; but they were beaten back by the smoke which came in volumes down the turret staircase, and by the flames which now began to shoot up here and there against the darkness of the night. There was nothing for it but to safeguard the main building. The wind was setting towards it from the tower, and a party of men were up on the roof treading out burning sparks and playing water where slates were hottest or ashes might burst into flames.

Mrs Ogilvie stood on the terrace in her magnificent purple gown, her red hair with flashing diamonds in it, and her long-handled glasses held up to her near-sighted eyes.

'So that goes!' she said, shrugging her shoulders. 'Well, it will give me a good deal of trouble. Or is it fate, I wonder?'

Peter was directing a body of men to play water on the bridge; and garden and stable hose were turned full upon it by relays of helpers, and some long ladders were placed against the windows to see if it were possible in that way to effect an entrance and save some of the valuables in the room. The guests—women in light ball-dresses and bare shoulders, and men in evening-clothes—had surged out on to the terrace, and were watching with that curious mixture of fascination and regret which comes to the eyes of those who watch destruction going on, and know that they are powerless to prevent it. Every ear was strained to catch the first sound of the fire-engine on the road from Sedgwick, and some twenty or thirty couples, more impatient than the rest, had run to a distant knoll from whence the road was visible, to peer through the darkness and see if anything was coming. The stars shone serenely overhead, and the moon was turning the water in the fountains to cascades of silver; while from turret and roof the volumes of gray smoke belched forth, and the ineffectual fire-appliances played upon the bridge.

It was just then that what seemed almost like an apparition appeared upon the bridge. A man, not above medium height, with a cloak hastily thrown about his head to protect him from the smoke, dashed across the bridge, was drenched by the fall of water, and entered the turret room. People asked each other fearfully who he was. Many, strangely enough, had not seen the figure; the sudden dash through the smoke had not occupied a moment of time, and most eyes were directed towards the roof

the building, while others were turned towards the Sedgwick road. Those who had seen him turned amazed eyes upon each other; women clutched hold of the persons nearest them; and Jane Erskine, seeking half-wildly for some one in the crowd, found Peter, and said to him, 'What is it? Who went in there just now? Oh Peter, for a moment I thought it was you!'

There was a shout of warning; but it was too late for the man, whoever he was, to turn back. He was inside the tower now, and no shouting could hold him. Some prayed as they stood there, murmuring half-mechanically, 'Save him! save him!' as instinctively men and women will pray even when the life for which they plead may carry with it such sorrow as they never dreamed of.

Suddenly some young men who had climbed to the top of the knoll gave a cheer, and the fire-engine from Sedgwick turned the corner of the road with a fine dash; for Tom Ellis, a good whip, was driving, and the white horse on the near side knew as well as any Christian how to save an inch of the road. The fire-engine, all gleaming with brass fittings and flaming red paint, clattered up to the door, and pulled up with admirable precision on the spot from which hose could be played. Eight bearded men in helmets leaped from their seats and got their gear in order with the coolness of blue-jackets in a storm. But for its quietness and controlled, workman-like effect, the whole scene had distinctly a dramatic touch about it. Possibly the firemen would have shouted louder had they been upon the stage, and fainting women, it is generally assumed, give a realistic touch to well-staged melodrama. No doubt the crowd on the terrace at Bowshott would have disappointed an Adelphi audience. But the old white horse stood to attention like a soldier on a field-day; and Tom Ellis, wiping his brow as though he himself had run in the shafts all the way from Sedgwick, lent a touch of stage realism to the scene.

Nothing could save the interior of the tower—that was past praying for; and a shout went up that there was a man inside, and the firemen threw their ladders against the walls and prepared their scaling-irons and life-saving apparatus. The smoke rolled out in dense volumes now, and through the gloom a voice shouted, 'It's all right! He's crossed the bridge again.'

'Oh, are you sure—are you sure?' said Jane, her fear almost amounting to a panic, and it haunted her for long afterwards that perhaps the man had not actually escaped the fire; for nothing was heard of him again, and it was only after Peter had ordered a fruitless search to be made amongst the débris in the tower that she felt satisfied of the stranger's safety.

A newspaper reporter tried to prove that a gallant attempt had been made to save some valuables in the tower, and went so far as to head one of his paragraphs, 'A Gallant Act.' But there was nothing of value in the tower rooms except the old furniture and books and the tapestry on the walls, and these had all been destroyed. A lady's writing-table was not worth plundering; and in the confusion attendant on the fire, and while silver and jewels were unguarded, it was a creditable fact that nothing was missing from the house.

The ruined interior of the tower smouldered the whole of the next day; but the walls still stood, gaunt and grim, windowless and gutted by the fire. Fortunately the building was covered by insurance, and even the loss of the tapestries was more than compensated for by the fact that an absorbing topic of general interest had been provided in a quiet and uneventful neighbourhood.

(To be continued.)

ROB ROY AND THE MACLARENS.

By FREDERICK WATSON.

BALQUHIDDER, a little glen in the neighbourhood of Strathyre, can record as wild a history as any in Scotland, unless it be Glencoe. To the English reader it is linked with the name of Rob Roy, of whose prowess he is familiar through the immortal work of Scott, and with the name of Rob Roy's sons through the wonderful character-drawing of Stevenson. It also draws the admiration of Tannahill in his 'Braes of Balquhidder,' and has won the love of many a writer since.

In the course of this article, which must of necessity be condensed, it would be unwise to cover old ground in the footsteps of Rob Roy, entertaining though that would be; for there is no end to the traditions and anecdotes surrounding a personality so romantic, and those of any importance are very familiar to the ordinary reader.

Whether Rob Roy was the melodramatic hero Scott conceived is open to question, and certainly as regards his wife there is some evidence to prove that Helen was a more decent, respectable body than her warlike harangues would lead one to suppose. There are really only two occasions recorded on which she appears to have acted with overmuch spirit—one when she collected her husband's blackmail in person owing to his

absence in England, and the other when she incited her son Robin Oig to expel Maclaren from the farm of Invernenty, with fatal consequences, for which she has received the condemnation of history. But although she was brutally ill-used by that scoundrel Graham of Killearn, factor to Montrose, and rendered homeless by the bitter persecution of the times, she does not appear to have egged on her husband to avenge his wrongs, as one would expect from the assumption that she had planned Maclaren's death.

The first incident in the eighteenth century which deserves mention is the part Rob Roy took in the Rising of 1715. He certainly gathered the clan Macgregor for the Stuart cause, and acted in co-operation with his nephew, Gregor Macgregor of Glengyle. They marched into Monteith and the surrounding country, disarmed all suspected of loyalty to the Hanoverian Government, and even assumed the offensive in the district of Loch Lomond. Rob Roy was somewhat perplexed at this stage to know what steps to take for his future welfare, and, like his sons after him, was not anxious to break irretrievably with either side. But he possessed a greater diplomacy than James or Robin Oig, for he was never without a powerful friend, and realised that if he had, for instance, two such powerful chieftains as Argyll and Montrose against him, his life was as good as lost. For this reason his policy had been to seek the protection of Argyll and harass Montrose. Now he found Montrose fighting on the side which held his sympathy, and his patron, Argyll, supporting the Government. A prey to indecision, and anxious above all not to oppose the forces of the exiled king, he decided to remain a neutral spectator; and so equally matched were the two armies that there is certainly some ground for the belief that if he had cast in his lot with the Earl of Mar, and flung his fierce and well-armed clan upon the confused Hanoverian troops, the scale might have been turned, and the cause of the Stuarts been victorious. At any rate, it was not for the reason which the old ballad gives in the lines:

> Rob Roy he stood watch
> On a hill for to catch
> The booty for aught that I saw, man.
> For he ne'er advanced
> From the place where he stanced
> Till nae mair was to do there at a', man.

After the battle Rob Roy and his men marched in orderly fashion to Falkland, and exacted much plunder from the king's supporters—which was probably the reason why, in the subsequent free pardon of rebels, the clan which had actually taken no active part in the battle was excluded, and the name of Rob Roy attainted.

The next few years after the Fifteen were full of desperate adventures for Rob Roy, and miraculous escapes from the soldiery; and it is recorded in Macleay's interesting memoir that Macgregor at this depressing season sought consolation in religion, and for this praiseworthy end decided that Roman Catholicism was more soothing and helpful than the harsh, exacting creed of Presbyterianism. He interviewed a certain Father Drummond, who in consequence of his misdeeds exacted a heavy tax; but, as the penitent remarked afterwards, 'It is a convenient religion which for a little money can put asleep the conscience and clear the soul from sin.'

Shortly after this Rob Roy returned again to Balquhidder, and resumed his former occupation of farming; though this pursuit had always been capitalised to a considerable degree by the recognised profession of blackmail.

Balquhidder at this time was as wild and inaccessible a glen as any in Scotland. Its proximity to the Lowlands encouraged the natives to execute sudden marauding descents with frequency, and the remoteness of its mountain fastnesses rendered pursuit well-nigh impossible. The clans of this district were known as 'broken men,' not only remnants of other septs, but composed of criminals and banditti who had fled from less hospitable parts. The Highland character has perhaps been much idealised in ballad and verse, and as regards the western isles one would not gainsay so happy an opinion. But the dark woods and corries of Balquhidder harboured a lawless and barbaric people, embittered by continual hostility and injustice, against whom countryman and stranger were alike opposed. It was in Balquhidder, in the old castle at the foot of the loch, that Walter Buchanan, a dissolute robber of some education and social standing, at this time headed some desperate rogues, and here the unfortunate Lady Grange spent a miserable night in sheltering from a storm in the autumn of 1732. One can best realise the barbarity of the Highlands on reading how this unhappy lady, owing to suspicions that she might betray her husband, Erskine of Grange, and his fellow-Jacobite conspirators to the Government, was abducted in Edinburgh, conveyed to the hills with the utmost brutality and cruelty, exposed to the greatest privations, and eventually, after seventeen years of isolation and hardship, set free, a hopeless imbecile, to wander in the distant Isle of Skye. No one attempted to rescue her; even her children and her relatives who were numbered amongst the nobility never raised a hand to succour her. A man who certainly would have come to her help was Rob Roy, but he never knew that she was so near him in the ruined castle on the loch. One would have expected the ministers of the various parishes in which she was confined, or through which she was conveyed, to do something, however futile, in the name of Christianity and common humanity; but there is little to be admired in

the clergy of the eighteenth century, many of whom unfortunately were drunken and ignorant men. It is an arresting fact that both Burns and Scott are unsparing in their shafts of ridicule aimed at the clergy, and one recalls the just satire of Lyndsay when the only thing which could pierce the corruption of the Church was the poet's scorn. So harshly did one minister regard Lady Grange that he wrote to his fellow-cleric at St Kilda, where she was then confined, who was more kindly intentioned, accusing him of 'too much attention and care for the wicked incendiary Lady Grange, whose soul is rotten and unworthy of being reclaimed, and who wishes evil to the whole race of Highlanders.'

In Balquhidder the minister of the parish, Ferguson by name, an unscrupulous, irreverent man, was evidently despised by Rob Roy, who, when an increase of salary was suggested, refused with much firmness; and after persuading the minister to drink a great quantity of whisky at the inn, promised him an annual present of half-a-score of sheep and a fat cow, which was at once accepted.

Rob Roy had several sons, but little is known of them, with the exception of James and Robin. While their father lived, his wise judgment restrained their lawless instincts; but after his death they cast discretion to the winds, and, openly joining company with Buchanan and his band, became a constant menace to the surrounding country.

At this point—that is to say, shortly before the death of Rob Roy in 1734—it is necessary to trace the first signs of the quarrel between the Macgregors and Maclarens which caused the tragic death of John Maclaren in 1736. The Maclarens had for long years been on indifferent terms with the Macgregors, and had in recent times rather declined in power. This ill-feeling broke into open conflict regarding the farm of Invernenty, the property of Stewart of Appin. Stewart had let it out on tack to one of the Maclarens while it was still in the possession of the Macgregors, who had resided there for many generations. The incensed Macgregors—and one cannot but sympathise with them—refused to move, and on this the Maclarens called in the aid of Appin to support his claim. He marched into Balquhidder with a company of some two hundred men, and Rob Roy assembled his clan to oppose him. Rob, perceiving that he was outnumbered, surrendered his position and agreed to hand over Invernenty to the Maclarens. After this pleasant conclusion to a threatening situation, he further suggested a friendly contest between himself and any of the Appin gentry. It is said that Charles Stewart of Ardshiel accepted, and not only defeated Rob Roy but cut his arm.

Shortly after this, Rob Roy, now well advanced in years, lay dying in his house at Inverlochlarig-beg, at the head of Balquhidder; and, according to tradition, the Maclaren with whom he had been at enmity so lately called to inquire for his health. Rob Roy summoned his servants, and said, 'Raise me up; dress me in my best clothes; tie on my arms; place me in the great chair. That fellow shall never see me on a deathbed.' Maclaren was received with great coldness, and took his departure after some conversation.

Shortly afterwards Rob Roy said, 'It is all over now; put me to bed. Call in the piper. Let him play, "I will never return" ["*Cha teill mi tuille*"] as long as I breathe.' He died, according to the *Caledonian Mercury*, on the 28th December 1734, and was buried in Balquhidder Kirkyard, where a flat stone covers his remains. This stone, by the way, belongs to a far earlier date, and was possibly placed over his grave to protect the body. The writer has it on good authority that so fearful were the relatives of Rob Roy on this score that two coffins left the house, and that there is still doubt as to where the body of Rob Roy actually lies; but whether this tradition is reliable he cannot say.

Meanwhile the hatred to the Maclarens of Invernenty was really unchanged, and it reached a climax when John Maclaren actually proposed to turn the widow of Rob Roy out of her farm, Inverlochlarig-beg, by offering a bigger rent. Whether this added insult is authentic or not is open to dispute; but there is reason to suppose that Robin Oig for that reason was so infuriated that he planned the murder of Maclaren forthwith, a plot very likely not unwelcome to his mother.

On March 4, 1736, Rob, with several clansmen, started for Invernenty, armed with a Spanish-barrelled gun, a former possession of his father's. John Maclaren was engaged in ploughing at the time, and the words he uttered when he saw Rob approaching have been handed down, and are repeated in Balquhidder to this day. He looked at him with rising suspicion, and, no doubt also perceiving his companions in the distance, remarked, 'What is that snake doing round here to-day?' Then Rob fired, and Maclaren fell mortally wounded between the plough-stilts. At this time Robin was little more than a boy, but he was in no way aghast at the deed, but rather gloried in it; though his biographer, evidently determined to take a brighter view, refers to the incident as 'the unhappy discharge of a gun.'

Rob's fellow-clansmen immediately after the murder ran to the farmhouse of Invernenty and mutilated thirty-seven head of cattle belonging to the Maclarens. This affair caused the utmost indignation throughout the neighbouring country, and added to the prevailing hatred of the Macgregors. Rob fled to France and enlisted in the Forty-second Highlanders. He fought at

Fontenoy, was in a French prison for some time, and eventually returned to England when the Rebellion of 1745 broke out, and was posted with his regiment to defend the coast of Kent in case of foreign invasion. Meanwhile James had joined Prince Charles, and fought with great gallantry at Culloden, where he was wounded, and reached Balquhidder in a litter. Rob returned soon after, although the murder of Maclaren still rankled in the minds of his kinsmen, and walked about Balquhidder as though there were nothing amiss. He even determined to settle down, and married the daughter of Graham of Drunkie, a man of some property. But she died soon after, and it was this misfortune which suggested to the astute mind of James the idea of a second union with an attractive financial basis.

Regarding the person of Rob, it must be at once admitted that Stevenson shut his eyes to the true likeness of the man, and preferred to conceive a more romantic person than was authorised by facts. The piping is a small matter, and there is no reason why he should not have been a great player; though there is no tradition that he could play at all. But even James, his brother, realised how unprepossessing Rob was when, in view of his matrimonial scheme, it was deemed absolutely essential that the bride must be forced to the altar. One must also remember that in the description circulated for his apprehension after the murder of Maclaren, Rob is stated to be 'a tall lad, aged about twenty, thin, pale-coloured, squint-eyed, brown hair, pock-pitted, ill-legged, inkneed, and broad-footed'—altogether quite an ordinary criminal type, and difficult to associate with high romance.

When the Forty-five broke out the Maclarens rallied their clan for the Jacobite cause, and Maclaren of Invernenty, a relative of the murdered man, had charge of the historic piece of cannon of which the Highland army was so inordinately proud. There is an interesting anecdote connecting this cannon with our own day. Invernenty was the ancestor of the late Rev. John Watson of Liverpool, better known as 'Ian Maclaren,' who was a Maclaren on his mother's side, and used the *nom de plume* in memory of her. When the Maclarens passed Stirling Castle, a couple of shots were fired at the walls before the party marched on towards the south. One of the balls entered a private room on the castle front belonging to a family also named Maclaren.

One night, at a public dinner, Ian Maclaren recounted this incident, and when he had finished a fellow-guest near him who had paid close attention, evidently somewhat surprised, remarked, 'But do you know you are speaking of my people? My ancestor occupied that room, and I possess the identical cannon-ball which your ancestor fired in 1745.' The speaker was the late Rev. Alexander Maclaren, D.D., of Manchester.

This Maclaren of Invernenty had many adventures during the Forty-five, and figures in *Redgauntlet* as Pate-in-Peril, the Laird of Summertrees. He was taken prisoner at Culloden, and was marched towards Carlisle for trial. While crossing the 'Devil's Beef-Tub,' near Moffat, Invernenty attempted an escape. He darted over the steep side of the precipice, and managed to conceal himself at the foot with a turf on his head till search was abandoned. He then returned to Balquhidder, and escaped detection, dressed as a woman, for a year, when the Act of Indemnity relieved him from further danger. He was evidently a man of some culture, for Ian Maclaren says somewhere with reference to him: 'In my possession I have a Theophrastus printed in Greek and Latin in the seventeenth century, which came down to me through the eighteenth century, when it was carried to the Rebellion in the pocket of a Highland chief, so that on his march to restore Prince Charlie he might read the chapter "De Desperatione;" and I am bound to say there has also come down to me with the Theophrastus a silver quaich, or drinking-cup, with which the worthy chief would refresh himself when weary without stopping to drink at the brook.'

The terrible penalties which followed hard on Culloden dealt a death-blow to the clan system in its more important centres, and even in Balquhidder, which was overlooked in the suppression of more dangerous places, the raiding spirit was virtually crushed, and the clansmen began to realise for the first time the fatal danger should the attention of the Government be drawn upon them. If the sons of Rob Roy had possessed a modicum of common-sense they would have submitted to the inevitable march of civilisation so dreaded among the Highland gentry, and accepted the mild pleasures of a pastoral life; but, as was suggested already, the scheming proclivities of James could not let him rest till Rob was married to an heiress, and in 1750 the whole country was awakened to the fact that, despite the harsh measures following the Forty-five, and the fact that the Macgregors were under the displeasure of the Government, a most audacious deed had been perpetrated which quite outdid the reckless escapades of Rob Roy.

The country had changed since the abduction of Lady Grange, and this fact seems to have escaped the notice of the Macgregors. The incident of the abduction of Jean Key, a young widow of means, is too well known to require more than the bare mention of the facts. But there is this curious point to be considered—namely, the Macgregors' apparent innocency of any remarkable flagrancy in their act. It is an amazing story from our standpoin

to-day, or from the English standpoint of the time for that matter; but in Scottish history similar occurrences are common, and usually not without romance. For instance, Scott mentions that a respectable woman spoke with great warmth to him on his attitude with regard to this same abduction of Jean Key, and averred 'that her own mother had never seen her father till the night he brought her up from Lennox with ten head of black cattle, and there had not been a happier couple in the country.' In fact, there is no reason to suppose that the affair would have been regarded as anything but a romantic frolic had there not been various circumstances to awaken the sympathies of Scotland. In the first place, Jean Key was a young widow of only six weeks' standing. Then she was dragged off by force and treated without a spark of consideration or kindness. Lastly, the act was associated with the hated name of Macgregor; with James, a notorious Jacobite; and with Rob, a murderer who had fled the country. It shows remarkable coolness on the part of James that he actually tried to bluff matters out by taking Jean Key to Edinburgh with the hope of proving her a willing participator in the abduction. But she died in 1751, and shortly afterwards James was caught and brought a prisoner to Edinburgh.

Stevenson has told how he escaped through his daughter's wit, and once clear of Edinburgh, he took the road to England. Wearied out one night in the Cumberland district, he sat down to rest, when the sound of voices reached his ears. He started to his feet, and by good fortune fell in with a notable tinker, Billy Marshall by name, who saw him embarked in safety for the Isle of Man. From thence he sailed to Ireland, and eventually to France. His melancholy end in Paris in 1754 readers of *Catriona* will recall, and his request for a set of pipers to while away his hours of sickness is the final and most pathetic passage in the life of James More Macgregor.

In the meantime Robin Oig had preferred to remain in retirement in Balquhidder; but in May 1753 he was arrested at a fair at Gartmore, and the gun which had fired the fatal bullet at Maclaren was found in his hands. He was taken to Edinburgh, and his trial took place on the 24th December 1753, when he was condemned to death for the abduction of Jean Key. On February 6, 1754, he was hung in the Grassmarket; and, to quote the *Caledonian Mercury* of the 7th, 'he was very genteelly dressed, . . . behaved with great decency, and declared he died an unworthy member of the Church of Rome; and further still, that he attributed all his misfortunes to his swerving two or three years ago from that communion.' His body was handed over to a few Macgregors, and was met at a safe distance from the city by a larger company, and carried to the kirkyard of Balquhidder, to the melancholy wailing of the coronach.

His brother, Ronald Macgregor, lived to a great age in Balquhidder, and appears to have been a man of considerable influence amongst his fellow-countrymen, and was described within living memory by the old people in the district. There is a tradition that when the soldiery stationed to watch the neighbourhood after the Forty-five became intoxicated and set fire to some houses, the people wished to rise and make an end of them. But Ronald, foreseeing the consequences, implored them for their lives to do nothing that would bring on them the fury of the Government; and so influential was he that they instantly relinquished their intention.

As for the Maclarens, little is heard of them till the concluding years of the century. After the Forty-five and the Act of Indemnity, they resumed their work on the farm-lands of Invernenty; and as the miserable end of James and Rob Macgregor had freed them of continual anxiety, they pursued their placid avocation without opposition. It has been remarked that the severe measures after the Forty-five did not greatly affect Balquhidder; and even in 1790, or thereabouts, so uncertain was the force of the law in that isolated district that when a summons of removal was executed against the Maclarens of Invernenty the king's messenger dared not undertake the duty unless accompanied by soldiers.

The circumstances of this incident are doubly interesting, since the official in charge of the expedition was none other than Walter Scott, to whose family money was owing by Stewart of Appin, the Maclarens' landlord. Accompanied by an escort of a sergeant and six men, Scott entered the romantic district which he afterwards made familiar to the English-speaking world. Fully armed, the little party rode along the edge of the loch and approached Invernenty, only to find it deserted. They stayed there for the night, and returned in safety the next day. As for the Maclarens, they accepted money in compensation, and the majority of them departed for America. The remainder crossed to the Braemar district, and in the middle of last century the uncles of the late Ian Maclaren farmed their own land in the neighbourhood of Blairgowrie.

So changes have slowly worked their will. Balquhidder is still as beautiful, and has a peace to-day which it never could have possessed in those wild times of the claymore and targe. The old castle which harboured Lady Grange and the sons of Rob Roy, and many others long before their day, still stands, a gray ruin, at the foot of the loch. Some miles higher up there is the remnant of Rob Roy's home, and a few stones mark the historic farmhouse of Invernenty. The

very village has deserted the seclusion of the glen, and has settled near the high-road and the station. Some day, perhaps, the last clansman will go, and few are named Maclaren or Macgregor there to-day; and then there will be nothing heard but the sighing of wind and the sudden quavering call of curlew from the mist-hung Braes of Balquhidder.

A FATHER'S RUSE.

AN INCIDENT IN THE CUBAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

IT was in the days, not yet a score of years gone by, when that enchanting island, which Columbus in his letters home described as 'the most lovely land that ever eyes beheld,' was being deluged with the blood and tears of a people striving to be free. The feelings of our American colonists in 1775 were mild and tame in comparison with the intense hatred of the mother-country engendered by gross misgovernment and cruel injustice to the creole of Cuba, the pure-blooded descendant of the Spanish adventurers who took possession four centuries ago. During the long years of bitter warfare which preceded the American occupation, when troops continued to be drafted from the home-land in their tens of thousands, it was a common saying that the Spanish soldier possessed only the ground he stood on. Every hand was against him; and every non-combatant—man, woman, and child—was a Cuban spy. Persecution was met with patriotic resignation, force of numbers with guerilla tactics, Weyler's strategy with the still deeper craft and cunning inspired by the determination to win complete independence.

In none was this determination more deeply fixed than in Señor Rafael Tenorio y Pichardo, a wealthy sugar-planter in the neighbourhood of Santiago. He was now over sixty years of age; but his short, stout, thick-set frame was vigorous as ever, while the flashing black eye and the aggressive nose and mouth bespoke the man of action. Nevertheless, the entreaties of a motherless daughter, added to the fact that his two sons were already in the field, had hitherto kept him at home; though his brain had planned many a successful raid, and his purse-strings had been opened in aid of the insurgents with no niggard or stinted hand. Naturally, he was a suspect; the first false move, he well knew, meant confiscation of his estates, with a long imprisonment, perhaps death.

There was reason, then, for the quick nervousness of his step as he paced the flat roof of the *patio* that ran round two sides of his solidly constructed house, stopping every now and then to gaze anxiously over the stone balustrade in the direction from which rifle-shots, now in volleys, now in single cracks, had been proceeding all afternoon. It still wanted an hour of sunset when a solitary horseman sprang into view on some rising ground half a mile away, spurring madly. The cause of his haste was soon apparent. Scarcely had he disappeared in the hollow at the foot of the ridge than a score of pursuers flashed up to the sky-line, emptying their rifles in mid-gallop at the flickering target. They were coming straight towards the house. A minute more and Señor Pichardo saw the head and shoulders of the fugitive just before he made a wild dash into a huge field of sugar-cane two hundred yards away. The cane, though fully seven feet high, was still green and pliable, and the watcher, from his elevated position, could clearly follow, in the still air, the waving path of reeds as the oncomer cleft his way through. The pursuers, in a straggling line, burst after their quarry. Pichardo, still, tense, saw the course of the fugitive suddenly swerve to the right, away from the house. He was trying to mark the line in the now fast-widening distance when a low whistle made him turn his gaze downward. What he saw there caused him to hurry downstairs, rush to the low gate in the high wall that surrounded house and garden, and gasp, 'You, Henrico!'

'I wouldn't have come here, father, but'—— and the young man pointed to his left leg, which seemed to be bleeding profusely.

'It was you they were after, then?'

'Yes. I slipped off my horse's back, and crawled through the cane. He'll give them a run before they find the saddle's empty.'

'Then we may have time yet,' said Pichardo, 'to give them another hunt when they come back. Take your clothes off at once—every stitch.'

The old man went inside the house, to reappear in a minute with bandages and a suit of his own clothes.

'Only a flesh-wound, I think, Henrico,' he remarked, applying the bandages with the utmost speed and dexterity.

'I knew the bone wasn't touched,' was the reply; 'but I was beginning to feel the loss of blood.'

'You'd have fallen off before you'd gone another mile. Slip on that suit. Take a bottle of wine and some bread. You know where to go. *Ligero!*'

The value of time was as apparent to the young man as to the old. Without further words the former disappeared.

Making a bundle of the blood-stained garments, Pichardo opened the garden door, tied a stone round the clothes, and threw them into

the middle of a small but deep stream that flowed swiftly past about thirty yards from the wall. Then he sauntered slowly along towards the main entrance.

'Stop!' cried a harsh voice.

A Spanish officer, with three troopers in close attendance, appeared round the corner of the wall, their horses foam-flecked and mud-bespattered.

'Where is your son?'

Pichardo lazily regarded his interrogator.

'Where is your son?' repeated the officer insistently, with a rising note of anger.

'My sons are both of age, señor,' responded Pichardo calmly. 'They do not always consider it necessary to tell me of their whereabouts.'

'Search the garden; search the house!' cried the officer. He could not afford to waste time in talk when even now his prey might be slipping from his grasp.

'Look, colonel!' called one of the men, pointing to a small blood-stained patch on the spot where Henrico's wound had been dressed.

'Good! This time he won't escape us.—And you, señor, too long the Government has allowed you to hatch schemes of rebellion. You had better prepare to accompany us.'

'Would it not be as well to wait till you can take proofs with you?' drawled Pichardo, coolly lighting a cigarette.

'The proofs will stay here,' was the grim response. 'My orders are to give rebels in arms short shrift.'

'Ah, surely one of my boys has been annoying you, señor! I was beginning to suspect, from their frequent absences, that they were taking some share in the rebellion of which accounts have reached me even here. But what can I do, señor?' with a deprecatory wave of the arms. 'As I've told you, they're of age.'

'One of them, at least, is as old as he will ever be,' retorted the officer angrily.—'Well,' he continued, turning towards a number of his men, 'have you secured the rebel hound?'

'We can find no more trace of him, colonel,' replied a youthful officer, evidently fresh from Spain. 'But he can't have gone far, dripping pools of blood.'

By this time the short tropical twilight was looming swiftly down. Any further search outside before morning would have been futile.

'He is certainly concealed about the house or outbuildings,' said the colonel. 'Put every one about the place under arrest. Place double sentries all round, and let a patrol keep on the move outside. We shall make our quarters here for to-night.—And, señor, I would desire the pleasure of supping with you.'

'The pleasure is mine, colonel,' immediately responded Pichardo, who forthwith proceeded to do the honours in no grudging or hesitating fashion.

The officers, who had been in the saddle since dawn, attacked the soups, *ollas*, fowls, and fruits with gusto. The excellent fare, in conjunction with the fine old wine which Pichardo put before them, gradually thawed the colonel.

'Listen, Señor Pichardo,' he began, in a more affable tone than he had so far shown himself capable of adopting; 'let me give you a little advice towards securing your own safety. We know, though you have been sufficiently clever to evade detection till now, that this house of yours has for long been a rebel rendezvous. You must be well aware of the penalty exacted from those who give help to the insurgents. Give up your son without more ado—we recognised him, we tracked him here, and his capture in any case is certain—and I promise you to do my utmost to secure lenient treatment for yourself.'

'It is very good of you, señor colonel,' replied Pichardo in his suavest manner, 'to allow me the privilege of bartering my son's life for my own safety. It is an opportunity that no father could fail to take advantage of; and had the one of my sons whom you appear to be seeking only been thoughtful enough to make me acquainted with his hiding-place—*quien sabe?*'

'So you think he'll escape us?' returned the irascible Spaniard. 'Do not deceive yourself, Señor Pichardo. Rather than go away without your son, I shall send for a supply of gunpowder and give your house to the winds of heaven. No doubt we'll find some trace of him amongst the ruins.'

'And if you don't, señor, how will you account to the Government for such an outrage on a peaceful, law-abiding citizen?'

'Enough! You will change your tone to-morrow. Meantime, you may retire. If you value your life, don't attempt to communicate with any one during the night.'

Pichardo went to his room, but not to sleep. Alone, with the tension relaxed, he could not but realise how very slight were his son's chances of escape from a man of so determined and penetrating a character as this Spaniard appeared to be.

No sooner had the glorious Cuban dawn illumined the landscape than preparations were made for a systematic search. The officer summoned Pichardo to his presence.

'You will accompany us,' he said. 'We may have need of you.'

Then began a thorough investigation of every corner of the old rambling building. If the colonel thought to draw inspiration from any momentary display of emotion on the part of his host, he was doomed to disappointment. Pichardo, with perfect composure, led the way through corridors, explained the purpose of various outlets, sent a black servant for crow-bars to raise the wooden flooring where it

seemed to ring hollow, all as if he were the person most interested in the search, as, in truth—with one exception—he really was.

Measurements were taken of every apartment both inside and out. Still no result. There remained only the roof of the *patio*. Every foot of it was tested with crowbars. One would have thought that not even a cat could have escaped such a search undiscovered. The colonel, in perplexity, leant over the balustrade, looking down towards that part of the garden where the blood-trail had led, vainly endeavouring to read from it the fugitive's probable movements, his brow getting ever blacker as the puzzle refused to be answered.

Had he known it, the solution was literally within his grasp. Barely six inches separated him from his quarry. A single unpremeditated movement on his part might easily have brought discovery. Pichardo meanwhile stood by, his square face as expressionless as ever; not a hair of his gray beard quivered.

'Imbecile!' muttered the officer, thus apostrophising himself. 'The dogs!'

A sharp command to a trooper followed; the soldier saluted, and quickly disappeared.

Pichardo allowed a faint smile to flit across his saturnine features. It did not escape the colonel's sharp eye.

'They laugh best, Señor Pichardo,' he said menacingly, 'who laugh last. In an hour we shall see.'

In less than an hour the trooper reappeared with a couple of dogs in leash. They belonged to the famous Cuban breed—a cross between a bloodhound and a mastiff, uniting the power of scent of the former with the strength and ferocity of the latter. These dogs were used in the days of slavery—barely ten years before the date of this incident, for the black remained long in servitude in Cuba—to hunt down fugitive slaves. During the rebellion two or more of these dogs were attached to every Spanish post.

The officer descended to the garden and met the trooper at the gate.

'Bring them here,' he said, pointing towards the spot where the bloodstains lay still quite fresh in the dew of morning.

Immediately the dogs yelped and howled at the smell of blood, tugging furiously at the leash. Given free-play, they made straight for the gate in the wall, down a little path leading past a clump of trees, and thence unswervingly to the spot where Henrico's clothes lay embedded in the stream. Here the hounds paused, sniffed the air, whined, and showed all the symptoms of a lost scent.

The Spanish colonel's face darkened. 'So that was how the rebel scoundrel gave us the slip!' he muttered in disgust to his lieutenant. 'He simply dropped into the water and let the current do the rest, while we were wasting time searching the house. To horse!' And without deigning to bestow a word or a glance upon Pichardo, he mounted and rode away, followed by his men.

Pichardo, having reascended the staircase to the top of the *patio*, gazed after them till every Spanish soldier was out of sight. Then he approached the balustrade and knocked on a stone. 'You may come out, Henrico,' he said.

Immediately the apparent stone revolved, and Henrico rose stiffly to his feet. Several of the stones that formed the balustrade had been taken out and replaced by slabs of wood covered with a thin layer of stone, a hollow quite large enough to secrete a man being thus formed, with small air-holes to the outside wall. It was impossible for the eye to detect the deception, while few would have thought of testing the soundness of a seemingly stout stone balustrade.

For the first time since the appearance of danger did the old man show any trace of emotion.

'The good God is on our side, Henrico,' he solemnly observed. 'Even of your wound He has made a path to safety.'

THE KNIGHTS OF THE WEATHER.

THE road winds up on a long brown hill,
Then dips on the farther side,
And ends in a fearsome, dull, gray copse,
Where the Knights of the Weather ride.

Now yellow, now blue, now gray, now green,
They flash in among the trees;
They only come at the break of day,
And pass like a summer's breeze.

A flash—a moment—they've gone, they've passed;
A blur of golden and blue;
Out of the copse they've ridden away,
Blowing a ghastly halloo.

Blue are their coats, and loud is their blast!
Heigho, for a golden day!
They ride to the plains of a sunlit sky,
Fluting a tune by the way.

Again they pass, like a dull gray mist,
Their music turned to a moan;
They see afar in the gray-green waves
Men sinking—afraid—alone.

They make their way to the ocean deeps;
Sadly and slowly they ride;
Blowing a dirge as they scatter the foam
Twisted to wreaths by the tide.

Again it is dawn, and again they go,
In green and yellow and white;
And the song they blow has a fairy sound,
Like the song of a bird at night.

It's the song of springtime, the song of love,
And they ride by like men afire,
Fast for the meadows of Paradise,
Fluting a song for the choir.

EDITH L. ELIAS.

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TSUSHIMA.

By 'TAFFRAIL.'

THERE is a stiff breeze from the south-west, and the tops of the short, choppy seas are being blown along to leeward over the surface of the water. The sky is a deep blue towards the horizon; but in the zenith the well-known 'mares' tails' tell us plainly enough that the wind is not likely to abate for some little time.

We are steering about due north; and as I write this the island of Tsushima, partly hidden by whiffs of low-lying fog, is visible on our port beam. The island itself, a low-lying strip of gray land, punctuated here and there with small conical hills, looks ordinary and commonplace enough; and even with the beautiful colour of the sea itself, the sun shining through the curling tops of the waves, and turning them into a vivid green, forms a picture that is quite familiar to most people who earn their living on the sea. Away on our port quarter there is a low-lying belt of white fog coming up with the wind, the clear-cut edge of this bank of vapour standing out sharply against the blue of the sky above it.

There is nothing particularly attractive in this picture; but we are nearing the spot where the opening phases of the modern Trafalgar, the battle of the Sea of Japan, were fought. By shutting one's eyes one can almost see the dull shapes of the Russian men-of-war looming through the fog-bank up to windward; the Japanese fleet in a long, single line, black smoke curling from their funnel-tops, and the seas breaking over their forecastles as they plough their way into the heart of the wind, steaming down from the northward to meet them. It was on such a day as this that the historic battle began—a battle which held for Japan the same stakes as Trafalgar held for us.

Steaming on, and altering course to about N.N.E., when the north point of the island of Tsushima is on our port beam, we shall soon be on the spot where the *Osliabya*, one of the Russian battleships, was set on fire and driven out of the line of battle in less than half-an-hour after it had commenced, to sink thirty minutes later, the majority of her crew perishing as she did so. The bottom of the Sea of Japan is strewn with the rusty hulls of the Russian ships, and the remains of once brave men are now being slowly washed to and fro by the icy under-currents.

Besides the *Osliabya*, the *Kniaz Suvaroff*, *Alexander III.*, *Borodino*, *Sissoi Veliky*, *Navarin*, *Admiral Nachimoff*, *Admiral Ouchakoff*, *Dimitri Donskoi*, *Vladimir Monomach*, *Svietlana*, six repair-ships, and auxiliary cruisers, together with five destroyers, were sunk between the hours of 2 P.M. on May 27, 1905, and the following midnight. Their crews have for their sepulchre the battered hulls of what were once fine ships, the gaping holes in their sides telling plainly of the fate which has overtaken them. They are washed by the clear water of the Sea of Japan; and, winter and summer alike, when the ice-floes from the north are being borne southward on the bosom of the current, and when the summer breezes are playing in cats'-paws over the glassy surface of the water, those rusty hulls will still be there, each one manned by its complement of grisly remains, as an everlasting tribute to the triumphal victory of the Japanese, and to the pathetic but useless efforts of the Russians to uphold the glory and tradition of their country and Czar.

Thousands of men have met their fate in the dark-green depths of the water through which we are now steaming, while many more have died horrible lingering deaths, with lacerated and torn bodies, breathing through their gurgling throats the same fresh air that we are now inhaling. If ever a sea has been painted red with the blood of men who have died for their country, it is the Sea of Japan, and it is no wonder that, when one is steaming through it, one's thoughts must necessarily turn to the terrible events of which that same sea has been a silent witness. No remains are actually visible, as they are on battlefields on land; but still one cannot help feeling that the clear green water is impregnated with the presence of the men who have died in its depths.

One must feel an intense admiration for the gallant Japanese, and for their no less gallant opponents; but, being in the immediate vicinity of the place where all this seemingly useless sacrifice of life took place, one cannot fail to be impressed with war in all its awful reality. One can feel, to a certain extent, the grim despair

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that must have filled the hearts of the Russian sailors when they saw that the Japanese fleet, manned by battle-worn veterans, stood between them and their haven of refuge, Vladivostok. One can imagine their awful feeling of suspense as they saw one ship after another driven out of their line, a blazing and battered wreck, knowing that their own turn could not be far off.

One can also imagine the feeling of elation that must have permeated the men of the Japanese fleet when they realised that the defeat of the Russians was an accomplished fact, and when they took possession of the battered remnant of the Russian fleet, and saw their flag, the Rising Sun, floating over the blue St Andrew's Cross of their enemy. Every single Japanese present must have realised that he had helped to render the defeat of his country a thing of the past, and that the termination of the war that had cost Japan many thousands of lives was now only a matter of months.

These veteran seamen, who had braved the snow, ice, and gales off Port Arthur, who had never known fear, who had encountered danger every day during the blockade, from the enemy's mines, and in their desperate endeavours to seal the entrance to the harbour of Port Arthur, must, with this final defeat of the Russian fleet, have realised that all their efforts had not been useless, and that the blood they had shed had not been in vain. Their years of training were not wasted, and the lessons of patriotism and devotion to their Emperor that had been instilled into them from their birth had culminated in this glorious triumph.

At the same time, however, while one fully sympathises with the elation of the Japanese in the hour of victory, one cannot but feel an intense sympathy for the heroic behaviour of the Russian seamen, who, through no choice of their own, were called upon to face the might and power of their battle-tried opponents.

The Japanese also, although they realised that the battle of the Sea of Japan was the last blow to the power and prestige of Russia in the Far East, did not allow this fact to lessen their endeavours in working together to perfect the efficiency of their navy. Their attitude was well expressed by Admiral Togo, who in his farewell words to the fleet on the conclusion of the war addressed them thus: 'Victors, tighten your helmet-straps;' thereby impressing upon them that although the war was over, they must not relax their efforts to perfect their efficiency on behalf of their country.

In conclusion, the lesson that is borne in upon us is that it is only by patriotism and devotion to our country that it is possible to win in such a titanic struggle as that upon which the Japanese and Russians were engaged. Once again the truth of the old adage, '*Si vis pacem, para bellum*,' is fully proved; and we British would do well to take it to heart, so that we may not be wanting in the hour when we have to go forth to defend the land of our birth.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER VII.

IT was a matter of necessity with Mrs Ogilvie to purchase a new dress for the wedding. Wherefore, in the week following the night of the ball, she went to London for the day, while builders and carpenters were already at work repairing the ruined tower. 'It will be inconvenient,' she said, 'to go up and see my dressmaker later when the house is full. Is it absolutely incumbent upon me, as the mother of the bridegroom, to dress in gray satin; or have I sufficiently scandalised my neighbours all my life to be able to wear what I like?'

Usually her maid accompanied Mrs Ogilvie when she went up to London for the day; but in her wilful way she had decided to-day that maids were useless, and that her present maid had round eyes that stared at her from the opposite side of the carriage when they travelled together. In short, Mrs Ogilvie intended to go to London alone.

She departed with some sort of idea of enjoying the expedition; the purchase of clothes was a real æsthetic pleasure to her, and even the feel of the pavements in the world-forsaken London of September had something friendly about it that spoke to her with an intimacy and a kindliness such as she never experienced among country sights and sounds. A morning at Paquin's revived her, as sea-breezes revive other women. Lunch followed in a room pleasantly shaded from the sun, and decorated with a fair amount of taste. But the food was uneatable, of course. Mrs Ogilvie could never get a thing to eat that she liked.

It was nearly four o'clock before the brougham which had met her at the station in the morning drew up before a door in deserted Harley Street. An elderly man-servant showed her into the doctor's waiting-room, and Mrs Ogilvie sat down and began turning over with interest the pages of a fashion magazine.

'I think I know the worst,' she said to the famous surgeon whom she had come to consult when he led her into his room. 'What I want to know is, can you put off this tiresome business until after my son's wedding?'

He asked her quietly her reason for the delay. Few people argued with Mrs Ogilvie; there was

an inflexibility about her which made protest impossible. He knew that the case was a hopeless one, but life might certainly be prolonged if she would submit to treatment without delay.

'Why should you put it off?' he said. 'Even five or six weeks may make an enormous difference.'

'I always put off disagreeable things,' said Mrs Ogilvie lightly.

A London doctor probably knows many cases of delicate and sensitive women who will fret over a crumpled rose-leaf and die with the calm courage of a martyr; but the woman who would deliberately throw away her chances of life was unknown to the famous specialist. He looked keenly at his patient for a moment out of his deep eyes.

'I have never known a case of this sort in which there was not an immediate effort at concealment,' he said to himself; 'and women conceal most of their sicknesses as if they were crimes.' Aloud, he asked her what was the earliest date at which she could put herself into his hands.

'It is a great bore coming at all,' said Mrs Ogilvie with that sort of superb impertinence which distinguished her, and was hardly ever offensive; 'but let us say in a month's time. The wedding was not to have been till late in November; but my son and Miss Erskine are quite absurdly in love with each other, and it will not be difficult to persuade them to alter that date for an earlier one.'

'If you have positively decided to postpone treatment,' said the surgeon, 'I can say nothing more except to tell you that you are minimising your chances of recovery.'

Mrs Ogilvie gave one of her twisted smiles. 'I don't feel in the least bit like dying yet,' she said.

'Were you to put yourself into my hands at once,' he urged, 'it is possible that you might be sufficiently recovered to go to the wedding in November.'

'No one is to know anything about it,' said Mrs Ogilvie quickly and decisively. 'If my son is married in October, I can come up to town, as I always do in November, and go into one of your tiresome nursing-homes. Probably the wall-papers will offend me; but at least I shall not have the whole of a countryside discussing my helplessness and the various stages of my illness. Ye gods! they would like to ask for details from one's very footman at the hall door!'

It was useless to say more. The surgeon recommended diet and made out a prescription. 'Everything is talked about in these days, I admit,' he said, 'and I think no one regrets the decline of reserve more than we doctors do; but you are carrying a desire for concealment too far.'

Mrs Ogilvie was drawing on her gloves and buttoning them with an air much more grave and intent than she had bestowed upon her doctor during the discussion of her health. 'Even an animal,' she said lightly, 'is allowed to creep away into the denseness of a thicket and nurse its wounds unseen; but we superior human beings are like the beggars who expose a mutilated arm to the pitiful, and would fain show their wounds to every passer-by.'

'Perhaps you will allow me to write to your son?' said the surgeon.

Mrs Ogilvie replied by a quick and unequivocal answer in the negative; then, relaxing a little, she said more lightly, but with intent, 'I have always triumphed over difficulties all my life; I have always overcome.'

'That is quite possible,' said the physician gravely.

Mrs Ogilvie stood up and began to arrange her veil before the mirror which hung above the mantelpiece, and as she did so she glanced critically at her face under her large, fashionable-looking hat, with its bizarre trimmings.

'I am very plain,' she said with a sort of sensuous enjoyment in her frankness, 'and yet I have passed successfully for a beautiful woman most of my life. I am also what is ridiculously called a power in society, and I owe everything to my own will. I detest unsuccess!'

'You are talking of the success which lies in the hands of every clever woman,' said the doctor; 'but your health is another matter.'

'I believe in my good luck; it has never failed me,' said Mrs Ogilvie as she shook hands and said good-bye.

When she reached home she dressed in one of her sumptuous gowns, for a score of country neighbours were coming to meet Jane Erskine as the fiancée of her son. Her maid bore the brunt of my lady's sarcasm during the time of dressing, and was given a curt notice of dismissal before the toilet was complete. The woman's big round eyes, which were so obnoxious to her mistress, filled with tears as she accepted her discharge. And Mrs Ogilvie, descending the broad staircase of the house with her air of magnificence, her jewels, and her red hair, rapped her fan suddenly and sharply on the palm of her hand so that the delicate tortoise-shell sticks were broken. 'Why does she look at me like that?' she said fiercely below her breath. 'I am glad I dismissed her, and I am glad she cried! Why should not some one else suffer as well as I?'

'You are not really tiresome, Jane,' she said after dinner, as the two sat together on a couch. 'I have never known another engaged young lady whom I did not avoid; but you are bothering your head quite unnecessarily about me. When I look tired, for instance, you may take it as a sure sign that I am bored; nothing ever really makes me feel ill except dullness.'

'Still,' urged Jane, 'Peter and I want it so much. We think if you were to get advice from a doctor it would make us feel so much happier about you.'

'I never allow any one to discuss my health with me,' said Mrs Ogilvie coldly; 'it is only a polite way of pointing out to one that one is looking plain.'

Jane took one of Mrs Ogilvie's hands in hers with an impulsive gesture, and printed a kiss upon it.

'Do sit upon me when I begin to bore you or to say the wrong thing! I believe, for a woman, I am quite unpardonably clumsy and tactless.'

'Have you ever discovered,' said Mrs Ogilvie, 'that tact is becoming a little overdone, and that it generally succeeds in accentuating a difficult situation, or in making it impossible? Women are horribly tactful as a rule, and that is why men's society is preferable to theirs. If you tread on a man's foot he will no doubt forgive you, while admitting that it was painful; but a woman smiles and tries to look as though she really enjoyed it.'

'Promise never to endure me in silence,' said Jane, laughing, 'even when I am most tactless!'

'Silent endurance is hardly a characteristic of mine,' said Mrs Ogilvie, screwing up her eyes. 'I dismissed Forder before dinner because she annoyed me.'

'Please take Forder to your heart again tomorrow morning,' said Jane; 'she keeps Martin in such a good temper.'

'No,' said Mrs Ogilvie; 'I shall get a new maid when I go up to London in November. Forder has had round eyes for such a long time, and she is hopelessly stupid about doing my hair.'

Mrs Ogilvie always spoke about her hair with a touch of defiance in her voice. It was so undisguisedly auburn that probably only Jane Erskine and Peter ever believed that it was not dyed.

'What were we talking about?' she said presently. 'Oh yes, I was saying that you were not tiresome, although you are engaged to be married. You are not even quite uninteresting, although you are healthy and happy! All the same, I am going to try to persuade you and Peter to have the wedding sooner than you intended.'

'Why?' said Jane simply.

'I am sick of Bowshott,' said Mrs Ogilvie lightly. 'By the bye, I believe I am going to make it over to you and Peter when you marry. Why should I act as custodian to a lot of grimy pictures which don't amuse me the least bit in the world, or walk in these formal gardens, where I don't even meet a gardener after ten o'clock? A prison life would really be a pleasant change! I shall go to London when you are married; it is the only place—except Paris—where one lives. I must have the house in Berkeley Square painted. And, oh! there are heaps of things I want to do. Must I really go into them all?'

'When is the wedding to be?' asked old Lord Sherard, sinking on to the sofa beside Miss Erskine, when he and the other gentlemen returned from the dining-room.

'Jane and I have just been deciding that the wedding is to take place in the middle of October,' replied Mrs Ogilvie in her cool, decisive voice.

Jane laughed and caught Peter's eye, and he drew her aside when he could, and asked for further confirmation of a change of plans of which he thoroughly approved.

Jane nodded her head. There was no reason for delay; the building and repairing of the tower would hardly interfere with the other parts of the vast house. She, like Peter, was quite satisfied that their wedding should be at an earlier date than was at first suggested. They had known each other all their lives; why postpone the happy time when they should be married?

So wedding invitations were written and despatched, and wedding-gowns were ordered, and wedding presents came in. Tenants presented silver bowls and trays, and servants gave clocks and illuminated addresses; and the Ogilvie family lawyer came down to stay, with his clerk, and was hidden away somewhere in the big house, where he wrote busily all day, and made wills and transferred deeds, and wanted signatures for this thing and for that through half the autumn mornings.

'I see nothing for it,' said Jane, 'but to postpone getting my trousseau until after I am married. If I succeed in getting a wedding-dress and something to go away in by the 26th I shall consider myself lucky!'

Miss Abingdon, to whose early Victorian mind a wedding was still an occasion for tears, sighed over her niece's engagement, because Jane never came to her room at night and watered her couch with tears, or had doubts or presentiments or misgivings.

'She seems to have so little sense of responsibility,' she sighed to Mrs Wrottesley, whose visits at this trying and responsible time were a cause of nothing but comfort to her.

'I know,' said Mrs Wrottesley, in the hesitating manner of the woman who might have been 'advanced' had she not married a clergyman—'I know it may seem to you irreverent to say so, but I sometimes think that marriage is not undertaken lightly and unadvisedly enough. It seems to me that nowadays the tendency is to consider the matter almost too seriously, and that a certain light-hearted impulse is really what is required before taking what is called the plunge.'

Miss Abingdon—not by any means for the first time—felt regret that Canon Wrottesley's influence upon his wife had not made her a more orthodox thinker. A woman who criticised the Prayer-Book was surely not fitted to be the wife of a clergyman. Miss Abingdon liked to lean on a spiritual guide, and she thought that this was the graceful and becoming attitude for all women.

'I am afraid we must not tamper with the Prayer-Book,' she said reprovingly; and Mrs Wrottesley, who for twenty years had been silent under reproof, relapsed into silence again.

Jane meanwhile was saying good-bye to every tenant on Miss Abingdon's small estate. To her hunters she confided the good news that they were going with her when she married, and that they would hunt with her as before. And the stable cat, whom she took up in her arms and kissed affectionately, was told that he really must not mind saying good-bye, for that she, Jane, would only be two miles off, so that the stable cat needn't look quite so disconsolate. The proverbial old nurse in the village had to be visited, and the school children asked to tea, and tenants and gardeners to dinner; and every one was in a highly nervous state of preparation and in a still more delightful state of anticipation.

Miss Abingdon enjoyed the dear fussiness of the wedding preparations, and thought in her secret heart that Mrs Ogilvie missed all the pleasure of the thing by giving a few brief, emphatic orders to her steward, instead of personally superintending every detail of the servants' ball and the tenants' dinner.

Mrs Ogilvie's directions were probably made in less than an hour, and transmitted to Mr Miller's capacious pocket-book when he came to her boudoir to receive instructions one autumn morning. When he had left, Mrs Ogilvie quitted her writing-table, by which she had been sitting, and walked to the window of her room and stood idly by it, her graceful figure outlined against the pane. Before her stretched the great gardens in an aching formality of borders and devices. Viewed from a height, and with her near-sighted eyes, they presented an appearance of a piece of elaborate stitchwork on a green worsted ground. The fountains, with their punctual fall of spray, might have been a device in shells and beads in the centre of each design. Beyond the gardens there was a mass of woods, all dim greens and bright golds; but even the woods were touched with formality, and the foresters of the place had lopped away every unsightly branch from the beeches and oaks. Probably there may have been homely corners in the gardens and grounds which Peter had discovered as a child; but Mrs Ogilvie, when she walked, kept to the trim paths of the terrace and the garden where every pebble seemed to have its proper place, in full view of the lines of windows of the house.

'It has always been a prison to me—always,' she murmured to herself, oblivious of the fact that no one would have missed more than she a luxurious environment and a stately setting to her own personality. Mrs Ogilvie often imagined that she would have liked a small house; but there is no doubt she would have quitted it in disgust the first time that the odour of dinner came up the back stairs. She believed that a large staff of servants was merely a burden; but she would have felt at a loss had she been obliged to wait on herself even for an hour. As she looked now at the gardens in front of her, and away to the woods beyond, and to the great stretches of greenhouses and conservatories southward, she thought how irksome they were, how unnecessary, and how little pleasure they gave.

'Magnificence is always dull,' she thought, 'and yet people are impressed by it! They not only value themselves by what they have; they actually value others according to their possessions, and respect a man for his ownership of things of which they cannot even hope to rob him.'

She supposed the tenants and servants would have to be fed on the occasion of a marriage. She believed it was their one idea of enjoying themselves; but she begged her steward not to bother her with details when he had gone into the question of roasting an ox whole. Having dismissed him with a few brief orders, Mrs Ogilvie went to her writing-table. 'I may as well get over all the disagreeable and odious things in one morning,' she said to herself.

(To be continued.)

WATCHING THE BIRDS.

MUCH time, money, and ingenious effort are at present being expended in studying birds, both at home and abroad. The result is apparent in newspapers and periodicals, and in the wonderfully clever pictures of birds in their native haunts so frequently reproduced in cheap as well as most expensive books. No such romance of natural history as Goldsmith's *Animated Nature* is now possible, although animals showing almost human attributes appear in narratives of a different kind, with their haunts and habits perfectly delineated. Modern bird-books are legion, wonderfully accurate in description, full of loving, patient work by the artist or photographer, who may have spent hours or days in obtaining snapshots of rare and curious subjects

in their native haunts. Seton-Thompson and others have made animal biography as interesting as that of human kind. His *Wild Animals I Have Known* went through ten editions in one year; and his outdoor life movement has had thousands of followers. Big game has always had its exponents, and the popularity of Mr Roosevelt's African hunting-book is apparent from the fact that something like a million copies were ordered in advance. As in anything of a practical kind, the hunter or ornithologist gets more than he went out to seek. He has adventures, gains an acquaintance with strange peoples, and if tree-climbing and cliff-climbing are thrown in, he may have a very thrilling time. Certainly Mr R. B. Lodge, in his record of *Bird Hunting through Wild Europe*, and Colonel Willoughby Verner in his *My Life among the Wild Birds in Spain* (John Bale, Sons, & Danielson), about the latter of which we wish to say something, show what an enormous amount of hard work and enthusiasm are required in the pursuit, in which they frequently risked their lives in their expeditions for bird and egg collecting. This is no child's-play, and requires, besides enthusiasm, fitness of condition to stand the bodily and mental strain and fatigue.

For many people the study of birds has become an interesting hobby, and even a ruling passion. Mr John G. Millais, one of our foremost living ornithologists, the fourth son of the famous artist Sir John Millais, now finds his chief recreation in natural-history pursuits all the world over. He has written many valuable and original works on his favourite subjects. He relates in his father's Life how the painter found the subject of his picture 'The Ruling Passion, or the Ornithologist.' Along with his father, he had called one day on John Gould, the great naturalist, who had a fine collection of birds-of-paradise, many of them rare and valuable. Propped up on a couch, Gould called in his two daughters to help him to show the visitors his latest gems from New Guinea, and his unique collection of humming-birds, afterwards sold to the Natural History Museum for five thousand pounds. Sir John Millais was delighted with his visit, and remarked to his son, 'That's a fine subject, a very fine subject. I shall paint it when I have time.' And he painted what Ruskin said was one of the finest pictures of its kind in modern times, in sentiment and management of colour. In it we see the old ornithologist examining his specimen birds with loving care, ministered to by his family, who bend round, seemingly quite as interested as he is. We have seen two masterly pen-and-ink sketches by Mr J. G. Millais for a proposed collection of birds, including birds of prey, from the golden eagle downwards, gulls, and others; these sketches were presented to a friend, the late Mr Macleay, an Inverness taxidermist.

Some people have a hereditary tendency to love all kinds of living things, like Tom Edward, the Scottish naturalist, who also wished to live among them. He would come to school with his favourite 'beasts' in his pockets. Edmund Gosse tells us that his aunt, Eliza Brightwen, author of *Wild Nature Won by Kindness*, was in her dying moments attended by those wild creatures who had long been accustomed to her presence. When he took a last farewell of her, two squirrels were gambolling and struggling on the toilet-table, and a robin was seated on the edge of her cup. The death of her husband and lifelong delicacy of constitution caused her to turn her attention to the living things in her lawn and shrubbery. By addresses in village schools, she urged boys and girls to cultivate a truer knowledge of native birds, so that in time they might be led to observe rather than to destroy them. When she was feeding the birds in winter, a large collection of them were to be seen in front of the windows of her home, near Stanmore, in size ranging from a pheasant to the tiny tits. Thomas Aird, the poet, had a robin-redbreast which fed from his hand, and a pet chaffinch took crumbs of bread from his mouth. Asked for the secret of his powers, he said, 'A pure conscience and a steady eye are the only lures; they will know at once if you mean to harm, and disguises are useless.' For the purpose of writing a book on bird-migration, Mr W. Eagle Clarke, of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh, has spent much time on the Eddystone Lighthouse, Fair Isle, St Kilda, and elsewhere.

Bird-photography is a new art, and has marked a new era in natural history. The photographing in 1892 of the nest and eggs of a song-thrush in the neighbourhood of London by Mr Cherry Kearton suggested to his brother, Mr Richard Kearton, the idea of writing a book on British birds' nests. This he did, and so successfully that it has had many successors and imitators. The brothers, up to 1907, had travelled by railroad and steamboat upwards of thirty thousand miles, and in pursuit of bird-photography had exposed over ten thousand plates. Mr Charles Reid, of Wishaw, whose charming animal-studies are well known, was even earlier in the field. As an illustration of the patient methods necessary, Mr Reid has kindly furnished us with an account of his dealings with that rare and shy bird the kingfisher, a picture of which he at last secured, at the entrance to its nest, with a fish in its mouth.

'A friend at a distance did me the favour of telling me that he knew of such a nest, and took me to the secluded spot where it was built. It was not to be seen, of course, as it was at the far end of a burrow of the bird's own tunnelling. From the appearance of the opening, and the faint chirping of voices inside, it was plain there were young present. At first a dummy camera was placed a few feet from the opening, where it remained for days to familiarise the old ones

with the unusual object. On the day that I meant to try to get a photo of the bird at the entrance I left home early, and placed the real camera in the same position, and covered it with the same material. It was placed so that it commanded a view of a twig on which the bird sometimes lighted before entering. The focus being adjusted, and the shutter drawn, I retired to a distance of seventy or eighty feet and hid behind a screen of ferns, at a point where I had a peep of the nest and the space between it and the river whence supplies were drawn. Attached to the shutter was a tube, the ball end of which reached to my hiding-place. Here on a cold morning in early June I waited for hours, the bird not venturing near the nest. I am satisfied it had seen me making preparations. It would come in sight occasionally, and rapidly disappear. About noon it mustered courage, rushed forward, and darted into the nest. On a subsequent visit it delayed a short time on the twig, when I made an exposure. About the result I was not at all hopeful; I feared it had moved at the critical moment. My visit to the camera to insert another plate would further disconcert the bird, and it kept out of sight for a long time. At three o'clock a friend came to keep me company on my lonely watch. When at four there was no appearance of the bird, I said I would wait one half-hour, but no longer. It is said that "everything comes to him who waits." About five minutes before the expiry of the allotted time the kingfisher flew up from the river with a fish in its bill and took up its position on the twig. Before making the accustomed forward movement, it turned its head, as if making sure that no danger lurked in that eye of glass that kept staring all the while. At this moment the shutter was released, and we both felt certain that patience had had its reward.'

Mr George Rankin, the artist of *Britain's Birds and their Nests*, just issued by Messrs W. & R. Chambers, Ltd., furnishes us with these notes as to his methods of studying birds: 'Birds have always had a fascination for me. When quite a small boy I used to spend hours watching them and studying their ways and habits. In the evenings I found great pleasure in reading books on the subject, which, of course, are now somewhat out of date. The pets of my boyhood were almost always birds—bullfinches, goldfinches, pigeons, jackdaws, &c.; and all were so tame that they flew to me and perched on my head or shoulders. I have still got bird pets, and lose no opportunity of studying them in their wild state as well as in captivity. I make a slight note or a sketch of most birds I meet with, and being blessed with a very retentive memory for bird or animal, I can always fill in details when required. I may mention that none of the birds represented in the one hundred and thirty or so plates done for *Britain's Birds* are from museum specimens, but from those belonging to myself, and are the result of constant observation.' Mr A. Landsborough Thomson, who has written the descriptions in *Britain's Birds*, is the son of the Regius Professor of Natural History, Aberdeen University, and has had exceptional opportunities in the way of books, observation, and the friendship of scientific workers to aid him in his great task. In his studies on migration he has visited the German station at Heligoland, and also that of Rossitten on the Baltic. From thence he borrowed the idea of marking young birds with aluminium foot-rings, in the hope of hearing of their subsequent movements. This is the method of study of the Aberdeen University Bird Migration Inquiry set on foot under his father's supervision. Professor Thomson is responsible for the Introduction to the book. The series represented includes nearly all the species which nest in the British Isles in appreciable numbers, and a few rarer birds of special interest. Each plate by Mr Rankin shows the adult male in full plumage. In addition to the bird the nest and eggs are portrayed. We quite agree with Professor Thomson that the study of birds is one of the most wholesome, educative, and enjoyable of studies.

Bird-nesting as pursued by Colonel Verner is an art. Wandering about a wild country had a great attraction for him. When he failed with birds he might see something new in butterflies, beetles, or reptiles, or gain some fresh interest in botany or geology. He almost congratulated himself, despite the cruel fortune of war which abruptly closed the profession of arms for him, that he was spared to be what one of his comrades called 'reduced to bird-nesting.' By way of equipment, when absent for a time, he had a light camp-bed and blankets, a portable cooking-canteen, a small luncheon-basket with aluminium plates and forks and spoons, and supplies. He also had an aneroid, watch, silk rope, whistle, hunting-belt, swivels and knives, notebook and pencil, field-glasses, telescope and compass, sketch-book, hand-camera, ropes, canvas-sling, casting-line and weight, egg-boxes, cotton-wool, and egg-blowing implements. Rope-soled boots he found invaluable for climbing. In cliff-climbing he learned that a man must depend upon his own nerve, eye, and skill to carry him through. With the best of equipment, however, or without it altogether, the main factor of success in bird-watching is time.

Spain has been called the Mecca of European ornithologists, whither naturalists and collectors turn with eager and covetous eyes, and there can hardly have been any more eager and adventurous scrambler after birds than Colonel Willoughby Verner, whose book is full of fresh observation from first to last, and thrills with interest. Colonel Verner's father and grandfather were both devoted to the study of birds.

His father discouraged him in the pursuit all too late, and once, when examining a jackdaw's nest, he fell and squashed in the crown of his parent's tall hat. An enthusiast from early years, he kept a journal, and illustrated it with pen-and-ink drawings and water-colours, evidence of his gift in the execution of the latter being seen in the book. Since 1874 he has been interested in the fauna of southern Spain; and, compelled to leave the army owing to injuries received in South Africa, he has been a good deal in that region, where he could indulge in his favourite hobby. He early learned that only by living amongst wild creatures could he gain a true idea of them; and he agrees with Mrs Brightwen that the more they are studied the less will they be destroyed.

In the mountain plains and marshes of southern Spain still thrive many interesting birds long ago driven out or killed off in Britain and other thickly peopled European centres. The most striking feature of bird-life in Spain is the large numbers of raptorial birds, the numerous genera which make the list of vultures, eagles, falcons, and owls so attractive to the naturalist. Colonel Verner devotes more than half the book to his adventures on cliffs and tall trees in search of the nests of birds of prey. Some of the illustrations show the author dangling in mid-air as he is let down by a rope to a projecting cliff to inspect a vulture's nest, or moving along a narrow ledge on the face of a precipice, where a false step would be certain death, while the vulture with outstretched neck and wings flies from her nest. To Colonel Verner the whole fascination of the art of nest-finding is the personal experience of the seeker. Locating a wild bird, studying its habits, following it to its nesting-haunts, and discovering its secrets all give zest and interest to the pursuit. If photographs or sketches are secured, so much the better for the permanency of the discoveries. And if 'the quest of a certain species leads a man to climb mountains, explore remote marshes, or make adventurous sea-trips, there is literally no limit to the variety of experiences which are comprised in the single word bird-nesting.' Verner journeyed two thousand miles to take the egg of the black vulture.

Colonel Verner has no sympathy with the indiscriminate slaughter of eagles and hawks, which, he found, habitually preyed upon the larger reptiles. The lynx, fox, and wild-cat are greater enemies to game. Every spring he noticed large numbers of black kites passing northwards across the Strait of Gibraltar. Once he swarmed up the trunk of a tall pine, without branches, for thirty-five feet, and found a red kite's nest with two eggs. The nest was lined with old rags and goat's hair. In another nest he found a fragment of a Spanish newspaper in which the assassination of General Prim was announced, a delicate cambric handkerchief, some coloured rags, and brocade. The kites' powers of flight impressed him much. 'Besides the quick lateral alteration of the position of the tail, there is another movement whereby the height of the flight is regulated, and yet again another, the sudden expansion of the tail like an open fan, whereby the speed is instantly checked. It is after watching the kites thus gliding seemingly without effort, at all angles and in all directions, that one despairs of the audacity of man's attempts to convert himself into a flying-machine.' He saw them at their best in Morocco: 'After a few easy strokes of its wings, no laboured flapping, one would glide slowly past on motionless pinions, with head inclined and bright yellow eye closely examining all below, and as it passed between us and the sun the delicately coloured forked tail seemed almost transparent and assumed a bright rufous tint. Suddenly, with a quick but well-defined motion, the angle of the tail would be altered, and, obedient to this movement, the course of the bird would be changed with mechanical precision, until a second quick turn of the tail brought it back to its former course or caused it to sweep round.'

We find in the book much that is interesting about the great and little bustard, the booted eagle, the white-shouldered eagle, and the vultures. The absolute silence at the top of some great cliff was impressive. The vultures glide overhead, or sweep past hundreds of feet below, but never utter a sound, as also do the eagles and the startled rock-doves. Landseer's famous picture of 'Eagles attacking Swans' he calls a monumental work of mischievous misrepresentation. It gave him unspeakable pleasure, unrepentant bird-nester that he was, to gaze at last, after dangerous and toilsome effort, at the nest of a golden eagle, a great structure of sticks, four or even six feet across, with its lining of fresh green leaves, in the centre of which lie two splendid eggs, white in ground-colour, with every shade of rich brown and rufous marking. He says: 'Such moments repay the true lover of nature for all the labour and risk. Contrast his feelings with those of the collector who pays a man to take both the risks and the eggs for him! But whether the object of the quest be to take the eggs, to obtain photographs of the nests, or to see the birds in their wild state, it brings a man in touch with one of the most fascinating of studies. The mere watching of these glorious birds in their haunts is a revelation. The marvellous ease of their flight and the rapid adaptation of their great wings to effect every turn and wheel in mid-air are a never-failing joy to witness.' The Egyptian vulture is called the most unsavoury of birds, and the griffon vulture one of the most magnificent birds on the wing. To obtain the eggs and photograph the nest of a bearded vulture or lämmergeyer, Verner made five expeditions to a remote spot in three successive years, and narrowly escaped disaster in

three of them. We must refer the reader to the book for these thrilling narratives of feats as daring as that of Count Arco recorded in Boner's *Forest Creatures*, when he climbed between four hundred and five hundred feet to an eagle's eyrie. The bearded vulture is little better than its Egyptian friend in the matter of feeding; the nests are unspeakably foul. They show marvellous ease in flight, and have a fierce-looking head, silvered crown, and black mustachios and bristly black beard, contrasting with the rich red throat and breast, and sweeping black pinions.

Ospreys seem fairly common in the Strait of Gibraltar, and their nests are a mass of big sticks about five feet across. The nests in the cliffs Verner found difficult of access. They have the cry of the falcon or hawk type. The osprey will remain out fishing long after sundown. While fishing it flies with motionless wings, about two hundred feet above the sea, until it detects a fish below. Then it momentarily checks its pace and flaps its wings, drops like a stone into the water, disappears altogether, and returns with a fish in its talons.

NOT WHOLLY BAD.

CHAPTER II.

IN the silence that ensued, Delane stepped out on to the veranda and scanned carefully as much of the countryside as was visible therefrom. Then he went back and sat down in a wicker chair near the window.

Turning to Vera, he said, 'As you doubtless observe, I have drawn largely on my unknown nephew's wardrobe. But I have changed more than my garments. I am no longer the same being I was a quarter of an hour ago. I breathe, I live! Nay, I could dance and sing as if I were again a child. Among your brother's belongings I lighted on a box of theatrical trappings, of which this wig and this moustache formed part. Oh, what a lucky find it was! Yes, I am indeed high in Fortune's favour to-day.'

'My brother is engaged to take part in some amateur theatricals in the course of next week,' remarked Vera by way of explanation. 'But surely you must be hungry! Shall I have a luncheon-tray brought in for you, or—or will you dine with us at seven, by which time mamma will almost surely be back?' How long did he intend to stay? she wondered.

'*Merci;* but I could not touch food just now. For all that, a tot of neat cognac or whisky would earn my gratitude. As soon as it is fairly dusk I shall clear out and trouble you no more.'

Vera spoke to Fred, who left the room, to return two minutes later carrying a tumbler half-filled with neat spirit, which he handed to Delane.

The latter stood up to take it, and drew a long breath as he inhaled its fragrance. Then slowly and lovingly he drained the glass, nor took it from his lips till the last drop had been imbibed.

'Nectar!—nothing less. Fit for mighty Jove himself!' he said as he put down the glass. 'To think that for four long years nothing stronger than cocoa has passed my lips! Cocoa! I shudder at the recollection. Already I am conscious of a new life permeating my veins. My brain is throwing off its torpidity. I am no longer "Number-four-nine-seven," but Edward Delane, gentleman.'

He laughed lightly and resumed his seat by the window. Again his gaze traversed the landscape outside.

'Possibly you would not object to a cigarette,' said Vera, whose kind heart could not help compassionating Delane, although there was an indefinable something about him which repelled her in her own despite. 'If so, you have my full permission to smoke.'

'"Princess, this is too much! You have rendered me your slave for ever,"' he exclaimed effusively, apparently quoting from some play or other.

Fred handed him his cigarette-case and match-box, and presently he was exhaling thin spirals of smoke through his nostrils, with half-shut eyes and an air of supreme enjoyment.

Vera and Fred, seated near the piano, conversed in low tones.

Suddenly Delane spoke. 'I have told you a part of my history, but not so much as it is only right that you should be made acquainted with. For instance, you don't yet know to what unhappy circumstance it was owing that for the last four years I have been an inmate of a convict prison—of a veritable hell upon earth. I will now enlighten you.' He paused while he indulged in a few more delectable whiffs.

'It was not till I had been fifteen years abroad that, after many ups and downs and many adventures, I returned to England, thoroughly homesick. I had not made my fortune in the interim—far from it. I had left the Old Country with two hundred pounds in my pocket; I came back with three hundred, mostly in Bank of England notes. A few days after landing I had occasion to make certain purchases, and I was arrested some hours later, charged with passing a forged note. I and my baggage were searched. My other notes were, of course, found, and they also proved to be

forgeries. The only conclusion I could come to at the time—and I have come to none other since—was that I had been drugged on shipboard, and false notes substituted for my genuine ones. But this I was unable to substantiate at my trial, the result being that I was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.'

He had spoken gravely and not without a certain impressiveness. Neither of his hearers saw the least reason for doubting the truth of his statement. Vera felt profoundly sorry for him.

He selected another cigarette and lighted it. Presently he resumed. 'I can see now how rashly and foolishly I acted this morning. After enduring four years of purgatory, it was nothing less than madness, with the end of my term so close at hand, to make a wild dash for liberty. When I rose this morning I had no more notion of doing such a thing than I had of attempting to fly. It was all owing to the fog, which came on suddenly and swiftly, as it has a way of doing in these parts. With a number of others, I was at work outside the prison walls, when in less than a couple of minutes a dense white haze swallowed us up, and hid each of us from the others, warders and prisoners alike. All in a moment a mad desire to make a dash for freedom seized me and gripped me hard. Vainly I struggled against it. My brain surged; I staggered as I stood. I seemed to hear a voice calling me out of the fog. "Come! come!" it said. All fancy, of course. On the instant my brain steadied. I flung down my spade and fled, unseen by a soul. I knew already that my widowed sister's home was at Mallow Dene, within a few miles of the prison, and when, about an hour ago, from my hiding-place in a thick clump of brushwood close to the high-road, I saw her drive past in her carriage—how well she carries her years!—I made up my mind there and then to seek a temporary refuge under her roof, which I had not before thought of doing.' He tossed away the fag-end of his cigarette. 'And now my tale is told. I trust I have not bored you overmuch.'

A gay, cynical smile lighted up his features as he proceeded to select another cigarette.

'With all my heart I hope they won't succeed in recapturing you,' said Vera; 'but should they unfortunately do so, what would be the penalty?'

'Another year added to my term, so that I should have to serve two years instead of one; besides certain minor inflictions.'

'How shocking!'

At this juncture Delane, who had not ceased to keep a wary eye on the approaches to the house, so far as they were visible to him, started to his feet with an exclamation of 'Yonder they come!'

Vera and Fred crossed quickly to the window, and, following Delane's indication, near the point where the lane debouched into the high-road they beheld a group of men in uniform, one of whom was evidently questioning a smock-frocked labourer, who presently pointed to the Dene with outstretched arm and then went on his way.

'That fellow spotted me as I sprinted across yonder field on my way here,' muttered Delane.

At once the men on the road divided, two of them advancing up the lane, while the others kept along the high-road. A sharp turn to the right three hundred yards farther on would bring them to the main entrance to the Dene.

'What is to be done?' asked Vera, with clasped hands and colourless cheeks.

A short, sardonic laugh broke from Delane. 'It rests with you, my dear niece, to screw your courage to the sticking-place—if you can,' he said. 'It's evident that the clodhopper who watched me making for the grounds of the Dene has given me away to my pursuers. The object of the two warders coming up the lane is to ensure that their quarry does not escape by the rear. The others are going round to the front. Doubtless some of them will beat the grounds about the house, while the leader of the squad, in your mother's absence, will probably ask to see you; and, if I may advise, I would let him interview you here.'

'In this room!' exclaimed the amazed girl. 'But where will you conceal yourself?'

'I don't purpose attempting anything so foolish as to conceal myself. But leave that to me. All your unwelcome visitor will or can do will be to apologise for his intrusion, inquire whether you have seen anything of an escaped convict, and then ask leave to search the premises—which, of course, you will graciously permit him to do. But the point is, have you sufficient nerve to go through such an ordeal?' He looked questioningly at her with his piercing blue-gray eyes.

Vera returned his gaze, and drew herself up, as if involuntarily, to her full height, while her bosom rose and fell quickly. 'You may trust me,' was all she said.

An imperative summons at the front entrance reached them, softened by distance. The crucial moment was at hand.

Vera turned her easel from the wall and took up her palette and brush. Marsden seated himself at the piano, stuck a piece of music in front of him, and struck a minor chord now and again absently. Delane lighted a fresh cigarette, drew his wicker chair on to the veranda, sat down, and proceeded to busy himself with the fishing-tackle left there by Fred. The rays of the autumn sun, now only just above the horizon, shone full upon him.

There was a tap at the door, followed by the appearance of Mrs Dobbs, the housekeeper.

'If you please, miss,' said the latter, 'Mrs Willoughby being from home, here are two—er

—persons who would like to have a word with you.'

'Show them in,' said Vera, turning from the easel.

Hardly had the words left her lips ere the men pushed past Mrs Dobbs into the room. One of them showed by his uniform that he was a prison official; in the other, Fred, who had turned on his music-stool, recognised Mr Snape, the chief constable of Dunstan's Cross, and a nod passed between them. Both men removed their headgear on entering.

'We must crave your pardon, Miss Willoughby, for this intrusion,' said Snape; 'but we have no option in the matter. Taking advantage of the fog, a convict at work outside the prison made his escape this morning. We have information that a little while ago the fellow was seen to enter the grounds of Mallow Dene, where he is being sought for at this moment. But, as we think it not unlikely that he may have made his way into the house itself by means of one or other of the doors or windows in the unoccupied wing, we want your permission to search the premises in order to satisfy ourselves that either he is or is not concealed on them.'

'Gracious goodness, Mr Snape! you have set me all a-tremble!' exclaimed Vera with an air of well-simulated dismay. 'I hope the wretch has not sought refuge here. Search the premises, by all means; and the more thoroughly the better. Mrs Dobbs shall conduct you over the house.' Thereupon she rang the bell.

In the meantime the head-warder's eyes had not been idle. He had bowed to Vera, and had not failed to note what a remarkably pretty young woman she was; and he had seen the nod of recognition which passed between the chief constable and Marsden. Then his eyes took in casually, and as a matter of no moment, the artistic furniture and adornments of the little room, and so reached, last of all, the figure in the wicker chair on the veranda; a tall, thin man, well past his thirties, with black hair, a small moustache with upcurled ends, and a complexion as bronzed as the warder's own, dressed in white flannels, with one leg crossed carelessly over the other, thereby displaying an inch of black sock, placidly smoking a cigarette, his straw hat tilted over his eyes while deftly tying a fly on the fishing-line tangled about his knees.

All these details the head-warder took in almost at a glance, as his training had educated him into doing; but they left no impression on his brain. His thoughts were full of the escaped convict, and had no room just then for other concerns. He was impatient to begin his perquisition.

Three minutes at the most had elapsed since the entry of the men when Mrs Dobbs appeared in response to the bell. Vera gave her certain instructions, and then the officers bowed and followed the housekeeper. As the door closed behind them Vera sank into a chair white and trembling. The nervous tension which had upheld her so far had suddenly given way.

'You acted that little scene amazingly well, my dear niece,' said Delane approvingly. 'It is evident that you possess no small measure of the histrionic gift.'

Vera did not reply. Marsden gave her hand a surreptitious squeeze, and, turning again to the piano, began to play one of Schubert's nocturnes in a minor key.

For all three the next ten minutes seemed to stretch out to a full hour; but at the end of that time Mrs Dobbs made a welcome appearance. The officers had gone, their errand having proved a fruitless one; while the men who had been searching the grounds had taken their departure in a hurry, some on bicycles, others on foot, news of some sort having apparently reached them from a fresh quarter.

Delane rose, stretched himself, and stifled a yawn. '"Now to fresh woods and pastures new,"' he quoted. 'The time has come for me to make my exit.'

'Surely not till you have partaken of some refreshment,' said Vera with gentle insistence. 'I will myself go to the kitchen and arrange for a tray to be brought in for you. Your pursuers have gone. Why need you hurry?' Without waiting for a reply, she went.

Delane shrugged his shoulders. 'Woman's sweet tyranny,' he remarked with a caustic smile. 'The dear creatures lead us by a silken thread, and do with us as they will.'

'Have you formed any plans for the future, if I may ask without being considered impertinent?' queried Marsden. 'If I can further your views in any way I trust you won't hesitate to tell me.'

'My dear fellow, it's awfully kind of you to say so; but I hope to manage "on my own." My aim will be to get out to South America, where I have friends—well-to-do friends—who will hardly cold-shoulder their old-time *amigo*. No, they could not afford to do that!'

Here Vera returned.

'A little *déjeuner*, so to call it, will be ready for you in five minutes,' she said. 'And here is a trifle of money to help you on your way.' Into Delane's extended palm she put two or three sovereigns, and then handed him a small pocket-book containing notes to the value of thirty pounds. 'If this is not enough for your requirements,' she said, 'write to mamma when you are in safety, and I feel sure that you won't have to wait long for an answer.'

Holding the gold in one hand and the pocket-book in the other, he said, with what seemed a ring of genuine pathos in his voice, 'My dear niece, I believed that my heart, seared by misfortune and the manifold hardships I have undergone, had been rendered impervious to all the softer feelings and emotions of ordinary

humanity; but to-day has proved that in so thinking I was mistaken. It has proved that'——

He broke off abruptly. A woman's shriek, which evidently came from a distance, and yet had a piercing note in it, cut the luminous twilight like a knife, to be followed by an agonised cry of 'Help! Help! Oh, my child! my child!'

Our trio stared at each other with startled eyes.

'The river is in flood, and there must have been an accident!' exclaimed Vera.

Again the cry for help rang out.

Without a word to the others, Delane clapped his hat on his head, sprang through the open window, vaulted over the garden gate, and began to sprint down the lane which led in the direction of the river.

'I'm off too!' exclaimed Marsden.

'Yes, yes! and I will follow,' cried Vera.

(To be continued.)

A FLOATING PUBLIC SCHOOL.

By Donald Newton.

'THE battle of Waterloo was won on the playing-fields of Eton.' Such was the dictum of England's greatest soldier, whose thoughts naturally turned to his own school and his own greatest achievement. His saying, without departing from his meaning, is, however, capable of a wider interpretation; his thoughts analysed, doubtless, would have been translated into, 'The battles of England are won on the playing-fields of our public schools.' Nothing could be truer. No sphere is too wide to merit inclusion in the tribute paid to our great educational institutions by one whose whole life amongst men of action made his opinion one to be treasured by all people who love their country. Indeed, the influence of our public schools is world-wide, and alone has made possible the anomalous position of England to-day—the position which forces all countries to watch and wonder while one-fifth of the habitable globe and one-fifth of the peoples of the world are governed by the forty odd millions of inhabitants that call Great Britain 'Home.' We are told, and I believe truly, that the German boy knows more and has been taught more scientifically than his British *confrère*. But the position was clearly expressed by a German father who, when asked why he contemplated sending his son to an English public school, replied, 'They teach something there which we have not learned; they are taught to govern themselves, and in so doing gain the knowledge of how to govern others. That is why our boys—who know more of science, history, mathematics—what you will—when they go abroad keep the books, while the English boys govern them.' Indeed, while the English public schools turn out many brilliant scholars, their staple product is essentially men.

Amongst the great schools that play so large a part in the national life of Great Britain, none can rank higher—though many are larger—than H.M.S. *Conway*, a training-school for embryo officers in the Royal Navy and mercantile marine.

In 1859 a number of Liverpool shipowners, realising that the old rule-of-thumb methods were giving place to a navigation that was a science, approached the Government with a plan to establish on the Mersey an old warship to be used as a school for the training of merchant service officers. The Government, after due deliberation, realised the national benefit that might be derived from such an institution, and lent the sloop *Conway* to the self-appointed committee of management, and the first nautical school to be devoted to the interests of the mercantile marine came into being.

Its success was immediate and phenomenal. In 1861 the committee informed the Government that the *Conway* was too small to meet future requirements; and, the national usefulness of the institution having been proved beyond all doubt, the frigate *Winchester*—taking, however, the old and now famous name *Conway*—replaced the smaller vessel. In 1875 the second ship had also to be replaced by a larger vessel, and the magnificent old line-of-battle ship *Nile* became the *Conway*, and still swings to her moorings in the Mersey, doing finer service to-day than any vessel in the most brilliant engagement of any naval war has ever been able to boast. The *Conway* is making men—real, sturdy, self-reliant men—to uphold the honour of the grand old flag all over the civilised world.

The *Conway* is indeed one of the sights of Liverpool, and one not to be missed by those who, through the courtesy of her commander, may gain permission to inspect her. To reach the ship one is taken in a smart steam-pinnace, or, if fortunate, is carried on a man-of-war's cutter propelled by oars handled by ten pairs of sturdy cadet arms. Here one has the first glimpse of the healthful exercise that makes the ex-Conway youth what he usually is. Arrived at the gangway, the visitor is received by the officer of the watch, a petty officer whose position is similar to that of a prefect in one of the public schools on land. Coming on to the deck, one's first impression is that of surprise at the spaciousness of the old ship. The visitor is told that he is on the lower deck, and wonders

how many such areas this veteran possesses. Looking round, the visitor sees evidences of her original occupation, two ancient muzzle-loading cannon presenting an almost ludicrous contrast to the smart, highly polished, and wicked-looking modern four-inch breechloading machine at which the cadets are taught gunnery. On this deck a peculiar-looking instrument of warfare is exhibited, which an inscription tells us is a gun captured during the Boxer rebellion in China, and presented to the *Conway* by an old cadet. On this deck are the lavatories and bathrooms, the cabins of the first and second officers, the library, the doctor's dispensary, and a light, airy, and perfectly equipped hospital. All other features on this deck, however, are dwarfed in interest by the unique ornamentation of the walls, or in sailor parlance bulkheads. Row upon row of prize-lists, names in gold upon a background of blue, show the prize-winners in the senior class for each year since the school was inaugurated. Here on visiting-days can be seen grizzled parents proudly exhibiting to their offspring the family name inscribed decades ago; here can be seen the ambitious cadet wistfully looking, and hoping that next prize-day will see his name on the list. Such an undying record is a greater incentive to zeal than any prizes, however valuable, could be. But the prizes themselves are valuable. Few of the books so rarely read by their winners are given; but nautical instruments of everyday use, watches, and medals (one of which is presented by His Majesty the King) are here the fruits of study and perseverance.

On our descending to the deck below, which is known as the orlop, our eye is caught by a row of chests similar to those possessed by midshipmen in the navy, two hundred in number, each marked in white paint with the name of the cadet to whom it belongs. Down again, and we are informed that we are in the hold, where huge racks are filled with what look like enormous white sausages. These are the portable beds or hammocks in which the cadets sleep. They are taken, each by its possessor, to the orlop deck, there slung to bars which are held overhead by hooks during the day, unlashed, and the mattress, blankets, sheets, and counterpane arranged for the night. Incidentally it may be stated that no one knows what real comfort is until he has slept in a hammock. We retrace our steps again to the orlop, past the lower deck, and up to the main deck, the dining-room and schoolroom of the ship. Forms and desks stand against the sides ready to be placed in position for school. Canvas screens are neatly rolled up overhead; one minute's work, and the screens are dropped and the deck is transformed into six class-rooms. Overhead are some fourteen tables clamped in position ready to be lowered at meal-times, each table—or mess, as the technical term is—being presided over by a cadet petty officer, who wears the distinguishing mark of his rank, a stripe on each sleeve.

On this deck are various trophies—a huge silver shield competed for yearly in the ship's boats by the two great divisions of cadets, the port and starboard watches; a silver cup rowed for and won by old Conways against old Worcesters (members of a nautical school on the Thames) in Calcutta; and several cups and shields rowed for and played for at cricket and football by the subdivisions or 'tops'—these correspond to the 'houses' of other public schools. Lastly, there is an emblem of victory that fills Conways past and present with feelings of mingled exultation and regret—exultation that success and possession are theirs, regret that an aquatic event unique in the school-world should have been abandoned. In 1890 an annual boat-race, to be rowed alternately on the Thames and Mersey, was inaugurated between the cadets of the two great rival nautical colleges, H.M.S. *Conway* and *Worcester*. The possession of the magnificent silver cup, held by the winning ship, testifies to the prowess of the *Conway* oarsmen. The race took place, with varying success, for seventeen years, when the *Worcester*, to the dismay and regret of past and present cadets of both ships, abandoned the race, leaving the cup and a margin of two victories to the *Conway*. All true sportsmen must hope that some day the *Worcester* authorities will see their way to reconsider their decision and revive this great annual sporting event.

A brass plate on this deck, screwed to the mainmast in a prominent position, makes one involuntarily bare his head. It is a monument, due to the thought of Captain Broadbent, sacred to the memory of those old boys who have lost their lives at sea. One cannot help believing that Captain Broadbent, who takes a great interest in all matters pertaining to public school life, had in mind that part of the famous Rugby anthem for Founder's Day which runs:

> And some there be which have no memorial,
> Who are perished as though they had never been,
> And have become as though they had never been born,

and determined that, as far as could be, there should live some record of the ex-Conways who lost their lives in the execution of their duty. Wisely, he did not call upon the committee of management to pay the expenses of this tablet; well he knew how such a privilege should be for old boys, and eagerly was the privilege claimed and paid for. Few of us but can think, with tears in our eyes, of some bright-faced, eager boy-friend of our *Conway* days who sailed but never returned.

On this deck are also the ward-room and dining-room of the officers and masters, the petty officers' room, and the galley or kitchen. Up once more, and at last the upper or top deck is reached. Tapering masts with great square

yards show that here the cadets are taught to be real sailors—to make and shorten sail, to send yards aloft, to splice and repair rigging, to learn the thousand and one things a seaman must know. Here also is the playground—such a playground, open and spacious, as few schools can boast; the open deck, free to the health-giving breezes of the great river, spotlessly clean, and filled with the sound of the merry voices of the future empire-builders. It is with regret that one leaves this deck, with its wholesome sounds and associations, to visit other places of interest—the comfortable quarters of the captain, the workshop, carpenter's shop, electric-power house, and many other wonders which, from consideration of space, cannot be mentioned.

But one doubt remains in the mind of the visitor: what of the games—cricket, football, hockey—that form so large a part of the life of the public schoolboy? No need for anxiety, however. Within ten minutes of the landing-place, the *Conway* owns one of the finest recreation-grounds possessed by any school in the north of England. Four fifteens at football, four elevens at cricket, and three hockey teams represent the old ship, and it is rarely indeed that the broad backs and sturdy arms of the cadets fail to give a good account of themselves; while the annual *Conway* sports is one of the school-events of Cheshire. The love of sport gained on the *Conway* is shown by the fact that, witnessing a cricket-match last year in New York between an American county team and an eleven representing the shipping, I counted five old *Conway* blazers amongst the seafaring eleven. Incidentally it may be stated that Captain Webb, the finest swimmer the world has ever seen, and the only man who has succeeded in swimming the English Channel, was taught to keep himself afloat by the instructor in the art of natation on the *Conway*.

What this grand old school has done for the mercantile marine is evidenced by the positions held by ex-cadets. In the premier line of the world, the Cunard, fully 20 per cent. of the captains and officers are ex-Conways; the marine superintendent, Commander George H. Dodd, R.N.R., claims the same distinction; and, significant fact, in the old ship itself the men who have been chosen for captain and chief and second officers are all ex-cadets. Amongst many others occupying high positions one distinguished Atlantic captain might justly be mentioned, because of his reputation as a highly scientific member of a profession the standard of capacity of whose followers is very high. Captain Haddock, R.N.R., C.B., of the White Star liner *Oceanic*, one of the very few members of the seafaring community who have been decorated by King Edward, owes his early training to the *Conway*.

Old boys in all walks of life, eminent doctors, lawyers, engineers, business men, reflect credit on and take pride in their old school. Many distinguished naval officers call the *Conway* '*alma mater*,' for cadets are trained for the Royal Navy as well as for the merchant service, and in this the wisdom of the committee of management and of Commander Broadbent is clearly exemplified. In addition to commissions in the Royal Naval Reserve, each year six nominations for cadetships in the Royal Navy are competed for. Surely no better means for drawing closer the bonds of friendship between the sister services could be devised. All those who go into the Royal Navy from the *Conway* have friends in the mercantile marine, and *vice versâ*. Few save those 'who go down to the sea in ships,' certainly none who have not devoted thought and study to the subject, realise what a national necessity a better understanding between the navy and the merchant service is. If the *Conway* were not providing the splendid training she is doing, her existence would be amply justified by this one great fact—she is serving to draw together the two services by the triple bonds of friendship, understanding, and appreciation.

Any description of this floating school, however brief, would be incomplete without a few words about the two men who have done so much to raise it to its present state of efficiency—Lieutenant A. T. Miller, R.N., and Commander Harvey Broadbent, R.N.R.

Captain Miller, who had served both in the Royal Navy and the mercantile marine, reflecting credit on both services, accepted command of the *Conway* in 1878, and spent the latter part of his life in promoting the usefulness of the ship and in endeavouring to raise the standard of the mercantile marine. He was both feared and loved by the cadets, a disciplinarian with surely one of the kindest hearts that ever beat, a life-long friend to every old boy who deserved his friendship. When he died in 1903, deeply regretted by hundreds of boys who had heard his kindly words of farewell and God-speed, the committee of management were fortunate indeed to have a chief officer fit and ready to fill the breach. The present head of the school, Commander Broadbent, has served in every kind of vessel, from the sailing-ship to the liner, from the tramp steamer to one of His Majesty's battleships. That he is the right man in the right place is proved by the success of the school. To-day the *Conway* has its full complement of two hundred cadets, athletics have prospered wonderfully under Captain Broadbent's régime, and the standard of scholarship has never been so high.

Conway boys have a great responsibility, good for all men, in coming from a grand old school whose reputation, added to during all the years of its existence, is in their hands. It is true that there is plenty of good silver in the world that is not marked, doubtless some metal that is

not silver is falsely marked, but we would all prefer to see the lion on that which we possess. There are, thank God, plenty of able officers who have been educated all over the country; but a *Conway* training is the hall-mark of a merchant service officer.

However, pages of panegyric cannot speak so eloquently as the general opinion of ex-cadets. The real reputation of the *Conway* rests on the lives, successes, and opinions of its old boys; and in every corner of the globe where the red ensign of England proclaims the nationality of liner, tramp, or sailing-ship one hears, 'God bless the dear old school, OUR *Conway*!'

THE REAL CANADA.

By NORMAN MURRAY, Montreal.

A British subject I was born, and a British subject I will die.—SIR J. A. M'DONALD.

MR JEFFERSON'S article on 'The Americanisation of Canada' in *Chambers's Journal* for July 1910 is interesting, but it appears to me that it needs some correcting and supplementing. To a British-born or native-born Canadian the title sounds something like the old joke about the Dutch taking Holland. A more appropriate title would be 'The Yankeefication of Canada.' There are, of course, some people in the United States who think that their country is practically America, as the other places scarcely count in their opinion. This, however, is very far from being the opinion of natives of either Canada or the southern republics. I have lived twenty-eight years in Scotland and twenty-nine in Canada; and as I have travelled over a large part of the Dominion in that time, and mixed with all sorts and conditions of people of all nationalities, white, black, red, and yellow, I think I know something about the country and its cosmopolitan people. I believe there was some annexation talk in Canada at one time; but that was before I left Scotland, so I cannot say much about it from personal knowledge. I know, however, that it would be political suicide for any public man in Canada to talk now of annexation. The aspiration of Canada, when in the distant future it hopes to be able to paddle its own canoe, is to be 'a nation,' and not a state of the Union. If you ask any boy or girl from five years old and upwards in Canada what is his or her nationality, the answer always is, 'Canadian.'

In the theatres and concert-halls the song that gets the most applause is always 'The Maple Leaf,' and next to that is the Union-jack, flag and song. The Stars and Stripes scarcely counts here. I am very much inclined to question the statement that the average thinking American who has travelled much in Canada is convinced that it will come under the dominion of the United States, in his lifetime at least. Sensible people don't worry much about what may or may not happen in future generations. Canada is even larger than the United States, and if the average Canadian 'does not blow' quite as much as the average Yankee, he has every bit as much conceit. The only thing that the young Canadian takes seriously is what he calls sport. The prize-fight between Jefferies and Johnson interested him much more than does a General Election in the United States, and nearly as much as a General Election in Canada.

Mr Jefferson makes a mistake when he states that Canadians imitate the Yankee accent. I have never come across a British or a native-born Canadian who expressed any desire to copy that accent, which he calls talking through the nose. The only people who can be distinguished by that accent in Canada are either visitors, of whom there are vast numbers during the summer season, or people who were born south of line forty-five. Mr Jefferson is again mistaken when he states that Canadians copy Yankee slang wholesale. Every locality in the British Isles, United States, and Canada has more or less its local slang. Sometimes a word may become popular after a successful play has made the round of the country, and yet be entirely forgotten in less than a year. To study Canada properly one would need to get in touch with some of the national and county societies, of which there are many in Canada. In Montreal there are four different Scotch societies—the Caledonian, the Highland Society, the Sons of Scotland, and the Clans. Then there are purely English societies, such as St George's and the Sons of England; besides many county societies, such as the Yorkshire Society. And here I may mention that Yorkshire men are very partial to *Chambers's Journal*. Four brothers from Yorkshire each took *Chambers's Journal* from me for nearly twenty years. Montreal being built between Mount Royal and the river St Lawrence, it is quite natural to call the lower part of the city 'down town;' but this expression has nothing to do with outside expressions. Though I have lived in Montreal for twenty-five years, I have not yet discovered the partiality for the New York styles above those of London and Paris that Mr Jefferson speaks of; in fact, I think it is quite the other way. Canadians do not look up to the people south of the line in anything whatsoever; indeed, I believe they think themselves much superior. This may be the case, but the point does not admit of argument. In the matter of 'soft' drinks the chemist or druggist is not in it, in recent years at least, as that trade

is practically now controlled by Greeks. Tipping is not done at each service by those who understand human nature; it is generally done when a guest leaves, and depends largely on the generosity of the guest and the nature of the service rendered.

The Canadian newspapers are not a bit more sensational than British newspapers. There is not the great demand for United States newspapers and magazines that Mr Jefferson imagines. There are, of course, a great number of United States business men in such places as Montreal and Toronto at all seasons of the year, but particularly from the 5th of July to October, and it is quite natural for them to wish for their home papers while away from home. All the important happenings in the British Isles are now reported in the local newspapers here within twenty-four hours after the event, and fuller details are copied within a week, when the home papers come to hand. In the matter of weekly and monthly periodicals, British publications hold their own well, and have been gaining ground since the recent introduction of more favourable postal rates. The postage for the United States weeklies and monthlies is now four cents (twopence) per pound, and two cents (a penny) per pound for British periodicals. There is one feature in the sale of periodicals in the United States that makes the sales often seem a great deal larger than they really are. The periodicals are mostly sent out on sale to make a great show, so that a newsagent can lay in a big stock without any risk; but a large number of them are afterwards returned, and finally find their way to the junk-store and thence to the paper-mills. United States periodical literature has an ebb and flow. A newsagent may sell twenty-five copies of a periodical one year; the next year the number may be reduced to five. With British periodicals it is entirely different. Take *Chambers's Journal* itself, for instance. I now get thirty-two copies monthly. The sales have always been going up since I started here over twenty-five years ago, and have never gone back. The *Strand* and *Windsor Magazine* have also kept a steady pace since the start. There are no periodicals that I know of in the United States of which the same can be said except the *Ladies' Home Journal*. When the Christmas trade sets in there are no publications in the United States that can at all compare with the British illustrated papers.

French Canadians, who form four-fifths of the population of the old province of Quebec, have not got the least inclination towards a union with the United States. In fact, I believe that they would resent such a movement more strongly than any other section of the population. I do not suppose Irish Catholics would object much to a union of Canada and the United States, as no doubt they think this would accomplish their double purpose of getting away from under the Union-jack, and getting the upper hand of the French Canadian Catholics in the language question, which is now becoming acute between them. There are many other questions on which Canadians do not feel at all disposed to acknowledge United States supremacy. The negro question, the looseness of the marriage tie (one-tenth of the marriages ending in the divorce court), and the open violations of the law by lynching, which are a disgrace to modern civilisation, make British Canadians often feel that they are glad that they do not belong to that country.

No, there is no movement in Canada towards annexation to the United States, and we do not look up to the people in any respect whatsoever, though we feel quite friendly towards them, and wish to continue so; but we have no desire to seek protection under the wings of the Eagle, and we much prefer the Union-jack to the Stars and Stripes. If it were put to the vote to-morrow, I feel confident that the vote in favour of annexation would be so small that it would hardly be worth recording. We prefer to be as we are—a part of the British Empire.

UPON THE HILLS.

Upon the hills the shadows closely cling.
By darkly drifting winds in early spring,
The fleecy clouds are wafted to and fro;
The shadows quickly come and quickly go,
Until fair sun enfolds them 'neath its wing.

Upon the hills the curlew calls at night
Unto its mate. They linger till the light,
And wing their way, to wilds removed afar,
Unto the frozen North, the polar star,
Where fair Aurora shines both clear and bright.

Upon the hills we scan the distant maze,
And look upon the valley in our gaze,
Where, down below, the people live and dream
That life is like a slowly flowing stream,
Now clear, now limpid, now obscure in phase.

Upon the hills our liberty we find,
And freedom to those realms is most confined.
When we have climbed the path, the 'pilgrim's way,'
Unto the heights where wisdom holds its sway,
Then light and grace and beauty clothe the mind.

Upon the hills, where all is free and true,
Beneath the clouds which smile with heavenly blue,
We long to dwell amidst the souls of fame,
Where joy and love alike declare their name,
Where naught doth harm but good alone accrue.

A. R. Horwood.

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SEVENTH SERIES

A GREAT AMERICAN HOTEL.

By Day Allen Willey.

THE great hotels of America, especially those in New York, have so many rooms that the largest of all, and the largest in the world, can accommodate a throng of two thousand guests. It shelters, besides, over a hundred servants, and these are only a small part of the 'helps,' such as chamber-maids, call-boys, clerks, and porters, who must be within call both day and night. It is a fact that the number of servants is often equal to the number of guests, so many are the duties to be performed.

In this hotel the term 'manager' is not a proper title. He is really the director. The only actual work he performs is to see that each department is doing what it is organised to do. He gets reports from his staff of assistant-managers giving in detail all this information. Each report is vouched for by its writer as truthful and accurate, and he is responsible for any error in it. Thus the director is given ample time to think of plans for improving the service in this or that respect, and has an opportunity to go to any part of the hotel, from the kitchen to the roof-garden, if he wants to look into matters.

The assistants who report to him are in charge of the sleeping-apartments, the heating and lighting, the kitchen, and the bridal and other suites which the wealthier guests take; another being in charge of the numerous parlours, the lobbies, and the reception-rooms; while there is, of course, a head-waiter in charge of each dining-room.

This hotel has what has been jestingly called a 'figurehead.' The director gets the tallest and best-proportioned man he can find, and dresses him in a gorgeous uniform that might bring to mind the dress of the higher European nobility. He is always near the main entrance, where he can be seen by every one; and his duties are merely to walk up and down with arms folded or hands clasped behind him, chest thrown out, and head erect. If a guest dares to address this magnificent personage, he bends immediately with a ceremonious bow, slight or profound as he gauges the importance of the speaker. He is a living hotel encyclopædia. He can tell you anything, from the time the express departs to the last trip of the roof-garden elevator. This hotel *impresario* is about the latest idea in the plan of attracting the patronage of the public—the public who have the money to spend. He is a walking advertisement of the splendour, luxury, and gorgeousness that are characteristic of the New York 'inns' of the better class to-day. He is usually the first and last object you see, and you associate him with the resort long after you have departed.

In a hostelry of this class, the scheme for getting at the contents of the purse has been studied and studied until it has become a fine art. From the time a man or woman enters the place there is something that suggests paying out money. The boy who carries your luggage to your room has a wistful look that only changes when he gets his tip. The porter brings in your box, and then stands expectantly until he gets what would be equal to the English shilling. You go down to dinner, and the dining-room usher takes your measure with a keen glance as you approach him. Whether the seat is at a window with a bouquet of flowers on the table, or whether it is in a dark corner with no bouquet and one waiter, depends upon the thought inspired by the usher's glance. If you look wealthy, the table is where you can see around, with a waiter to take off and put on the silver and dishes, and another to cut your meat, serve your vegetables, and pour out your tea or coffee. He may even beg to stir in the sugar with your permission. At last comes the dip in the finger-bowl, and the waiter who offers it stands in an expectant attitude. A shilling in American money—a quarter-dollar! He can't keep the contempt from his face. He doesn't even pull back your chair. Actually a dollar tip is not considered generous, but nothing less will make him bow. The pitcher of water sent to the room may cost a halfpenny, but you pay the carrier at least fourpence. The elevator-boy shows he wants a tip, the lackey in uniform who closes the entrance-door behind you has an 'itching palm;' and if a guest does as most of the others do when they leave the dining-room and the coat or wrap is put on, here's another chance to become separated from one's small change.

All this is, of course, in addition to the charges for food and rooms. At the big hotel, royalty can be accommodated in a suite which brings to mind the palace, furnished, decorated, and

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adorned, as it is, after some home of a monarch of the past. A hundred dollars a day, a thousand a week, is not considered extravagant for such apartments; but if you would live like a king and pay like a king, they are yours for the price. As the elevator goes up and up, the cost of the rooms diminishes. Though in the upper chambers the air is purer, the sun shines through the window, the whirl and hum of the city cease, and you can rest in quiet, the fad is to live as far down as possible; so that, while an inside room on the top floor costs two dollars for every twenty-four hours, a room on a lower floor which looks on the street costs over ten times as much, not including food.

The great hotels and the 'lobster-palace restaurants' in the American metropolis are rivals in dinner-giving. Dining at any time between dusk and midnight at a 'swell place' is one of the recreations of the rich American, whether he lives in New York or has come on business or pleasure. He has the choice of spending his money at one of half-a-dozen 'palaces' and possibly twice as many hotels, where he meets other spenders with fat pocket-books. Suppose he and his wife dine at the hotel we have referred to. The cost of a dinner there is not a third of what must be paid at one of the so-called French cafés which have been named because of the lobster dishes on their menu. Three dollars pays for a course dinner, with no wine, in the world's finest hotel. If the next night he goes to a noted café, ten dollars a cover may be the amount of the bill for food and wine. If he orders a tender-loin steak for two, it costs from three to four and a half dollars. Any vegetable is a half-dollar a plate. Delicacies such as terrapin and turtle soup average a dollar a plate each, lobster or chicken salad a dollar. You can have a plate of strawberries and cream any night in the year, but on some nights the price is one dollar.

The bill of fare at the café has not so many dishes, and they are no better in quality or better prepared than at the hotel, but it is a resort which the men of millions frequent—Americans by whom a twenty-dollar note is valued as much as one of the public would value a dollar-note. Every night in the year tens of thousands of such dinners are eaten in these cafés, the largest of which will seat a thousand diners at one time. These figures are not exaggerated in the least, as is shown by the records of the restaurants, whose managers are pleased to make them public as an advertisement of the popularity of the resort. One pays not merely for food and drink, but to see the display of extravagance, to be one of the 'riotous livers.'

The system of conducting a big American hotel is changing in some very unique ways. There are several in New York where the management has nothing to do with operating the elevators or paying the call-boys and porters, and where the coats, hats, and wraps of the guests are cared for during the meal-hours by a corps of servants who are not on the pay-roll of the hotel. So enormous have become the receipts from tips that the amount a waiter receives in a year may be twice his salary; and the other attendants are equally fortunate. The hotel-proprietors have taken advantage of this fact by 'renting out' or leasing what they call privileges for six months or a year. A *concessionnaire* makes an agreement to supply all the dining-room service, for instance, for a certain sum and the tips the waiters receive. He binds himself to supply effieient waiters, and to be responsible for them. The hotel-owners calculate the amount of tip-money, as they know what is the average fee and the average number of guests who patronise the dining-room, and if the *concessionnaire* signs the agreement they are relieved of the necessity of hiring waiters and watching them; while in some instances the tip-money reaches such a sum that the hotel-proprietors lease the privilege for this amount alone, and thus actually pay nothing for the serving of meals, the guests doing so. Under this plan the waiters give all their tips to their employers, and weekly or monthly the money is divided equally among them, after the *concessionnaire* has taken his portion, which may amount in a year to as much as ten thousand dollars.

The same plan is being followed in leasing privileges for 'checking' and hanging up outer garments, and in the other services mentioned. As yet but few hotel-owners have adopted it, but many of the large restaurants have done so. If we consider the millions who dine in the hotels and restaurants, it is evident that a large sum of money is paid to the attendants in the coat and cloak rooms. This money in New York slang is termed 'peg-rent,' because the garments are hung on pegs. The claim is made that in the whole of the city a sum amounting to two hundred thousand dollars is paid in a year for this service alone.

The way in which this curious scheme works in connection with the restaurants is worth describing. A boy bustles up and takes the man's hat and overcoat. The lady goes into the dressing-room, and a maid relieves her of her wraps. The tip must be handed over to the *concessionnaire* who has the coat and cloak room privilege, for which he may have to pay the restaurant a large sum. The *concessionnaire* is usually a man of European birth and training, who, beginning life in a very small way in America, has learned the great lesson that Americans will pay more or less cheerfully for things that are useless, or at least unnecessary. Sometimes the *concessionnaire* has begun his career as a boot-black or a bell-boy, or in some occupation where the money received is out of proportion to the work done as judged by what is obtained at other occupations. He sees the money to be made by renting hat-pegs, and he is willing to offer for the privilege of renting them

out for the profits of the tips. There are still restaurants in existence in New York in which you are allowed to take your hat and coat into the dining-room and hang them on a hook overhead, if you don't mind the signs that warn you to watch them; but the man who likes to eat a meal without worry lest somebody should exchange hats with him must not only pay more for his meal, he must pay peg-rent as well. In the older hotels and some of the newer ones the custom still obtains of giving everybody who works in the cloak-room a chance to receive the tips. Certain hotels where the restaurant business is large assign different employés to duty in the cloak-room on different days. In others the sum collected is divided among those employed in the cloak-room. But it is a fact that in at least four New York hotels and in many restaurants the cloak-room privilege is 'farmed out' either to an employé of the hotel, like the head-porter or the head-bellman, or to an outsider, and in some cases for a large sum.

In Broadway the coat-room *concessionnaire* pays from two thousand five hundred to three thousand five hundred dollars, the dollar equalling four shillings. In the case of one *concessionnaire*, the sum of five thousand dollars or one thousand pounds sterling is paid. Another paid three thousand five hundred dollars the first year; but when the proprietor of the establishment realised how much money the *concessionnaire* was taking, he gradually raised the price until it is said that the *concessionnaire* is now paying twelve thousand dollars a year for the privilege. Some experts who calculated the matter said that this rental means that the gross receipts of the *concessionnaire* must be close upon thirty thousand dollars a year, and that his net profits will be between twelve thousand and fifteen thousand dollars a year. To get an accurate proportion of the people who tip is not easy. One man who has a cloak-room concession says that not more than one person in three tips for his hat and coat being taken care of. A hotel-man of experience ventured the opinion that of the patrons of New York restaurants, 95 per cent. are either residents of New York or persons who are stopping in hotels, and of these fully 90 per cent. tip for the care of their hats and coats. A man who breakfasts, lunches, and dines out every day in the year, even if he gives ten-cent tips, will pay over a hundred dollars a year for peg-rent. If he simply sups out with a companion every theatre-night, he will pay in a year for the care of hat and wraps twenty dollars more than that sum.

To refer again to the hotels. In the theatrical district of New York is one which pays a large proportion of its expense for maintenance out of tips from its patrons. The revenue it receives includes the peg-rent, amounting to about five thousand dollars annually, and the lavatory privilege, which brings in three thousand dollars. The man who rents the latter has to keep the room clean, and the combs and brushes in a sanitary condition. The shoe-polishing stands are his, and the hotel furnishes the brushes and combs, soap and towels. The head-porter pays seven thousand five hundred dollars a year for his privilege; he employs about twenty-five men, furnishes a messenger service, and has a monopoly carrying the express business. The barber pays ten thousand dollars a year for his privilege. The house-valet pays about three thousand dollars a year. Thus the hotel has a yearly revenue of nearly thirty thousand dollars from its concessions; but the receipts of the *concessionnaires* are far more than this sum, all merely the pocket-money of the guests.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

MRS OGILVIE'S writing-table was placed against a wall on which hung a mirror, and she sat down opposite it. According to a custom she had, she directed the envelopes first, before beginning to write her letters. Her writing-table was always littered with addressed envelopes of notes which she meant to write some day when she felt in the mood for writing.

She paused now when she had written the words, 'To be given to my son at my death;' and, screwing up her face into her twisted smile, she said to herself, 'How absurd and melodramatic it sounds!' Then she took a sheet of note-paper and began to write. The first few lines flowed easily enough, and then Mrs Ogilvie's pen traced the letters more slowly on the page. Once she paused altogether, and said aloud to her image in the mirror opposite her escritoire, 'What a fool I am!' and then stooped again over her task. The sprawling writing had hardly covered half a sheet of note-paper when the red-gold head with its crown of plaits was raised again, and the woman in the mirror looked at her with a face that was suddenly livid. Her lips were white, and drawn back somewhat from her teeth; and Mrs Ogilvie, in the midst of pain, recognised first of all how hideous she looked.

The pen dropped from her fingers, and she pushed her chair back from the writing-table and went over to the fireplace and lay down on the sofa. The day was cold, and she shivered and drew a cover over her feet. 'When this is over,' she thought, 'I will ring and have the fire lighted.'

She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece

and calculated deliberately how long the paroxysm would probably last. She had always regarded pain as an animate thing which had to be fought with, and she had never failed in courage when she had suffered it, nor moaned when, as now for the first time, she was beaten by it. The clock seemed to tick more leisurely to-day, and the time passed very slowly; there is a loneliness about suffering which makes the hours drag heavily. Once she buried her face for a moment in the sofa-cushions; her hands clenched the cover and crumpled the delicate satin between her fingers. Her head sank lower, like a wounded bird that ruffles up the dust; her head moved convulsively amongst the cushions. It was a grim fight with pain that she was making; she did not give in easily, but the odds were unequal. Mrs Ogilive was in the hands of an unsparing foe. She was conquered; but afterwards, when she lay quite still, there was a look of defiance in her attitude.

Her maid, coming in and finding her sleeping, glanced at the blinds, and wondered if she dared lower them, for the sun was shining brilliantly into the room now, and its beams were resting full and strong on the figure on the sofa.

It was something about the position of the auburn head, something twisted and unnatural in the attitude of the recumbent form, that caused the woman to cry out suddenly and sharply with a vibrating cry that seemed to set everything in the room jingling. No one heard her at first, and she opened the window and called aloud for help; for there was a sound of horses' hoofs upon the gravel, and Peter rode up with Jane to the door.

'Mrs Ogilvie must have been dead an hour,' the village doctor said when he came; and then he sent the weeping girl and poor, white-faced, broken-hearted Peter out of the room. Neither of them could believe the horrible news; they turned to each other, taking hands as children do in their grief; and Jane went back from the door of the morning-room, and with a sob she stooped down and imprinted a long kiss on the dead woman's brow.

'She must have died just as she was writing her morning letters,' said Peter, as he glanced at the writing-table with its litter of notes and papers.

'Perhaps it would be as well to lock up anything that is lying about,' said the doctor; 'it is customary to do so. Or your lawyer—who, I understand, is in the house—could come in, I suppose, and put away jewels, &c.' He handed Peter the litter of notes and papers on the writing-table.

'Thank you,' said Peter. 'I don't suppose there is anything very important, but I will look through them presently.' He glanced at the addresses of the topmost notes, and decided that they were probably belated wedding invitations to people who had been forgotten, and he put an india-rubber band about them and thrust them into his pocket.

The guests in the house departed hurriedly within two hours of Mrs Ogilvie's death. There was all the confusion of hasty packing and carriages ordered for this person and for that, footmen hastening downstairs with luggage, and luncheon prepared hurriedly and eaten almost surreptitiously by those who wished to catch an early train. There was a horrible stir in the house under the hush and awe that death brings. No one wished to intrude upon Peter; yet a dozen friends wanted to see him, to hear, if possible, more details of his mother's sudden end. Others, with a sort of animal instinct of forsaking at once the place where death reigned, betrayed an almost contemptible haste in quitting the house; but they too must know further details. They had never noticed that Mrs Ogilvie did not seem well, nor had they remarked that of late she had spent much time in her room; or they said, 'She had seemed so bright and cheerful;' and, again, 'They had noticed how tired she had been at night sometimes.'

To no one had Peter any special news to give. Some one had heard, he believed, that she had been to see Sir Edward Croft, the great surgeon in London, and to-day had telegraphed to him. Peter himself had not really been anxious about his mother, although he had imagined for some time past that she did not really look well. He gave what attention he could to his guests, bade them a conventional good-bye, and maintained that reserve which an Englishman is supposed to be able to maintain in times of sorrow. But it is not too much to say that, warm-hearted, deeply affectionate man that he was, his grief for his mother's death had something bewildering in it. He had loved her faithfully and admired her loyally during the whole of his life; there had never been a quarrel between them; and, if he had not received many outward marks of affection from her, there was not a single occasion in his life that he could remember when she had failed him. He had come first always; he realised this with the sinking of heart which even the most dutiful son may feel when he sees with absolute clearness, perhaps for the first time, that he must have accepted almost unknowingly many sacrifices from his mother. He hoped with a boyish remorse and a boyish simple-heartedness that she understood everything now, and that somewhere, not very far off, she would be able to see into his heart and know positively how much he had loved her. He had always accepted in simple faithfulness the statement that those who were gone 'knew now,' as the phrase runs; and it comforted him to think that all he might have said to her when she was alive was clearly understood by his mother at last.

By two o'clock the big house was empty of guests and given over to silence, or to the sound

of hushed footsteps about the stairs, or to the weeping of maids as they assembled in little groups in the corridors and spoke with sobs of the dear mistress whom they had loved faithfully. Each room that had lately given up its tenant showed a disordered interior, with paper strewn here and there; or some maid, left behind to pack her mistress's heavier luggage, could be seen kneeling before an open trunk and deftly arranging its contents.

A gray-haired butler approached his master when the last of the carriages had driven away, and begged him to eat some luncheon, and informed him that Miss Erskine was still in the library.

'Send something there,' said Peter briefly.

For a moment Jane could only weep, and they clung to each other, saying with the helplessness of the suddenly bereaved, 'Isn't it awful?' Then, as they began to grow calmer, Peter administered what comfort he could, and tried in his kindly way to induce the girl to eat something.

'You must eat, you know,' he said, 'and it will do you good. It has been a terrible time for you. And then I think you ought to go back and lie down for a bit.'

If it is true that a woman suggests beef-tea as a universal panacea for all ills, it is certain, on the other hand, that a man believes that a woman always feels better for lying down.

'I should like to wait,' Jane said, 'until Sir Edward arrives, and hear what he has to say.'

A footman came in to clear away lunch, and then the two lovers went and sat together on the library sofa, and looked out on the long stretches of gardens with their cold precision and want of sympathy. A luggage-cart piled high with dress-baskets and portmanteaus passed down the drive towards the station-gates, and a motor-car returned from a neighbouring house for something that had been forgotten. After that there was silence both within and without the house; even the maids had gone downstairs to sit together and whisper. It was one of those gray days in early autumn which have an almost weird sense of stillness about them. Hardly a leaf stirred, and even the flight of the birds was noiseless and touched with the universal feeling of hush. The begonias and dahlias and flaming autumn flowers in the broad border below the southern terrace-wall had lost half their colour in the gray afternoon, and a robin alighted softly on the window-sill, and, putting its head on one side, looked into the library at the pair sitting on the sofa.

Neither had spoken for a time. To-morrow there would probably be lawyers to see, and the funeral to arrange for, and a hundred things to do; but to-day there was a lull in which time itself seemed to have stood still. Years had passed since this morning, and yet the clocks only marked a few hours on their dials. Mrs Ogilvie had died at twelve o'clock, and the very flowers which she had placed by her table still bloomed freshly, and a book she had been reading lay open where she had left it; yet it seemed a lifetime since she had died.

During the interminable afternoon, and in the stillness of the big library, with its ordered rows of books and solemn-looking, carved cupboards, Peter and Jane Erskine sat together, feeling oppressively this great lapse of time that had passed. Their understanding of one another had always been a strong bond between them; and now they felt not like the lovers of yesterday, but like those whose lives have been linked for years, and for whom loyalty and faith have grown deeper and stronger as troubles and storms came. They looked across to the ruined tower, where not very long ago, as we count time, they had told their love to each other; and, so looking, had drawn close to each other through their common sorrow. It seemed to them in the hush of the library that this time of grief and dependence had something arresting in it. Life had not demanded very much of them so far. To-day there was a strange sense that its demands, perhaps even for them, would not always be small.

The doctor and the lawyer summoned Peter presently, and afterwards he and Jane were told particulars of Mrs Ogilvie's fatal illness.

'But she must have suffered—she must have suffered so!' said Jane, with all the resentfulness that youth feels towards pain. 'Why did she tell none of us? Why did none of us know?'

'I ought to have guessed something,' said Peter miserably. 'I must have been a fool not to see that something was wrong.' And together they wondered what would have happened if this had been done, or that, and were inclined to reproach themselves for much for which they were in no measure to blame. They walked home through the dim, still woods; and at the white gates of Jane's pleasant home Peter turned back, and she went on alone to meet Miss Abingdon.

It was late that night before the two sorrowful women went to bed; and hardly was breakfast over in the morning before, with the restlessness born of recent grief, Miss Abingdon was seeking distractedly to know what she could do or what ought to be done.

'If,' she said, 'I felt that I could even be of use by going up to town and choosing the servants' mourning, I should feel that I was doing something.'

There were piles of patterns of black stuffs, which Miss Abingdon had telegraphed for on the previous evening, lying in neat bundles on the breakfast-table, and stamped with their several prices and the width of the materials. Such things have often kept a woman sane in the first despair of grief.

'How would it do,' she said, 'to have a little crape on the body and not on the skirt?'

Jane replied that she thought that would do very nicely.

Poor Jane! Her eyes were big with weeping, and she had lain awake the greater part of the night mourning for her dearest friend who was gone. Now, as she tried to give her attention to her aunt and to the vexed question of the propriety of *crêpe* on the body, she thought with girlish ingenuousness that she wanted Peter more than she had ever wanted him before, and that she could do nothing until she had seen him. And across her grief came one great flash of joy as she realised that in all her troubles and sorrows she would have him with her.

'There he is now,' said Miss Abingdon, 'coming up the drive! Jane, my dear, how awfully ill Peter looks! Oh, my dear, you should have told me how ill he looked!'

Jane went out to the hall door without speaking. 'What is wrong?' she said briefly. 'Come into my sitting-room, Peter, and tell me what is wrong.'

'I'd rather be outside, if you don't mind,' said Peter, the primitive man strong in him again.

There had been a storm in the night after the unusual stillness of the afternoon, accompanied by heavy rain. Now the sun shone fitfully, and the disordered gardens and lawns were strewn with branches and countless leaves which chased each other, bowling along on their edges and dancing in mad eddies and circles.

'Let's get out of sight of the house,' said Peter; and they went into the high walled garden, and sat down on one of Miss Abingdon's cheerful-looking white seats.

There were long borders of dripping, storm-dashed flowers in front of them, and mignonette run to seed, and dahlias filled with moisture to their brims. Some gardeners were busy tying up saplings which had been detached from their stakes, and the beech-trees on the other side of the high walls of the garden tossed their branches together and sighed a little.

Peter waited for a minute or two until the gardeners had moved out of hearing, and then said abruptly and with difficulty, 'You know those papers that the doctor gave me yesterday?'

'Those notes and things which were on your mother's writing-table?' Jane asked.

Peter nodded his head, and then with an effort began again—this time with an attempt at formality—'I'm sorry to have to tell you that there is something in one of them that I shall have to speak to you about.'

'Something in one of your mother's notes?' asked Jane, her level eyes turned questioningly upon him.

'I'm telling it all wrong,' said Peter distractedly, 'and making it worse for you.'

'Are you quite sure that you need tell me anything at all?' asked Jane, and she laid her hand in his.

'I am quite sure,' he said; and then a very surprising thing happened, for he put Jane's hand aside and stood up before her.

'I'm not even going to take your hand,' he said, 'until I have told you all about it. You see, there was a letter addressed to me amongst those on her writing-table yesterday. I've shown it to the lawyer, but neither he nor I can make anything of it. It is directed to me, to be given to me at her death; but she must have died while she was writing it. It leaves off in the middle of a sentence.'

'I think,' said Jane slowly, 'that nothing matters in the whole world as long as we have each other.'

'Ah, my dear!' said Peter, and he sat down on the bench and took her hand again. 'I'll show you the letter,' he said suddenly, and brought the sheet of note-paper out of his pocket.

'May I read it?' said Jane.

'Yes, if you will,' he replied.

Afterwards they could tell every word of the unfinished letter by heart; but at the first reading the words seemed merely to puzzle Jane Erskine, and conveyed very little sense to her.

'When you get this letter I shall be dead,' wrote the woman who had meant to live for many years, 'and before I die I think there is something which I had better tell you. I am not haunted by remorse or indulging in a deathbed repentance, and I shall merely ask you not to hate me more than you can help when you have finished reading this letter. You must often have heard of your elder brother who died when I was in Spain, the year after your father's death. He did not die'——

'There must be something more,' said Jane. She turned the page this way and that, as though to read some writing not decipherable by other eyes.

'I've looked everywhere,' said Peter; 'there's nothing more. Besides, you see she stops in the middle of a sheet of note-paper. Why should she have written anything else on another piece?'

They read the letter again together, scanning the words line by line.

'What can it mean?' she said at last.

'I have evidently got an elder brother,' said Peter briefly, 'to whom everything belongs. Most people remember that my mother took a curious antipathy to the other little chap when I was born. I can't make it out in any possible way—no one can, of course. But it seems pretty plain that no will can be proved, nor can I touch anything, until my brother is known to be either dead or alive.'

'What can we do?' said Jane. Their two hands were locked together, and the trouble was the trouble of both.

'I can go out to Spain, where he is supposed to have died,' said Peter, 'and make inquiries.'

'I want to ask you something,' said Jane after a pause. 'Let us be married quietly, first of all, and then we can do everything together.'

'I'm probably a pauper,' he said simply, 'without the right to a single stone of Bowshott. I went fully into my father's will with the lawyer last night, and he leaves nearly everything to the elder son.'

'Dear Peter!' protested Jane, accepting the honesty of Peter's statement, but brushing aside the purport.

They talked on far into the morning, at one time half-distrusting the evidence of their eyes which read the letter, at another looking far into the future to try to pierce the veil of darkness that at present shrouded it. Then—for there were many things to do—the young man turned his face homeward again, and Jane sat on alone in the garden, looking with eyes that hardly were conscious of seeing what they rested on, while the wet branches of the beech-trees rocked themselves together, and the tearful autumn sunshine flickered on the disordered beds of mignonette. She sat there until the stable clock struck one, then rose and went indoors. One important decision had been made. They would be married quietly on the day Mrs Ogilvie had fixed for the wedding; and then together they would seek the brother who, if he were still alive, would be brother to them both.

But the Court of Chancery took that reasonable view of the case which, as it frequently happens, is directly opposed to the view-sentimental. The Court of Chancery, in fact, refused to sanction the marriage of a minor with a man without settled prospects, and one whose position in the world was not confirmed by the possession either of money or of lands. At the age of twenty-five Miss Erskine might do as she liked; until then the Court of Chancery decided that she should divide her time each year between her two guardians, with whom she had always lived. No protests were of any avail, and wise relations and friends were agreed in thinking that it was better to postpone the marriage, at least for a time.

The autumn passed miserably. Peter went to Juarez first of all, and found to be substantially true what at first he had supposed might have been the disordered fancy of a sick woman's mind: there was no record of the death of Edward Ogilvie, nor did any entry in registers show the name of an English child in the year when he was supposed to have died. No little grave in the cemetery marked his resting-place. One fact, at least, seemed established, and that was that Peter's elder brother had not died in infancy at Juarez.

Not much more than this could be proved, and Peter returned home, to find that for the present nothing was legally his. Pending inquiries, Bowshott was closed. Those who were in ignorance of the real state of affairs talked glibly of enormous death-duties which had crippled for a time even the immense Ogilvie estates, and had rendered it necessary for Peter to shut up the house and live economically. The countryside, which called itself gay, met at many little parties, and talked charitably of the woman who was gone, saying, with an unconscious sense of patronage, that they had always liked Mrs Ogilvie in spite of her faults. Death, the great leveller, had brought their unapproachable neighbour nearer to them; they were not afraid of her now. It was strange to think that she was really less than one of themselves in the cold isolation and the pathetic impotence of the grave. They could hardly picture her yet as a powerless thing, the keen, narrowing eyes closed, the sharp-edged poniard of her speech for ever sheathed. She was poor Mrs Ogilvie now!

Meanwhile papers were examined and every box and chest which contained written matter was searched for a clue to the missing child. Peter was engaged in long consultations with detectives, and lawyers were running up goodly bills, and British Consuls were making investigations abroad. A whole train of inquiries was set in motion, and pens and tongues were busy. The powerful hand of the law stretched out its long arm in secret to this country and to that, only to be met with a baffling sense of failure to hold or to discover anything. Money was spent lavishly, and great brains tried to solve the mystery; and Mrs Ogilvie lay in her grave in a silence that could not be broken, and her hand which had traced the few lines on one sheet of note-paper was cold and still for ever.

(To be continued.)

THE PASSING OF THE SAILING-SHIP.

IN these days of revolutionary changes in travel, when the automobile has ousted the horse, only in its turn to be succeeded by the aeroplane, the land-traveller has continually to adapt his perspective to an age of hurry. The haste of yesterday will be stagnation to-morrow; and since the race is to the swift, and since also the beaten track is narrow, the slow must needs go to the wall. On the high seas there is not this question of the narrow way; there is room for all. Yet the decrees of commerce are inexorable, and here too the old order of things has given way to the new.

The extraordinary revolution effected in sea-life by the advent of steam is best appreciated by reference to the conditions that have passed.

Dampier, asked how long an autumn voyage from London to Madagascar might last, answered three and a half months, a time in which a modern liner such as the *Empress of Ireland* would all but circumnavigate the globe. Those were the days before man had devised the fetich and machinery of hurry. Time was no object, hurry no gain; and vessels, provisioned for a voyage of indefinite duration, would gaily put to sea and so pass out of human ken without an even approximate notion of when they might expect to reach their journey's end.

All this is altered, and the captain of a transatlantic liner steers his course from the Mersey to the St Lawrence or the Hudson as unconcernedly as a London taxicab would steer from Park Lane to St Pancras. Such machine-made travel is a boon not only to those who are so constituted as to hate the sea, but also to the men whose mainspring of life is in Wall Street or Throgmorton Avenue.

Yet there are still unbusiness-like folk who echo the regret of Mr Clark Russell when they think 'of the shapes of beauty which have gone beyond the horizon to their graves, and haunt the ocean only as phantoms.'

It may be a fine thing, as it is certainly necessary, to be able to rely on reaching New York in five days, some hours, some minutes, and a few seconds; but the whole aspect of sea-travel is changed with such precision. The modern liner or battleship going full speed is a majestic symbol of progress, never a doubt of it. Nevertheless, though there is splendour in the sky-scrapers of San Francisco, quiet eyes rest more gladly on the humbler beauty of a moorland cottage.

From the standpoint of utility, it cannot be denied that the story of navigation is one long pæan of triumph of mind over matter—not, indeed, without terrible reverses, but winning nearer to victory with the passing of each century. The puny ship defies the pitiless waves, confident of its triumph. As the Italian has it, '*Tu sei immenso, ma sei un bruto; io son piccolo, ma sono un genio.*'

All over the western seas the new order has driven out the old. Galley and caravel, argosy and galleon, are all gone. Only the lateen sail of the historic Mediterranean is left us as a reminder of the darker days when Arabs ruled the waves. Those, however, who adventure a little off the highways of commerce may still find quaint relics of the dawn of shipbuilding, the art which links the Patriarch's Ark with the *Majestic* and *Lucania*. The coracle, which still drifts on Welsh salmon-rivers, has not appreciably changed since the day on which Cæsar landed in Britain. The vanishing Indian still paddles his dugout and birchbark on Canadian backwaters, and the *kayak* of the Esquimaux is as it was when the Vikings first sighted America. Even the high seas are not quite bare of these anachronisms. The Chinese junk appears to have retained its hull and rig these thousand years, and on the beach of Trebizond may yet be seen such high-prowed shore-boats as may have been there when Xenophon and his Ten Thousand passed through Trapezium on their way to Scutari.

Curiously enough, the introduction of steam into sea-fights involves some semblance of return to the antiquated conditions of the trireme, which never lost an opportunity of ramming her adversary. Yet the analogy must not be pressed too far. The modern cruiser and the Phœnician warship of the Nineveh monuments have no doubt something in common as regards their independence of the wind, which meant so much to Nelson's fighting-line. But the galley-slaves at their best were never inexhaustible, nor could they move, even for a short time, as swiftly as the battleship. The sailing-ship, the chronological link between the two, must have been a more efficient fighting-craft than the trireme and galley, else it would not have supplanted them. Now it too is gone for ever from the pageant of war.

Iron, not oak, is our bulwark of Empire to-day, and there is no longer any present meaning in the story told of Collingwood, that he used when at home to scatter acorns in likely spots, with a fervent prayer that, long after he was dust, they might furnish oak for the defeat of the French, then his country's enemies, though to-day her friends.

NOT WHOLLY BAD.

CHAPTER III.

DELANE ran as seldom, or perhaps never, before. Less than five minutes had passed after the first cry for help reached those at the Dene before he came to a halt on the brink of the river, where he found an agonised woman, together with a small crowd of wailing children. They had been engaged in gathering blackberries when the accident happened. At sight of Delane the woman rushed up to him and grasped him by the sleeve. She could no longer speak save in a hoarse whisper; her last cry for help seemed to have cracked her voice.

'There!—there!' she exclaimed, pointing to the river. 'My Kitty—she got too close to the edge, and fell in. Oh, for the love of Heaven, save her—save her!'

Delane's keen eyes had already caught sight of the child, whom the wash of the flood had

now swept out into mid-channel. Her stiffly starched frock and petticoats had served to buoy her up for a little while; but even before the woman had finished her appeal he saw the child go under. Now that she was in the full current she was being borne rapidly in the direction of the weir, the low roar of which, although it was still a quarter of a mile away, sounded full of menace.

Without answering the woman, Delane thrust her aside and hurried to a point opposite where the child had disappeared. Here the bank shelved steeply to a depth of between twenty and thirty feet, which was increased by a dozen more feet when the river was not in flood. Down this bank Delane, after stripping off his jacket, scrambled, helped by some bushes, and landed on a rough boulder, from which, after steadying himself for a moment, he dived.

He came to the surface several yards lower down, but without the child. A moment's breathing-space, and then he disappeared again, to emerge once more, still farther down, and this time with the child's inanimate body clasped in his left arm.

Before this Marsden, followed a couple of minutes later by Vera, had appeared on the scene. In the child's mother the latter recognised the wife of John Dill, a jobbing gardener well known at the Dene.

The three on the bank kept pace with Delane. No word was spoken; but a low, sobbing cry broke from the mother when she saw that her child was so far safe.

Moment by moment Delane and his burden were drawing nearer the weir. A few yards below the point where he had rescued the child the river suddenly contracted, thenceforward till it reached the fall rushing in ever-growing fume and anger between sheer banks of shale, where it was an impossibility for any one to land. Beyond the weir the channel widened again, and the banks fell swiftly away, till a hundred yards farther on they became merged in the flat meadows which stretched widely on either hand.

When Marsden recognised that any present help was out of the question, he left Vera and Mrs Dill, and hurried off at top speed, still keeping to the river-bank, nor halted till he had left the weir behind and had reached a spot on the level ground where, a couple of hours earlier, he had tied to a tree the boat in which he had pulled up-stream on his way to the Dene. Into this boat he now got, and, having unfastened the painter, he drew out from the bank, and then began to work his way back towards the weir.

On the bank, Vera and Mrs Dill kept pace with Delane and his burden as the flood bore them irresistibly along. Delane was a strong and expert swimmer, but it was as much as he could do to keep his own and the child's head above water with only his right arm at liberty; the narrowed channel sucked them in, as if hungry to claim them, and bore them still more swiftly onward to their inevitable doom, as it seemed to the two women, whose straining gaze never left the swimmer for an instant as they stumbled forward, mute with terror. Louder and louder in their ears sounded the dread challenge of the weir.

When within a dozen yards of the fall, Mrs Dill suddenly sank on her knees and covered her face with her hands. She could no longer bear to look. Vera halted with her, and whispered some words of hope into her ear; but the girl's eyes never turned from the two figures in the seething flood who were being inexorably sucked forward to their fate. Another minute, and she rose quickly to her feet. For the next few seconds her heart seemed to suspend its beating. At the last moment Delane flung up his right arm as if waving a mute farewell, and then he and his charge were swept as lightly as a feather might have been over the edge of the liquid precipice into the wild turmoil below.

Vera drew a gasping breath and waited, her gaze now bent on the lower reach of the river —waited, hoping almost against hope, for the figures to reappear. 'The worst has happened to them,' she had just whispered to herself with a shudder, when suddenly her pulses gave a bound. There they were, man and child, the latter clasped as closely as before. The current had carried them down to where the river, spreading out in ample measure, no longer fretted and fumed. And there, too, was Marsden rowing swiftly to their rescue.

Laying a hand on Mrs Dill's shoulder, Vera said, 'Your child is safe. Come, let us hasten to her.'

The woman rose heavily to her feet, stared in a half-dazed fashion at the girl, murmured something which her dry lips could not articulate, and then began to hurry down the shelving bank towards the meadow-flats.

Five minutes later her child, unconscious, but alive, was clasped to her bosom, wrapped warmly in Marsden's Norfolk jacket.

'You must come back with me to the Dene,' said Vera to her. 'It is nearer than the village and Kitty can be better attended to there.'

'What's the order of the programme now?' queried Delane, with one of his crooked smiles, when he and Marsden had been left alone. His face was streaked with blood, and there was an ugly cut above his left eye. His head had come into contact with the timbers of the weir.

'The first item is this: that you go with me to my diggings at the "Red Lion," and there exchange your soaked togs for dry ones. We will go by water, because there will be less likelihood of encountering any one than if we went by road. Afterwards we will perpend.'

'*Très bien, mon ami.* I am in your hands to do with as you will.'

So into the boat they got. Fred took the oars and Delane the tiller-ropes. The latter looked a sufficiently singular object, for he had lost his wig and hat in the water, leaving exposed to view his prison-cropped, light-brown hair with its streaks of gray; but the black moustache still clung to his upper lip. Before they started Fred took off his deerstalker and clapped it on Delane's head. There was no knowing who might chance to spy them.

A clear twilight still lingered in the west, in which all near objects stood out distinctly. The moon, a silver shallop, was sailing slowly up the eastern sky.

A pull of twenty minutes brought the two men to the landing-stage at the foot of the lawn in the rear of the 'Red Lion,' where they alighted. They had not encountered a creature by the way, and the benches in the inn garden were now deserted by the village topers for warmer quarters indoors. Marsden led the way to his upstairs sitting-room, and thence into his bedroom, followed by Delane.

'You will find a lounge-suit of mine in that closet,' he said when he had lighted the gas, 'and the sooner you change into it the better for your health. I'll order a steaming glass of toddy to be brought up to you at once; while by the time you've changed there will be ready for you the biggest steak in the "Red Lion" larder. In the meantime the inn fly shall trundle me up to the Dene, for it may be as well to ascertain how matters are progressing there; but I sha'n't stay longer than a few minutes, so you may look to see me back by eight o'clock at the latest.' With that he nodded in friendly fashion and went.

The fly landed him at the Dene twenty minutes later. Mrs Willoughby, a well-preserved, middle-aged lady of shrewd common-sense and kindly manners, had reached home a quarter of an hour earlier. When Frank entered the drawing-room Vera was just finishing her account of the afternoon's adventures.

Mrs Willoughby, having shaken hands with her prospective son-in-law and motioned him to a chair, said impressively, reverting to Vera's narrative, 'The man who had the almost inconceivable audacity to pass himself off to you this afternoon as my late brother Edward is a vile impostor. On that point I am convinced, for I have in my possession indisputable evidence that my poor brother really died in Australia—a letter written to me on his deathbed, when he was almost too weak to hold the pen; together with two certificates—one of his decease, the other of his burial in the cemetery at Adelaide. That he died a number of years ago there can be no doubt whatever. Who, then, can this man be who apparently knows so much about me and our family affairs?'

She was silent, and for the next few minutes sat in a sort of puzzled abstraction, evidently groping in the recesses of her memory for a clue to the mystery.

Vera and Fred neither stirred nor spoke.

At length a gleam of enlightenment came into Mrs Willoughby's eyes, and her expression changed. 'The man who escaped from prison this morning and who found his way here can be none other than Claud Vannel,' she said with an air of conviction. 'Yes, it must be he.'

Vera looked at her mother questioningly, as much as to imply, 'And, pray, who is Claud Vannel?'

Mrs Willoughby, as if in answer to the look, said, 'But it is due to you to explain. Claud Vannel was my brother's closest friend. They had been schoolmates, and when, as young men, they were launched on the world they kept up their intimacy, and thus it happened that they were both involved in the same gambling scandal which in the case of poor Ned resulted in his banishment from home; for our father was of a stern and unforgiving disposition. Well, Ned went to Australia, and thence from time to time he wrote me a few lines, and from time to time I sent him a little money without anybody being the wiser; for he was ill-fitted to cope with the hard, rough life of the Colonies. But to come to Claud Vannel. In a letter I received from Ned a few months before his death he mentioned that he and his old chum had come across each other by accident, and how pleased they were at having met again. That was all; and I had no further news of Vannel till about five years ago—indeed, I had almost forgotten his existence—when in a newspaper which I casually picked up I found an account of his trial and sentence for forgery.'

'He told us about that, mamma,' said Vera. 'He had been drugged, and fictitious notes substituted for his genuine ones; only, he was unable to prove it at his trial.'

Mrs Willoughby shook her head. 'When he told that to you and Fred he was bamboozling the pair of you. Claud Vannel's trial and sentence had nothing to do with forged bank-notes, but with the forgery by him of a trust-deed for ten thousand pounds.'

For a little while there was silence. Mrs Willoughby's statement had nonplussed the young folk.

At length Vera said, 'Whatever he may have been guilty of in the past, his action of this afternoon proves beyond cavil that he is a very brave man. Any one who would risk his life as he did cannot be wholly bad.'

'There I agree with you, my dear.'

'You don't blame me, I hope, for giving him that money?'

'You did quite right, and I'm glad you told him to apply to me should he need further help. I cannot forget that he was poor Ned's dearest friend. What a bright, handsome lad he was when he used to come visiting at our

house in the holidays! Poor Claud! Poor Claud!'

'By the way, how is the child by this time?' asked Fred of Vera.

'I left her a little while ago in charge of Mrs Dobbs, wrapped up in a blanket and munching a slice of bread-and-jam with evident relish.'

When, half-an-hour later, Marsden got back to the 'Red Lion,' Vannel was no longer there. He had gone out into the night without any one at the inn being aware of his departure, leaving behind him a note addressed to Fred. The note in question was to the following purport:

'My dear Mr Marsden—if, for the first and the last time, an ex-convict may be permitted so to address you—by the time you read these lines your eyes will doubtless have been opened by Mrs Willoughby with respect to certain circumstances of which you were ignorant before, and you will return here fully convinced that my temporary assumption of the personality of my dear old chum, Ned Delane, was the act of a wretched impostor.

'That so perspicacious a lady as Mrs Willoughby will fail in fixing the onus of the imposture on the right shoulders is what I cannot credit. There is only one person, as she must be aware, who could successfully have carried out so audacious a scheme, and that is myself.

'Yes, I am Claud Vannel. It is a statement to which I have nothing to add. In such a case as mine, where no absolute denial is possible, the less said the better. The circumstances were peculiar, the temptation was overwhelming, and I succumbed. *Voilà tout.*

'To Miss Willoughby and yourself my heartiest thanks are due. That I hoodwinked you both is true; but that you will forgive me, unless I have misread you strangely, I am convinced.

'And so farewell. In a few minutes I shall be gone, and you need be under no apprehension that I shall ever rise above the horizon of your lives in time to come. Claud Vannel.'

He was as good as his word. In the course of the years that have since elapsed no tidings of him have ever reached the inmates of Mallow Dene.

THE END.

AN OLD HOUSE IN LONDON.

By J. Roland Evans.

A casual wanderer through Fleet Street would, in all probability, fail to notice the old house that stands at the corner of an Inn. For over a hundred years it has stood there, and still watches impassively Fleet Street and its many comedies and tragedies.

It will be remembered that Charles Lamb, writing to Manning in 1802, said he could spend a year or two on Skiddaw; and added, 'But I must have the prospect of seeing Fleet Street at the end of that time, or I should mope and pine away.'

Oh Street of Fascinations! How the Masters have loved thee!

The old house has seen the great men of Fleet Street begin their greater work, and in turn has heard the hum of machinery printing the records of their finished lives. For a hundred years it has listened to the sound of City bells, and looked on at the hundred pageants in scarlet and gold that have passed its doors with the brazen sound of trumpets.

Now the old house trembles! The pressing need of a congested City demands a wider street. House-breakers are on their way, and the sounds of pick and spade at work are already heard at the corner of the Inn. During the day thousands of people hurry by, newsboys shout hoarsely, huge motor-omnibuses shake its old walls as they thunder past. Lawyers' clerks run up and down the well-worn stairs, whistling airs from comic operas.

The old house is seen to better advantage when the City shadows lengthen and the workers have gone away to their homes. Then the houses turn to a grayish blue in the fading light of day, and the Inn is quiet. Press-men pass to and fro hurriedly, but the only noise is the faint echo of mighty machines in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street.

To reach the house you leave Saint Dunstan's Church, standing out like a giant against the darkening sky, and pass under a frowning arch near by, which leads to the Inn. Here the evening light transmutes the shadows into a soft purple colour.

Tread lightly! There are the shades of great literary men who once in the flesh were wont to stroll over the uneven cobbles of the Inn yard, discoursing on books and men, and praising the fare at the 'Cheshire Cheese' or the 'Half-Moon.' You may see the shade of a buxom girl, dressed in gay attire and the latest French hat, jesting with a Fleet Street shopkeeper about blind-man's buff at a party the previous evening. Look closely! A sedan-chair passes the crumbling gateway of the Inn. Seated within is a dainty little lady clad in a gown of rich brocade. Going to a dance perhaps! By the side of the chair, and quizzing through a glass at his beautiful charge, a young blade walks, handsomely dressed and in full-bottomed wig.

Leaving the shades of former inhabitants to their wanderings, pass into the old house. The

key that opens the door is a cumbersome one, and probably as old as the house itself. With a twist here and a turn there, the staircase winds its way up to a suite of rooms on the top floor, where one is almost on a level with the crown-like tower of Saint Dunstan's. The rooms are tenanted by a literary man, a well-known essayist, who is also a collector of curios. The room he uses as a study is a delightful one, lined with dark oak wainscoting. The windows, 'all diamonded with panes of quaint device,' look out over the weather-worn red tiles of adjacent roofs on to the great City. On the window-ledges are flower-boxes in which grow clusters of bright geraniums and fuchsias, and a giant musk climbs up to the eaves. A gentle breeze blows across from the Thames, that mighty highway to the sea, and enters the chamber, carrying with it a delightful fragrance from the flowers; black patches drift slowly across the blue of the sky; the bell of St Paul's sends its deep notes over the City, and the stately spires of numerous churches look ghostly in the evening light.

The literary tenant is not fond of up-to-date methods of lighting, and, in keeping with the old house, he uses antique candlesticks. When the quaint snuffers are raised and the candles lighted, one sees some of the treasures the collector prizes so much. On a Jacobean table there are Japanese figures beautifully carved, and a French thirteenth-century sword, its keen blade glinting in the candle-light. A large Roman vase stands in a corner of the room; it was discovered some hundreds of years ago. Behind the vase some pikes are stacked, and a crested helm (decorated with the features of a snarling wolf) rests on a bracket near by. Standing out against the panels are many prints of worthies, among which are the familiar faces of Dr Johnson, David Garrick, and Congreve with his flowing wig. There is a charming picture by Wheatley of a girl selling cherries, and between the bureau and the door hangs a choice specimen of Bartolozzi of a maiden bathing in a stream. On the mantelpiece rests an old German clock and some pewter dishes and mugs, each of which could tell its own story of strange times.

A charming room for a study! An ideal room in which to lift the lid from one's box of happy memories and dream again 'of summer days and of delightful years.'

Once upon a time, before the man of letters came along and made it his study, an old gentleman used to live in this room. He was very old—so old, in fact, that he seemed part of the house. He seldom went abroad, except occasionally for a quiet walk after dusk. The old gentleman was very feeble, his hair was thin and gray, and on his white face there was always a tender, wistful expression. His one delight was to watch the ever-changing pageantry of the skies.

Nobody knew much about him, only that he was always expecting a visitor. Did he hear the crazy old bell ring down below, he would walk slowly to the door of his room and listen, only to go back wearily to the window-seat, until he heard the cracked bell again. He would remain at the window for hours, his hands clasped tightly over his knees—waiting, no one knew for whom; dreaming, of whom he never said!

When, on a Sabbath evening, he heard the bells echoing across the City a peaceful smile illumed his aged features, and the white hands trembled a little as he wiped the tears from his kindly eyes.

And then one morning they found him asleep in his chair by the window. A visitor—maybe the long-expected one—had come, and the quaint old gentleman's period of waiting was ended. A serene smile rested on his face, and the withered hands held a photograph of an old lady, sweet and comely looking. The old gentleman had gone to meet her in the Garden of Eternal Peace and Sunshine.

So I love this old house, and like to sit in the window-seat by the geraniums and musk to look across London. There is a dull-red glare over the West End of London, where, in vast, smoke-filled halls, men and women are listening to the rattle of castanets and watching the pirouetting beauties of the ballet. In the opposite direction, somewhere in the darkness beyond St Paul's Cathedral, hundreds of starving families are herded together in slum tenements. Within a stone's-throw of this old house printers, with nimble fingers, are 'setting-up' particulars of divorces, of racing, news of the Churches and their missions to heathen lands, of the passing of monarchs and the births of princes, of the prosperity of some and the ruination of others. A thousand pounds or more is spent in tracking a criminal; an honest man dies of starvation. Such are life's contrasts! But in the old house, situate in the heart of a mighty City, there is a wondrous peace.

I love this old house. I like to watch from its windows the dawn spreading across the skies, and breathe the soft air, laden with the scent of musk, as it floats through the casement.

Grand old house! For many years your windows have looked on to the simple courtyard. Voices long since silent have echoed within your peaceful rooms. Now are your venerable walls to be demolished. All too soon the scaffolding of the wrecker will creep along and engulf you, and another of Old London's houses will have passed away. Then will my heart be heavy with a touch of regret; the old house will be nought but a cherished memory.

THE LAST OF THE TRESSIDERS.

By J. Morton Lewis.

FOR generations the Tressiders had been soldiers. Their dining-room walls were covered with paintings of illustrious members of the family who had borne a sword for king and country, from the famous Sir Alan, who had helped to chase the Cavaliers from Marston Moor and lost an arm at Naseby, to the present reigning head, Sir Hugh Tressider, a name writ large in the history of India. They were a race of hardy giants, who knew not the meaning of fear; *sans peur, sans reproche*, they served their monarch like true, honourable gentlemen of England.

Sir Hugh had married an Irish girl, and the union was blessed with one son, who inherited all the Celtic imagination of his mother's race. Nature ordained him for a literary life; tradition held it that he must be a soldier like his sires. His was a nature incomprehensible to his father, a nature which in early childhood drew fancy forms from amidst the shadows, and trembled at the figures his imagination had called forth. To cure him of it and his timorous disposition his father used sternness, the worst measure he could have adopted.

So Alan, the last of the Tressiders, grew to manhood a man apart from his forebears; by nature perhaps as brave as they, but possessed of a haunting fear that when the moment of trial arrived he would show cowardice.

It was the custom of the Tressiders to have the portrait of each son painted when first he donned a uniform, so that it might hang in the dining-room in company with those who had gone before.

This fact Sir Hugh told his son upon his fourteenth birthday, relating to him at the same time the history of each of the stern-visaged men who looked down upon them night and day.

'There,' he said, pointing to an empty place, 'your portrait shall hang.'

The words remained firmly fixed in the boy's mind; he dreamed of them by night, waking up in a cold perspiration, fearful how he would act when first he heard the shells whistling their message of death around him—whether he would break away, a coward, a disgrace to the name he bore, or add still further honour to its great fame. Yet he was not a coward, for no man can be until he is tried.

His twenty-first birthday saw the portrait complete and hanging in the vacant place upon the wall.

Looking at it, Sir Hugh raised his glass at the commemoration dinner. 'My son,' he said, then personally addressed the boy. 'Alan, you come of a noble race, a race which has borne the sword for generations, and borne it honourably. May you add further lustre to the scroll, and prove worthy of the forebear whose name you hold.'

The speech cut Alan like a knife, and filled him with a grave misgiving as he sat there resplendent in his new uniform. Was he worthy to bear that name? He looked at the portrait of the great Alan for sympathy, wondering how he had felt upon his first battlefield. But the Roundhead, armour-clad and stern, looked down upon him in grim exhortation, as if despising him for the bare thought.

All that night as he lay in bed he tossed from side to side, his mind racked by the one thought. Months afterwards, when he faced fire for the first time, it stood out before him, writ large in letters of red.

Within six months of his taking up his commission the regiment he had joined was ordered out to India to take the place of one homeward bound.

'No better place for you to learn soldiering,' said Sir Hugh when he heard of it; 'that was where I served my apprenticeship.'

Lady Tressider received the news with anxiety. She did not share her husband's belief in the suitability of the career which had been chosen for their son. As a mother she understood the boy's feelings better, and realised that he was not fitted for the life. Moreover, not being a Tressider by birth, she did not appreciate the fact that, as every generation had sent a son to the wars, every generation must needs do so for all time. Her remonstrances had been unavailing. 'What better career could he have?' said Sir Hugh. 'Not fitted for it? It will make a man of him.'

And so she had yielded. But when the marching orders came she wrote to the colonel in charge of the regiment, an old friend of the family, and asked him to call and see her.

Three days later he arrived.

'Madam,' he said, holding her hand for a second, 'I am proud to have a Tressider in my regiment.'

'It was about Alan I wished to see you,' said Lady Tressider, and she discreetly rang for tea.

'One lump, or two?' she asked as they sat before the fire, the table between them.

'Now, Colonel Davant,' she said, 'I want you to promise me you will keep a watch upon Alan as far as you can. It was his father's wish that he should join the army, not mine. I do not think he is fitted for the life.'

'He will be the first Tressider who has not been,' said the colonel, wishing to please.

Lady Tressider smiled. 'Perhaps he has a lot of his mother in him. I may be wrong, but

I think he is too highly strung, too imaginative, to make a good soldier.'

'Life in camp will soon cure him of that,' said Colonel Davant. 'And you can rest assured that I will do all I can to help him. I have no sons of my own—I wish I had; but so long as he is in my regiment I will be father to him.'

'Thank you,' said Lady Tressider. She rose to her feet. 'I know that people who are as highly strung as he is often lose their heads in time of danger. And I would rather see him dead at my feet now than know he had played the part of coward.'

Colonel Davant realised the truth of what she said. 'And they often make the finest soldiers,' he replied.

And so six weeks later Tressider left Southampton, amidst the fanfare, the enthusiasm which speeds each parting regiment, to take up his position in a career for which he felt he was unfit, for which he had no liking, having in his heart a great fear that when the moment came he might be found wanting.

From the hour they embarked Colonel Davant kept a watchful eye upon him. Having spent his life entirely among soldiers and seen service in all parts of the world, the colonel knew from past experience that Tressider might either turn out a hero or from his haunting fear sacrifice the lives of those under his command.

Disembarking at Bombay, within twenty-four hours of their landing the regiment was entrained and hurried off on the first stage to Peshawur, where they were to be stationed.

India was then in a state of turmoil. Like a huge volcano for ever erupting and breaking out in some new place, trouble was brewing amongst the hill-tribes. Rumour said it spelt the commencement of a European war, and that behind the seeming insurrection of a few thousand natives menaced the arms of a great nation.

A week amidst the sun-dried plains of Peshawur, beneath the shadows of the hills, and the regiment was called to the hills themselves. News had come to the officials of a large rising a few miles south of Chitral. Five Europeans had been killed, a native village sacked, the crops destroyed, and the cattle driven off. The rebels had been led by a man notorious throughout India, Sudar Khan. Revered by one-half of the population, he was as much distrusted by the others. Leader in two rebellions, he had been deported and his lands confiscated. When he returned, it was to find his wife, the one person on earth he revered, dead. By her body he swore that he would rest neither day nor night until her death had been avenged and the English driven from the land in which his forefathers had ruled as princes.

Colonel Davant's face became serious as he heard the news. 'I would rather meet any man, the devil himself, amidst these hills,' he said to his second in command. 'Have you ever seen him?'

'No,' replied the subordinate.

'I met him once, seven years ago, at a Calcutta bazaar. He is one of the finest men I have ever met. He stands over six feet six, and has the strength of an ox. He knows the hills so well that he could find his way from Chitral to Kurran blindfolded. God only knows how many men he has, and I am pitted against him with a force of one thousand five hundred.'

Nevertheless the fighting instinct of the old soldier was aroused, and he went out to the hills with his men as eager as a boy.

The force marched out of Peshawur amid the silence of a July night. The heat all day had been oppressive; but with evening a cool breeze had arisen, and blew softly upon the men across the stony road. To the north-east lay a dense jungle, from which at intervals came the roar of a hyena or the wild laugh of its lesser brother the jackal.

The moon, shining down upon the ranks, showed an eagerness upon the faces of the men; and it shone also upon the dark passes and crags of the mountains ahead—the mountains which held somewhere in their fastnesses a man almost a maniac in his lust for revenge, followed by men scarcely a whit less wild.

There is a silence in the hills on the north-west frontier which is heavy and oppressive, and speaks of danger—a silence which tears at the heart of a man and makes him prematurely old and gray. Men have been known to go mad after spending a night alone upon the north-west passes.

As they entered the defile which led into the heart of the hills there came no sound to the men save the steady tramp of their own feet, and occasionally a soft sibilance from the rising wind.

Three miles in the pass, midway up the side of the hills, they came upon a plain, where Colonel Davant camped for the night. Tents were put up, and men posted on sentry duty. For this purpose the colonel chose the smartest in his little force, for he knew the dangers of the hills and the cunning of the man against whom he was fighting—a ferocious cunning, which had earned him amongst the natives the name 'Son of a Wolf.'

That night Tressider stood at the entrance of his tent and viewed for the first time that which to men who have witnessed it can never be effaced—the darkness of the north-west frontier, and its gradual awakening as dawn breaks over the hills.

Within the next twenty-four hours he had taken his first lesson in the art of guerilla warfare. Before reveille had been sounded the enemy were sniping the camp from unseen shelter. Little puffs of smoke occasionally told of the position of a native, but most of the rifles

only told of their presence by the sharp explosion and rattle of the lead against the rocks.

'Smokeless powder!' said the colonel with raised eyebrows.

In a quarter of an hour the tents were struck, the transport mules loaded, and the men on the march.

Colonel Davant divided his force into three. One he sent farther up the defile in a westward direction, the second he sent south, whilst the largest proportion of men he himself led in a northerly direction towards Chitral, where he judged the rebel Sudar Khan's strongholds to lie. Third in command, he took with him Alan Tressider.

'You're in for your baptism, my boy,' he said as the lines of men swung past them.

Tressider's eyes flashed; he was borne away by the excitement of the moment. It was during the hours of loneliness that his fear of cowardice entered his soul and took possession. In the din of marching men his mind had no room for it. The look on his face deceived Colonel Davant. 'A mother's idle fancy,' he said to himself, thinking of what Lady Tressider had said. 'A delicate lad perhaps, but a born soldier, as all the Tressiders are.'

As they entered the gorge which led up a steep gradient to the northern range of hills, the force met with a heavy sniping. Instantly Colonel Davant spread out his men, and, firing as they marched, they returned the fusillade. Each puff of smoke from the hills and a dozen rifles spoke in reply.

'Got him!' said a Tommy with gruesome enthusiasm as a white-robed figure toppled with a shriek from some crag above them, and bounding from rock to rock, fell at their feet a lifeless, unrecognisable mass.

In a few moments the firing ceased, and the silence which followed was more terrible than the *ping, ping* of bullets upon the rocks.

The colonel, riding level with Tressider, saw him glance anxiously from side to side. Above them on either hand towered the gray hills of the northern frontier, silent and threatening, holding no one knew what amidst their thousand hidden paths.

The colonel knew the hills; but even he, who had travelled through them before, fell beneath their spell, which turns a man's blood to water.

The road wound up before them, between the hills, like a thread reaching almost to the sky.

'Another two miles,' said the colonel, 'and we shall have left all this behind us.'

'Thank God!' murmured Tressider to himself.

Colonel Davant had spent five years of his life on the frontier—five years spent in quelling a series of native rebellions, when no man knew what the next hour might bring forth. Those five years had turned his hair gray, but they had taught him many things, and he knew the hills second only perhaps to Sudar Khan himself. He pointed to where a shaft of light breaking across the path showed an opening in the defile. 'We turn up that path,' he said. 'It is a sheep-track winding up to the summit.'

Ten minutes brought them to the spot. A sharp order, and the men wheeled to the left. As he came in sight of it, the colonel looked up the path through his glasses. Misgivings filled his mind. He knew the hills, and he knew the ways of the men who lived amidst them. But he kept silence, and, Tressider by his side, led the column up the slope.

A few hundred yards, and from somewhere came a voice issuing a command in the native tongue. In answer a thousand rifles spoke, and the bullets fell upon the advancing party like hail on a stormy day.

The colonel's fears had been realised. He turned and faced the men. Already a score lay upon the ground, writhing in their agony. 'Boys,' he said, 'follow me!' And he leapt up the slope.

With a cheer, their ranks thinning every moment, his gray head their oriflamme, the Seventy-sixth followed him. They would have followed him to the gates of Hades had he asked.

A few moments, with the bullets pouring around them, and the foremost men gained the heights. Already the natives were in flight. The soldiers were intoxicated; the lust for killing was in their blood; a mad desire to avenge their comrades who had fallen filled their hearts. Fixing their bayonets as they ran, they tore across the plateau.

On the summit of the path, at the point where it widened into the plain beyond, stood a small aperture leading into a cave cut from the rock itself.

Colonel Davant had seen two white-robed figures pass through the opening, one of whom he recognised.

'Follow me,' he said to the figure at his side, without knowing who it was. 'Sudar Khan himself is in that cave.'

Stealthily he crept to the side of the aperture, then turned to his companion. 'You, Tressider!' he said. 'Good!' He held a revolver in his hand. 'As soon as I have fired I am going in. Follow me as closely as possible. If we are not hidden in the smoke of my revolver, they will shoot us as they see us against the skyline.'

A moment, and he fired three shots in rapid succession, right in the mouth of the cave.

'Now!' he whispered, and clutched Tressider's arm.

Quickly and silently the two men crept in, and, crouching on hands and knees almost, moved to the right of the entrance. There was no answering shot; the smoke had hidden them.

Then, deep in the shadow, they waited, knowing that somewhere in the darkness two

men were waiting for them—waiting for some sign of their presence.

Silently the colonel reloaded his revolver, and the two men crouched, weapon in hand.

Slowly the moments dragged by. To Tressider they passed like hours. No sound came from the outside air. Within there was nought but a heavy silence, one pregnant with danger.

He felt figures moving towards him out of the darkness; every second he expected to feel a hand upon his throat. A wild desire seized him to shriek, to do anything, to rush into the darkness and grapple with the unseen foe—anything to break the awful tension. He gripped the butt of his revolver and bit his lip.

'Steady!' whispered the colonel, his face barely six inches away.

The hot breath upon his cheek made Tressider start, and the colonel gripped his arm. 'Steady,' he whispered again, 'or we are lost!'

Still the moments passed by in a dead, heavy silence.

'God!' whispered Tressider through his clenched teeth. His imagination had run riot; every second he could feel the enemy coming nearer to him out of the darkness, nearer and nearer, until he could almost see their forms silhouetted against the blackness. Intently his ears were strained to catch the slightest sound, until the cavern seemed filled with voices and wild laughter. Suddenly, unable to bear the strain any longer, he raised his revolver and fired twice.

A scream told that one of his shots had found a target. For a second his face was illumined by a ray of flame, and with a grunt of satisfaction Sudar Khan raised his rifle.

'Phew!' whistled the colonel. The shot had struck him in the fleshy part of his left arm.

For a second the whole cavern was lighted up, revealing Sudar Khan bending low over the sight of his rifle, and by his side, lying upon the ground, the body of the other native.

With a wild shout, Tressider leapt forward, and before the light completely died away the colonel saw him spring at the throat of the rebel chief.

Then came darkness, and the sound of two men wrestling in a death-grip. The colonel heard the shuffling of their feet upon the ground, the short, hard breathing as of men strained to the utmost of human power.

'The young fool!' he muttered, and stood waiting, his revolver in his hand.

For five minutes the fight continued, while the men swayed and wrestled upon the floor. Once they were almost within arm's-reach, and he saw their figures dimly outlined. Then they passed away from him again to a distant part of the cave.

'Throttle him, Tressider!' he called out once. 'It is your only chance. He has the strength of a dozen.' It was not for him to know that the man he counselled had been driven to the verge of insanity by the tension of half-an-hour, and that his was the strength of a madman.

Suddenly there came the sound of a heavy fall, followed by a series of sharp knocks, as of some one beating another's head against the stone floor.

Then Tressider's voice, 'I've killed him, colonel.'

'Thank God!' said the colonel. 'Where are you?'

'By his side. I'm done for. He's stabbed me through the lungs.'

The colonel groped his way across the cave, and, stumbling over a body, lit a match. Sudar Khan lay on the floor, his neck broken. By his side lay Tressider, blood flowing from a wound in his right shoulder.

Gently the colonel picked him up and carried him into the open air.

Tressider's eyes were glazing as the colonel knelt by his side. 'I'm no good as a soldier,' he muttered. 'I've no more nerve than a cat.'

Then he closed them. Alan, the last of the Tressiders, had been under fire for the first and last time.

Three days later the insurrection was over, and on the fourth Colonel Davant led his force back into Peshawur. On the plateau, by the entrance of the cavern, rested a small wooden cross, with the initials A. T. and the date.

Ten days later Colonel Davant applied for leave, and on reaching England went straight to see Lady Tressider.

'I'm ashamed to meet you, madam,' he said, bending low over her hand, 'for I have betrayed my trust.'

'You could not help it,' she answered, smiling bravely. 'But tell me, how did the last of the Tressiders die? I hope he died as a man, not as he always feared he might. It will help me to bear my sorrow better.'

'Madam,' replied the colonel, 'he died as a hero, saving my life.' And Colonel Davant looked her straight in the face.

'Thank you!' said Lady Tressider.

'And may God forgive me the lie!' said the colonel to himself.

PROGRESS.

We say we are progressing, proudly tell
How forces yoked by man's imperious hand
Hurry us storm-like o'er the shuddering land,
Or drive us through the climbing ocean swell;
How heaven's lightning mutters 'neath our spell.
But we are aging—mind, and nerve, and limb,
Our step hath lost its lightness, and the hymn
Of Nature turneth to an empty knell.
The birds progress not. This, as every spring
Their mossy walls they weave the self-same way,
Flirt the same colours from the hanging spray,
With the old love-song make the covert ring;
Yet for their youth I'd give the centuries' gain,
The knowledge, and the heartache, and the pain.

H. R. Pyatt.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

THE events of the past few weeks have made a strong impression upon the minds of some men of depth, sincerity, and independence of thought. In London, as elsewhere, there are those who are weary of what they conceive to be a strange political game that is being played upon them. From being amusing to them, it has come to be little less than nauseating. There is, they say, something so pitiful in the fall of our political system that they do not wish to speak of it or even to think of it, since from their thoughts there so seldom arises any well-founded hope of an early amendment. They have come to feel that there is no sense in the game that the parties are playing; that it leads to nothing but confusion, chaos, inefficiency, and national failure. In principle, government on the party system is correct; and it is more than correct—it is essential. The proper function of a minority called an Opposition is criticism of a majority called a Government, having the superior numerical strength to govern. By such criticism by the minority the majority is steadied in its schemes, is kept close to the line of propriety and truth, and its finished works are the better for the criticism to which its early proposals were subjected. Thus it is perceived that the majority and the minority, while being as two, are really one, natural complements of each other, and that the Opposition, for all its prating, is but the friendly though strictly candid critic, and is thus the helpmate of the master-side. So in sincerity does each side play its part and strive for the good of all, and so do both fulfil their duties in patriotism. That is true government by party. But it is plainly of the essence of this system that all preliminary schemes shall be honest in conception, arising from deep conviction and the sense of necessity, and disregardful entirely of what is likely to be the view of the minority concerning them. In the ideal state the majority would feel that the minority could not but approve, such would be its own complete belief in the perfection and the beauty of its plans. And, again, it is equally plainly of the essence of the proper working of the party system that the Opposition, or minority, should be honest and sincere to the uttermost degree in its criticisms. It should not raise objections and make difficulties merely for the sake of hindering, conceiving the majority to be the enemies of themselves and the people. Before it hears the explanation of the scheme it should not say to itself, 'This surely must be bad because it comes from the majority, and it must be stopped.' Rather, having heard the explanation, should it think awhile and begin upon the train of consideration with the premise that the scheme is the outcome of the close deliberation of wise and honest men, chosen of the people, working sincerely for the common good, and that therefore it is to be presumed to be good; but that as two heads are better than one, and two hundred better than one hundred, and that as no man or body of men is omniscient, while greater surety comes from the combined consideration of the larger body, so it will examine this scheme for the purpose of its improvement. Such an honesty and sincerity, and, more than either, a sympathy, are, as we say, of the essence of true and proper government by party; and if the parties are to any considerable extent lacking in these qualities and motives, then the system fails, and so far from being helpful to the state, it is a bad and cankerous thing, and is a danger to it, and it were better that the system did not exist, but that government should be carried on by a plain autocracy. This is spoken of as the ideal system and the high principle of party government, but they do not call for any Utopia who say that, while making certain necessary allowances for the peculiarities and weaknesses of human nature, from which even statesmen are not exempt, but which are not considered in the establishment and refinement of ideals, they cannot allow these set principles to be departed from by more than a very little if the system, as it is being carried out, is not to be condemned. That which is not quite good in government by party is bad. Now those sober thinkers who are above the modern party attitude ask, 'Can it be said that at the present time we come in our system so near to the essential mode of working as to permit even of any comparison between the two?' Surely not. Neither party admits the sincerity and honesty of the other. Each accuses the other of selfishness or baseness of motive, and this lack of belief,

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expressed in violent and often vulgar terms, reacts and reacts again by an alternating process upon the soul of each side until the charges that were made a year ago are proved true to-day, and the new ones that are made to-day will be justified a few months hence. Governments make schemes for defiance and not for good, and minorities oppose on principle and not on conviction. And thus there is a chaos and a madness, a certain hypocrisy and a seething of passion, everywhere. The standard of public life is lowered. Statesmanship is degraded. Vulgarity and abuse abound. Our boasted parliamentary system is being made, it is said, to look foolish in the eyes of the world, and is laughed at by the Ministers of new republics. Our party system has brought us to such a state of hopeless muddlement and confusion that we can think of nothing but our parties, have indeed no time or opportunities for other thoughts.

* * *

In these days we speak of national dangers; and they are many and serious, as we know. But now we have no time, say those critics of all parties, for the consideration of these dangers, although their menace has become no less but rather has grown greater for our distraction. Should a hostile fleet sail close up to our coasts just now, how is the mind of the people and its leaders ready? Our parties and not our enemies abroad, it might be urged, are the greatest of our national dangers. Walking about in London, one may stop awhile to speak with a person of apparent respectability and sense, but he is not now as we once knew him to be. He has eyes aflame; he stamps his feet, speaks hurriedly and passionately, and fiercely denounces a party. All its works are awful and disgraceful. It is not suggested that the party is honestly wrong; the plain accusation is that it is dishonestly, maliciously, wickedly, and almost traitorously wrong. You pass along and you meet another man, likewise of presupposed reason, and he behaves in the same way and says precisely the same things about the other party. Somewhere in the shade, moodily engaged in contemplation, you meet the non-party thinker, and, asking him for views, he may hang his head and say that it is all very sad. Yes, it is very sad. But, it may be urged, was it not always so? Do not the records of elections show us that at all, or nearly all, such times men lost their reason and party leaders lied? No, they say, it was not so. Fair argument had a better place than it has now. At the present time it is the fashion to condemn the mid-Victorian period for its intensity of dullness, its lack of inspiration, its stodginess. Dull in many things it may have been, but there was one vast virtue it had, arising from its very dullness on the one hand, and from one of the temporary circumstances of the constitution on the other, and that was a fair proportion of purity and sincerity, and it was then that our party system in its evolution rose to its best. Individual judgments upon Gladstone may be as individuals please to make them, but the present kind of party warfare would have been almost impossible when he was in the field of politics. Very likely—indeed, almost certainly—it is not the fault of individuals, of any new and peculiar wickedness on the part of our modern politicians, that we have thus fallen. It is merely that the evolution has gone too far, that it has passed the point of best, and—permanence being impossible and change always made—it has gone on to decay. So it is rotten and obsolete. It has faults that are worse than those which existed at the beginning stage. For one thing, it has now become far too complicated to be workable. In the mid-Victorian time the parties were in their simplest state, and for the system to act to satisfaction the parties must be simple and well defined. But now the aims and objects, the principles of rival parties, are so intertwined that it is impossible for any man to say that he believes entirely in the one and not in the other, as he is asked to do. But for all that we try to hang on to old forms and symbols, to retain some semblance of the old system, and to try to work it in the same way. With the complications that we have, this is impossible. It is clear that the inevitable result of the attempt must be lack of sincerity, then lack of honesty, then political hypocrisy, and then utter failure and chaos. What must be done? we ask these non-party critics. We must cast aside, they say, these so-called parties that have proved to be failures. They are worthless, and, more than worthless, they are dangerous to the State. All of them must go. We must by a great upheaval and a solemn renunciation return to a better simplicity. The way has been lost, and we must go back to our base. We must start again with two new parties, with new ideals, new political gods. It is by no means impossible to do so if once it is accepted on both sides that the present condition of things is insalutary and bad. It is some years since that Lord Rosebery exclaimed on the platform, 'A plague on both your parties!' and the country agreed even then. What we need now is a man with the right ideals and the full measure of strength for influence and leadership, who will come out from the mass as a Cromwell might, and with his scorn and contempt hurl the parties as we have them into nothingness. It is only by such a *coup* that the change can be made. We cannot go back to a workable simplicity by degrees and easy stages. And without a doubt the *coup* will be made, and soon; and may it be so soon as not to be too late. So say the men who think of country rather than of party.

When any of you deliberate on making your clever son, just about to leave school, a doctor, and take some professional advice upon the subject, that advice is commonly of the renowned variety of the excellent *Punch*—it is most pessimistically negative in character. You are sometimes told that it would be much better for the boy's future if you placed him in a good office or shop; or, if the object is to assist him to become rich quickly—and hang the risks!—set him to be an aeroplanist. The jockey profession has also some advantages. True, it is highly respectable to be a doctor if you have a practice, but respectability without cash does not count for so much in these days as it once did. Perhaps the parent should not heed so much the gloomy things that are said by the doctor-man to whom he talks about his young Willie. 'If a man placed the same amount of ability and energy into —— as he does into —— he would probably succeed ten times as well.' This has become an established formula, and all the different professions are put into the two blanks. You may place journalism in the first and the Bar in the second, or the other way about, or you may put either of them in one blank—it really does not matter which—and anything else you like in the other one. It is just the same. Nevertheless, there does seem to be something wrong with the medical profession at the present time. Never did there seem to be a time when doctors should do so well as now, for this is an age of neurasthenia and exhaustion with great effort. Perhaps the majority of us take pills, or tabloids, or bottles of something. If we do not think we are really ill, we are rarely satisfied we are quite well, though when we are asked in the conventional way we state in the conventional answer that that is the case. So we coddle and doctor ourselves. I quoted some statistics the other day which indicated that perfectly enormous quantities of patent medicines and like things are being consumed in these days, and that in this country there are no fewer than forty-two thousand licensed sellers of the same. Of course this may be one reason why doctors do not flourish as they should. Then we have just had a Local Government Board report showing what an enormous number of quack doctors there are in the country just now, and what blunders they sometimes make. But in eighty-two towns the quacks are on the increase, so they seem to be doing well. More and more people think they are ill, just a little ill, especially in these ugly winter days. But the doctors are not getting on. Can it be that there is anything wrong with them as a class, a body, a profession? No doubt they regard this as a highly improper question; but it is not meant to be offensive, and it is not, as you and they will see. The doctors are not allowed to write about themselves or to make speeches, except at hospitals and gatherings of their own class; it would be unprofessional. That, no doubt, is an excellent custom, and most proper; but, after all, doctoring is to help us to live longer, and our lives are our own and of literally most vital importance to us, so we may write and speak if they do not. Nor does one do this without thought or consultation with good authority. For many years, if I may be permitted to put it in such a way, I have taken a close interest in doctors, and have been intimately associated with many of them, of all sorts and conditions. With preliminary apologies for the presumption of a layman, I have spoken to them of their profession and expressed my views upon it. Frequently they have agreed, sometimes enthusiastically. Sometimes they have disagreed. Occasionally they have said it was none of our business. As a general rule only the least clever and least successful doctors have crushed me in this last-named way. But it is my business. Doctors disagree. Therefore they do not know everything. I once explained to a doctor a treatment that I had had experience of, but of which he had never heard, though it had been in common practice for many years, and the ailment it concerned was not uncommon either. A few weeks later he said he wished I had told him earlier.

* * *

For many years past I have thought upon a lay scheme for the reform of the medical system which some may consider to be necessary, and I have discussed it with scores of the profession. I did so with one of the first doctors of the time, a man who attends on the highest personages. He said that it was quite right; but what was the use of discussing it, anyhow? This was a man of great strength of opinion and originality of view, as exemplified on some famous occasions. The idea and scheme for the improvement of doctors, the betterment of their own condition, and the prolongation of the lives of others may be stated. The basis of the idea is that too large a proportion of doctors do not keep themselves up to date as they should do. Doctors are divided into two classes—those who are energetic and enterprising, and take a deep interest in their profession, reading all about everything that is new, and following it up when it seems worth the trouble, and those who pass their examinations and let it end at that. There is no word of criticism, of course, to offer against the first class. They are splendid; and our British doctors who belong to it are the best in the world. What is more, these men 'get on,' and very rarely have to complain of any bad times. They may have started doing their rounds on bicycles, but they now make their calls in thousand-pound motor-cars. They are worth all they have earned, and more. But the men who pass their examinations, and soon afterwards think it is not worth while bothering any more about the business, but are inclined

just to jog on and make a nice living, if they can —surely these men are a danger to the community and ought not to be doctors. Class one agrees with me. But there are thousands and thousands in class two. In the lonely country districts where one general practitioner does for a small parish, and does what he likes, they are common, though here of all places the people need the men of class one. I asked one of my doctors what there was to prevent a man who qualified in 1860 from prescribing and treating any particular disease now in just the same way they did then, though the proper treatment was quite different, and had changed a dozen times in the interval. First of all my man answered that there was the doctor's sense of responsibility, his dignity, honour, and so forth. But I answered that a man might be dignified and honourable, but still lazy and without an adequate sense of responsibility; and then you do come across doctors who say that we try to know too much in these days, and consequently make mistakes, and that the old ways may perhaps be best. Then my man said it was practically impossible for doctors not to know everything that was going on in regard to the changing treatments of common diseases like phthisis, and, anyhow, the lonely general practitioner in the country place had always the fear hanging over him of a great specialist coming down and finding him out. I submitted these criticisms of my idea to a very clever and up-to-date man in the West End of London, and he said they were all nonsense, and I was quite right. We cannot go on with medicine as we do with law. We still use Acts of Parliament that belong to the time of Queen Anne. Some of them are very good Acts, too; but even if they are bad and out of date, it does not matter very much in the long-run. It is the same for both sides in a sense, and we only lose our money at the worst. The laws that might take away your life do not belong to Anne Regina. They are quite up to date. So our solicitors and counsel need not bother very much after they have passed their finals. Everything is sure to come right, or approximately right, anyhow. But a doctor must know everything that is new. If he does not he is not a proper doctor. Theories and practice change with the utmost frequency in medicine. We all know that.

* * *

There is a certain part of a doctor's business that is no secret to any of us, and cannot be. Every man is a little of a doctor. Nature made him so, and sometimes he has improved upon the initial knowledge that nature gave him. Often enough he improves upon it to his own disadvantage, and becomes a danger to his own body and a great nuisance to his doctor. But all the more do we insist, therefore, upon the doctor knowing everything that is new and good. We may have a treatment to-day that saves lives which would certainly have been lost by the treatment that was in vogue two years ago. High authorities tell us, what after all is obvious, that marvellous as have been the advances in medical science, it is still for all that but in its infancy. An easy-going doctor who relies upon the knowledge that he had gained at the time that he passed his examinations twenty years ago might almost as well take to bleeding his patients as they did in the old days; but there is an enormous number of men in class two who do so. They make a living; their patients live and die. According to their knowledge they conscientiously do their best for them. They tell you in some cases not to forget that besides their initial knowledge and training they have had twenty years' experience among all sorts of patients and of all kinds of diseases and phases of diseases. Yes; but it is an overwhelming argument that in medicine above all other things experience is of little value when the knowledge has not been brought up to date, and the results of all the experiments that are constantly going on and the discoveries that are being made are not known. No, the easy-going men who are in class two are not as good as they should be. Doctors must all be ambitious, and they must think and learn all their lives, not merely by their own experience but by the experience of all others. 'But what remedy can there possibly be?' may be asked. 'How are you to make sure that the doctors think and study and keep themselves up to date always?' The questions seem difficult at first, but are really extremely simple, and can be answered fully and effectively in a very few lines. According to the present system, a doctor when he passes his examination is licensed to practise for life unless he commits some offence against his profession. Mere ignorance of what is going on in the great medical world outside his own practice is not such an offence. The remedy is, do not give him his license for life; give it to him for seven years to start with, and at the end of that period insist on his coming up again for re-examination upon all that has happened and has been discovered in the meantime, and upon his general knowledge as a properly qualified and up-to-date practitioner. When he comes up for this examination he will be in just the same position that he was in when he went up for his final. If he fails he must not be allowed to practise until he is successful; when he is successful he will get his license for another seven years, and then once more he will have to come up for re-examination. Such a system as this is obviously sound. It will be bad for the men in class two; but it will not even be an inconvenience to the men in class one—they will not need to make a minute's special study in order to pass their examination over again. They will gain, the public will gain, and many people

may live longer than they are likely to do under the present system of things. And probably fewer of us shall think we are ill when we are not. The real doctors of class one will remove that nonsense from our heads, for it will not be so easy to doubt our doctor. Nowadays we are too often inclined to suspect him of belonging to class two.

* * *

Some of the tales that are told by Sir Robert Anderson, the famous ex-chief of the Criminal Investigation Department, in his book on *The Lighter Side of my Official Life*, are mightily entertaining, even when they deal with the experiences of the early part of his career. A certain Government official of consequence with whom he was working in association on the Prisons Commission went into his office one morning, and, sitting down in his arm-chair, said, 'Anderson, I have something to tell you in strict confidence.' 'And he went on to tell me,' says Sir Robert, 'as a State secret, that the Government had a scheme on foot which was certain to benefit Turkey. He had, therefore, telegraphed that morning to his broker to buy some Turkish bonds. He then went out, as I afterwards discovered, to give the same tip in strict confidence to a number of his special friends in the various Government offices. I was younger than I am now, and the bait took. Turkish bonds were quoted that morning at eight pounds, so I decided to go in for a "deal," and I telegraphed to a stockbroker friend to buy for me. The bonds began to go up, and one day the following week I went into the City to make inquiries about them. Failing to find the broker who had bought for me, I applied to another Stock Exchange acquaintance. He told me that in the City they could learn nothing to explain the rise; but it was evident that something was known in official circles, as one day lately a number of orders to buy had been telegraphed from the different Government offices. I cleared out at twelve pounds, and the bonds soon fell back to their normal value.' In another part of his book (which is published by Messrs Hodder and Stoughton) Sir Robert tells us that the public never realised what a marvellous escape Mr Gladstone had in April 1893, when the lunatic Townsend, with a loaded revolver in his pocket, lay in wait for him in Downing Street. A lunatic, says our authority, is often diverted from his purpose as easily as a child; and the man's own explanation of his failing to fire was that the Premier smiled at him when passing into No. 10—a providential circumstance that, for Mr Gladstone was not addicted to smiling. That case cost the chief of the C.I.D. much distress of mind. 'Never keep a document,' he says, 'should be the first rule with a criminal, and never destroy a document should be an inexorable rule in police-work.' But in this case he had destroyed a letter that would have proved an important piece of evidence. Though he had many threatening letters himself, he always ignored them; and when one of his principal subordinates brought him a letter threatening his (the subordinate's) life, Sir Robert felt so indignant and irritated at the importance the man attached to it and the fuss he made over it that he threw it into the fire. But that letter came from Townsend, and, though no harm came of its destruction, Sir Robert says that he could not forgive himself for it.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN Peter came back from Spain he came back to an empty house. The big reception-rooms at Bowshott were swathed in brown holland and dust-sheets, pictures were covered, and carpets were rolled up, giving an air of desolation to the place. The flowers in the formal gardens had all been dug up, and the carefully tended designs—so like a stitchwork pattern—had lost their mosaic of colour, merely leaving a careful drawing of brown upon green; the banks of flowering exotics which his mother had loved to have in her drawing-rooms had been removed to the greenhouses and conservatories. The sight of the gardeners mowing for the last time in the season the hundred-year-old turf of the lawn conveyed a suggestion of regret with it, and the old pony harnessed to the mowing-machine stepped sedately and quietly in his boots on the close, fine grass. Everything about Bowshott looked stately and beautiful in the clean, sharp air of the morning when Peter drove up to the door after a long night-journey, and ascended the flight of steps leading to the hall door.

His return to the beautiful inheritance which had been indisputably his since he was a little boy had a horrible feeling of unreality about it. Half-a-dozen times in the course of the morning he had to check himself when he found his thoughts wandering to alterations or improvements, and to tell himself, with a bewildered feeling, that perhaps he had not a right to the smallest flower in the garden or a chair in the house.

'I can't believe it's not mine!' he said aloud as he drove up the long avenue from the station in his dogcart with one of the famous Bowshott hackneys in the shafts. 'I can't believe it's not

mine!' Many people might have found in the singular unhomeliness of the big house a just cause for withholding their affection from it, but Peter had always loved it. Every corner of the place was full of memories to him. Here was the wall of the terrace off which as a little boy he used to jump, making horrible heel-marks in the turf where he alighted; and there was the stone summer-house, built after the fashion of a small Greek temple, but only interesting to Peter Ogilvie from the fact that he used to keep his wheelbarrow and garden-tools there. He remembered the first day when it had suddenly struck him that the geometrically shaped flower-beds were designed after a pattern, and he had counted with his nurse the loops and circles in the design. There, again, were the fountains, with their silver spray, in whose basins, by the inexorable but utterly unintelligible law of the nursery, he had never been allowed to play. Here was the clock on the tower which used to boom out every hour as it passed, but of whose strokes he was never conscious except when he heard them at night. Inside the house was the hall, with its big round tables by the fire; and beyond that was the library and his mother's drawing-room; while in the older wings of the house were the ballroom where Charles the First had banqueted, and the Sèvres sitting-room (so called from the china plaques let into the mantelpiece) where he had made love.

'I hope, if my brother is alive, he is a good sort of chap,' said Peter.

He breakfasted in the tapestried room which he had ordered to be kept open for him, and then went into the library to write his letters. He had a hundred things to do. At lunch-time he interviewed his steward, his agent, his stud-groom, and the other heads of departments of a large estate. The horses were to be sold, with the exception of a few favourites. The gardens were to be kept up as usual. Some favourite dogs of his mother's would be cared for, his bankers would pay the usual subscriptions to local charities, and the almshouses in the village were to be maintained as they had always been maintained.

After lunch Mr Semple, the lawyer, arrived. He was a pleasant man, and a keen botanist. The gardens at Bowshott were a delight to him, and Peter had often found him good company over a cigar in the evenings. Mr Semple was one of those who had throughout urged secrecy and caution in the matter of the late Mrs Ogilvie's communication. 'In the first place,' he said, 'it may still be proved to be an hallucination of her mind, attendant upon her state of health; and in the second place, anything like publicity might bring a host of aspirants and adventurers whose claims would take months of investigation to dispose of.' He advised that everything about the house should remain in its present state for a year, until a proper legal inquiry into the disappearance of the elder son could be instituted.

'He may have died as a child, although he wasn't buried at Juarez,' said Peter.

Jane had departed to spend her usual six months of the year with Colonel Erskine, but she had written to say positively that she knew it would come all right; and whenever Peter was down-hearted he thought of her letter, believing, in all simplicity, that Jane was always right. If only she were at Miss Abingdon's now, instead of in her uncle's big house in Grosvenor Place!

'She'll miss the hunting, I'm afraid,' he thought miserably, contrasting their present separation with all the joy and happiness that they had so fully intended should be theirs this winter.

Mr Semple had a shrewdness acquired from many years' experience in legal matters, and he shook his head when Peter made the suggestion that probably his brother had died in infancy. 'The conclusion I have arrived at after years of legal work,' he said, 'is that the undesirable person lives, while the useful or much-wanted one dies. Those who encumber the ground remain longest upon it, and the person in receipt of a large annuity or pension is proverbially long-lived. However, we have so far not found a single trace of the existence of Edward Ogilvie; though you must remember we have not yet ascertained in which different parts of Spain your mother lived during those two years which she spent there.'

'I don't see who on earth is to tell us!' ejaculated Peter. 'She generally had foreign maids about her, and I think I always had French nurses. I never heard of any old servant who went with her on her travels; and although, of course, money was paid to her by her bank, and letters were forwarded to her by the bankers, the actual addresses to which they were sent have not been kept after an interval of twenty-five years. One of the old clerks at Coutts's remembers in an indefinite sort of way that he forwarded packages for a long time to Madrid, and afterwards, he thinks, to Toledo, and then farther south, and at one time to Cintra; but my mother's headquarters seem always to have been in Granada, and the clerk says that he can give me no dates, nor indeed any exact information.'

'I didn't know she had been at Cintra or Toledo,' said Mr Semple thoughtfully.

'I won't swear that she had,' said Peter. 'The Peninsula wasn't so generally known twenty-five years ago as it is now. Travelling was difficult then, and people in England who have not themselves travelled much are very liable to get confused about the names of foreign places.'

'Still,' said the lawyer, 'Cintra and Toledo are places that every one knows.'

'You mean,' said Peter 'that in a well-known

place, with English people living in it, there would be more likelihood of getting the information which we want?'

'I mean,' said Mr Semple, 'that, as there is no evidence of your brother ever having been seen at Juarez, the next thing is to find out in what place there *is* evidence of his appearance.'

(To be continued.)

THE POLICE-DOGS OF EUROPE.

THE new Prussian Budget provides a sum of twenty-seven thousand marks for the equipment of a breeding and training establishment for the police-hounds. The grant is exceedingly popular in Germany, as the people fully recognise the great advantage which a well-trained pack of dogs would be in the prevention of crime, not to mention the protection such would afford to the police officers in the execution of their duties. The hardened criminal who fears neither God nor man—and he is met with in all civilised countries—respects a dog, and a powerful-jawed terrier would be a moral force in itself. Our own Government still looks with indifference on the police-dog, and treats it with the contempt due to some passing fad; but there is no doubt that the trained police-dog will yet be reckoned a force in the detection and prevention of crime.

The police-dog movement had its origin in the employment of a dog by a night-watchman in a quaint, old-world town in Hanover, and the man's example was quickly followed by others of his own class. On the local police getting to know of this they adopted the plan, with the approbation of their superiors, and the dogs are now used there not only as guards but as trackers, and in the latter capacity especially they have proved an unqualified success. An instance was given recently of a police-dog in Wales which, it is to be hoped, will be the forerunner of the officially recognised police-dog in Britain. An officer of the Glamorganshire constabulary has trained his dog to accompany him on his beat and take part in his duties. The animal works the backs of the houses while its master works the fronts; it never misses a man if there is one about, and its warning bark at once makes known to the constable the presence of tramps loitering or sleeping in farmyards.

In one Continental province last year the police-dogs assisted in effecting over three hundred arrests. More than half of the prisoners were suspicious characters found by night in places where they would probably have escaped the observation of the constables. Thirty resisted arrest, and would have escaped but for the dogs, which were also instrumental in the discovery and capture of fifty thieves.

At Opalenitza, in East Prussia, at the end of last year, an attempt was made to derail an express train, which, had it been successful, would have resulted in great loss of life. Fortunately the mischief was detected and the attempt foiled. The police failed to find a clue to the perpetrator, and eventually two detectives were sent from Berlin to investigate, accompanied by the police-dog Tricka. On arriving at the scene of the crime the dog picked up the scent from a stake which had been used by the criminal to hoist up the rails, and followed it through a wood to the dwelling of a workman who had formerly been employed on the permanent way, but had been discharged for bad conduct, and who had since been heard to say that he would get even with the inspector by giving him trouble. To make certain that there was no mistake, the suspect was subsequently placed with a number of other men; but the dog, again picking up the scent from the tell-tale stake, at once singled him out.

In a recent issue of *Der Polizeihund*, the name of which journal speaks for itself, there were recorded successful instances of tracking by an Airedale terrier, a Doberman, and a German sheep-dog. In the case of the last mentioned, poultry had been stolen, and the dog had to work not only on a 'clean-boot spoor' but on a trail that was nine hours old. Yet the animal followed the trail to the spot where the birds had been killed, and from there to the house of the thief. And the Continental records give many such examples of quite as satisfactory work done by police-dogs.

Several private individuals in this country—most prominent of whom is Major Richardson, whose ambulance-dogs are now world-famous, and whose kennels have been visited by police officials from Germany, Russia, France, and India—are working quietly, and experimenting with dogs; but it would seem a long way yet to the time when the canine crime-detector will be officially recognised in Britain. For many years now the dog has taken its place with success in the police forces of the Continent, and in nearly all European countries it is making decided headway, its value for such work being daily more widely recognised. In Alsace-Lorraine, for instance, after many delays and much correspondence, a decree has been issued by the Imperial Ministry for the province sanctioning the use of police-dogs by eight sergeants of the force. These men will receive an allowance for the keep of the dogs and the cost of training them.

It is in Germany that, with the Teutonic thoroughness of method in doing things, the police-dog has reached its greatest develop-

ment. The German opinion is that the most easily educated and the most suitable dogs for police-work are their own native sheep-dog and our English Airedale terrier. One of the largest and most powerful breeds, and a national dog of Germany, the Great Dane or German boarhound, has been tried, but without success. It is deficient in scenting abilities; and as it is a very excitable animal it is liable to get out of hand, and because of its size and strength is more dangerous than useful.

To most people the term 'police-dog' means a bloodhound; but, so far, this ancient breed has not given satisfactory results in police-work. Whatever may have been the working abilities of bloodhounds in the days when they were used for hunting and tracking, the detection of crime had not then been brought to its present stage of perfection, and the criminal was not so cunning as he is now, for the reason that he did not need to be. People had not the facilities for travelling between one locality and another that we have; and, besides, the conditions under which travelling took place in the past, as can be readily understood, made much more for the success of the hound than they do now. True, English-bred bloodhounds are being used by the police of the United States for tracking purposes, and instances are given of successful trailing on a scent thirty hours old. In some of the Southern states the practice prevails of leasing convict-labour to large employers; and as a heavy penalty is imposed should a convict escape, the employers maintain small packs of bloodhounds to help in the recapture of any convict who gets away. So successful have those hounds proved that it is seldom an employer has to pay forfeit. The advocates of the modern bloodhound as the ideal police-dog cite the old Cuban bloodhound, which was such a terror to escaped slaves. The Cuban hound was not, however, anything like the modern bloodhound; it was a cross-bred dog, usually ferocious and savage, and trained from puppyhood to hunt negroes; and when comparing the two breeds, it must be borne in mind that the negro leaves a much stronger scent than does the white man.

The trials carried out by the Association of Bloodhound Breeders in England make for the development of the scenting-powers of the hounds, and it is likely that in years to come a very 'strong-nosed' dog will be evolved by selection in breeding and care in training. But the fact remains that the bloodhound as a hunting animal must have deteriorated considerably since early times—that is, if we are to believe the written history of the breed—as its scenting-powers are now equalled, and in some cases surpassed, by many terriers and sheep-dogs; and the breed is very delicate constitutionally. What is needed as an ideal police-dog is an animal that can not only track well, but that can attack the criminal and defend the officer when required to do so, and no amount of training will make the bloodhound suitable for work of attack or defence. The police-dog of the future will not be the tracker of ancient times, but an animal possessing the characteristics of the terrier. No doubt, with the development of the police-dog every police-station will have its trained animal or animals, and this will obviate the delay that is caused at present when hounds have to be telegraphed for and some time elapses before they can be put on the trail, which in the meantime has grown cold and been obliterated to a great extent.

Some German authorities have made an attempt to differentiate between the work of the detective-dog and that of the ordinary police-dog, affirming that each should be trained solely for its special department; but this has met with so much opposition that it is unlikely to be adopted. To those of us who have had any lengthy experience of dog-training it certainly seems that to attain the maximum of success only one system of training must be carried out, and that it is absolutely necessary that all dogs used by the police should show distinct capacity for 'nose-work' and be capable of picking up a trail readily and at once. The full success of the police-dog depends greatly, one might almost say entirely, on the careful selection and suitable training of the best and cleverest dogs for the work.

It may be interesting, in conclusion, to give an idea of the thorough manner in which the training of police-dogs is carried out in Germany. The German police-officer is supplied with a form in which to record particulars of the tracking-work done by his charge, and columns are provided for noting the time taken from the picking up of the trail to the finish. Details of the weather, the nature of the ground, and the character of the dog's work are to be supplied; while the quantity and kind of food given to the dog, and the circumstances under which the animal can best do its work, are all to be noted. Records of failures as well as reports of successes are to be written down, so that both trainer and dog may profit by their failures as well as by their achievements.

In training police-dogs in Germany, the method is adopted of repeating every exercise over and over again until the dog thoroughly understands what is wanted of it without the aid of the trainer. To begin with, the trainer works with an assistant whom the dog knows well, and ten minutes or so before the lesson begins the assistant goes over the ground, leaving visible footprints, for a distance of fifty yards, and then conceals himself. The dog is given scent of the concealed man by smelling a glove or handkerchief belonging to him, and is then taken by the trainer to the place where the trail begins. The animal is at first worked on the leash, but is released immediately it begins to work unaided. The officer follows the dog closely, and as soon

as it reaches the hidden man it is ordered to give tongue, which it has been previously taught to do at the word of command. The distance is increased, and increased again, until the dog knows its work thoroughly, when a further stage is reached in its education by its being set to track an assistant whom it does not know, and whom it tracks solely by the scent on the glove or handkerchief. Encouragement and repetition are the two great factors in the training of police-dogs, just as they are in the training of animals as a whole.

THE KING'S CHAMPION.

By JULIAN STRANGE.

THE elaborate formalities which have accompanied the coronation of our monarchs through so many ages include many customs of great antiquity, the most curious and impressive of them all being the appearance of an armed and mounted champion, who offered to do battle with any one who should dispute the right of the sovereign to the Crown.

The office of champion is a survival of the ancient rite of the 'ordeal by battle,' one of the oldest and most widespread of judicial superstitions. In the following quotation from *The Dooms of Ine* (A.D. 688–725) we have the earliest direct reference to this custom: 'There stands no other purgation in an accusation by a Saxon against a stranger save the ordeal.' The Church, both in England and on the Continent, early adopted this pagan tribal custom as a Christian ceremony. Royal champions are mentioned as early as the days of Charlemagne, and Otto the First employed them in deciding the succession to the Empire. Doomsday Book contains many entries of cases where men offered to prove their rights or the rights of their lords by the ordeal of battle.

The right of a person charged with treason or capital felony to choose trial either by jury or by wager of battle was legal as late as 1819, when one Thornton, who was charged with the murder of Miss Ashworth, summoned his accuser, the victim's brother, to a trial by combat. After the issue of this challenge the case was not proceeded with, and the right of appeal to a wager of battle was abolished.

The office of king's champion in this country dates back to the time of William the First, who granted the castle and town of Tamworth and the manor of Scrivelsby in Lincolnshire to Robert de Marmion, Lord of Fontenaye in Normandy, on condition that he and his heirs performed the service of champion to the kings on the day of their coronation. The Marmions thereafter continued to grow in wealth and power until the death, in 1292, of the fifth baron, Philip, who left two daughters but no male issue. The Tamworth estates passed to the elder daughter, Margery, who married Alexander de Freville; the younger daughter, Joan, married Sir Thomas de Ludlow, who succeeded to the manor of Scrivelsby, and their only daughter wedded Sir John Dymoke, a knight of Gloucestershire, an ancestor of whom, fifty years before the Conquest, had married a daughter of the Prince of North Wales. The name Dymoke or Dymock is undeniably of Welsh origin, and Sir Bernard Burke has traced the family back to Tudor Trevor, lord of Hereford and Whittington, and the founder of the tribes of the Marches.

At the coronation of Richard II. Sir Baldwin de Freville, a descendant of Philip de Marmion's elder daughter, claimed the championship as lord of Tamworth, and on the day of the ceremony rode, fully armed, upon a barbed horse, into Westminster Hall, there to offer combat to any who should gainsay the king's title. His claim was, however, disputed by Sir John Dymoke, lord of the manor of Scrivelsby, who was finally adjudged to be the rightful champion on the ground that the office was holden only by knight-service, and was attached to the manor of Scrivelsby. At the coronation of Henry IV. the then representative of the De Freviles revived the claim against Dame Margaret Dymoke, the widow of Sir John Dymoke, who asserted that she held Scrivelsby *per baroniam* and as head of the Marmion family. Her plea was successful, and her son Thomas officiated as champion in her place. In the event of the male line failing, the rights and privileges of the female to perform grand serjeantries in respect to their lands at coronations have always been allowed by the Crown. In some instances the serjeantries were performed by the claimant in person, as in the case of Ela, Countess of Warwick, who held the manor of Hoke Norton by the serjeantry of carving before the king on Christmas Day.

There is no official record of the performance of the duties of champion until the coronation of Richard II., when the office was held by Sir John Dymoke, whose motto was, '*Dimico pro Rege.*' His challenge, we are told, was made in these words: 'Yf ther be any man of high degree or low that will saie that this owre soverayne Liege Lorde Richarde, cousin and heire of the Kynge of England, Edward late deceased, ought not of right to be Kynge of England crowned, he is redy now and till the last houre of his brethe with his bodie to bete him like a false man and a traitor on what other daie that shall be apoynted.'

Originally the challenge was given before the

act of crowning took place; but later, when it became a mere act of state, it was made between the first and second courses of the great banquet which was held in Westminster Hall after the coronation had taken place.

Froissart quaintly tells us that in the midst of the coronation banquet of Henry IV. a 'knight appeared called Dymoke, all armed, upon a good horse richly apparelled, and had a knight before him bearing his spear, and his sword by his side, and his dagger. This knight took the king a label, the which was read; therein was contained that if there was either knight, squire, or other gentleman that would say that King Henry was not the rightful king he was there ready to fight with him in that quarrel. That bill was cried by a herald in six places in the Hall and in the town. There was none that would challenge him.'

At the coronation banquet of Henry VIII. and Catharine of Aragon, Hall picturesquely relates that, after the second course had been served, there entered Sir Robert Dimmoke, to whom Garter King of Heralds cried, 'Sir Knight, from whence come ye, and what is your pretence?' To which his own herald by proclamation replied, 'If there be any person of what estate or degree soever he be that will say or prove that King Henry the Eighth is not the rightful inheritor and king of this realm, I, Sir Robert Dimmoke, here his champion, offer my glove to fight in his quarrel with any person to th'utterance.'

In the College of Arms is still preserved a portrait of Sir Edward Dymoke, champion of Queen Mary I., in the act of throwing down his gauntlet. He claimed for his fee 'one cuppe of gold, the horse and furnyture with th'armoure which he that day weareth, and all other to his furnyture appertaining, and also xviij yardes of crymsyn sattynge for his lyvery, and full service of meat and drynk belonging to a baron to be conveyed to his lodgynges.' He appears to have had some difficulty in getting these various articles, for we find him complaining to Sir William Cecil that he had been bidden to sue for a warrant for them, whereas at the previous coronation his father (Richard Cecil) had delivered to him all his perquisites without a warrant; he preferred, he said, to lose them rather than be driven to sue a warrant for such small things. From the following copy of the bill sent in to Sir William for some of the articles supplied for use at the coronation, it would appear that the champion's hand was more familiar with the 'shworde' than the pen:

Item, for a shworde, gerdyll, and scabbard of velvet	xj *s.*
Item, for ij purdeynzyns gylte	xj *s.*
Item, for a poll-ax	xx *s.*
Item, for a chasynge staff	vj *s.* viij *d.*
Item, for a payre of spowres	xvj *s.*
Sm. total, ij *l.* iv *s.* viij *d.*	

Pepys notes in his *Diary*, under 23rd April 1661, that it being Coronation Day, he rose about four and got to the Abbey, and with much ado did get up into a great scaffold, where with much patience he sat until eleven, but to his great disgust could not see any of the ceremonies. He afterwards went round to Westminister Hall, and was there more fortunate, for he saw 'above all these, three lords, Northumberland, Suffolk, and Ormond, coming before the courses on horseback and staying so all dinner-time, and at last bringing up Dymock, the king's champion, all in armour, with his spear and target carried before him, and a herald proclaims, "That if any dare deny Charles Stewart to be lawful King of England, here was a champion would fight with him," and with these words the champion flings down his gauntlet; and this he does three times in his going up towards the king's table. To which when he is come, the king drinks to him, and then sends him the cup, which is of gold, and he drinks it off and then rides back again with the cup in his hand.'

At the coronation of James II. the champion was given a gilt cup in place of one of gold, greatly to his dissatisfaction. The arms he used were a suit of white armour, a pair of gauntlets, a sword, a pair of pistols, an oval shield with his arms painted thereon, a velvet saddle, a breastplate and trappings richly ornamented with gold and silver, a plume of red, white, and blue feathers, and trumpet-banners. These articles were the usual fees; but on this occasion he was required to return them to the Master of the Royal Armoury, who paid the champion a fee by way of compensation. At the coronation of William and Mary he claimed two gold cups for acting as champion for both the king and the queen. On his claiming the usual perquisites at Queen Anne's coronation, he was told that the armour he had used had belonged to Charles II., and could not be given him, but a fee of sixty pounds was ordered to be paid him, which the Board of Ordnance 'hoped would be to his satisfaction.'

In olden days it had been the custom to claim the arms, horse, and armour only in case a combat ensued; otherwise it was only at the sovereign's pleasure that they became the property of the champion. A combat never has resulted from the challenge, probably greatly to the ease and comfort of modern champions; although the *Gazetteer* for August 1784 says that after the champion had thrown down his gauntlet it was taken up by an old woman, who escaped with it from the Hall, leaving in its place her own glove, in which was a challenge to meet her next day at a specified hour in Hyde Park. This occurrence caused no little amusement in the Hall. Next day, at the appointed place and hour, some one appeared in the same dress, although generally supposed to have been a good swordsman in that disguise; but the

champion politely declined to fight with one of the fair sex, and consequently did not put in an appearance. After the Revolution it was frequently a matter of speculation as to what course would be adopted if, as at one time appeared not improbable, the Pretender or one of his friends accepted the challenge and raised the gauntlet. Prynne in his *Ephemeris Vitæ* relates another mischance which occurred at this coronation. He says that 'when the champion let off his horse to kiss the king's hand he fell down all his length in the Hall, when there was nothing in the way that could visibly cause the same, whereupon the queen said, "See you, love, what a weak champion you have!" At which the king laughed, but said nothing, and Dymock excused himself by pretending that his armour was heavy, and he himself weak with sickness, which was false, for he was very well, and had had none.'

Prior to the Peace of Amiens in 1802 our kings were crowned Kings of France as well as of Great Britain and Ireland, two persons being present to represent the Dukes of Aquitaine and Normandy. At the coronation of George I. two actors were selected to play the parts of the dukes, and they did homage to the king in the same manner as did the English peers.

As the last appearance of the champion was at the coronation banquet of George IV., the occasion may be deemed of sufficient interest to warrant the following quotation from the *London Magazine* of the day: 'After the soup the gates of the Hall were thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced that the champion was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway on a piebald charger and clad in complete armour. The plumes in his helmet were tri-coloured and very magnificent. He bore in his hand a steel gauntlet ready for the challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right hand and the Marquess of Anglesea on his left. Having come into the Hall, the herald read the challenge: "If any person of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord George the Third, the last king deceased, to be right heir to the imperial crown of this United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his champion who saith that he lieth and is a false traitor, being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed." At the conclusion of this challenge the champion hurled the gauntlet on the floor. After a few seconds' pause the herald took up the glove and delivered it to the squire, who kissed it and handed it to the champion. The same ceremony was performed in the middle of the Hall and again at the foot of the royal platform. The king then drank his health and afterwards sent him the cup, and he, taking it, drank to the king.'

Sir Walter Scott tells us that 'the champion was a fine-looking youth, but bore a little too much the appearance of a maiden-knight to be the challenger of the world in the king's behalf. He threw down his gauntlet, however, with becoming manhood, and showed as much horsemanship as the crowd of knights and squires around him would permit to be exhibited. His armour was in good taste, but his shield was out of all propriety, being a round rondache, or Highland target, a defensive weapon which it would be impossible to use on horseback, instead of a three-cornered or leather shield which in the time of the tilt was suspended around the neck. However,' he concludes, 'the young lord of Scrivelsby looked and behaved extremely well.'

An amusing incident, to which Sir Walter did not allude, occurred at this ceremony. The champion, in withdrawing from his sovereign's presence, should have backed his horse out of the Hall so that his face should keep towards the king. To prevent any hitch at this part of the ceremony, the Duke of Wellington, who was acting as the Lord High Constable, had hired a specially trained horse from Astley's Circus for Dymoke's use; but through some unfortunate perversity the animal obstinately persisted in turning tail and backing towards the king, until it was slued round in the opposite direction by the grooms.

That the backing of the horses by the champion and his supporters should be graceful and free from any mishap had caused no little anxiety at the coronation of George III. To this end a dress rehearsal of this part of the ceremony had been held in Westminster Hall by the champion and Lord Talbot the day before the coronation. The former rode a gray horse said to have been used by the king at the battle of Dettingen, while Lord Talbot bestrode a very fine bay horse. Notwithstanding the precautions taken, Lord Talbot when entering the Hall beside the champion could not prevent the animal from advancing backwards towards the king, and it was only with considerable difficulty that the attendants could induce it to advance in the orthodox fashion. His lordship was subjected to a considerable amount of chaff anent the incident, and afterwards fought a duel with John Wilkes for making it the subject of an unpalatable joke.

At every coronation from that of Richard II. to George IV. a representative of this ancient family has performed the duties of royal champion. Sir Henry Dymoke, the seventeenth representative of the office, died in 1865. His grandfather, John Dymoke, was champion to George III., but his father, the Rev. John Dymoke, being in Holy Orders at the time of

the coronation of George IV., appointed his eldest son, the Henry Dymoke above mentioned, to act as his deputy. On the death of Sir Henry, his brother John succeeded to the championship, in which he was followed by his son, Lionel Henry Dymoke, who died and left a widow but no issue. At the coronation of William IV., owing to the parsimony of a Whig Government, the great banquet at Westminster Hall was dispensed with, and the champion was not called upon to perform his customary duties. At the two following coronations this precedent was followed, although at the coronation of Edward VII. Frank Dymoke made appearance at the Court of Claims held at Whitehall, and claimed, as owner of the manor of Scrivelsby, to appear as 'champion of England,' and asked for the revival in his favour of the baronetcy granted to his predecessor in the manor of Scrivelsby, in lieu of rendering services at the last two coronations. The court, however, decided that it had no jurisdiction.

In the church of Scrivelsby are many interesting monuments of the Dymoke family. Whilst the recent restoration of the building was in progress a skeleton was discovered under the floor, the place of the head being occupied by a ball of clay. This is conjectured to be the remains of Sir Thomas Dymoke, who was beheaded by Edward IV. after the battle of 'Loosecoat Field,' fought near Stamford, when the fugitives threw away their coats to expedite their flight. Since that time the Dymokes have been very zealous supporters of their sovereigns, and suffered for their loyalty, the representative of the family at the time of the Commonwealth being fined two hundred pounds a year and also a sum of four thousand six hundred and sixty-three pounds for his 'delinquency.' At the Restoration the champion was Sir Charles Dymoke, who was held in high esteem by Charles II.; he was knighted prior to fulfilling his office. His father, who died in 1644, bequeathed two thousand pounds (a large sum in those days) to Charles I.

Standing before the entrance to the old baronial residence at Scrivelsby is the Lion Gateway, over which is a stone lion *passant*, indicative of the official hereditary honour of the house; and in the hall were formerly many of the suits of armour worn by the champions, together with a large collection of champion cups. After the death of Sir Henry Dymoke much of this fine collection of armour was dispersed. In 1877 a cap-à-pie suit of plate-armour and some horse-armour belonging to the late champion were purchased at Christie's for the collection at Windsor Castle. The cups had been bequeathed to Queen Victoria, but she afterwards bestowed them on the succeeding champion.

The coronation ceremonies have in recent years been considerably curtailed to bring them more in accord with modern ideas, but only at the cost of many services which were especially interesting as illustrative of the customs of a bygone age. Among them has been the challenge of the royal champion, which was the most perfect relic of feudal times, and one that had been carried out in its entirety for nearly eight centuries. It cannot but be a matter of regret that an office which is of such peculiar interest has not been retained among the many elaborate ceremonies which still attend the coronation of our sovereigns.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TELEGRAPHING A THOUSAND WORDS A MINUTE.

AMERICAN telegraphic circles have been stirred recently by the announcement that Mr Patrick Delany, a well-known investigator in matters pertaining to telegraphy, has discovered a means of transmitting and receiving messages at the rate of a thousand words a minute over a line one thousand miles in length. The system appears to have been brought into use upon a limited scale, and, it is claimed, with success. The messages are sent by means of a perforated tape, specially prepared in a perforating-machine in which steel punches, operated by magnets and controlled by the usual Morse transmitting-key, perform the requisite perforating operation. These punches are mounted in pairs, and the depression of the key brings about one perforation, while its release causes the other pair to act, the perforations being made at either edge of the paper, corresponding to a dot or a dash, and with an angular relation to each other owing to the tape being always in movement. When the tape has been perforated it is passed into the transmitting apparatus, where one set of perforations by co-operation with suitable mechanism sends positive electric impulses over the wire, while the other line of punch-marks despatches negative electric impulses. There is a pair of contact-fingers corresponding to each line of perforations, and when one or the other is brought into action a positive or a negative impulse is despatched, as the case may be. At the receiving end the impulse is recorded by electrolytic action on a chemically prepared tape, one electrode being of iron and the other of platinum, the impression on the tape being a deep blue. The inventor has also devised a special perforating-machine not unlike a typewriter, which can be operated at twice the speed of the ordinary Morse-key. It is stated that no limit can be placed upon the speed with which the

alternating positive and negative impulses can be sent over a wire. A remarkable future is promised for this invention, but it is as well to point out that it is by no means the first system for expediting telegraphic transmission that has been brought before the public. A similar system is already under test in Canada; but so far the old system, which may be slow but is perfectly sure, reigns supreme. A revolution in telegraphy is promised in the United States, introducing a cheap era in telegraphic communication. If the Delany invention is the means of reducing telegraphic charges in America it will have achieved something tangible, for there long distance telegraphy is a luxury.

CELLULOID PEN-NIBS.

An enterprising inventor has discovered yet another use for celluloid. This is its application to writing in the form of the humble pen-nib. In appearance it calls to mind the writing-point of the almost extinct quill. Certainly with the new nib writing can be done easily and smoothly, the ink being carried well. The nib is also always clean, of great durability, and, what is more important, does not corrode. The point retains its original condition for a prolonged length of time, and is extremely flexible. It can be used with equal success with any kind of ink, copying, red, or the ordinary blue-black; and even the two first-named inks, which so rapidly destroy the ordinary steel nib, fail to exercise any deleterious effect upon celluloid. Commercial houses should find a means of reducing their expenses in one branch of their business by recourse to the new pen-nib, which has been protected by patent.

TELESCOPE EYEGLASSES.

For the benefit of short-sighted persons a German inventor has devised what he describes as a telescope eyeglass. The object is the enlargement of the image on the retina of the eye. The device is made either in the usual double or monocle form. The frame is made of light metal—duraluminum has been employed so far, owing to its lightness and strength—and each part carries a front objective lens or collector, with a second lens behind, nearer the eye, to disperse the rays at the proper angle to correct the degree of myopia in question. It is stated that when these spectacles are properly made there is no astigmatism, distortion, or prismatic border to the image obtained, while to avoid aggravating reflections the inside of the frame between the two glasses is roughened and blackened.

AN INGENIOUS PARCEL-CONVEYER.

We are all aware of the inconvenience caused to pedestrian traffic in the commercial quarters of our large cities by the transference of goods from a warehouse, shop, or business establishment to a van drawn up alongside the kerbstone. When this is carried out in a busy thoroughfare the obstruction is a serious matter to those on the pavement. In order to overcome this drawback, a Manchester shipping-house has adopted an ingenious arrangement which completely solves the problem. Over the entrance to the building is erected a porch or awning extending to the edge of the kerb, such as is placed over the entrance to a theatre or hotel. This awning is built on the cantilever principle, so that external supports are unnecessary, and is dome-shaped. At the kerb end the front is provided with a roll-shutter, and the flat base or deck of the awning is fitted with an endless conveyer. Consequently, if it is desired to pass parcels from the building to a van in the street, the vehicle is drawn up alongside the kerb, under the outer face of the awning, the shutter opened, and the endless band set in motion. If the parcels are being sent outwards they fall from the conveyer-mouth direct into the van, while if the parcels are going inwards the vanmen simply throw the parcels into the opening, and they are whirled into the warehouse to a table from which they can be distributed to any part of the building. There is no interference with the pedestrian traffic whatever. The appliance erected in Manchester is designed to deal with parcels up to ten pounds in weight; but the idea may be modified to meet almost any requirements. Results of operations by this new method prove that the transference of parcels can be carried out at twice the speed obtainable under existing methods. When the apparatus is out of use the front shutter is simply closed down. The arrangement can be so set up and designed as to offer no offence to æsthetic tastes, being merely a dome-shaped awning capable of external decoration in any desired style. The authorities and the commercial houses of our busy cities would do well to extend the idea, for it removes one of the dangers of the pavement, and at the same time reduces to the minimum the blocking of the roadway by vans waiting to load or unload.

RIVER-WEED AS FUEL.

An important development which will have the result of converting a nuisance to commercial account is being effected in the Sudan. As is well known, navigation of the Upper Nile is seriously hindered by the dense, dank water-grass which in a gale or storm becomes detached, drifts, and blocks the waterway, forming what is colloquially known as the sudd. For some three hundred miles the river runs through a swamp where this grass flourishes luxuriantly, the morass covering some thirty thousand square miles. Lord Cromer realised what a serious handicap this vegetation was to the development

of the country, owing to the obstruction it presented to navigation; and when some enterprising German chemists suggested the possibility of converting this weed into fuel he co-operated in their experiments, at the same time inducing the Egyptian Government to lend substantial financial assistance. These investigations have proved completely successful. The grass is first dried like peat, and then passed through a disintegrator which reduces it to a coarse granulated condition. It is then briquetted, the time occupied in the whole operation occupying only a few minutes. Tests with this fuel have shown that it has a heating-power two-thirds that of coal. Inasmuch as black diamonds in the sudd-district cost on an average sixty-six shillings a ton, and wood is almost as dear, it will be seen that the cheap production of this sudd-fuel is of far-reaching importance to the country. Investigations show that the fuel can be manufactured on the spot for about half the price of coal, and consequently a factory is to be established in the sudd-country for the production of briquetted water-weed on an extensive scale. The Sudan Government are taking part in the enterprise, and there is no doubt that it will prove commercially successful, besides offering an economic solution of a complex problem which has hitherto seriously retarded the opening up of the country.

AN INGENIOUS RAILWAY-SIGNALLING DEVICE.

Those countries which possess long stretches of single railway line at present unequipped with a reliable signalling system should find the new automatic electric torch which has recently been perfected of far-reaching value, since it offers an inexpensive and highly efficient means of avoiding head-on and end-on collisions due to two trains meeting in one section. The block-system is, of course, the protective installation *par excellence*, but it is costly to install. The torch-system is only intended to be brought into use in the event of any emergency, such as when the train-despatcher has made a mistake. It comprises a small box which is attached to a horizontal arm fixed to a telegraph-post, and connected to the train-despatching station by an electric circuit. The box contains a self-igniting torch, held in position by an inverted electro-magnet, and fitted with a short length of wire or cord. The signals are placed at intervals of a quarter of a mile. Should two trains travelling in opposite directions be inadvertently sent on to the same section by the train-despatcher, directly he has grasped his error he simply presses a button in the signalling-circuit. This causes all the torches in the section of line over which the trains are travelling to fall from their holders into mid-air, and at the same time to burst into flame through upsetting a small vial containing sulphuric acid, which, coming into contact with the ingredients of the torch, sets up a chemical action resulting in combustion. The torch burns slowly with an intensely brilliant flame, and this light, being seen at intervals of a quarter of a mile, gives ample warning to the engine-driver. The torch is proof against weather, and the apparatus is of such simple construction that failure at the critical moment cannot result. Moreover, should a rail become displaced or broken, or a bridge or embankment collapse, the signal is instantly brought into play. Prolonged tests have proved its reliability, and that it is an effective means of correcting a mistake on the part of the train-despatcher which would otherwise be fatal. The torch cannot be extinguished except by great manual effort, and can be as readily seen by day as by night, for it emits a certain quantity of smoke which the engine-driver cannot fail to observe. As it is of the emergency type, directly it is seen the driver realises that something serious is amiss, and pulls up his train. Many cheap methods of signalling over a long length of single line have been devised; but this is, so far, one of the most effective and inexpensive systems that have yet been evolved, the cost of installation and maintenance coming out at a very low figure per annum.

A SIMPLE ELECTRIC WATER-TESTER.

The testing of water for impurities is somewhat expensive and tedious, as it involves recourse to the analytical chemist. Two English inventors have, however, devised a small apparatus whereby the purity of any water may be determined as easily as the finding of a fault in an electric lighting circuit or of a gas-leak. The device is carried in a small box containing glass tubes in connection, two of which are connected to the positive and negative poles of a small hand-dynamo, the condition of the water being instantly shown on a dial. The principle of the tester is based upon the discovery of Kolrausch that the conductivity of pure water containing any electrolytic substance in solution is due almost entirely to the dissolved matter, and only to a negligible extent to the water itself. Consequently this apparatus measures the conductivity of the liquid under test. For instance, suppose its application is to a public drinking-water supply. The water is first chemically analysed, and if satisfactory, its conductivity is measured. Thus a unit of measurement is obtained. All that is required in future to check the purity is to measure the conductivity of a sample by filling the tubes and rapidly turning the small dynamo-handle. If the water is up to standard, it is instantly shown by the indicator-needle. The operation can be carried out in about two minutes by an unskilled man. So long as the conductivity of the water does not vary from that obtained at the initial chemical examination all is well. A change in the conductivity proves

that chemical analysis is again required to determine the character of the impurity. Or suppose the pollution of a stream is suspected, all that is necessary is to ascertain the conductivity of the water above the point where pollution is feared, and also below it. A difference in the conductivity-reading on the dial will show that the water is being contaminated. Again, by acting in a similar manner with the effluent from sewage-works, it is possible to determine whether the purification process is working satisfactorily or not. The applications of this simple little instrument are illimitable. In the power-house it can extend valuable assistance in testing the hardness or softness of water, and in the manufacturing establishment it can tell whether any particular solution is of the desired strength or composition for the process in hand; its employment, in short, is possible wherever an electrolytic substance is present in a liquid which in itself has an inappreciable degree of conductivity. It does not displace the chemist, but it constitutes an efficient, simple auxiliary to his work.

A HUGE ELECTRIC CLOCK.

A novel lunch was recently taken in Leicester round a table formed of a clock-face which is the largest specimen of horology that has yet been contrived. The palatial offices of a Liverpool friendly society are to be adorned with a four-dial timepiece, two hundred and twenty feet above the ground, each of which measures twenty-five feet across and weighs three and three-quarter tons, including five hundredweight of opal glass for glazing, while the minute-hands are fourteen feet long by three feet wide at the broadest point. The clock is electrically driven, the internal mechanism being insignificantly small for such a huge timepiece, and completely free from complicated trains of wheels, weights, and winding apparatus. The hours are indicated by broad black marks three and a half feet long instead of by Roman or Arabic characters, and the minute spaces are no less than fourteen inches apart. Another novel feature is the automatic switching on and off of the electric light, by which it is illuminated at dusk and dawn in all seasons of the year, without necessitating an ascent of the tower. There is an ingenious contrivance whereby compensation is even introduced for the occurrence of leap-year, and the error is so slight as to be of little account during a period of thirty years, at the end of which time the correction is effected. The clock is of British design and construction throughout, and its successful completion has established a unique horological record.

ELECTRICALLY LIGHTED LIFE-BUOY.

When the cry 'Man overboard!' is heard at night the task of rescue is indeed extremely precarious. Even if a life-buoy is thrown the chances are that the man in the water will not see it, or should he secure it he in turn would be difficult to observe in the darkness. Some of the largest liners carry one or two life-buoys which have a special device equipped with calcium carbide, which is chemically ignited the moment it touches the water, betraying the whereabouts of the buoy by the intensely brilliant light. Now an inventor has improved upon this appliance. This new life-buoy carries four small nine-candle-power electric lamps, two above and two submerged in the water. These lamps derive the necessary current from special electric batteries which are sealed until the buoy is brought into service. Directly the appliance is lifted from its rack the lamps light up, and will continue to burn for three or four hours. The buoy weighs twenty-five pounds, and is capable of supporting a man weighing twelve stone when he is lying prone upon it, or three men clinging to it, when they are partly supported by the water. The lights are plainly distinguishable on a clear night for a considerable distance.

STERILISING WATER BY ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS.

During the past few months the process of sterilising water by ultra-violet rays, which constitute one of the most powerful germicides extant, has undergone considerable development, and apparatus working on this principle have been devised either for small household installations or upon an elaborate scale for purifying water infested with microbic life. It has been found that the Cooper Hewitt mercury-vapour electric lamp is the most efficient means to this end. For household purposes a continuous supply of one hundred and thirty gallons of water per hour of perfect purity can be obtained, the mercury-vapour lamp being enclosed in a tank in such a way that a thin film of water is exposed to its full glare for about five seconds, which is sufficient to bring about the extinction of all germ-life. The water is furthermore incessantly agitated, so that any dust particles in the liquid which might provide refuge for microbes may be turned over and over and brought under the rays. In the tests carried out at the Competitive Exhibition for Sterilising Apparatus, held at Marseilles, the results achieved by this method were startlingly convincing, water which before submission to the ultra-violet rays contained from five hundred to one thousand coli bacilli per litre showing a complete absence of these germs after treatment. Owing to the extreme simplicity of the apparatus, together with the low power-consumption, and the fact that sterilised water can be obtained just when desired, this latest method of water-purification should come into extensive use, especially as the process does not affect the taste of the water in the slightest. One of the disadvantages of the ozonising system is the

peculiar flavour imparted to the water, which is distinctly distasteful to some palates.

IN THE HANDS OF THE SHIPBREAKERS.

Among the little-known pursuits of life, that of the shipbreaker is one of the most curious and romantic, for into his charge pass some of the famous vessels that have made history, to be broken up, plank by plank, and consigned to the flames or the curio-hunter, as the case may be. Save for the *Victory* and a few more three-deckers used as training-ships, powder-hulks, &c., the 'wooden walls' of Old England are fast disappearing beneath the spell of the breaker's axe, saw, and crowbar. In contrast to the early age at which our modern warships are scrapped, it is significant that the old wooden ships are rarely broken up under a hundred years. In support of this we may mention the three-masted *Caledonia*, built in 1802, broken up at Woolwich in 1907; and the wooden hulk *Calcutta* consigned to the shipbreakers a few months ago. When the royal yacht *Osborne*, built at Pembroke in 1870, and used by Queen Victoria, was superseded by the *Alexandra*, it was sold by auction. It will be remembered that this vessel was a paddle-wheeler, and elaborately furnished. After purchase she was dismantled at Felixstowe, the valuable timber, including mahogany panels, being disposed of at good prices. Although these obsolete boats are sold by order of the Admiralty at very low figures, there is always a stipulation that the buyers shall break up the vessels in British waters within a specified period. The best timbers are made into bookshelves and other useful articles, the remainder being sold in logs or bundles as firewood. There is at least one firm in London which supplies the royal palaces and the House of Commons with old ship-timber logs. Nelson's flagship, the *Foudroyant*, came under the hammer in an unexpected manner. When in tow off Blackpool, this relic of the past was driven ashore, and becoming a wreck, was sold by auction on the spot. A rich harvest was gleaned from the timber and copper, which were transformed into curios and eagerly bought. Moored at the Motherbank roadstead, off the Isle of Wight, are half-a-dozen battleships which have been scrapped after twenty years' service. They are the *Royal Sovereign*, *Repulse*, *Royal Oak*, *Ramillies*, *Resolution*, and *Empress of India*, each of which cost nearly a million pounds. After serving in the Channel and the Mediterranean fleets, they were eventually attached to the Fourth Division at Devonport, from whence they were sent to their present rendezvous, to be sold to the highest bidder at no distant date.

THE TELEWRITER.

The invention of the telewriter, an instrument which at any distance reproduces on paper one's actual handwriting, is another illustration that truth is stranger than fiction. The telewriter is an addition to the telephone, and has this advantage over it, that whereas it requires two persons to engage in a telephonic conversation, the written message can remain on the record for any length of time. The business man who wishes to communicate with another firm having the telewriter installed attracts the latter's attention as in the case of a telephone call, and then writes his message by means of a pencil attachment. Instantaneously an exact facsimile is produced on a 'receiving roll' at the other end of the electric wire. The invention has received the favourable attention of the Postmaster-General, who has granted a license and arranged to supply wires at a yearly rental. Already some fifty firms in London alone have been connected with the Telewriter Exchange.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

DREAMS.

When dusk of night comes down,
And all the house is still,
I heed nor fret nor frown
God sends to cross my will;
But on the wings of dreams
My thoughts take flight, and go
To lands of hills and streams
And woods I ne'er shall know.

Hope fades not with the years,
I mourn not what is past;
Though grief may bring forth tears,
I shall find joy at last.
What though the way be long,
And stones may bruise my feet?
I 'll go with jest and song
By hill and lane and street.

Lead on, fair dreams! lead on!
I will nor faint nor fail
If that the light be gone,
Or falls the snow or hail;
I still will keep the way,
Though it be strown with rue,
And find at last some day
My best dreams have come true.

TINSLEY PRATT.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

TOWAGE SERVICES.

By ARTHUR H. HENDERSON.

PART I.

THE early autumn daylight had faded rapidly, and the sun had long since sunk behind the menacing masses of black cloud which had gathered in the west. The first great beam from the Lizard lighthouse shot swiftly across the edges of bare cliff and circled in its wide arc of warning brightness to the sullen horizon of the sea. In the square, whitewashed tower of the Lloyd's signal-station on the adjoining headland the signalman on lookout shut the little seaward windows, replaced the big day-telescope on its rack, and descended to the snug, small night-cabin to hand over his duty to his mate of the first evening-watch relief.

'The *Quanhattan* is due past presently, the new "Q" line boat with passengers from New York to Plymouth and London,' he said. 'She will be sure to night-signal you if she's close enough in.'

The other man nodded, understanding. They are spare of speech those keen-eyed, watchful men who read the distant messages from ship-board and telegraph inland the tidings to the eager folk who wait. His trained gaze searched observantly over the wide expanse of darkening water. It rested on a faint smudge to south-ward.

'Falmouth tug?' he queried shortly.

'Ay, the *Bumble*.' For once there was some-thing to communicate. 'She stood right in, while ago, to talk.'

'What for?' The hearer's tone evinced sur-prise.

'Asked for the news of the *Quanhattan*,' answered the day-signalman slowly. 'Wanted to know if we'd got her by wireless.'

Between the Lizard lighthouse and the Lloyd's station is a Marconi mast, with a wireless instal-lation beneath, in a little tin hut. Here the ocean liners speak the land from afar, and their positions in latitude and longitude, if given, are telephoned by the shore operator to the Lloyd's men, who in turn report to London.

'I rang up Bill'—this was the local Marconi telegraphist—'but he'd had no word of her yet. Said he expected it any moment. Then I spoke the *Bumble* by megaphone, and passed it on. Old Catcher seemed quite disappointed-like.'

There was a pause. The offgoing signalman lingered, unwontedly loath to leave for his supper. The other stared reflectively. Fal-mouth tugs are not in the habit of seeking information at the Lizard as to the movements of liners.

'There was a girl aboard the *Bumble*,' said the first signalman abruptly. 'Youngish, too, far as I could see.'

'No!' A large grin spread over his listener's bronzed face. 'Catcher's never taken a new missus, surely?'

Speculation on this point led to no solution. The last speaker took down the night-glass and peered earnestly at the dim outline of the distant tug. Then he lowered the telescope, wiped the lenses with care, and strained his eye through it again to pierce the darkness. 'That's queer,' he muttered.

'What is?' demanded his companion crisply.

'You look, Jack, at his mast. 'Tis plaguy thick out there, but—I'm thinking'—— The words came in jerks.

'Well?' The other man took the telescope, focussing it intently.

'Seems as if he'd rigged a taller thin mast on him—above the old one. See?'

A misty drizzle was blurring the vision. The low, dull boom of the waves on the rocks below jarred the stillness. The gazer put down the telescope in disgust.

'Blotted out,' he commented with curtness. 'Reckon 'tis some new game of Catcher's. Good-night, Jack!'

'Good-night.' The door of the night-cabin closed, and the man left behind settled down to his lonely vigil in the dark.

As a skipper, Captain Croucher of the *Bumble* had achieved notoriety; as a man, his appearance corresponded with his marine reputation. As an adept in all the wiles of persuasion known to the practical tugmaster he was unrivalled; and this superiority of genius had wrung for him from the envious and the detractor an un-willing tribute of admiration in the shape of the nickname of 'Old Catcher.' For catching by tug at sea is an accomplishment, and catch everything within his radius which was remotely considering a tow Captain Croucher did.

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He would wallow out to sea in the teeth of a westerly gale which slapped the spray hissing to his topmost funnel-stays, and fetch up under the lee of some jaded nitrate-ship from round the Horn, whom he would cajole into taking a tow before her master had scarcely realised where he was in the flying spindrift. To the infamous ingratitude of ship-captains who dissented from his generous views on towage charges he would maintain—in a solicitous bellow—a flowery conversation on the perils of the rock-strewn, wreck-encumbered coast, and the extraordinary vagaries of tide and current at that especial hour. Once she was found, he would shepherd a possible tow with a gracious tenacity, flaunting the abilities of the *Bumble* in irritating swoops round his heavily laden victim. For example, he had recently clung stubbornly all the way from the Scillies to the Eddystone beside an economically minded, Pensacola laden, German barque, till her Teuton master had become incapable of further shouting and the wind had veered on shore. Then, from the moment the weather changed, the *Bumble* became unexpectedly coy and financially dictatorial, until the misguided German, with an alarming drift rockwards, yielded in a burst of regrettable epithets, and the patient Captain Croucher hoicked her from destruction in the nick of time for an agreed remuneration far greater than if he had towed her the whole distance from the Scillies. Moreover, when those glorious opportunities—alas! so rare—occurred in which disaster arose on the deep, there was no man so bold and resourceful in tendering assistance, or so superbly large-minded in his notions as to the value of the salvage services rendered—in cash—afterwards.

These are but instances of Captain Croucher's craft. To his credit stood many a life snatched from the greedy sea; and there are delicate women in happy homes at this day who will always bless his name.

The captain's appearance may be strictly described as square—square-headed, square-jawed, square-shouldered. Short, stout, and sturdy both in face and figure, his build, it was averred, resembled that of his blunt-nosed, squat-shaped *Bumble* herself, and his gait waddled just as a tug in a cross sea. But this comparison was no more confided to the captain himself than was his nickname of 'Catcher,' since one spirited incident when, under abnormal provocation, he had swung an abusive Irish fireman round and round by the slack of the trousers till the garment carried away in one shameful rend, and its owner had whirled at a tangent into a heap of fish on the quayside which the sanitary inspector had recently condemned as unfit for aught but manure.

Captain Croucher detested what he termed 'shakings.' They worried him, and he was apt to say so with bitterness. Yet on the afternoon previous to his arrival off the Lizard he had received two, both perfectly shattering to the composure of well-ordered nerves.

His employer, the owner of the *Bumble*, was old. It is the obvious destiny of elderly gentlemen of ninety to pass to a better world; but old Abel Mercer, tug-owner, had done so with an unseemly crash. American speculative securities are not unwont to collapse periodically in hideous panic; and, instead of the savings of a lifetime, old Mr Mercer's nephew and sole heir found himself that afternoon possessed of the *Bumble* tug and precious little else. This shaking intelligence he communicated to Captain Croucher in person in the *Bumble's* little cabin. The resultant despondency was mutual.

'I always sez to 'im plain an' solemn-like,' declared the captain, much moved, referring to his lately defunct employer, 'that them stocks was same as bad rockets wot fizz, splutter, an' bu'st premature. No good for nothin' no'ow! But 'e wouldn't 'eed me, the guv'ner. 'E mostly 'ad 'is own will in this world—wotever 'e 'as in t' other now,' qualified the speaker ambiguously as an afterthought—'cept when some addle-'eaded judge as don't know a 'awser from a life-line reduced our salvage claims ridic'lous.'

There was a pause. Outside, the lap of the tide against the planks of the jetty had a dreary sound. The gray autumn twilight was stealing over Falmouth harbour, and shrouding sea and shore in a veil of sinister gloom.

'Who put 'im up to them investments?' demanded the captain with fierce feeling, ejecting an intrusive cockroach from his pocket.

Lieutenant Tommy Mercer of the Royal Artillery shook his head dolefully. He foresaw a speedy cessation of the generous allowance which had so far supplemented his scanty pay. Certain bills connected with polo-ponies rendered this moment of bereavement particularly inopportune.

'Well, it 's this way, skipper,' said the stricken subaltern lugubriously. 'Uncle Abel had a Scotch-American pal in New York—awfully wealthy beggar he is now—one of those fellows always making corners in things other chaps want. He had been poor as a rat once, and the uncle had given him a lift years ago—he was a real good sort, uncle, y' know. Farquhar—Peter B. Farquhar, that is the joker's name—always vowed he was no end grateful, and he 'd send my uncle tips—sometimes topping ones, too.'

Captain Croucher's snort at this point indicated scepticism.

'Over this spec, though, uncle went a proper mucker; didn't sell out in time, as the fellow on the spot in New York, of course, did. I've found some pretty frantic telegrams on the subject among the papers left behind in the old man's desk.'

'Then that there Yankee ought to do somethin' 'andsome for ye,' affirmed the captain sombrely. 'Leastways, enough to keep the tug bis'ness together. 'Tain't likely, though—wot I knows o' 'uman gratitude. Does 'e know ye, sir?'

'He wired for my address,' answered Mr Tommy Mercer doubtfully. 'I told him I'd be at Falmouth for a week or two on leave.'

'Eard any more?' interrogated the captain discouragingly.

'No.' The tone of the answer was equally bleak. The conversation languished.

'Wot might yer wages be now, sir?' resumed the captain suddenly.

The subaltern grinned at the question. 'Six-and-six a day, skipper,' he declared.

'Sodgers get their drinks cheaper in them canteens, I've 'eard,' comforted the civilian cautiously. 'But yer can't run the *Bumble* on that screw, I calc'late. Ye'll 'ave to wear round on another course, sir—sharp too, far as I can see.'

'What's that, then?'

'To wed.' The skipper wagged his chin sagely. 'Some fine, upstandin' young woman would suit ye proper. Mighty poor as them wages o' yers be, sir,' the speaker commiserated, 'yet there b'ain't nothin' like a slaughterin' sodger's uniform—'cept a sailor's—as catches the female eye, which I never could understand noways. All ye 'ave got for to do is to sight some nice, rich girl roamin' disconsolate-like an' puzzlin' 'er pretty brains where to throw 'er moorin'-lines. Then ye steams up temptin' smart an' takes 'er in tow, so to speak. Rest is easy. Why, if ye made a good job o' it, sir,' cried the skipper, exultant at the brilliancy of his suggestion, 'I'd live to see ye run a fleet o' tugs—not one. Pay ye better, too, that would, than aimin' at targets ye can't 'it, or 'andlin' explosives wot gives you unnat'ral creeps to think on.'

'But I don't know any one who'd have me,' objected the predestined husband dolorously.

'Cruise round, then, an' look out,' counselled the skipper briefly. 'W'y, when I was your age'——

The reminiscence was never related. There was a sudden knock at the cabin door. It opened cautiously.

'Well, I'm'—— The skipper mercifully choked before declaring aloud his opinion of what fate had decreed for him.

For a girl stood on the threshold, fair-haired, blue-eyed, entrancing. Never had the *Bumble's* dingy cabin beheld so winsome a vision. Resolute determination puckered her small, oval face.

'Can I see the captain of this tug, please?' she asked in a soft, musical voice.

'I'm 'e, miss,' responded the skipper with distended eyes. 'An' wot might ye be wantin'?'

She glanced doubtfully at Lieutenant Mercer, who was staring, transfixed.

'Ye needn't 'eed 'im,' indicated the skipper cheerfully. ''E is—— Oh!'

'What is it?' asked the girl, alarmed.

Captain Croucher bent down to soothe a leg injured by a violent kick under the table.

'My name is Thomas. I am one of the crew,' interposed the subaltern with unblushing promptness. His companion righted himself, very red in the face, and glared at him ferociously and wondering.

'I want to hire this tug,' the girl announced with simple directness. 'Can you put to sea at once?'

The *Bumble's* master pricked up his ears professionally. 'Maybe ay, miss; maybe no,' he replied with caution. 'Depends on the job.'

'I'll tell you. And if this cabin wasn't so dirty,' she remarked severely, 'I could sit down while I explain.'

Mr Mercer leapt to his feet and raked in a locker for a rag. He failed to find one, and was driven to surmount this deficiency by having recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, with which he wiped a grimy seat with solicitude.

'Thank you very much, Mr Thomas,' said the lady gratefully.

The skipper gurgled.

She whisked her skirt around her with adroitness, revealing the slightest glimpse of daintiest white drapery underneath, and the smallest ankles; for Captain Croucher was a wet smoker, and not so particular as to the cleanliness of the floor as he might be. Then she sat down, rested her elbows on the table, and scrutinised both men earnestly. She seemed satisfied with what she read in their faces. The curving lines of her own profile were alluring.

'What I propose to do is a secret,' she confided mysteriously. 'And you must both promise never to talk of it afterwards. Do you agree?'

Such is the power of pleadingly blue feminine eyes on masculine susceptibilities that both her hearers promised with simultaneous recklessness.

'I have got a cab outside,' she continued at this, 'with all the apparatus—poles, wire, batteries, and a detector. My'—she hesitated—'my assistant is sitting on them at present, and they are uncomfortably hard. Besides, he is rather frightened, and doesn't want to come because he'll be seasick, you know. But I simply made him. His name is Horace Smellie.'

This was enigmatic. But when she smiled a perturbing dimple appeared in one faultless cheek. Tommy Mercer watched it, fascinated.

'And wot might them contrivances be for, miss?' inquired Captain Croucher blankly.

Her voice sank to the low impressiveness of a conspirator. 'I mean to intercept a wireless

message from a steamer at sea to the Lizard station,' she divulged, 'and read what the message says.'

'Lor'!' exclaimed the skipper, staggered.

'You see, it's this way,' went on the girl hurriedly. 'I won't be married to some one I don't know.'

Mr Mercer sat upright with a violent start.

'Whom I have never even seen,' she added with flushed resentment.

There was a strained pause.

'Sounds reasonable like,' the skipper managed to comment after a pregnant silence. 'But 'oo wants ye to do it, now?'

'My father. He lives in New York, and is president of a Trust which controls telegraphs and telephones, or something of that sort. I've learnt all about telegraphing too, over there; but lately I've been living in England, and yachting—oh, such fun! So I just love going on the sea, and don't mind this dirty little tug in the least. And, anyhow, the other tug in the harbour is much worse than this one; I've been to see it,' she declared.

Captain Croucher swelled visibly. He disliked that other tug. 'Cockles'—the rival tug-skipper—'ain't no class,' he opined bitterly. ''E'll potter alongside the poorest tramp as 'ad lost 'er way in a fog, followin' 'er in without a word o' warnin' when she was shapin' for the rocks in 'er ignorance; an' then when she's struck, as 'e'd been waitin' for, up 'e comes all innocence an' sorrow offerin' salvage. Dirty tricks Cockles 'as, sure as dogfish.'

'Well, I like the look of you, anyway,' acknowledged the lady with frankness; 'and I'm in an awful hurry; and there is no other vessel in harbour, as far as I can learn, which is ready to go to sea at once; and I'll pay you well, as dad gives me a good allowance; and you've both got kind faces; and you'll help me, won't you?' She stopped, breathless with entreaty.

'Of course we will,' the *Bumble's* new owner assured her with emphasis, cutting in before Captain Croucher could start on the subject of hire-money, as he was about to do. 'But what has the wireless to do with it?'

The girl crimsoned, half in embarrassment, half in anger. 'Dad is on the *Quanhattan*, homeward-bound from New York. He is mad to marry me to the nephew of some friend of his at Falmouth. Dad wrote me that he was going to send a wireless message off the Lizard to this person to meet him and arrange it all. And dad is a perfect terror at getting his own will over things if he's not stopped in time. But he never told me the wretched creature's address. I want to find it out first from the telegram.'

'Why?' asked Tommy, intensely interested.

'Because then I shall write to the horrid man instantly,' said the girl defiantly, 'and tell him I'll never see him or have anything to do with him—never. I've had a fearful rush; but I've got the wireless things together just in time, and Mr Smellie is an operator. The bamboo poles all fit into each other beautifully, and we'll rig up an aerial mast and wires on your stumpy mast as soon as we are clear of the harbour. Oh, I've planned it all out splendidly! I only want to know that you'll go—real smart.'

'Rather!' Such was the urgency of the occasion that Captain Croucher was constrained to depart himself to retrieve two members of the *Bumble's* crew from the seductions of the nearest public-house, which they quitted under pressure and without joy. Meantime Tommy Mercer achieved the transfer of the wireless apparatus from the shore to the ship, Mr Smellie assisting in a protesting spirit. The skipper eyed this new passenger with disfavour on his return.

'If a sea caught them thin legs of 'is they'd crack,' he disparaged. 'Fine sort o' guardian for a lone girl 'e is!'

'You can be a father to her yourself, skipper,' suggested the sub. maliciously. 'Faith knows, you're old enough. What a joke it is!'

Captain Croucher grunted, and the *Bumble* lifted to the swell as she swung head-out from the harbour entrance, nosing her way westward into the oncoming blackness of the night.

(To be continued.)

THE ELEPHANTS' DYING-GROUND.

By Douglas Blackburn.

AMONG the many fascinatingly suggestive travellers' stories that provide stock-material for discussion when African mysteries are in vogue is that of the dying-grounds of the elephants.

It is asserted by some and disbelieved by others that the African elephant, when it feels death approaching—in response to that premonition which many authorities say is instinctive to most animals—retires to some secret retreat where it can die in peace. These dying-grounds are occasionally discovered by the natives, and, as they necessarily contain a vast accumulation of ivory, become the perquisite of the chief of the district in which they are found. If the dying-ground is outside his domains, the secret of the spot is rigorously preserved until all the ivory has been removed to a safe hiding-place within the territory of the chief. There is a gruesome native legend to the effect that the inviolability of the secret is assured by 'removing' every man who takes part in transporting the

ivory from the dying-ground to its place of concealment, including the discoverer.

The existence of these dying-grounds has been disputed and ridiculed by several persons whose authority on most matters connected with the African wilds is recognised. Therefore, before asking the reader's acceptance of stories based on the presumption of the reality of these secret treasure-houses, it will be fair to set out the arguments employed by the supporters of the legend.

It may be accepted without argument that elephants must and do die somewhere, even in the face of the fact that they live to enormous ages. It has been remarked frequently by hunters like Gordon Cumming, Hartley, John Jennings, Hill, and John Bailey—all experienced men—that the rarest thing met with in the haunts of the elephant is the dead body of one that has died a natural death. Now and then the skeleton of the victim of an unsuccessful sportsman or native hunters is found under conditions suggesting that the poor creature died of wounds in a spot undiscovered by the authors of his fatal hurt; but even these instances are few, for it is comparatively easy to keep close on the track of a wounded elephant. The question therefore arises, what has become of the thousands of elephants that in the course of years must have died even in those parts of Africa fairly well known to hunters and to traders? Vultures and the red ant account for every particle of flesh, skin, and tendon within a week or so, but the bones and tusks are all but indestructible.

The theory that the dying mammoth seeks some secluded spot is supported by the fact that many, if not most, animals retire to the closest possible cover when badly wounded. During the terrible visitation of rinderpest in 1894–95, when oxen and buck were carried off by hundreds of thousands, it was noticed that the latter invariably sought cover in which to die. Even those who reject the dying-ground theory accept this; what they refuse to credit is that hundreds of elephants at different periods select the same spot.

One of the strongest arguments—in fact, the one which first gave rise to the belief in the dying-ground—was this. Traders on visiting a chief for the purpose of purchasing ivory have sometimes found only a small supply, and had no reason for not accepting the explanation offered: that few elephants had come within the district covered by the native hunters. Even in savage Africa the eternal law of economics prevails. Scarcity of supply and urgency of demand produce enhanced prices, and the chief asks and obtains more for his score or so of tusks than he would otherwise have got for thrice the number. It has often happened that within a short period of a purchase a message has been received by the traders announcing that a successful hunt has provided the chief with a large stock of ivory. On returning to the kraal, the traders have been surprised at finding a supply of tusks that could only have been the product of a wholesale massacre. This fact was in itself suspicious, for elephants are not so plentiful as buck; but there was another circumstance which aroused attention and provoked inquiry. All the tusks bore unmistakable signs of having been long exposed to the weather. This was, of course, quite compatible with the theory that the chief had a secret reserve, and very wisely did not put all his stock upon the market at once. For years this explanation was accepted. It was the late Emin Pasha who first revealed the secret of the existence of dying-grounds. He also made the interesting and illuminating declaration that several hunters who professed to live by their prowess as elephant-hunters owed their good fortune to having been shown by friendly natives, or having discovered for themselves, one of these wondrous hoards.

It is not surprising that a man possessed of such a secret should take every precaution to preserve it for his own benefit, and, if occasion arose, discourage search by others with authoritative expressions of incredulity as to the existence of such things. Half the business of the professional hunter consists in keeping off poachers from his preserves. It was no uncommon thing for the old elephant-hunters to proceed to their ground by a circuitous and difficult route for the especial purpose of shaking off and misleading possible followers. It is an axiom of the colonial sportsman, 'Always look for game in the direction that a professional hunter warns you against.'

The revelations of Emin Pasha were made to an Englishman who in the early 'seventies had been of service to the German savant at a serious crisis in his affairs, the information being given by way of recompense. It is a common belief among African professional hunters that Emin Pasha held the secret of more than one dying-ground, and that the promoters of the relief expedition were quite as anxious to relieve the ivory as the explorer. But the old German Jew was no business man. The discovery of a new species of butterfly would have given him more genuine delight than a dozen dying-grounds choked with tusks.

Carl Mauch, another German opener-up of South Africa, who has not received full recognition, is accredited with having either known or guessed the existence of dying-grounds. There is an old Boer still living in the Krugersdorp district of the Transvaal who for a period acted as guide to Mauch, and he tells how the German 'wanderer' used to ask 'funny questions' as to what became of dead elephants that were not slaughtered. On one occasion the two came upon a kloof on the north-west borders of the Transvaal 'shaped like a gin-bottle;' that is,

the entrance was very narrow and difficult, but opened out to a wide, deep gorge. The place was almost blocked with huge bones which Mauch recognised as those of elephants. They made a search for tusks, but found only a few teeth. It was evident that the place had been visited by Kafirs, who had left various signs. In the crannies of the wall-like rocks overhanging the kloof hundreds of aasvogels (vultures) had at one time made their nests. In one of these deserted nesting-places Mauch made an extraordinary discovery. What at first was taken for the dried and withered skin of some animal of the ferret species turned out to be a lady's long kid-glove, the ten or twelve metal buttons being deeply oxidised, but still adhering to the leather. How this adjunct of the higher civilisation could have reached such a remote region is a mystery that is accentuated by the probability that at the period of the discovery there was not a pair of lady's gloves nearer than Capetown, one thousand three hundred miles distant.

Mauch, unlike his countryman Emin, had the business instinct well developed, as was proved by the energy he put into the quest for minerals and rubies; but there is no reason for suspecting that he realised his anticipations regarding the treasures of ivory.

Direct evidence proving the existence of the dying-grounds is scarce, for easily understood reasons, but there is on record one case that may be accepted. A white trader and storekeeper in the Selati district, the low-lying, fever-haunted region of the north-east Transvaal, used to show great interest in the problem, What becomes of dead elephants, hippos, and rhinos? He invariably put the question to hunters who stayed at his primitive hotel, but never propounded a theory of his own. In the year 1879 he hired a man to take charge of his store while he went northwards on a shooting expedition. His few neighbours were surprised, for the storekeeper was almost notorious for his lack of sportsmanlike qualities, some going so far as to aver that he had never handled a gun. As rumour alleged him to be an ex-drapery-assistant from London, the suggestion was not improbable. Surprise became amazement when it was known that six months later the cockney draper had arrived at Lourenço Marques with a long procession of native carriers loaded with hundreds of elephants' tusks, estimated to be worth anything between twenty and forty thousand pounds. The lucky establisher of a theory never returned to his store. He wrote to his assistant from Delagoa Bay giving him a power of attorney to carry on the business on half-share terms, but never claimed his half. Rumour says he settled down in England under a new name and in circumstances consonant with ample means. Some years later a hint at the solution was provided by an old native who had accompanied the storekeeper on his mysterious journey: 'I knew the place where the elephants die, and showed the *baas*.' What the reward of the guide was may be inferred from the fact that this native was later arrested by that marvellously magnetic autocrat Abel Erasmus, Native Commissioner of the Lydenburg District, and sentenced to a fine of all his cattle and a long term of imprisonment for being in unlawful possession of rifles and ammunition.

The reasons why the existence of these dying-grounds does not become common knowledge may be summed up in the comprehensive and explanatory phrase self-interest. If the place is discovered by the subjects of a native chief, he has effective means of ensuring silence; if by a white man, he is equally keen on keeping his knowledge to himself, even after he has secured the treasure, for, he not illogically argues, other elephants will probably use the spot in accordance with what seems to be their instinctive custom, and so long as the species remain in the region the dying-ground will be a source of profit.

The argument of the sceptics that they have never found a dying-ground may be dismissed to the company of that of the gold-prospectors of the Rand in 1886 who reported to the Barberton gold-diggers' committee, 'There is no gold on the Rand. We know, because we have looked for it, and did not find a trace.'

PETER AND JANE.

By S. MACNAUGHTAN, Author of *The Andersons, The Fortunes of Christina Macnab*, &c.

CHAPTER VIII.—*continued.*

IT was late afternoon, and as all clerical work for the day was now finished, Peter suggested a walk in the gardens, and Mr Semple readily agreed. There was nothing left in the flower-beds, but the conservatories and the orchid-house were a real feast of pleasure to the lawyer. He went into the outer hall to fetch his stick and coat, and then, turning back towards his host, he made a humorous signal to convey the intelligence that some callers had driven up to the door. Peter retreated precipitately; but Mr Semple had already been seen and was hailed by Mr Lawrence, who had a few minutes before drawn up to the entrance in his big red motor-car. Already Mr Lawrence was in earnest conversation with the butler, and his feminine-like ejaculations could be heard as he stood and conversed with the man at the hall door.

'How sad!' he was saying. 'And no one had any idea how ill she was! Dear, dear! Captain Ogilvie not seeing any one—terribly cut up, I have no doubt'——

He stood on the doorstep while his guests in the motor, fearing that they might be intrusive, looked as though they would prefer to hasten their departure.

'Ah, how do you do, Mr Semple?' said Mr Lawrence in his high-pitched voice, advancing a few steps into the hall. 'It is a great piece of luck meeting you like this! I have just driven over with my friends Sir John and Lady Falconer.—Lady Falconer, may I introduce my friend Mr Semple?—This is a very sad house to come to, Mr Semple, is it not?' he said, and paused, hoping for a little gossip from the lawyer. 'I was just driving through the village, and I have been to see the church with my friends, and we thought we would run in and inquire how everything was going on.'

'Everything,' said the lawyer dryly, 'is going on as well as could be expected.'

'How is Peter?' said Mr Lawrence, putting on an appropriate expression of woe which sat oddly on his big, healthy red face. He was a kindly man at heart, but an idle existence and his inveterate love of gossip had made a poor creature of him. His healthy, muscular frame did not know the sensation of honest fatigue which follows a good day's work, and his mind travelled on lines of so little resistance that he may be said to have exercised it almost as infrequently as he exercised his body.

Mr Semple replied that Peter seemed well; and Mr Lawrence, taking him in an affectionate and familiar manner by the sleeve of his coat, said, 'I should so much like my friends to see the gardens. Peter would not mind, would he?'

Lady Falconer, the least intrusive of women, who had heard the whispered colloquy, here interposed, and said that as she was very cold she would much prefer to go home; and Sir John added with simple directness that he thought that, as the place was more or less shut up at present, it would be better to come some other time.

Mr Lawrence protested that a walk would do Lady Falconer good, and that, further, as she and Sir John were leaving so soon, there would not be another chance of seeing the famous gardens. In fact, Mr Lawrence had the door of his motor-car open and was helping Lady Falconer to alight almost before he had obtained Mr Semple's permission to make a tour of the gardens.

'It's all right,' he said in his fussy, dictatorial way, divesting himself of his heavy motor-coat and preparing to act as cicerone. 'This place is thrown open once a week to the public; and although this isn't a visitors' day, all sorts of people come to visit Bowshott on the other days of the week.'

Lady Falconer felt slightly ruffled by the way in which her wishes had been ignored in a small matter, and confined herself to talking to the lawyer; but Mr Lawrence overtook them, on the pretext of pointing out some special beauty in the design of the gardens, and showing the fine view that could be obtained from the high position of the terraces, and the next moment he had plunged somewhat ruthlessly into the absorbing topic of Mrs Ogilvie's sudden death.

'We were all shocked by it,' he said, emphasising his words in his gushing way; 'and of course to our little circle,' he said, turning to Mr Semple in an explanatory manner, 'it is more particularly painful and distressing because Sir John and Lady Falconer had only just renewed a very old acquaintance with the deceased lady.'

'We knew Mrs Ogilvie very well in Spain,' said Lady Falconer in her charming voice, still confining her remarks to Mr Semple.

'Ah!' said the lawyer, 'you knew her in Spain?'

'Yes,' said Lady Falconer; 'and it was one of those friendships which I believe it was intended on both sides should be renewed when we returned to England; for on my own and on my husband's part it was a matter of real liking. But we have been on foreign service ever since we were married, and I never met Mrs Ogilvie again till she drove over to the races at Sedgwick.'

Mr Semple detached himself and his companion from the little group which Mr Lawrence was showing round with so much assiduity, and as they paced the broad walks of the terrace together he said to her, with an air of frank confidence, 'You were with her, perhaps, before her elder child died?'

'No,' said Lady Falconer; 'and, rather strangely, I never knew till the other day that Mrs Ogilvie had lost a child. There was only one boy with her when we knew her at Juarez; and, although she was in deep mourning at the time, we knew, of course, that she was in the first year of her widowhood. But we had no idea, as I was telling Mrs Wrottesley the other day, that Mrs Ogilvie had suffered a double loss.'

Mr Semple led the way through the orchid-house, and stopped to examine some of the blooms with absorbed attention. 'It is very chilly,' he said as he stepped out into the cold air after that of the hot greenhouse. 'I hope you will not take cold.' He locked his hands lightly behind his back as he walked, and continued to talk to the companion by his side. 'I wonder,' he said, 'if you could tell me exactly the year and the month when you first met Mrs Ogilvie? There are various formalities to be gone through in connection with Captain Ogilvie's accession to the property which necessitate hunting up family records, and these have been very badly kept in the Ogilvie family. Also, may I say this to you in confidence?

There was an idea in many people's minds that about the time of Colonel Ogilvie's death and during the early infancy of the second son Mrs Ogilvie's mind was slightly unhinged. It may not have been so, but one cannot help wondering if the concealment which she used to keep from her family the knowledge of the existence of the disease from which she died may not have been something like a return of an old mental malady.'

Lady Falconer looked genuinely distressed, and protested that certainly when she knew Mrs Ogilvie she was in all respects the most sane as well as the most charming of women. 'And as for giving you dates,' she said pleasantly, 'that is very easily done, for it was in the year and the month of my marriage that I first met her.'

'That would be?' said Mr Semple, unlocking his clasped hands and touching his fingers together in the characteristic manner of the confidential lawyer.

'That was in December 1886,' she said.

'Ah!' said Mr Semple contemplatively,' then it must have been after little Edward Ogilvie's death, of course.'

'I cannot tell you,' said Lady Falconer, 'because, as I say, Mrs Ogilvie never spoke of her loss. Perhaps that does not seem to you very remarkable, as we only met her in a most casual way in an out-of-the-way village in Spain; but we really were on terms of some intimacy with her, and one can only explain her silence by the fact, which seems to be pretty generally known, that she was a woman of quite unusual reserve.'

'Yes,' said Mr Semple, 'I believe no one ever knew Mrs Ogilvie very well.'

Mr Lawrence called to them from behind to suggest that the new row of greenhouses was an immense improvement, and that they had cost over a thousand pounds to build.

Lady Falconer politely turned to look back, and then found herself rather determinedly appropriated by the lawyer.

'I always understood,' he said, 'that Mrs Ogilvie travelled considerably in Spain; and, of course, in those days when railways were few, this was considered rather unusual, especially for a lady travelling with no gentleman with her. How courageous she was!'

'Much more courageous than I was, even with my husband with me,' said Lady Falconer. 'Mrs Ogilvie had been in quite out-of-the-way parts of the country; she spoke the language perfectly, and I believe I used to hear that she had Spanish blood in her veins.'

'Yes; she had property at Granada, beyond where the railway now extends,' said Mr Semple.

'I think, if I remember aright,' said Lady Falconer, 'that she had just returned from Cintra when I met her.'

'I have always heard that Cintra is a most lovely place,' said Mr Semple conversationally, 'and Mrs Ogilvie had a peculiar love of beautiful things.'

'Cintra is beautiful, and Lisbon itself is a particularly fine town,' assented Lady Falconer.

'Mrs Ogilvie was not there when you knew her?'

Lawyers are inquisitive by profession, and Mr Semple made his inquiries with easy tact; his manner was kind and pleasant, and betrayed so much real feeling for his clients that Lady Falconer was tempted to continue the subject of conversation in which he seemed so deeply interested.

'I wish,' she said cordially, 'that I could remember more details that might be of interest or of use to you. My husband and I have spent a most varied life, in which many interesting experiences have, alas! been almost forgotten; but we were both considerably impressed by Mrs Ogilvie's vivid personality and her very real charm. These made much more impression on me than anything that she told us about her journeys. She was fond of travelling by sea, I remember, and I perfectly well recollect her telling my husband and me that she had come by ship to Lisbon when she first travelled in Spain for her health.'

'Yes, I remember hearing that,' said Mr Semple. 'Indeed, I believe that we took her passage for her, and in going over her papers the other day we came across two letters which she had written home from the ship.'

'Talking of that,' said Lady Falconer, 'I wonder if the maid who was with her during the time I was at Juarez could be of service to you? I often think a maid must know her mistress with even a greater degree of intimacy than many of her friends, and I remember it was a particularly nice Spanish woman whom she sent to nurse me when I was ill.'

Mr Semple was curious to know if Lady Falconer remembered whether or not the woman had come out from England with Mrs Ogilvie.

'I am afraid I cannot remember,' said Lady Falconer. 'But stop! Yes, I can! The maid who came out from England with Mrs Ogilvie left her because she objected to the sea-voyage. It seems that the poor thing was so ill that she never left her bunk the whole time, and as soon as the ship touched port she went straight back to England by land. I remember that quite well now, because it was a particularly stormy winter, with dreadful gales; and when my illness was at its worst it was a very stormy night, and this Spanish woman whom I mentioned just now told me the story, and was evidently full of sympathy for the English maid. She enlivened the whole of her watch during the night by lamentations over the danger of sea-voyages, interspersed with prayers to the Virgin. I shall never forget how it blew! The house shook

with the violence of the gale, and the Spanish maid sat by my bed and told me stories of shipwreck and of bodies washed up on the beach. Mrs Ogilvie, I understand, had but lately parted with friends. Ah, I see now! I do not speak Spanish well, and I remember I had an idea at the time that this parting which the woman spoke of had something to do with friends who had left her. But, of course, what the Spanish woman must really have meant was that Mrs Ogilvie had lately suffered a bereavement.'

'It is strange, then, is it not,' said the lawyer, 'that you should connect this parting in your own mind with the storm that was raging on the night of which you speak?'

'That doesn't seem to me very strange,' said Lady Falconer, 'because, as I have said, I know so little Spanish. And yet I have an idea that this very emotional serving-woman seemed to predict some horrible catastrophe to the travellers.'

'How little self-control some of those people have!' commented Mr Semple. 'I always wonder how it is that ladies choose foreign women to be their personal attendants. I suppose you don't happen to know if this maid remained long with Mrs Ogilvie?'

'I do not, indeed,' said Lady Falconer; 'but I am under the impression that Mrs Ogilvie changed her maids frequently. This will coincide with your view that she was in a nervous, uncontrolled condition at the time; although in other respects I cannot honestly say that I ever noticed the least sign of an unhinged mind. One thought that she was too much alone; but of course her loss was a very recent one, and every one knows that in grief there often comes a desire for solitude.'

'It was sad, therefore,' said Mr Semple, 'that those friends of hers should be leaving her just then. Mrs Ogilvie would have been all the better for having a few intimates about her. It would be useful if you could remember their names.'

'I do not even know that they were friends,' protested Lady Falconer; 'and, as I told you, the Spanish maid may well have been alluding to a recent death. But indeed the incident made very little impression on my mind. Even if I were able to give you information about those unknown friends, I do not know how it could in any way help you to solve the sad question of her mental state at the time.'

'You think those friends of hers whom you speak of would not be able to do so either?'

'Ah,' cried Lady Falconer, 'you are accepting my vague recollections almost as if they were legal evidence! Whereas I really cannot tell you whether the Spanish maid alluded to friends or to the death of Mrs Ogilvie's husband and her little boy. I can only say that the impression that remains with me is that Mrs Ogilvie had been seeing some friends off on a voyage.'

'It would be important to know who those friends were,' said Mr Semple.

'I wish I could help you!' said Lady Falconer.

They made a longer detour in the gardens than Lady Falconer would have cared to make had she not been interested in the man by her side, whose inquisitiveness was based upon friendship, and whose most persistent interrogations were touched with a quiet and sober tact which contrasted pleasantly with Mr Lawrence's dictatorial manner. That genial and rubicund person was now seen approaching with Sir John, and suggested that they ought to 'draw Peter for tea.'

Lady Falconer declined the refreshment with considerable emphasis. This visit to the closed house, so recently shadowed by death, seemed to her in doubtful taste, and she would now have preferred to return home. But Peter had seen them from the house; and being the least churlish of men, he came out on to the terrace and invited the party to come in. He disliked Mr Lawrence as much as it was in his uncritical nature to dislike any one; but it is more than possible that he would have resented a word said in his disfavour. 'Lawrence is a good fellow,' he used to say charitably, 'only he is so beastly domestic.'

Mr Lawrence's conversation was, indeed, principally of the intimate order of things, and was concerned with details of births, deaths, and marriages such as the feminine mind is more generally supposed to indulge in. He drank several cups of tea, and was deeply interested in the fact that the tea-service was not the one in common use at Bowshott, and that, therefore, probably the bulk of the silver had been sent to the bank. He would have liked to make a tour of the rooms to see if there were any other changes noticeable anywhere, and he more than once remarked to his friends as they drove home in the motor-car that he could not understand why the drawing-rooms were swathed in brown holland, unless Peter meant to go away again. If so, when was the marriage to be? Why should it be postponed for more than a brief period of mourning? And why did the rooms which he had seen through the windows wear such a shut-up and dismantled appearance? He found food for speculation during the whole afternoon call, and in his inquisitive way gave his mind to finding out as much as possible about his neighbour's doings.

Lady Falconer sat by the fire of logs while Mr Lawrence's garrulous conversation went on uninterruptedly. Peter found her quiet manner attractive, and began to feel grateful to Mr Lawrence for his intrusiveness, without which he would not have enjoyed a conversation with this pleasant, gentle-mannered woman seated thoughtfully by the fire.

'May I ask a favour?' said Mr Lawrence gushingly, laying his hand upon Peter's shoulder.

'I want awfully to see that new heating apparatus you have had put in downstairs. I was recommending it the other day to the Carstairses; but I want to know something more about it, and then I shall be able to explain it better. How much coal, for instance, do you find it consumes?'

When the two men had sought the lower regions, Mr Semple took Peter's vacant chair by the fire. Lady Falconer held her muff between her and the blaze, and her face was in shadow. The lawyer said briefly, 'We are in great perplexity, and I think you can help us; and I feel sure'—he looked at her with admiration—'that whatever I say to you will be received in confidence.'

'I shall say nothing,' said Lady Falconer.

'At the same time,' said Mr Semple, 'I must tell you that I mean to ask you a great many questions, and to tell you very little in return—at least for the present. In the first place, it is all-important that we should know when Mrs Ogilvie's elder boy died.'

'And I,' said Lady Falconer hopelessly, 'did not even know until the other day that she had ever had another boy.'

'And yet,' said the lawyer, 'however slight the chain of evidence is, we must follow it closely. You are probably the person who saw Mrs Ogilvie first after the death of the child.'

'That I can hardly believe,' protested Lady Falconer. 'It seems to me that, however reserved a woman might be, she would still let another woman know about so intimate a trouble.'

'Mrs Ogilvie was a very unusual woman,' said Mr Semple.

'But even so'—— began Lady Falconer.

'Even so,' repeated the lawyer, 'my friend Peter and his talkative neighbour will soon be back again, and I must examine my witness before they return.'

'But a witness,' exclaimed Lady Falconer, 'whose evidence is based on the only half-intelligible gossip of a Spanish serving-woman made twenty-five years ago, during a week spent in an out-of-the-way mountain village, where she was ill nearly the whole time!'

Mr Semple waved protests aside. 'Do forgive me for bothering you,' he said, 'and try to remember positively if there were any friends or neighbours who came about the house, of whom we could perhaps ask tidings.'

'I am sure there were none,' said Lady Falconer. 'The charm of the place to Mrs Ogilvie was, I know, its solitude, just as it was its charm for us also.'

'No English people?'

'None, I am quite sure.'

'You have no idea who those friends were to whom Mrs Ogilvie had lately said good-bye, and who were starting on a voyage?'

'I think,' said Lady Falconer slowly, 'it was because the storm blew so loudly that we spoke of them; and, yes, I am sure the woman crossed herself and prayed for those at sea.'

She hesitated, and Mr Semple, giving her a quick glance, said, 'I am only asking for a woman's impression.'

'And at this length of time I cannot even tell you how I came to have this impression,' she replied, 'and yet the picture remains in my mind that these people, whoever they were, were sailing from Lisbon. The maid who waited upon me had evidently been engaged in Lisbon.'

Peter and Mr Lawrence were heard in the hall outside, and the motor-car was at the door.

'Thank you very much,' said the lawyer, as the door opened.

Mr Semple left the following morning, and did not return until the end of the next week. He was a contented man, and made an excellent companion, and Peter enjoyed seeing him again and having his companionship at dinner on the night of his return. He was always interested in something, and quite disposed to take a book and remain quiet when his client was busy or disinclined for conversation. He and Peter smoked in silence for a considerable time after the servants had left the room; and even after an adjournment had been made to the library, the lawyer, who was possibly tired after his journey, sat quietly in a leather-covered arm-chair by the fire without saying anything.

Peter began to talk about the small items of news of the neighbourhood. 'The Falconers have left,' he said. 'I wonder what they found to amuse them at Lawrence's place.'

'Lawrence himself, perhaps,' said Mr Semple dryly.

'But Lady Falconer does not even laugh at people,' replied Peter. 'I thought her a very charming woman.'

'She is a very charming woman,' replied Mr Semple, 'and she used to know your mother long ago in Spain.'

Peter took his cigar out of his mouth and turned interrogatively towards the lawyer. 'I don't suppose she was able to tell you anything?' he said, with a sharp note of interest in his voice.

'She was able to tell me nothing,' said Mr Semple, 'but she gave me a woman's impression of a conversation she had with a Spanish serving-woman.'

'I should like to hear all she had to say,' said Peter briefly.

'Ships sailing for Argentina stop at Lisbon and take up passengers there,' said Mr Semple. 'I have been to Lisbon since I last saw you. Mrs Ogilvie paid the passage-money for a woman and a child who sailed from that place in December of the year in which your brother was said to have died.'

(To be continued.)

THE LATEST ABOUT RADIUM.

By ROBERT S. BALL, B.Sc.

SCARCELY twelve years have elapsed since Professor and Madame Curie, by a painstaking and laborious process, succeeded in isolating the radio-active substance from a large mass of mineral having radio-active properties, and to it the name radium was given. This discovery was followed by fantastic theories and elaborate hypotheses brought about by the desire of physicists to account for the wonderful properties of the new substance without doing violence to existing laws. Here was a phenomenon which had to be reconciled to existing laws of energy, though apparently it transgressed the fundamental law of the conservation of energy. Radium gave off energy day by day and year by year without apparent exhaustion or even diminution in radiating power; and not a few of our leading physicists were ready to disown the law of the conservation of energy under the formidable evidence presented by the untoward phenomenon of this new substance; but recent researches have shown that this barrier to the full acceptance of the law of the conservation of energy has broken down, and that radium slowly wastes away by the dissipation of its energy just as a furnace unreplenished with fuel will eventually lose its radiating power. The extreme slowness of the decline in radiating power of radium was the cause of the first incorrect assumptions regarding it; but under the experimental skill of such men as Professors Soddy, Dewar, and Rutherford the apparent inexhaustibility of radium emanation has been disproved; and, instead of a substance possessed of an inexhaustible store of energy, it may now be regarded as a body possessed of great concentrated energy, which it allows to escape slowly and persistently, and in this respect it fits in with the existing order. As we learn more about it we find that there is less occasion to modify our previous ideas of energy in general.

We may for convenience consider the latest additions to our knowledge of radium under three aspects, which are necessarily somewhat interconnected. In the first of these we would discuss the recent conclusions regarding the extent and amount of radium in the earth, and its distribution in geological strata; in the second we would ascertain the effect of the quantity and distribution of radium upon the internal heat of the earth; and lastly, we will examine the physical properties of the metal itself and its salts, in which latter form it is known to us, for the pure metal has only recently been isolated in a minute quantity.

When in 1897 Becquerel found that uranium compounds gave off rays, the attention of physicists was attracted to pitch-blende, in which material the uranium ore was found. Even after the discovery of radium, pitch-blende—of which there are large deposits in Cornwall—was regarded as the sole source of radium until the Hon. R. J. Strutt showed that, instead of being confined to a single geological formation, the substance might be sought for anywhere in the crust of the earth and the oceans with a certainty of success. The revised figures show that though distributed very sparingly, it nevertheless exists in the hardest rocks, and it would probably be difficult to find a formation which did not contain a minute quantity. Even in good bearing pitch-blende, which is richer in radium than any other deposit, radium exists only to the extent of one part in two millions; and so difficult is it to obtain that thirty tons of pitch-blende yielded only one-tenth of an ounce (about one part in eleven millions) after operations lasting more than two years. The cost of reducing such a vast quantity of material is very great, and at present there does not appear to be any ready means of extraction except by the tedious concentration process. Nevertheless the pitch-blende is rich in the mineral compared with other formations, which contain about one millionth as much. We must, therefore, look for future supplies to pitch-blende, which is so rich in uranium compounds, and therefore in radium, for the two minerals are found together for reasons which will appear later. Careful quantitative measurements have been made of the amount of radium in sea-water; and while the density varies conspicuously in different seas and oceans, some general idea may be gathered from the fact that a cubic mile of water in the Atlantic Ocean contains about 0·13 ounce, or there is one ounce in 7·7 cubic miles. A cubical box with a side 1·97 miles long would contain an ounce if filled with water from the Atlantic Ocean. These results given by Eve differ from those of Knoche, who has found the quantity of radium to be somewhat greater from water taken from other places; but it is probable that they are not far from an average of the radium content of ocean water.

The universal distribution of radium throughout the earth and water has given rise to conjectures as to its formation, length of life, and the effect it has, even in minute quantities, of altering the conditions of temperature existing in the interior of the earth. For an answer to these and kindred questions we must draw upon the careful researches of the Hon. R. J. Strutt, who has thrown new light upon the questions connecting geology with radio-active substances. Before radium was discovered, the internal heat

of the earth, which gives rise to an increase of temperature according to a definite relation with the depth below the surface, was supposed to be due to the slow convection of heat from the molten interior; and upon the laws of cooling Lord Kelvin deduced the age of the earth from observed conditions. But with the constant emanation from radium throughout the interior these deductions required modification, for no allowance had been made for the heat evolved from this source, which is far from negligible. Accurate experiments by Professors Rutherford, Soddy, Barnes, and Precht showed that the rate of evolution of heat-energy from radium is so great that, though its distribution may be small, the effect is considerable. A gramme of radium dispenses energy chiefly in the form of heat at a rate which is about one hundred and twenty gramme-calories per hour; or, to draw a comparison, a given weight of radium radiates the same amount of heat-energy in sixty-five hours as would be given off by the complete combustion of an equal weight of good coal; and, while the latter would be entirely consumed, the capacity of the radium for continued radiation would not be materially lessened, for its exhaustion would only be complete after a period of from seventeen hundred to two thousand years. Thus a minute quantity of radium distributed throughout the earth would cause a rise in temperature of the surrounding rock, and Mr Strutt has expressed his surprise that, from an investigation of the outer layers of the earth's crust, the internal heat is not even greater than it is from this cause. The constant emission of heat from a furnace implies constant replenishment by fuel; and as it is known that radium slowly decomposes, we must look to some source from whence the stock of radium in the earth is replenished. It is found that the amount of radium present in a formation or stratum is almost in direct proportion to the amount of uranium it contains, whence it is to be supposed that there is a natural connection between the two minerals to account for such an unlikely relation. The experiments of Professor Soddy show that radium is not directly formed from uranium, but that there is probably an intermediate substance formed in the uranium-radium series, with a long period of life which may be ten thousand years. The radium is therefore only one stage of a series of transformations which we have been able to isolate, and it is hard to resist the conclusion that in this series we find to some extent what the alchemists of old were in search of, the transmutation of one element into another, though all of them bear a resemblance sufficiently close to justify their common relationship to a distinct group. For an explanation of this continual change from uranium compounds into subsidiary and allied forms we must await the results of further experiments and research. There is thus a constant production of radium in uranium-bearing formations, which accounts for the existence of the substance in the earth, as otherwise it would have all disappeared long ago, for two thousand years is a short period in geological epochs. Sir William Ramsay gives radium a shorter life-period than two thousand years in the light of experiments he made on radium bromide containing 53·6 per cent. of metallic radium; but even if the life-period were in error to a considerable extent, the presence of the substance in the earth would still require an explanation, which is provided by the known transmutation which is taking place.

Now we come to recent researches regarding the dissipation of radium, and the nature of the substances formed by its disintegration. We have up to the present been concerned with its production; now we must look upon the other side of the balance-sheet. There are three distinct kinds of rays emitted from radium, known as α, β, and γ rays. The experiments of Sir William Ramsay and Professor Soddy show that there is a continual evolution of the gas helium from radium. The α particle carries off helium at a rate which Sir James Dewar shows to be about 0·46 cubic millimètre of the gas per day from one gramme—that is to say, a pound of radium would give off about 47 cubic inches of this gas in a year. The presence of helium has been proved in almost every mineral, and the evidence that radium is the source of helium is very strong, for the amount of helium present bears a fairly constant ratio to the amount of radium in the mineral. The emerald is a notable exception to this constant relationship, for it contains much more helium than can be accounted for by the radium it contains, and so far no satisfactory explanation of this anomaly has been put forward. The γ rays are similar in penetrative power to the X-rays of the Crookes tube, and in this respect are thousands of times more powerful than the α rays containing the helium atoms. It is, therefore, in the α rays that we find another element formed from the disintegration of the radium, and the discharge of these particles is continuous, but not, as was previously supposed, everlasting.

As for the practical applications of radium to industry and medical purposes, much remains to be done before anything can be said with confidence on that point. The great cost of obtaining it by freeing it from its native surroundings will, as far as can be seen, preclude its use in any large quantity, and up to the present the total amount extracted does not exceed a few grammes. The Radium Institute in London was founded on the initiative of King Edward, with funds provided by Sir Ernest Cassel and Lord Iveagh; and in December 1910 Sir Ernest Cassel acquired for it, at the price of £15,000, one gramme of radium

for medicinal, curative, and research purposes. It has proved its usefulness in the cure of certain diseases, such as rodent ulcer and nævus; but whether the long-sought-for cure for cancer will be found through its application remains to be seen.

It is not without interest to speculate upon the utility of large quantities of radium, if ever it could be produced on a commercial scale. The energy given off by twelve pounds of radium, if fully utilised under the boiler of a perfect steam-engine, would develop one horse-power continuously; and thirty-two tons of radium in the furnaces of the *Mauretania* would propel the ship by developing the same power now generated at the expense of hundreds of tons of coal a day. Need I say that this method of saving our coal-resources is hardly likely to be put into practice; for even if this amount of radium were so situated in available places as to be extracted, the interest on the capital expenditure would more than pay for all the coal required for the ships of the Empire that sail the ocean for all time to come. Moreover, there might be difficulties and dangers in the use of large quantities of radium which at present we cannot estimate, but which may be surmised.

CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLGIRLS.

By MAY BALDWIN,
Author of *A Popular Girl, Two Schoolgirls of Florence*, &c.

PART I.

IN my wanderings through Europe, in any town in which I have made a stop, one of the 'sights' that I have always asked to be shown has been the best girls' school in the place.

In Paris, Berlin, Munich, Milan, Florence, Rome, Moscow—in any little country town or mountain-village where I happened to stay for a few days—I invariably found my way, with or without an introduction, to the accredited best girls' school, and, with one exception (of which more will be said later), I never found any difficulty in obtaining permission to go over it and talk to the mistresses and girls. And, without exception, there is one question which I never escaped being asked after having been shown a school—a question which possibly may arise in the minds of some of my readers, but one which I carefully refrained from answering—and that question was, 'Which country has the best schools, in your opinion?'

Naturally, each questioner hoped that her own country would be selected, but feared that English schools would be given the preference. Neither hopes nor fears were realised, though I managed to give an answer that satisfied; which, indeed, was not difficult, for there was always something to praise and much to interest and instruct.

It is in the hope of passing on that interest and instruction that this article is written. And here it may be well to explain that the interest lies, not in the points of resemblance between the various girls and their schools—which, since teachers have met in congress, interchanged visits to each other's countries, and compared educational methods, are many—but in the differences; and it is from this point of view that these experiences are related.

Teachers in London and in Moscow encourage their younger pupils' love of botany by growing acorns in bottles; new methods of teaching languages and science are adopted almost simultaneously by the enterprising in different countries; and there is not so great a difference in the time-tables in efficient schools in England and abroad as might be expected. Mathematics and science are not strong points, generally speaking, with the Gallic races, nor art with the Anglo-Saxon and Teutonic; while the Slavs have an art of their own and an excellent all-round education. But literature, geography, and history are taught—from different points of view, be it understood—much in the same fashion, though the history has always a bias in their own favour and in the disfavour of other nations. 'By their fruits ye shall know them;' and I have judged schools by the intelligence of their pupils, with many of whom I have had interesting and instructive conversations.

One point which strikes an Englishwoman in Continental establishments—and this applies, more or less, to all European countries—is the status of the teacher.

In no country does she hold the honourable position which is hers in England. The French saying that a woman who leaves her home to earn her own living is *déclassée* still holds good to a great extent; though this prejudice is being weakened, thanks to British influence.

Only the other day, however, a broad-minded Italian lady said to me, with a shake of the head, 'It may do for you English, who are so independent; but, in my opinion, for a girl to teach in a girls' public school—it is *impossible*. If she must earn her own living, let her go as governess into a private family, where at least she would be protected;' and the average Frenchwoman of the upper classes will say the same thing.

The Germans and Russians are more advanced in their ideas; but even the latter nation, when seeking an honourable employment for the widows

and undowered daughters of their officers and Government officials, give them the charge of dopôts for the sale of *vodka*, the brandy of Russia and a Government monopoly, which they sell from behind a wooden partition of the depôt, through a small window.

As a natural result, the teachers in foreign schools are not of the same class as those in English schools; and though many estimable and cultured women are to be found among them, their influence is not such a refining one.

In Catholic countries, women of even the highest ranks with a vocation for teaching enter religious teaching orders; but these have not always been of the high standard to which they are being brought now, and in many places the convent schools have been abolished.

On entering a school abroad the first thing that an English pupil notices (and generally dislikes) is the dress. In all good schools on the Continent uniform is worn by the girls; and in Russia and Italy the teachers in the schools I visited all wore black—which is, I believe, obligatory in Italian Government schools. Simple dresses of blue, gray, black, or brown, with simply trimmed hats, are the rule for boarders; while in many day-schools the pupils wear black overalls—'to hide the ink-stains,' as a little girl once confided to me; and English girls soon get used to their uniform, and like it as saving trouble.

Another point of difference between English and Continental schools is the division of the school-year. In England, generally speaking, it is divided into three terms of thirteen weeks each, making a total of thirty-nine weeks of school-work and thirteen weeks of holidays—three weeks or a month at Christmas, a fortnight at Easter, and seven or eight weeks in summer, usually in August and September.

To take the girls' schools and schoolgirls most unlike our own, it is only necessary to cross the silver streak, which, though so narrow, defines so sharply the boundary between Anglo-Saxon and Gaul; for French schools and schoolgirls are as a whole very unlike English ones.

The discipline is different; and the manners, customs, and ways of thought of French girls are so very unlike those of English girls that they rarely become great friends, the Anglo-Saxon and Gallic minds being so diverse. One thing is certain: such friendships are not encouraged by the authorities in French schools, the ideas of English girls upon the position of women, and, above all, their views upon marriage (which they think is a matter for a girl to decide for herself) being considered quite too dangerous and impossible.

The average French schoolgirl, it must be admitted, is by nature frivolous, and more bent upon amusing than instructing herself. To try to interest her in the dry facts of science or mathematics is to despair; but read a poem to her, and you find that they are poets every one. Or rouse their sympathies—an easy task—and a breathless silence reigns in place of the inattentive buzz which accompanies a lesson on science or mathematics.

The French are proverbial for their good manners; though I have heard their irate English schoolfellows, when they have fallen out with them, declare wrathfully that they can be ruder than English girls.

Now that the convent schools have mostly disappeared, and efforts to replace them with secular schools taught by pious lay persons have had small success, their place is being taken more and more by the *lycées* and other Government schools, where a good education is given, and girls are allowed more freedom, *à l'Anglaise*, as they say; but it remains to be seen what will be the effect on the mind of a schoolgirl of a system in which the idea of the Deity is considered a myth, and belief in the supernatural a sign of weak-mindedness.

In Germany the most unobservant tourist is generally struck by the sight of children of all ranks and ages trotting along the streets in the coldest weather, as in summer, before eight o'clock in the morning, with well-filled satchels on their backs or under their arms, generally (but not always) accompanied by a man or maid servant, on their way to school. In the case of the infants it is the *Volkschule*, or National School, to which little girls as well as boys of all ranks are sent.

German girls are certainly very industrious. What they do they do well; and they do many other kinds of needlework than the cross-stitch which we English used unfairly to say was their one idea of fancy work; though this is a very favourite way of ornamentation—gowns, aprons, towels, linen, and antimacassars being elaborately worked in this manner. The work may not be beautiful or artistic, but it lasts for ever; and it teaches a habit of industry which makes the German schoolgirl later the proverbial good *Hausfrau*.

But whether it be needlework, music (in which they excel), literature, mathematics, or history, it is well taught and well and thoroughly learnt.

I listened once to a history lesson in a German school. It was the history of Germany; but the teacher, a professor of the university, questioned and was answered readily upon the contemporary history of England, France, Italy, Austria, and Russia, whether it had any bearing upon Germany or not. And great was the chagrin among my compatriots when the professor interrogated an English girl upon British foreign policy, and, failing to get a reply from her, passed the question on to a German girl, who gave the right answer—'which we had none of us ever heard before,' the English girls explained to me. In this case truth compels me to say that the girls ought to have known the historical fact;

but I have seen and even been taught out of German history books which record facts not told in any English history, and give a number of victories over the British calculated to humble one considerably. And hot have been the arguments over these histories and even geographies, for they were not flattering or fair to the British.

The German schoolgirl is not demonstrative like the French; but she makes up for it in sentimentality, and this has given rise to a word which is not to be translated into any other language, and that is *Schwärmerei*—a devotion to some other girl or mistress, at which we English girls used to scoff, for it took such silly forms as carrying about the loved one's photo or writing poems to her. But it does not prevent a German girl from forming a true and lasting friendship with an English girl, which the French girl's nature does not as a rule permit.

To pass from Germany to Italy, though only Switzerland divides the two countries, is to make a great change, for we pass from Teutonic to Latin; and here the two characters amalgamate even less than the French and English, and the dislike is mutual. The Italians find the Germans 'tactless and wanting in delicacy'—a word the French and Italians use much; and the Germans retaliate by calling the Italians 'lazy and unreliable in temper'—in other words, they have the artistic temperament. For they are artists, one and all, the Italians; and their love of art is a passion with them, which it is not with their Teutonic neighbours, despite their love of Wagner and music in general.

One must speak as one finds; and I have found Italian schoolgirls sincere and affectionate, in the north especially so, and not so quick-tempered as in the south, though they are vivacious enough everywhere in Italy. In that country education is carried on either in convents or public institutions under Government. In a large Italian town I visited in 1909, on two consecutive days, two schools, each of which I was assured by different authorities was the best school in the town, if not in Italy. One was a large convent school, the other a royal school, both of them held in magnificent buildings; the royal one, indeed, had been the palace of a king of Italy. At both schools the girls wore black overalls over some kind of gray uniform.

The convent school was founded by a rich Italian noblewoman, who built a beautiful house for a school and laid out delightful grounds; and here the teachers are women of good birth, who teach for love of the work, and have all passed examinations. At this particular school—and it was by no means exceptional in Italy—holidays spent at home were discouraged, and the girls only went home for one day every half-year. The argument was that they would have their minds filled with frivolous thoughts and distracted from their studies; so, instead of going home for the holidays, they spend them at school, and for the three or four months of holidays the whole school migrates to a villa by the sea or in the mountains. The intercourse of the girls with their parents and relatives is restricted to a visit once a week in the large reception-room or *parlatorio* of the convent, which is provided with a cushioned seat all round the walls and little groups of chairs for each family. But into the *parlatorio* boys over fourteen are not admitted; special arrangements and permission must be obtained for them.

There may be some excuse for the restriction as regards holidays at home; for an intelligent Italian schoolgirl told me gravely that, though school began at the end of October, it was not the fashion to return for the first week at least. And she deliberately stopped at home for that week, though she had an examination looming in the distance, and worked very hard for it!

The head-mistress of this convent school—a nun—was an enthusiastic educationist; and her second in command, who showed me the school, related how, when the Italian Government took education in hand, and, with its new rules and regulations and higher requirements, practically shut up many of the private and conventual schools, she invited inspection and co-operation, brought her school into line with the Government standard, and, without allowing it to lose in the least its former character, gained Government and royal patronage; and she still proudly calls her school, if not the best, one of the best girls' schools in Italy.

One feature of this school was the beautiful and artistic needlework executed by the pupils, for which rooms were set apart, and to which girls repaired, in the words of the teacher, 'whenever they had a spare half-hour, to recreate themselves with a little needlework.' And very exquisite work it was—tapestry on huge frames, embroidery, pillow and needle lace of all kinds. I saw some cobweb-like point de Venise and other laces for which Italy is famous, as well as plain needlework.

It was with great pride that the teacher next showed me a number of bathrooms, which she supposed I had not expected to see in Italy; adding gracefully that they had learnt their benefit from the English. The attempt made to introduce gymnastics with apparatus into girls' schools failed, as the feeling was against it; the girls confined themselves to simple drill.

Here, as one might expect, almost every girl learnt painting, and every schoolgirl knew her Dante. In Florence I heard a little boy of five ask his father whether he was not old enough now to read the *Divina Commedia*. His sister, aged nine, had read parts of it.

In both schools they mentioned as noteworthy that the schools were heated. In former days this was not usual; people were hardier and less

luxurious, and fires were not known in the schools, nor indeed in most Italian houses. The English had probably much to do with the introduction of this comfort. I was once asked to help in a *Scuola di Carità*—not, as it literally means, a charity school, but what we would call a 'continuation school'—where voluntary teachers taught Italian working girls—milliners' apprentices and others—English, French, painting, drawing, designing, and other subjects. It was not heated; and in winter we froze, for there was no heating apparatus, and a *scaldino*, or earthenware pan full of charcoal, does not appeal to me as a means of warming one's self. But in spite of the cold, my pupils (some twenty working girls) came regularly once a week, and sat for two hours learning English, in which tongue I occasionally receive pretty little letters full of grateful remembrances of those chilly hours, very well expressed, too, though the spelling puzzles them terribly.

(To be continued.)

THE SAILOR IN THE LIBRARY.

THE seaman who would fight his battles over again in the sunset of life need have no difficulty in refreshing his memory in the library, for the sea has played a wonderful part in literature, sacred and profane; in Bible story, in heathen mythology, in the classics, and in medieval and modern prose and verse. In the holy writings it figures in the Flood, in the passage of the Red Sea, and in the shipwrecks of Jonah and Paul; while the Psalmist, a lover of both still and running waters, frequently employs it in the wonderful imagery of his immortal song. In the classics we get magnificent Mediterranean pictures of calm and storm in the voyage of Ulysses, the shipwreck of Æneas, and the tempest that terrified the exiled Ovid.

Of the brooding bitterness of the sea, Edrisi, Von Humboldt, Victor Hugo, De Amicis, and Conrad give their versions. The mystery of its darkness, with the beauty of its dawn, is rendered by Loti in *Pecheur d'Islande*, by Lamartine in the *Voyage en Orient*, and by Stevenson in his *Essays of Travel;* its storms shriek in the *Cruise of the Midge*, in *Mr Midshipman Easy*, and in *The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor';* while its calms brood in Masefield's *Tarpaulin Muster* and in Bullen's *Sack of Shakings*.

Of shipping, too, there is a mighty literature. The change from sail to steam, the whole theme of books by Clark Russell and others, is referred to in Conrad's *Mirror of the Sea*, as well as in Van Dyke's *Opal Sea* and Wells's *Future in America*. Life on board ship from the standpoint of the tourist is variously interpreted by Darwin, Dickens, Washington Irving, and Kipling.

In our poetry the sea has hardly filled as important a place as might have been expected. With the exception of Montgomery's *Pelican Island*, a work of somewhat artificial sentiment, the only considerable sea-poem in the language is William Morris's *Life and Death of Jason*, which contains fine passages descriptive of the eastern Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, for which he owed some of his inspiration to Wordsworth and most of his sea-lore to one Captain Thomas James, deals less with the phenomena of the sea than with the penance and remorse of a seaman who has shot an albatross. Coleridge had no knowledge of the sea when he wrote the poem other than might have been picked up by rambles on the beach, and it was not until a year later that he made his first short voyage. Tennyson's best-known sea-piece, apart from the nautical flavour of *Enoch Arden* and the seashore setting of *Sea Dreams*, is the *Ballad of the Revenge*. In one respect this fine piece has suffered like Macaulay's *Spanish Armada;* it is the constant victim of the enthusiasm of amateur reciters, whose lisping 'At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay' is too often the prelude to a woeful exhibition of inefficient anxiety to entertain.

THE SANDHILLS.

We went across the barren lands
Towards the barren sea;
The pimpernel beneath our feet,
The ragwort to our knee,
The hollows lined with silver weed,
The grasses blowing free.

Veiling the sun, a thundercloud
In skies of amber lay,
Like a dim agate ringed with gold;
And far above the bay
Streamed crimson the funereal plumes
Of the departing day.

Below the purple cliffs, the loud
Wild waters broke in spray—
Salt spray of tears, of foundered ships,
Of sailors drowned and gray;
And o'er the wave a shadowy gull
Swept wailing on its way.

Gray was the ebbing tide, and dun
The lonely waste; but high
Over the sandhills, like a hope
Unto fulfilment nigh,
The moon, a silver boat, had sailed
Into the evening sky.

C. A. Dawson Scott.

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A MEMORY OF OLNEY.

By HENRY H. BROWN.

WHAT is my recollection of Olney? It is the memory of a long, curved street of irregular brick houses, with brightly polished window-panes, white sashes, and fresh white curtains; of a railway station at one end of this street, and at the other a market square, with an old elm in the middle and a flag-staff towering through the foliage; of a many-arched bridge, with white-railed approaches, spanning the narrow channels of the sluggish Ouse; of roads bordered by hedges of hawthorn and bitter-sweet, over which the wild convolvulus tossed its pure white bells, even flinging them up into the hedgerow trees. Nor can I forget in this retrospect 'The Bull,' most comfortable of hotels, worthy to be hailed with the 'Carissime Taurorum' of Cowper, and to be remembered with the Holly-Tree Inn and the hostelries beloved of Dickens.

But the memory of memories at Olney is that of the gentle poet whom I have just mentioned. His name is everywhere, and associations with him are discovered on every hand. In the market-square is his house, now the Cowper Museum; in an outhouse is the pew in which he worshipped, brought from the parish church; in an adjoining garden is the 'greenhouse,' as he called it, in which he read and wrote, and listened to the bees humming in the mignonette; and in the fields and woods are the walks which were his delight, and which furnished the setting of his poems. 'My descriptions,' he says, 'are all from nature, not one of them second-handed. My delineations of the heart are from my own experience.'

The scenes amidst which a great poet received his inspiration have in all cases a deep interest for the book-lover; but this is especially true in the case of Cowper. He dwelt at Olney in unbroken seclusion for a great part of his life. He remarks in one of his letters: 'The world is before me; I am not shut up in the Bastille; there are no moats about my castle, no locks upon my gates of which I have not the key; but an invisible, uncontrollable agency, a local attachment, an inclination more forcible than I ever felt even to the place of my birth, serves me for prison walls and for bounds which I cannot pass.' The reason is not doubtful. A mental constitution originally delicate had been weakened by the irreparable loss of his mother in childhood, shaken by cruel usage at school, and overstrained by the injudicious action of his friends. He fell out of the battle of life sorely wounded, but maintained from his position in the rear a watchful observation of the progress of the struggle. His attitude towards the world at large is sufficiently indicated by the motto which he chose for himself: *Bene vixit, qui bene latuit;* and which may be freely translated, 'He has lived well who has lived in complete seclusion.'

It thus happens that Olney is still the land of Cowper, the unforgetable scene of *The Task.* Even his friends the lace-makers are as poorly paid as ever. I made some inquiry on this point, and found that an ordinary worker will receive about six shillings for what involves the labour of a month. Yet there is injustice somewhere if it be true, as I was told, that the agent who pays six shillings for a lace collar will sell it in London for a guinea. There seems to be room at Olney for the best kind of philanthropic effort in obtaining for these poor workers such remuneration for their labour as may encourage them to exercise this beautiful handicraft more extensively and more perfectly.

This circumstance recalls an aspect of Cowper's character which might have been made more prominent by his biographers. Much has been said of his piety, his sensibility, his humour, his delight in domestic pleasures, his love of animals, and his sympathy with nature, but less of his thoughtful kindness towards the poor; and yet this was one of his most lovable attributes, as witness the following passage: 'When a poor woman, and an honest one, whom we know well, carried home two pair of blankets, a pair for herself and husband, and a pair for her six children, as soon as the children saw them they jumped out of their straw, caught them in their arms, kissed them, blessed them, and danced for joy.'

The most agreeable of my memories associated with Cowper is the walk to Clifton Reynes through the meadows near the Ouse. I am inclined to believe that this is the route followed in *The Winter Morning's Walk.* But one must not be too positive, because the poem does not contain any express statement on the subject; it merely furnishes a slight clue by referring to

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a mill where the poet admired the delicacy of the frost-work about the wheel. We know that this walk was a favourite, leading as it did to Clifton Rectory, the residence of the Joneses, through whom Cowper made the acquaintance of Lady Austen, the originator of *John Gilpin* and *The Task*. Just before one ascends the 'cliff' or bank, which gives its name to the village, the path passes over two brick arches which cross channels once the tail-races of a mill, but now choked with mud, sedges, and overgrown vegetation. The buildings of this mill have disappeared; but they were standing in Cowper's time, and we may fairly assume that here he saw the frozen spray, and consequently that his morning's walk took this course.

A wicket-gate near Olney Vicarage gives access to a path which, passing by hedges, gardens, and orchards radiant with blossom in spring and laden with fruit and walnuts in autumn, leads to meadows that stretch for nearly a mile between Olney and Clifton. The track is laid with cobble-stones to prevent its being washed away when Ouse 'overfloweth his banks,' as he is very apt to do in harvest and at other times. The river is divided into separate channels, and these streams are crossed by white-painted wooden bridges, closed at the ends with swinging gates to exclude the cattle which are grazing on the long, sweet grass.

Standing on the middle bridge, we look round upon a typical Bucks landscape, reminiscent of Constable or one of the old English masters. The charm of such scenes lies less in the beauty of particular details than in a general impression of peacefulness. One does not expect mountains, precipices, and waterfalls in North Buckinghamshire, but is content with the less romantic, though not less pleasant, effects of grass and foliage, water and sky. Overhead, the deep blue is chequered by masses of white cloud, and the upper air is filled with the liquid carolling of larks. On all sides are meadows clothed with a rich crop of grass, where herds of cattle are grazing, and here and there is the gleam of water, as some part of the Ouse comes into sight. As we look back, the town is almost hidden by the solid mass of Olney Church, large but lacking in interest, with its tower and lofty spire, the high buildings at the mills, and a number of elms. As we look forward, the view is closed by a wooded bank rising from the riverside, and crowned by the village of Clifton Reynes and a most interesting twelfth-century church with a battlemented tower. Beneath the bridge where we stand the stream flows gently in a clear current, rippling against tall rushes, the sword-shaped leaves of the yellow iris, and the crimson stems of the water-dock. Perch are darting from one tuft of water-weeds to another; and farther down, where the channel widens into a pool, a number of cows are wading in the cool water. If the time happens to be Sunday morning there is a pleasant sound of bells. First comes a mellow peal from Clifton Reynes, bell following bell in regular and graduated succession; then the louder, but somewhat harsher, tones from Olney Church; and, lastly and more faintly, the chimes at Emberton. The whole scene leaves a sense of placid calm which continues to impart refreshment after one has left it far behind.

The walk to Weston Underwood, which forms the subject of the first book of *The Task*, is another delightful memory. Every step here is taken on classic ground. The ordinary tourist may go by the highway, but the lover of Cowper must walk in the footsteps of the master. He will leave the town by a field-path which keeps to high ground, whence he looks down into the valley of the Ouse, and sees the river winding like a 'blue ribbon on the grass,' to use an apt simile of Hugh Miller. To the left hand is the First Spinney, where Cowper spent many hours in wrestling in prayer for Newton and himself. To the right hand is the cottage which he named the Peasant's Nest, and which is still so called, although the rustics, mistaking the allusion, twist the appellation into Pheasant's Nest. Passing through the Second Spinney, with its mysterious circle of ancient yews, of which the history appears to be unknown, one enters the 'length of colonnade,' or chestnut-avenue, where stand the great trees which sheltered the poet and led him, in the gratitude of his heart, to immortalise both them and their owner, 'Benevolus,' Mr Throckmorton. Descending to the 'rustic bridge,' and ascending to the park of Weston Underwood, we come to an indistinct path leading to the 'proud alcove.' This building presents much the same appearance as it did in the poet's days, and is even more disfigured with names cut on the panels 'in characters uncouth and spelt amiss.' No one can gaze unmoved from this alcove on the extensive prospect of rich grass and richer foliage, the avenue of chestnuts he has just left, and the still finer avenue of limes he is about to enter. No place, not even Cowper's houses in Olney and Weston Underwood, seemed to me so full of memories as this spot, which is truly sacred to his genius, and the principal shrine at which his admirers must offer their tribute of eulogy and appreciation.

The lime-avenue brings us to the public road, and the road takes us to Weston Underwood, a very pretty village in which Cowper spent many years subsequent to his leaving Olney and prior to his removal to Norfolk. It is well known how he dreaded and shrank from this last wrench. I have seen the pathetic lines written with trembling hand upon the window-shutter at Weston:

> **Farewell, dear scenes, for ever closed to me;**
> **Oh for what sorrow must I now exchange ye!**

Yet he was made as happy at East Dereham as

his mental condition permitted, and his relative Mr Johnson tended him till his death with the most affectionate devotion.

The lover of Cowper who visits Olney and Weston regrets this removal upon another ground. He can see the two houses in which the poet dwelt, the garden where he played with his tame hares, the summer-house in which he read and wrote, and the country through which he wandered and which inspired much of his poetry. But he cannot see Cowper's grave.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER IX.

'I THINK I'll go over and see Toffy,' said Peter to himself one day in the following week. Mr Semple had been down to Bowshott again, bringing a mass of correspondence with him, and had left that morning. Nigel Christopherson was ill at Hulworth with one of his usual appalling colds which brought him as nearly as possible to the grave every time they attacked him. Peter once again read through the letters and papers which he and the family lawyer had pored over until the small hours of the morning, and then he ordered his horse and rode over to see his friend.

No one ever arrived at Hulworth without remarking on the almost grotesque ugliness of the house. It was a flat-faced, barrack-like residence, with a stuccoed front and rows of ill-designed windows. A grim-looking flight of stone stairs with iron railings led to the front door, and beyond that were large and hideous rooms filled with treasures of art incongruously hung on lamentable wall-papers or pendent over pieces of furniture which would have made a connoisseur's eyes ache. The house and its furnishings were a strange mixture; the owner of the grim pile, be it said, had a mind which presented a blank to the dictates of art, and it puzzled him sorely to determine which of his possessions were beautiful and which were not. He had heard people become enthusiastic over his pictures, which he thought hideous; while they had frankly abused his furniture, which he was inclined to think was everything that was desirable.

'There's only one way,' he used to say hopelessly, 'in which a fellow can know whether a thing is ugly or the reverse, and that is by having a price fixed to it. If only some one would be kind enough to stick on a lot of labels telling me what the things are worth, I should know what to admire and what to shudder at; but, as it is, the things which I, personally, like are always the things which other people abuse.'

Alas for Sir Nigel and his lightly held treasures of art! his pictures and the vases ranged in great glass cases in the hall were heirlooms, and Toffy in his most impecunious days would often look at them sadly and shake his head, murmuring to himself, 'I'd take five hundred pounds for the lot, and be glad to get rid of them.' There were times when, in a gentle, philosophical way, he felt a positive sense of injury in thinking of the vases behind the big glass doors, and he would then go into intricate and complicated sums in arithmetic whereby he could tell what it cost him per annum to look at the contents of the cases and at the old portraits in their dim frames.

This afternoon he was lying on a florid and uncomfortable-looking sofa, in a very large drawing-room, in front of a fireplace of white marble in scroll patterns and with a fender of polished steel. It was probably the ugliest as well as the least comfortable room in the house; but it happened to be the only one in which there was a good fire that afternoon; and Toffy, descending from his bedroom, weak and ill with influenza, had come in there at two o'clock, and was now lying down with a railway-rug placed across his feet, and his head uncomfortably supported by a hard roller-cushion and an ornamentation in mahogany which gracefully finished off the pattern of the sofa-frame. Many men when they are ill take the precaution of making their wills; Sir Nigel's preparation for a possible early demise always took the form of elaborately and sadly adding up his accounts. He had a large ledger beside him on the sofa, and slips of paper covered with an intricate array of figures which neither he nor any one else could possibly decipher.

His faithful valet, Hopwood, had been despatched to London in order to learn chauffeur's work; for Toffy had decided, after working the matter out to a fraction, that a considerable saving could be effected in this way. His debts to the garage were being duly entered amongst Toffy's liabilities at this moment as he lay on his sofa in the vast, cold drawing-room.

The drawing-room was not often used now. But it was the custom of his housekeeper to air the rooms once a week; and, this being Wednesday, she had lighted a fire there, while Lydia, a young housemaid and general factotum, had allowed all the other fires to go out. There was a palpable sense of chilliness about the room, and in one corner of it the green-and-gold wall-paper showed stains of damp. Long, gilded mirrors between tall windows occupied one side of the room, and had marble shelves beneath them, upon which were placed ornate Bohemian-glass vases and ormolu clocks and candlesticks.

Some uncovered and highly polished mahogany tables imparted a hard and austere look to the apartment. The windows, with their aching lines of plate-glass, were draped with rep curtains of vivid green, while the floor was covered with an Aubusson carpet exquisite in colour and design. And between the green woollen bell-ropes on each side of the fireplace and above the cold hideousness of the marble mantelpiece hung a portrait by Romney of a lady as beautiful as a flower.

Sir Nigel at lunch had endeavoured to eat part of a chicken which his housekeeper had warmed up with a little gray sauce; and he was now wondering, as he lay on the sofa, whether any one would come if he were to tug at the green bell-rope over his head, or whether he could make his own way upstairs to his bedroom and get some fresh pocket-handkerchiefs. He had had a temperature for the greater part of the week, and he was now feeling as if his legs did not altogether belong to him; while, to make up for their feebleness and lightness, his head was most insistently there, and felt horribly hot and heavy.

He had just decided that he had better mount the long stairs to his room, for there was not only the consideration of handkerchiefs, but there was some medicine which the doctor had told him to take, but which he always forgot at the right moment. He thought the journey had better be made now, and that he could do the two things at one and the same time. He walked with uneven steps to the window and looked out upon some stretches of field which were euphemistically termed the Park, and was watching some sheep huddled together to protect themselves from the first sharp touch of frost, when he heard the sound of hoofs, and saw Peter ride up to the door.

'It's an extraordinary thing,' he said to himself, as he saw his friend dismount; 'Peter always seems to come when you want him. I believe he has got some sort of sense which tells him when his friends are down on their luck!'

Peter would, of course, fetch the medicine from upstairs, and the pocket-handkerchiefs. Toffy wondered if he had ever felt ill in his life, and thought to himself, gazing without envy at the neat, athletic figure on the horse, what a good fellow he was. Toffy crept back to the sofa again, and extending his thin hand to Peter as he entered, said, 'You see here the wreck of my former self. Sit down, Peter, and ring for tea; there isn't the smallest chance of your getting any.'

'Why didn't you come to Bowshott, you ass, if you are ill?' said Peter sternly. 'You will kill yourself some day coming down to this half-warmed barn in the winter-time.'

'It isn't half-warmed,' said Toffy. 'I wish it was! This room is all right, isn't it? I aired another sofa by sleeping on it last night.'

'What on earth for?' demanded Peter, still in a tone of remonstrance. Toffy had been his fag at Eton, and Peter had got into the habit of taking care of him. He knew his friend's constitution better than most people did, and he expended much affection upon him, and endeavoured, without any success, to make him take care of himself. 'Why didn't you sleep in your bed like a Christian?' he demanded sternly. 'You will kill yourself if you go on playing the fool with your health!'

'The sheets seemed a bit damp in my bed, I thought,' said Toffy simply.

'Then why didn't your idiot of a housekeeper air them?'

'The duty of airing sheets is invested in the person of one, Lydia, the niece of the aforementioned housekeeper,' said Toffy. 'I asked her in the morning if my sheets had been aired, and she said that they had not. She further explained that she had taken the precaution of feeling them, and that they had not seemed very wet.'

'Oh, hang Mrs Avory!' said Peter inwardly. 'Why has not Toffy got a good wife to look after him?'

'Look here,' he said decisively, 'I am going to sleep over here to-night, and see that you go to bed, and I'm going to get your sheets now, and warm 'em.'

'You'll get a beastly dinner if you stay,' said Toffy through his nose.

Peter brought the sheets down in a bundle, and placing a row of hideous walnut-wood chairs with their legs in the fender, he proceeded to expose the fine linen sheets to the fire till they were a deep brown.

'They are warmed through,' he said grimly when the smell of scorched linen became intrusive.

'I have been doing up my accounts,' said Toffy; 'and I believe the saddest book I ever read is my bank-book. A chap has been down from the British Museum to look at those vases in the hall, and he says that one of them alone is worth four thousand pounds—four thousand pounds, Peter, for a vase that's eating its head off in a glass case, and might be broken any day by a housemaid, while I perish with hunger!'

'If it's money,' began Peter easily, 'you're an idiot if you don't let me know what you want.'

And then the whole realisation of his uncertain position smote him sharply and cruelly for a moment, as he remembered that he did not know how he stood with the world as regards money, and that probably he was not in the position to lend a five-pound note to any one. He had accumulated, through sheer laziness, a certain number of large debts, the payment of which had never troubled himself or his creditors, who were only too glad to keep his name on their books; but now it seemed that if he were only

to have a younger son's portion he might find himself in debt to his brother's estate. With the lawyer he had gone thoroughly into the will of his father, and found that everything which it was possible to tie up on the elder son had been willed to him. His own share of the patrimony, if his brother were still alive, would be but a small one.

'Rather a beastly thing has happened,' said Peter. He rose from the chair where he was sitting, and went and stood by the marble mantelpiece. The black tie which he wore seemed to accentuate his fairness, and it was a boyish, unheroic figure which leaned against the whiteness of the marble mantelpiece as he began his puzzling tale. It did not take very long in the telling, and until he had finished Toffy did not speak. Indeed, there was silence for some time in the room after Peter had done; and then, there being no necessity for much speech between the two, Toffy said merely, 'What are you going to do?'

'I am going to Argentina next week,' said Peter. 'It seems proved beyond any manner of doubt that my mother paid the passage of a woman and a little boy to go there in the very month and in the year that my brother was supposed to have died, and Cintra or Lisbon is the last place where there is even the vaguest evidence of her having been seen with two boys.'

Toffy lay on the sofa thinking, his arm thrown above his head in the attitude that was characteristic of him during the many weeks of illness that he usually had in the year.

'I can't think why,' he said, 'you should go yourself. There must be plenty of lawyers in Buenos Ayres who would undertake to see the thing through for you.'

'You see,' said Peter, 'if my brother has been done out of the place for twenty-five years, and if he is a good chap, and all that, I suppose the least one could do would be to try to look as if one didn't grudge giving him back his own.'

Probably there is an element of fairness about English men and women which obtrudes itself from time to time to their personal disadvantage; and Peter already found himself occupying, in his own mind at least, the position of a younger son.

'We will brave the terrors of the vasty deep together,' said Toffy; 'it's no use your going alone.'

'You ain't up to it,' said Peter gruffly; 'thanks all the same, old chap.'

'I must fly somewhere,' said Toffy—'it doesn't much matter where.'

'Has the usual acute financial crisis come?' Peter said, looking affectionately at the long, thin figure on the sofa. 'You can't in the least deceive me into thinking you had better go into Argentina to hunt for a man who has been missing for twenty-five years. It isn't good enough!'

'I shall have to get a lot of boots,' said Toffy thoughtfully; 'it seems the right sort of thing to do when one is starting on an expedition, and I would rather like to get some of those knives that fellows buy when they go out to South America.'

The actual journey to Argentina was not a matter demanding any courage on the part of either of the young men, but the result of the journey might have a grave effect on the fortune of Peter Ogilvie. To-morrow was to have been his wedding-day; and this fact being persistently present to both men, they left the subject to the last. It was with an effort that Peter said, before they parted for the night, 'Whatever happens, we mean to try to be married when I come back. Jane is awfully plucky about it, but this confounded Court of Chancery does not seem to regard me with much favour at present.'

'It's only for a year,' said Toffy hopefully. 'Let's make a solemn covenant that we shall meet in this very room on the 25th of October 1911, with the wedding-day fixed for to-morrow again.'

'Where is your Bible?' said Peter. 'If you haven't one in your pocket or under your pillow, will it do if I kiss your account-book?'

'The whole thing can be just as we intended it to be,' said Toffy cheerfully. 'And this time next year Jane will be staying with Miss Abingdon, and old Wrot will be ironing out his surplice—at least Mrs Wrot will be ironing it, and he will be looking on and thinking he's doing it. And I'll be here, probably with a cold in my head as usual, and thereto I plight thee my troth!'

He fingered in his pocket the wedding-ring which Peter had given him for safe custody, and the care of which had seriously disturbed his slumbers at night. 'I'll keep the ring until then, Peter, and place it on the third finger of Jane's left hand. No, you do that, by the way; and I shall have to wait until I get a wife of my own.'

'Here's to her good health!' said Peter. And they endeavoured to be lively, as befits the subject of marriage; but Peter was thinking that perhaps his own wedding-day might be five years hence, and that, however they might plan that all should be the same as they had first intended, it was a long time to wait. And Toffy was wondering how long Horace Avory meant to live, and if Carrie would mind his going to Argentina, and whether she would write him one of those long, tear-blistered letters in her indistinct handwriting which he found so hard to read, and, suppose Horace Avory never died (as seemed quite likely), what would be the end of it all. Also, he wondered whether Carrie and Miss Sherard would get on well

together if they were to meet, and he hoped with manly stupidity that they might be friends.

And each of the two young men, being absorbed in quite other subjects, talked cheerfully of the voyage, and speculated on what sort of sport they might incidentally get; and they discussed much more seriously the fishing-flies and guns they should take with them than the possible finding of Peter's brother or his own change of fortune.

(To be continued.)

THE MINERAL WEALTH OF PORTUGAL

IN the popular mind Portugal is generally associated with wine and fruit as its only industries and products, yet there are several important mining concerns which add materially to the wealth of the country. For its size it is one of the most highly mineralised countries in the world; but while in the time of the Romans it was the scene of much mining and metallurgical activity, in these days its resources are not developed to the extent that they should be.

The great belt of copper-bearing iron pyrites which springs from the Sierra Morena in Spain passes through Algarve and Estremadura in Portugal, and is lost in the sea near Lisbon. All through its course it is associated with manganese. These are the only minerals south of the Tagus. The Spanish end of the belt is much wider than the part which passes into Portugal, and is worked by many large companies, the most important being the Rio Tinto and the Tharsis mines. The former is the largest mine of any kind in the world. On the Portuguese side, the largest mine is the San Domingos, in the extreme south; farther north the Aljustrel mines, and nearer Lisbon the Mina da Caveira. Besides these there are several others of less importance. This is the copper district of the country.

At the three mines named, the ores containing over 2 per cent. of copper are sold to smelters either in England or on the Continent; and the poorer ores are treated at the mines for the extraction of the copper by exposing the mineral in heaps to the alternate action of air and water, by which means the insoluble sulphide of copper is converted into the soluble sulphate. This copper sulphate is conveyed in solution to wooden canals filled with scrap or pig iron, on which the copper is deposited, a corresponding quantity of iron being at the same time dissolved. After the copper has been extracted in this way, the ore is sold for its sulphur contents to the sulphuric acid manufacturers. The indication of a deposit of pyrites is the appearance of an outcrop of oxide of iron more or less honeycombed. This is called the 'iron cap,' or in Cornwall 'gossan.'

In one of the Portuguese mines where the gossan attains a thickness of one hundred and thirty feet it is treated with marked success for the small quantity of gold and silver which it contains. A large plant was erected there four years ago, and now three hundred tons of gossan are treated daily with most satisfactory results. Doubtless there are many similar deposits in the country, but this is the only one that has been successfully treated.

To the north of Lisbon gold-bearing quartz is found in several places, and is successfully worked. Wolfram is also found, and is worked profitably.

In the north antimony is found in considerable quantity, generally carrying a good deal of gold; but for want of a suitable process the recovery of these metals has not hitherto been profitable. However, a process has been discovered which has been proved to recover both the antimony and the gold at very small cost. It is, therefore, certain that the large deposits of antimonial gold ore will be actively developed in the near future.

Anthracite coal is being worked in the north. Petroleum has been prospected, but not yet worked to any extent.

It is a noteworthy fact that no mine of any importance in either Spain or Portugal has been discovered that has not been worked by the Romans during their occupation of these countries. Wherever mineral outcrops appear the Roman workings are to be found, and in many cases heaps of slag amounting to many thousands of tons, clear proof of the extent of their industry. These slags show that the smelting was very well done—which is the more to be wondered at when we consider the crude nature of their appliances. Traces of their furnaces have been found. These were very small reverberatory furnaces built entirely of stone and fired with wood. In the course of mining in the gossan deposits it is most interesting to break into old Roman workings that have been closed for about fifteen hundred years, and to find traces of work as fresh as if the workmen had only just left them—the marks of the pick, the recess for the oil-lamps, and the sooty stain from these. The writer has frequently come across, in the pyrites workings, portions of shafts and galleries with timbers intact. The sets had been most carefully made, and were well preserved.

In those days only the richest ores were touched, and one cannot help admiring the skill with which they followed these, sometimes taking out from the mass of poorer mineral a wide pocket, at other times following up a narrow

stringer. They evidently did not believe in doing any work simply for the security and comfort of the workers. If the vein was narrow, only the smallest possible space was cut to permit of its being removed. It is difficult to conceive how it was possible for a man to work in these narrow galleries and push past him the broken material. In any case the conditions of work must have been very trying for the men employed; but as it was entirely slave labour, no doubt little consideration was given to them.

While these old workings are most interesting, they have been the cause of many serious accidents in cases where the walls or floor, believed to have been solid and strong, had been weakened by the old workings and collapsed with disastrous results, or when a large accumulation of water in old workings broke into and flooded the mine. Therefore very great care has to be exercised in carrying on work in these old mines.

The mining industry would be much more active than it is if the Government assisted those who are willing to develop the country. Instead of that, however, heavy import duties increase enormously the cost of installations. With the professed object of protecting a few works of little importance, a prohibitive duty of ninety-eight pounds per ton is imposed on all metal on which work has been done. Steel, iron, and zinc plates pay only a comparatively small duty of something like two pounds per ton; but if any work has been done on them, such as a hole bored or a part filed or painted, they come under the high duty of ninety-eight pounds a ton. Complete installations are allowed to come in at a lower figure; but when renewals are required it is generally necessary to pay this exorbitant figure. To take an example: on rivets which cost in Britain seventeen pounds per ton, ninety-eight pounds per ton duty is charged in Portugal, and one has either to pay this or buy an inferior article at forty pounds in the country. Thus when any important work has to be done it is generally found best to import the crude material and machinery to manufacture the plant on the spot. It would be much more sensible to admit free of duty everything that was intended for the development of national industries. This duty and the lack of transport facilities are the causes of the great mineral resources of Portugal not being more fully developed.

It is to be hoped that the new form of Government that has now been established will do something to remedy these matters.

While these difficulties have to be reckoned with, labour, the chief outlay, is cheap and good. The ordinary pick-and-shovel man working in the open from sunrise to sunset earns one shilling and eightpence per day, mechanics two shillings and sixpence to four shillings per day, miners for a ten hours' shift earn two shillings and sixpence, and the team-men and brushers two shillings. Therefore, after the cost of the necessary plant and machinery has been met, working costs are very low.

The Portuguese workman has a warm heart and a hot head; and while the head is apt at times to run away with his heart, he is easily managed. So far agitators have not troubled him much. If he finds that his manager treats him with fairness and consideration as well as firmness, he can be trusted to work steadily and give no trouble.

All over the country British goods are considered to be the highest quality obtainable, and Britons are trusted for their straight dealing and business habits. May it long be so!

TOWAGE SERVICES.

PART II.

As the *Bumble* rose to the driving sea a quarrelsome rain-squall swept across her from the clouds low-hung in the windy darkness. The breeze was backing to the south-west, and angry little cross waves were beginning to surge against the tide up over the trending Channel swell. Steaming fast along the dented land-line, they speedily picked up the Lizard light, with the high Cornish coast in a shadowy background. The great beam seemed to blink on the *Bumble* with an almost menacing stare.

'You'd best fix up your fash-dangle in the wheel-'ouse. 'Tis a scrap small an' a bit 'ot an' stuffy like, but 'twill be most convenient, I'm thinkin'," said the skipper, appearing suddenly from out of the heavy drizzle on the bridge. He was in sea-boots and a greatcoat muffled to his ears. 'The missie can 'ave my oilskins, wot's worn summat ragged, but's comfortin' dry.'

'Won't you want them yourself?' the girl demurred.

'Not me,' said their owner stoutly. 'An' don't ye never 'eed the smell of 'em—'tis wholesome, though strong.'

The girl struggled into the stiff garments with an amused laugh, and the fresh, salt-scented air tinged her cheeks with an adorable colour. She was entirely at ease on the plunging tug even in the cumbersome oilskins which were much too large for her; and on the swaying, slippery deck she moved with the light tread of a sailor, heedless alike of the water which churned hissing around her ankles and of the gritty dust from the plentiful soft coal. She had little words of thanks for the dingy men who arose from the

depths of the engine-room to lend a hand in lashing the socketed bamboo mast into position; so that they returned to their shovelling and oiling below in a state of gratified bewilderment. The skipper exhorted and the soldier marvelled.

'I on'y 'opes 'twon't all carry away,' remarked the former dubiously, peering at the gaff of the wireless installation swaying decoratively aloft. ''Twill catch the gale fine up there wot 's beginnin' to snort.'

The complete Marconi receiving-apparatus had been unpacked from some innocent-looking boxes, wires had been rigged and connected, and a delicate detector of the latest, most approved pattern fixed in the wheel-house. It remained now to wait till the message came rustling through the mysterious ether waves.

'Spindle-legs there'—the skipper sniffed in the direction of a collapsed Mr Smellie soon after the megaphone conversation with the Lloyd's station—'is nigh too sick to manage 'is job. Ye 'd best bring an' prop 'im on the locker-seat while waitin'. 'Tis goin' to be a coarse night, an' black as a bog to west'ard. Glass is fallin' remarkable, too.'

Under coercion, the miserable Smellie was wedged in a corner, with the double-eared receiver over his aching head. He was given a paper and pencil to write down messages, and further provided with a handy pail in case of uncontrollable illness. The little interior was smoke-ridden and the oil-lamp flickered greasily. Tommy Mercer felt quite sorry for the hapless man.

The girl was leaning over the bridge-rail of the *Bumble* when Mercer joined her, and so close did he deem it advisable to stand that a stray wisp of golden hair, escaping from under the oil-skin cap, brushed his cheek. The touch thrilled him. She was gazing out into the void of darkness over the heaving sea. Somewhere in that night of denseness the *Quanhattan* was sweeping homewards at full speed, bearing her father, bearing lives and life-stories perhaps as strange as hers. Mercer stood beside her, sheltering her as much as he could from the spray that drove along the decks in gusts as the tug slapped her broad bows into the green seas. His heart was beating fast.

'Do you know you have not told us your name yet?' he said with a sideways glance at the small chin uptilted from the huge oilskin collar.

A little ripple of mischief crossed the lady's face.

'I don't think my name matters,' she remarked evasively. 'You see—when we go ashore again'——

'What then?'

'We shall probably never meet any more.'

'Oh!' said the sub. blankly. 'Why not?'

She flashed the briefest glimpse at him from under demure, long lashes.

'How can we? You are a sailor and live in Cornwall. I shall be going back to London or New York.'

'I am sometimes in London,' the young man informed her swiftly.

She gave a little laugh of girlish embarrassment and ignored this.

'Well, my name is Doreen.'

'Doreen—what?'

'One name is quite enough for to-night,' she challenged, on the defensive. 'Don't you think so, Mr—Thomas?'

That gentleman's conscience ticked suddenly. 'Then I am to call you Doreen?' he queried nevertheless with audaciousness. 'Miss Doreen, I suppose?'

'It certainly isn't Mistress,' said the name's owner coldly. 'How stupid you are! If I were married should I be doing what I am?'

Mr Mercer recollected her errand with mingled relief and mortification.

'I don't see that it is necessary for you to call me anything at all,' the lady instructed him. 'All sailors have sweethearts or wives, and yours mightn't like it.'

'I haven't.' The contradiction was hot, but a wail from the wheel-house intervened.

'That 's Mr Smellie,' cried the girl sharply. 'Quick! Perhaps he 's got a message.'

Mercer considered the interruption most inopportune.

'The Lizard has been talking,' groaned the operator weakly on their entrance. 'Heaps of silly rot, too. Been sending the evening's shore news to sea to be taken after dinner to the passengers on the liners. Telling them how the Suffragettes floated an airship over Westminster, and came down on a gaswork. Votes for women—ugh! I 'd vote for all Suffragettes to be sent to sea in tugs, I would. Good, frisky, stinking craft like this one,' the speaker moaned vindictively.

'Buck up, man!' encouraged Mercer as he paused, exhausted.

'Ain't I doing it?' demanded the telegraphist with sickly indignation. 'You be thankful as we 've got the right tuning—that 's luck, that is. There is something now coming through from out at sea. That 's why I hollered.'

'Can I help?' asked Doreen eagerly.

'Yes, miss. You take the pencil and paper and write down the letters as I spell them out.'

The buzzing noise in the ear-piece held at the receiver's ears chattered, quavering.

'The fellow at sea is calling up the Lizard, telling the station there to wire as follows on to Falmouth,' proclaimed the operator, clutching dizzily for support as the *Bumble* rolled: 'S.S., Q, U, A, N, H, A, T, T, A, N. It 's your message, miss, sure enough. Now he 's off.'

Slowly punctuating the strained silence of the listeners came the dot and dash letters strung in groups. The girl wrote them down on the damp sheet of paper upon the clammy table under the smoky lamp, her quickened breathing alone betraying the tension. Gradually sense evolved from the jumble.

'To Lieutenant Mercer, Royal Artillery, care of Abel Mercer & Co., Falmouth. From Peter B. Farquhar of New York.' Stop.

'Ah!' Tommy could not quite stifle the exclamation.

'That's the wretched man I'm supposed to be going to marry to please dad,' explained the girl in quick-flung parenthesis. 'Brute—as if I should!'

Tommy's face was mask-like.

The letters clicked monotonously, and the reader droned on: 'Hope to arrange satisfactorily to provide for your future to repay the old debt I owe your uncle. Important we meet immediately. I propose'—— The words ceased abruptly.

'Go on, man. What next?'

'Not clear,' said Smellie shortly. 'Message has ceased,' he added a moment later. He pressed the receiver closer to his ears, but no sound came.

'It's a pity we've no sending-key, or we'd ask what's up,' muttered the operator, puzzled, forgetting the illicit nature of his task. 'It's queer.'

The three figures in the little wheel-house waited intent and motionless. A big wave caught the *Bumble* abeam, and drenched, hissing around the obstacles on deck. Captain Croucher was heard in emphatic conversation with a subordinate. Still the wireless was silent.

Suddenly the detector broke into brief life once more. 'S, T, D, B, I,' it spelt.

'What's that?'

'Stand-by,' interpreted Smellie. 'Now he's sending "N, C—N, C—N, C." What the deuce does that mean?'

None of them knew.

Mercer went to the door and shouted through the noise of the battering seas. The skipper appeared, streaming with water, which poured into a pool on the floor.

'Is "N, C" something in the marine code?' he was asked.

'Oily snakes, yes!' The skipper's eyes blazed with excitement. 'It's "In distress; want immediate assistance,"' he ejaculated.

'More coming,' called Smellie with strangely altering face. 'Take it down—quick!'

From the aerial wire overhead down through the detector spun momentous words: 'In [group] collision [group] seriously [group] damaged [group] send [group] help. Message ends.'

'Liner disabled!' trumpeted Captain Croucher, hurling himself deckwards. Next moment he had flung his huge bulk furiously on to the bridge and was roaring down the speaking-tube to the engineer:

'Give 'er all the steam ye can, Joe. It's the *Quanhattan* full o' passengers an' specie. She's worth half a million. Hustle an' move yerselves lively, below there.'

'Ard over!' The *Bumble's* wheel-chains rattled smoothly as the helmsman brought her round in a wide circle into the inky pall of the night. The watchers on her bridge crowded behind the wind-screen, and the powerful little tug bucked, squealing into the gale.

'Reckon the *Quanhattan* can't be more than a matter o' ten mile to west'ard. She'll be runnin' into land if she can steam an' steer. Lord send we finds 'er afore some blamed tramp picks 'er up,' called the skipper piously. 'If 'twas Cockles now, 'e'd 'ave 'is engines adrift from their bedplates in this weather. But the *Bumble's* a fair buster in a blow.—Ain't she, Mr Mercer?'

A cold chill crept down that young gentleman's spine at the name. His girl-companion beside him stiffened perceptibly. Under his breath he denounced his faithful skipper as a clumsy, doddering windbag.

'Yon wireless will 'ave done us a good turn,' the latter opined further. 'Burn a flare,' he shouted to one of the expectant deck-hands.

The red light spluttered, gleaming over the wet deck. It lit Doreen Farquhar's fair little face with its ruddy glow. Her changeful blue eyes met the subaltern's discomfited ones ruthlessly.

'Please don't stand so close to me,' she commanded with coldness. 'I hate people who deceive.'

Tommy edged miserably a fraction farther along the bridge.

'I suppose it has been just a game to you—this,' she continued with icy composure, 'since you were Lieutenant Mercer yourself all the time.'

The culprit mumbled.

'It was a detestable trick of yours to conceal who you were,' she cried. 'Now, if we meet my father what will he think—and say?'

'There is no need for you to meet him,' Tommy was roused to retort.

'How is it to be avoided?' she flashed.

'Easily, if you desire it,' he answered bluntly. 'You can stay below till we arrive in port.'

The girl regarded him dangerously. 'You are the owner of this tug?'

'Yes.'

'And I have hired it for the night. You are all my servants. What is to prevent my ordering you to put back to Falmouth at once?'

'This'—the soldier answered without the slightest hesitation—'that if you ever gave such a command you know perfectly well I should never speak to you again.'

'Oh!' Doreen gasped, dazed.

'I shouldn't ever want to,' Mercer appended laconically.

'But if I wished it?' She was taken aback.

'No one on board would heed you,' he told her with firmness. 'See there!'

As he spoke a rocket soared out of the void ahead and burst in a shower of sparks. The

Bumble's skipper pulled at the siren lanyard, and the ship plunged forward, hooting into the blind darkness of the night. More rockets seared the gloom, banging skywards in urgent calls for help. Again the skipper yelled to the engine-room a fervent adjuration to 'spit on yer 'ands an' stoke.' Others of the tug's crew were wrestling with the boat, getting it swung outboard ready for launching if needed.

The skipper stooped to sweep the black horizon with his glasses, and the patches of foam danced ceaselessly through the Channel night. Suddenly a dim shape loomed up on the tug's starboard bow, and as the *Bumble* climbed over the crest of a huge wave a line of lighted portholes shone sicklily over the water.

'Yonder 's a pretty sight for the insurance people,' opined the tugmaster, shutting away his binoculars. 'Ought to prove a tidy job for us, though,' he muttered with some anxiety, 's' long as she don't take to submarinin' first.'

The steamer was down by the stern and listing slightly to port as well. Her high gray stern was cocked unnaturally upwards. A volume of escaping steam was snoring through her giant funnel. She rolled suddenly on the swell.

'Reckon the sea 's sizzlin' into 'er aft there, an' they 're prayin' the watertight doors 'old tight.' By a little masterpiece of adroit seamanship Captain Croucher twisted the *Bumble* under the lee of the injured liner.

As, however, he swung momentarily broadside on to do this a great green sea crashed over the tug's quarter. In an instant the girl felt herself caught in a grip of steel while the *Bumble* heeled over, quivering like a stricken thing. A hoarse shout, 'Hold on for your lives!' rang out frantically on the canting deck.

Slowly the brave little vessel righted from the shock, and the girl was shrinkingly conscious of deadly peril past. A rather white-faced subaltern of gunners was clinging desperately to the reeling bridge-rail with one sinewy young hand, while the other encircled her waist as in a vice. He was speaking in her ear. 'Come into the wheel-house again at once, and stay there, Doreen,' he said.

She let herself be guided into shelter humbly. Then he was out again in the wind and sea and danger by the skipper's side.

Doreen Farquhar was scared. What was this new compelling influence which this young soldier-stranger already exercised over her girlish will? Why did her heart beat so waywardly at the feel of his arm round her, at the knowledge that he had saved her from being swept overboard into the raging sea? Men often saved women's lives, she believed. The women were grateful, of course; so was she. For the first time Doreen Farquhar discovered what introspection meant; and she pondered why this particular occasion for gratitude produced so warm a glow within her heaving breast.

Then reaction came. He was the odious man who was destined arbitrarily for her husband. Did he imagine that he already possessed a prospective right to her? Her cheeks burned hotly. How silly she had been to obey him so meekly! But when she peered from shelter into the slithering storm outside she was uncommonly glad that she had.

Nevertheless she would be very dignified and severe when he returned to her. She thought over a properly formal speech of thanks, which should be correct and — crushing. She even became impatient to deliver it. She was totally disconcerted to find that he never came.

For intricate manœuvres and much vociferation were occurring on deck. The *Bumble* was edged in towards the liner as closely as her navigator dared approach. He had no mind to be dashed to destruction against the towering bulk of the vessel he was trying to succour.

Then the steamer lit another flare. By its illumination a dusky figure on her bridge conversed through a gaping megaphone.

'We 've been run into by a barque from Tyne to Callao with coal. She 's sunk. We 've got her crew aboard here. We want a tow into Falmouth,' came stentorian tones.

'Ay, ay, sir,' bawled the skipper in answer. 'But we 've got to get a hawser fast first,' he muttered in a lower key.

Here lay the difficulty. Thrice the *Bumble* braved the whirl of the angry seas in a mad rush near to the steamer, and each time the light line thrown by deft hands was blown back into the water by the force of the gale.

(To be continued.)

CONTINENTAL SCHOOLS AND SCHOOLGIRLS.

PART II.

BUT to return to the two other girls' schools of which I have spoken. Of the rival claims to be the best school in Italy it is impossible to judge after a day spent at each. But I believe both give an excellent education, and the time-tables seemed to show much the same time given to the most important subjects, arithmetic not being among these; indeed, I know more than one secondary school in Italy where it is down for an hour weekly. Perhaps its place is taken by a subject which is not to be found in English time-tables, but which is, I believe, on most Italian ones—that is, patriotism (or, as they express it, 'a lesson on the duties and

rights of a citizen')—a moral and patriotic discourse which is very popular with the teachers and pupils alike, for the Italians are very patriotic.

My acquaintance with the Russian tongue is too limited for me to say whether the Russians have a slang. While in Russia I conversed either in French or German. But my Russian friends told me that neither in their own tongue nor in any other foreign language have they found such a difference between the written literature of a country and its spoken one as in England. And this was borne in upon me very forcibly when I came across young foreigners who had learnt English from an uneducated or unrefined Englishwoman; the colloquialisms and slang words which pass among schoolgirls in England sounded ugly in the mouths of foreign children.

I stated at the beginning of this article that, with one exception, I had found no difficulty in obtaining permission to visit any girls' school. I have now come to that exception, which was the First Gymnasium of Moscow, the best girls' school there. This was the more unexpected, as I knew former pupils of the school, and therefore did not anticipate having any difficulty in getting the permission which had been so gladly accorded in other countries. Moreover, as I wished during the short time I was in Moscow to study the Russian character, I did not ask for an introduction to the English Consul, but depended upon my Russian friends for any permits I wanted. Great was my surprise when I was first remonstrated with for wanting to waste my time seeing a girls' school. All girls' schools, my Russian friend assured me, were alike. She had even happened to visit one in England, and it was exactly like a Russian school—the same desks, ink, pens, rooms, and all! And girls were girls all the world over; but if I wished to see schoolgirls of Moscow, she would bring some to see me, both from the First Gymnasium and from others.

This offer I gratefully accepted; and the next day she fulfilled her promise, and I made the acquaintance of a National School girl (the cook's little sister) clad in a neat brown uniform of some thick stuff like wincey.

After her came a pupil of the First Gymnasium, also clad in a neat brown uniform (soft cashmere, I believe). This puzzled me at first, as I knew her to be the daughter of very rich and aristocratic parents. Then it was explained to me that all Russian schoolgirls, of all ranks and ages, wear this uniform—a brown or maroon dress—whatever the grade of the school they attend, the make and material being left to the choice of the parent. This last schoolgirl spoke French fluently, and we became great friends. She was most intelligent, and reminded me more of an English girl than any Continental schoolgirl I have ever met; though I know and love an Italian schoolgirl who tries to copy English schoolgirls in everything—sports, speech, manners, and dress—and yet remains Italian in all; while this Russian girl, without any desire to be English, seemed to have the same ideas as ourselves in many things.

One story of a schoolfellow of hers is very sad; but as it gives another and very important side of schoolgirl character in Russia, and one in which they do not at all resemble English schoolgirls, it may be well to relate it here.

My young friend was fourteen, but her friend was older, and a Revolutionary (so, she remarked in parenthesis, was she); and at a students' meeting which she, like many other Russian schoolgirls, attended, it was decided by the secret society to which they belonged to kill the Governor of Moscow. The elder girl was chosen, or may have offered herself, to drive round the town with the youth (he was not more than eighteen, I believe) who was to throw the bomb. Her presence, my friend explained, was in order to give the drive an innocent appearance. The bomb, as it happened, killed a sentinel; but this did not distress my informant. What did was the fact that this escapade ended the school career of her friend, who was put in prison; and I nearly imperilled our friendship by observing that it was the best place for her.

After the visits of these girls I reiterated my desire to visit a Muscovite girls' school—by preference the First Gymnasium, which contained such an intelligent pupil. But, in spite of the flattery, I was again met by a refusal. If I wished to visit the Kremlin—yes, and any and every other sight of Moscow and its environs which foreigners generally wanted to see—they would gladly show me it; but a girls' school—no, it was impossible!

After much reasoning I was told that permission must be obtained from the Grand Duke at St Petersburg, who was the official head of this school; and that would take weeks, if not months, even if he gave the permission, which was most improbable.

I then declared my intention of calling upon the head-mistress and boldly asking to be allowed to visit her school, as I had done more than once in other countries with success.

Great was the consternation! I was implored not to do any such rash thing; Russia was not 'other countries;' and the General who was the head-master might do—anything!

Eventually, to prevent my getting into mysterious trouble with the General, my friend obtained, through a high official, leave for me to walk through the premises after school-hours (when there were no pupils) under the guidance of a teacher.

Glad to have even this privilege, I went at the appointed hour—an hour after the school closed, to preclude any danger of my meeting the pupils—and found my guide waiting. She

was a cultured and charming woman, and made my visit most interesting, showing me everything that she thought would interest me, and telling me a great deal about the routine.

The school being subsidised by Government, expense was no object. In all my wanderings I never came across a school where money was so lavishly spent, not so much upon the building as upon the staff and equipment of the school; for the building, though commodious, was very plain, being an oblong structure, with a wide staircase leading to a broad corridor (which ran the length of the building) in the middle of each floor, having on both sides of it classrooms for the upper, middle, and lower schools.

There was a room set apart for work, in which was a Singer's sewing-machine, at which one girl was working (making a dress), while another was cutting out under-garments; they were elder girls, about seventeen, and were taking a special course in needlework after school-hours. Another room was arranged for the lady-doctor, who is on the staff, and makes periodical examinations of the girls, investigates excuses for unlearnt lessons, attends any girl who may be taken ill during school-hours, and generally supervises the health of the girls.

In Russia it seems to take two people to do what in England would be one person's work; and in this school there was a double staff of teachers (two for each class or subdivision) and three heads: the Grand Duke in St Petersburg, who controlled the finance (and the visitors, as I knew to my cost); the General, who supervised and had a private room on the premises; and the head-mistress, who also supervised and had her own sanctum—none of these three doing any teaching.

The school course lasts eight years; and a pupil stays in one class for a year, beginning with a teacher in the first class, and ending her school-life in the eighth class with the same teacher, who moves up with her pupils, and is assisted by another lady, who sits beside her and takes her place if she is ill or absent, but otherwise seems to have nothing to do but sit there.

By a telephonic mistake, which I cannot regret, I saw the school again, in school-hours, and the head-mistress, also the General; but this by the way. On this occasion I talked to the girls while they ate their lunch of tea (or cocoa) and bread-and-butter, which they took at eleven o'clock, the school-day ending at two o'clock, at which time the girls go home to their dinner—rather an awkward hour for the parents, they told me, as Muscovites lunch at one as a rule. I had an interesting talk with some elder girls, who spoke English not very well, but French and German fluently; they had all read Dickens. I have yet to find a foreigner who has read at all who has not read our great humorist, either in English or in a translation. They were surprised to find—and they were not the only ones who were surprised to hear—that he depicts a state of society which no longer exists. I was also much edified by a lesson in French given by a Russian teacher to younger children by means of a pictorial chart, not a word of any language but French being allowed, and the girls being helped to tell the story in French as they interpreted it from the chart before them.

I should have seen more but for the advent of the General, who, though very polite, was much surprised to see me there; and, the mistake being discovered, I, with many apologies, withdrew, very glad that I had seen the brown-robed, bright, intelligent girls, with their simply dressed hair as severely combed back as that of German girls, but so interested in their school-work, and so frank and independent, that one could almost imagine one's self in an English school, talking to English girls, but for the language and a certain nervous excitability and a tendency to be *exaltée* and have impossible ideals which betray the Russian.

It being found that I took quite an unpolitical interest in girls' schools, I was asked by other Russians to visit more girls' schools in Moscow. One, a private school, I did visit. The head-mistress had been to England and Germany to study the educational methods of the two countries. Hers was an ideal school, if all I heard was correct. She never punished a pupil, she told me; they were managed by moral suasion, I suppose. Whether this was literally true or not I cannot tell; but I did notice that her girls were happier-looking than any I had seen in Moscow, where people, young and old, were grave rather than gay.

Another interesting school near Moscow is a Royal School founded by the Empress Catharine for the daughters of officers, who stay there ten years—never visiting their homes during that time, though they go out with their teachers. They wore, on the occasion I saw them, white dresses with short sleeves, low cut—rather in the early Victorian style—and simply parted hair, neatly braided.

The Gymnasium girls, who are day-scholars, despise these boarding-school misses as *bornées*. It must be admitted that their knowledge of the world is elementary—a dangerous thing in a country where revolution is in the air and gets wafted into even Royal Schools with dire results, as a case in the papers not long since has shown.

And which country has the best schools? I cannot say; but I do not think any English schoolgirl at a good English school need envy her foreign contemporaries, though she may learn something from each and all of them.

THE MOLES.

By TAFFRAIL.

THE low fort on the summit of the hill, the earth of its parapet and escarpment showing red in the afternoon sun, is crowned with a volume of dun-coloured dust, punctuated here and there by the white, woolly puffs of smoke from the bursting shrapnel. Lower down, and apparently in the body of the fortification itself, a series of miniature eruptions are momentarily becoming more and more frequent. The dust and débris flung up by each fresh explosion shows up well against the background of dust and smoke drifting slowly to leeward on the afternoon breeze; and it is evident that the guns, concealed in a fold of the hills some two miles away to the rear, have found the exact range. Shell after shell, each adding more floating matter to the cloud already commencing to obscure the well-known outline of the fort, crashes home, and we instinctively feel a deep pity for the brave men who have to hold it in the face of such a fearful bombardment. The rumble of the continual explosions, mellowed to a certain extent by the breeze, comes to one's ears in an incessant volume of sound, whose monotony, however, is changed now and then by the whine of the hostile shells cleaving their way through the air *en route* for the bombarding batteries. Occasionally, also, the hum of a bullet is heard above the tumult, and the dread sound, terminating with a vicious *zip* as the missile strikes the ground and ricochets, lets us know plainly enough that we are within easy range of the hostile rifles. The sound of the rifle-fire itself—which during the morning and before the bombardment was heard as a peculiar metallic rattle—has now become merged in the tumult caused by the larger weapons, and nothing except these occasional bullets tells us that rifles are being used.

The hillside itself, on the summit of which the fort stands, is all pitted and furrowed with the craters caused by the shell falling short before the Southerners entrenched themselves upon it; but now the trenches and saps running in all directions across the gentle slope, the freshly turned earth at their edges distinctly marking their progress, have torn up the ground even more, so that the face of the slope now looks like a heap of loosely piled road-metal. The trenches themselves, running across the face of the hill, start in the valley below, which cannot be reached by the fire from the fort above, and from here they extend at regular intervals of about eighty feet right up to the glacis of the fort. They are all connected with each other by deep zigzag saps, so constructed that the enemy cannot pour an enfilading fire into them, and the whole hillside appears to us as a veritable network of saps and trenches. The last trench on the glacis, which now constitutes our firing-line, is but three feet deep, for it has been hastily thrown up, and the soil is hard; but the head-cover of sandbags and provision-tins filled with earth and rubble has to a certain extent made up for its shallowness.

The khaki-clad soldiers, lying close to the earth, with their rifle-muzzles protruding through the rough loopholes, are keeping up a desultory fire on the sandbag defences on the parapet of the fort. They can see nothing of their enemy except the occasional darkening of a hostile loophole; but the bullets are travelling across the short sixty feet separating the combatants as thickly as the raindrops in an autumn shower. Men are being hit occasionally, some being killed outright and others wounded; but beyond being roughly bandaged there is no possible assistance to be had for the latter, and they are left lying in the narrow space in the bottom of the trench until the ambulance corps can do their work under the cover of darkness.

Between the opponents is the ditch of the fort, and as it is some forty feet across by thirty feet deep, it is the one obstacle which now prevents the Southerners from capturing the position. Time after time, and not knowing its true depth, they have endeavoured to fill it with sandbags and rubbish to create a causeway across which they could attack; but on each occasion their efforts have been useless owing to the vast dimensions of the formidable chasm. To any man entering it, the chasm forms a veritable death-trap, for it is commanded by the fire of the Northern troops stationed in the loopholed caponiere galleries running under the glacis and connected with the interior of the fort by a subterranean tunnel running under the ditch. Several men, in their anxiety to get to close quarters with the enemy—for our troops have held the trench on the glacis for a week—have leapt into the ditch in a sudden frenzy, and have endeavoured to scale the steep slope of the escarpment. None of them have returned, for they have been shot down from the caponieres behind, and their corpses now lie in the coarse grass under the loopholes as a terrible warning to any of their comrades who may attempt to do the same.

It is obvious that the capture of the work can never be accomplished until the terrible chasm is either bridged or filled up; and as both these courses are impossible to our troops in their present position, the only way to solve the difficulty is by mining. Shafts are even now being excavated down from the bottom of the trench until the concrete top of the caponiere

gallery is arrived at, and from here they will be continued down its rear wall until the foundations are reached. Here a small chamber will be hollowed out and the explosives laid, and when all is ready the troops on the surface above will be withdrawn to safety and the mine will be fired. It is hoped that the débris of the explosion will fill up the ditch and make the necessary bridge for the waiting troops to rush to the assault.

Even now the sappers are hard at work, for there are three irregular orifices in the ground, one at the centre, and one at each end of the advanced trench. We can hear the metallic thud of the picks at work far below us, while every now and then the soldier waiting at the top of the shaft will draw a basketful of shale and soil to the surface. Every ounce of earth has to be removed by hand in this manner; and as the tunnel itself is practically vertical, and only some four feet wide, it can be understood that the work of the men down in the bowels of the earth is no light undertaking. Every now and then a man in his shirt-sleeves will appear at the mouth of the shaft, his face all streaked with perspiration and red earth, while his brawny hands, the finger-nails bleeding at the quick from endeavouring to dislodge the masses of shale with his bare hands, are trembling from the effect of the work below.

'Well, 'ow goes it, Bill?' remarks one of the soldiers in the trench.

'Orl right, mate,' gasps the sapper. ''Ow 's it up topsides 'ere? Any news?'

'No,' answers the soldier; 'we never gets no news 'ere; we 've got to wait until ye 've done yer job. 'Ow 's it goin'?'

'Pretty well, thank you,' says the man. And with a final, 'So long, mates,' he once more disappears to his work below.

The lot of these sappers, albeit they take it so cheerfully, is by no means an enviable one, for the enemy has discovered what they are doing, and are busy countermining. Yesterday the dull ringing of their picks could be distinctly heard by the men below, but to-day the sound is plainer. They all know what it means; the countermine will be completed, the explosives laid and fired, and those working below will be either blown to pieces in the resulting explosion or entombed in their shaft, with no possible means of escape, to die by slow suffocation. No wonder, then, that each gang feels doubly grateful when their turn comes to be relieved; while the feelings of the new men going to their work in the awful tunnel below, and hearing the thud of the enemy's picks gradually coming closer and closer, are too terrible to be imagined. They never know that the next moment may not be their last; but whatever they feel, they show no signs of it, and the heroic parties relieve each other every four hours, and carry on their appointed task with undaunted courage.

The days pass, but still the enemy's countermine is not exploded, and all the time our own shaft is nearing completion. It is now only a matter of hours, for the sappers are even now boring the holes in the base of the concrete wall to take the dynamite cartridges; but the sound of the enemy's picks has long since ceased, and our one anxiety is to fire our mine before they can fire theirs. The sappers work on in their gloomy tunnel; but their efforts are useless, for suddenly, and without the least warning, a terrific upheaval takes place. The roar of a violent detonation is heard, a thick cloud of dust and whitish smoke leaps skyward, while the sappers, being at work in their subterranean chamber below, are buried alive. Our troops, also, in the advanced trench have not come off scatheless, for many have been crushed to death in the awful upheaval or killed by the shower of falling débris.

The work of weeks has been destroyed in a second, and the awful agony has recommenced, for if we wish to capture the fort it is the only way. After the effects of the explosion have subsided, and it is certain that another mine is not going to be fired, the troops in the trenches below creep forward to the glacis and occupy their old position. The trench is all but filled by the thrown-up earth, and they employ themselves in erecting a slight head-cover to protect themselves from the murderous fire poured from the parapet of the fort above. Those killed by the explosion lie in grotesque attitudes on the hillside, while the wounded, in some cases with limbs severed from their trunks, are lying on the ground sobbing their lives away. The scene is awful beyond description, for mutilated and dismembered bodies lie around, while the ground in places is covered with the ghastly red of blood that was flowing through the veins of living men a short time before. It is fearful beyond description; but I can say no more for fear of shocking my readers.

The sappers are busy examining what remains of their tunnels, and find they have been filled up for the greater part of their length; but in a corner of the chasm formed in the ground by the explosion a portion of the concrete wall forming the rear face of the caponiere galleries held by the enemy has become visible. It is determined to blast a hole in this, and to endeavour to clear the stubborn defenders out of their defences below; and within forty-eight hours the concrete has been bored and the charges are fixed in readiness.

Before going any further, however, I must explain the construction of the gallery itself. It is a semi-subterranean passage varying from five to eight feet wide, and constructed of concrete fully six feet thick. Its rear face, forming the counterscarp wall of the fort, is loopholed and

faces the ditch, which can thus be commanded by the fire of those within it, while the front face is buried beneath the slope forming the glacis of the fort. The passage itself is not continuous, but is divided off by thick concrete walls into small chambers communicating with each other by narrow arched doorways, thus forming a series of rooms about eight feet square opening into each other. The sappers, as mentioned above, have chiselled out a cavity in the concrete wall on the opposite side to that having the loopholes in it, and on their exploding their charge a wide rent is made about half-way up the chamber wall. The troops below instantly evacuate the chamber, while our men, heedless of what may happen, creep in through the hole made by the explosion. They never come out again, and the dull detonations of the hand-grenades flung by the enemy in the adjacent chamber tell those above what has happened. The mutilated corpses of the brave men lie in their subterranean vault, which has been converted into a veritable charnel-house, and it is evident that the gallery can never be captured through the single breach, for the soldiers are blown into fragments as soon as they drop through the hole.

The deadly monotony of the sapping has again to be resorted to, and this time another shaft is driven from the floor of the trench until it reaches the other end of the caponiere gallery wall. Again the explosives are laid, and again the wall is breached; but this time the effect is greater, for the enemy have been driven out of two of the rooms. Another charge is laid in the wall of the other end, and on its explosion the defenders are forced to retire to the next chamber, and the consequence is that our soldiers are in possession of a room at either end of the gallery, with the enemy between them. At each end, and between them and the enemy, there is a chamber which cannot be held, for the exploding grenades flung by the men on both sides make it impossible for a man to live inside, so both sides content themselves by barricading themselves inside their respective chambers with sandbags.

The enemy have still communication with the interior of their fort by the underground passage running under the ditch; but, brave, heroic men that they are, they realise that once they are driven out of their gallery the capture of the fort is only a matter of time; so their defence is very stubborn.

For nearly a fortnight the fighting in these underground dungeons goes on, both sides losing many men, while the opponents of this terrible new-fangled method of fighting are standing with only a narrow chamber between them. Sometimes a soldier, pushing a sandbag before him, will endeavour to creep to the enemy's wall to throw a grenade over it; but more often than not he will be discovered, and will be blown to pieces or shot before he can effect his purpose.

Day after day passes, and still no headway is made, while the sight of their killed and wounded countrymen pulled out of the openings to the horrible chambers below begins to tell severely on the nerves of the soldiers above. The sight of the mutilated remains of what were once fine men brought to the surface in canvas bags dripping with blood oozing from their ghastly contents is enough to appal the stoutest heart, and it is no wonder that the men are beginning to despair of ever achieving their object.

A soldier below, however, has hit upon a new idea. The sandbag-wall behind which he stands is three bags deep, and seizing one at his feet, he drops it over the farther edge. His comrades do the same, the result being that the wall gradually advances across the hitherto untenable chamber. Its progress is slow, and is not effected without the sacrifice of many more lives, but in twelve hours it has moved the whole length of the chamber, and is soon actually touching the enemy's sandbags. A lively interchange of hand-grenades thereupon takes place; and, although nine lives are lost, the advantage lies on our side, as the greater number of the defenders are either killed or stunned by the explosives.

The word had been passed through the trench above to our soldiers holding the far chamber, and they too have adopted the same tactics; the result being that our two parties of men are gradually meeting, with the enemy between them. The latter, in spite of the fact that they have a safe retreat to the fort, are still making a heroic but futile resistance, for the walls are still moving forward, and chamber after chamber falls into our hands. Two of their soldiers, wounded and stunned by the last grenade explosions, have been left behind for dead by their companions now seated behind their sandbag-wall, and the wretched men, now reviving and realising that they have been left behind, and that there is a horrible death in store for them, scream and implore their friends to rescue them. Their pathetic entreaties are useless, however, as nothing can now be done to save them, and, still moaning in their agony, they are at last buried beneath our advancing sandbags. By the time these have passed over them they are beyond all human assistance, and two more heroic men, enemies though they are, have gone to their Maker.

The work goes on, and at the expiration of another day the defenders have been driven out of their counterscarp defences and have taken refuge in the body of the fort. The first phase of the capture of the fort has been carried out with success, but with a loss to us of well over a hundred men in the tunnels below. In spite of the fearful slaughter, however, it has been

worth while, for the ultimate capture of the whole position is now but a matter of time and further mining.

Once more the sappers are requisitioned, and they are soon busily at work digging a tunnel down through the floor of the gallery and under the ditch. It will eventually be carried right under the heart of the fort itself, and here a recess will be hollowed out and filled with some two thousand pounds of dynamite. The work, however, is even harder than it was before, for the men are in a lower strata, which is composed largely of shale and boulders. Where picks were used before, chisels are used now, and in some cases, even, the main tunnel has to be diverted to pass an immovable boulder or mass of rock which prevents its farther progress.

This difficult and laborious work takes a good deal of time, but on this occasion the enemy are not aware of our intentions, for they make no attempt to countermine; and the sappers, deep down in the bowels of the earth, are free to work unmolested. The bombardment of the fort is still kept up, so that the occupants may be led to believe that infantry attacks are contemplated after the counterscarp defences are blown into the ditch; and the unfortunate beings who are presently to be blown into the air or buried alive under the falling débris and masses of riven masonry are not aware that our sappers are busily at work under their very feet laying the explosives which are to decimate them. Two mines have been laid, one under the centre of the fort and one close to the escarpment; and within three weeks of the day the shafts were commenced the charges are ready for explosion.

At last the time has come, and the infantry have been massed in the upper trenches ready to make the assault the moment the ditch has been filled by the débris of the explosion. In the trench a captain of engineers squats before a small, innocent-looking mahogany box, on the lid of which is a small ebonite-handled key. From this box two wires lead to the gray-painted battery-boxes, while two more go to the detonators in the dynamite under the fort. The sapper who has fitted the detonators stands by with an anxious face; and well he may, for upon his work depends the success or otherwise of the explosion.

The troops waiting in the trench have fixed their bayonets, and as the appointed time draws near a shiver of suspense passes through the ranks.

Five minutes more, two minutes, thirty seconds, five seconds. The captain looks at his watch, and presses home the firing-key. There is a moment's suspense, when suddenly from the centre of the fort an enormous cloud of black smoke, mingled with earth, bits of timber, and broken masonry, shoots skyward. The rumble of the upheaval has scarcely died away when another explosion takes place, and between the whirling eddies of smoke and dust the escarpment of the fort appears to be falling. The soldiers waiting on the glacis have sprung forward to the assault, and are scrambling across the broken, still sliding mass of masonry and concrete almost completely filling the ditch. They leap from foothold to foothold, some, alas! falling and becoming buried in the shower of rubble; but in less time than it takes to write this they have reached the parapet—or what was once the parapet, for it is now nothing but a shapeless mass.

The defence, although stubborn, is not prolonged, for the greater number of the garrison have been either entombed in their bomb-proof fort or killed outright by the explosion or the terrible artillery fire. The remainder are bayoneted or shot to a man, for they will not surrender even now, and the fort we have been striving to gain for four long, weary months is ours, but ours with a loss of over three thousand five hundred men. Dying by rifle-bullet, shell-fire, hand-grenade, or by being suffocated by slow degrees, a man has fallen for every inch we have advanced; but of these the palm must be given to the sappers, those human moles whose unparalleled heroism has enabled us to capture the position. The pathetic remains of many of their comrades lie still in the sleep of death in the subterranean chambers, and our triumph is due to them, and to them alone; while the scarred outlines of the fort above, which they have been instrumental in capturing, forms a fitting monument to their heroic and successful endeavours to uphold the glory of their King and country.

MY OUTLOOK.

THERE is a spot beyond the busy street
To which, when weary, I lift up mine eyes;
A place of rest whereon the sunlight sweet
Shines down in glory from the tender skies.

Set far beyond the toiling and the strife,
On its green slope the cares of life grow still.
'Tis there I leave the burden of my life,
And breathe the air of freedom from the hill.

I ope my window to the fragrant breeze
That bears a message from that sun-kissed place,
And to the love that shineth 'mong the trees
I turn with look of longing on my face;

And peace returns—the peace of other days,
When as a child I wandered through the glen,
And wist not of the strange and busy ways
That vex the souls and blight the hearts of men.

The purple heather on yon steep hillside
Holds still the first place in my exiled breast,
And in the sunset of God's eventide
I find the charm that soothes me into rest.

GILBERT RAE.

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AROUND THE DEAD SEA BY MOTOR-BOAT.

I HAVE just spent a week on the Dead Sea, during which a complete circuit of this historic yet little-known inland sea was made in that strange little motor-craft the *Sheikh Jalal*, placed on the waters here some few months ago. Its passenger capacity is only thirty-five people, and it is about one hundred feet long.

As it was intended to explore the whole lake the vessel was specially chartered. Starting at the northern end of the sea, we skirted along the western shore, visiting Engedi, Masada, the great salt-cave at Jebel Usdum, explored the wonderful gorges, and tramped over the delightful little fertile plains, and then up the eastern shore to our starting-place. With the exception of a certain spot at the northern end of the lake, the Dead Sea is seldom visited. Indeed, its desolate shores, yet strange, fertile oases, wonderful ravines and caverns, and magnificent mountains are seldom intruded upon by the foot of man.

The fact is, much nonsense is spoken about this lake. Even in Jerusalem they will tell you that the Dead Sea is gradually disappearing, that it is impossible to swim in its waters, that birds cannot fly across it, and that no vegetation can be grown near its shores. While it is true that fish cannot live in its waters on account of their saltness and bitterness, swimming is both feasible and enjoyable. In fact, did Palestine belong to any Power but Turkey, probably the northern shore of this sheet of water would be a popular bathing-station. No doubt the chloride of magnesia which enters so largely into the composition of the water would be found to have medicinal and curative properties.

Then on the trip we found birds flying over its surface near the few fertile oases that dot its dreary shores, and here fruit and vegetables and millet were growing luxuriantly. As for getting smaller, the Dead Sea is actually increasing in size. Evidence of this was apparent in the partially submerged forests of large trees still standing in the waters all around the west, east, and southern shores. Twenty years ago there was a small island about half a mile from the shore, near the northern end of the lake. This has now entirely disappeared, having been submerged by the encroaching waters.

This strange body of water is some forty miles in length and about ten miles wide at its greatest breadth. It lies no less than thirteen hundred feet below the surface of the Mediterranean. The density of its water is certainly very great, containing 23 per cent. of solid matter, and is, bulk for bulk, heavier than the human body. Perhaps the following figures will give a more comprehensive idea of its density: In a ton of water from the Caspian Sea there are eleven pounds of salt; in the Baltic, eighteen pounds; in the Black Sea, twenty-six pounds; in the Atlantic, thirty-one pounds; in the English Channel, seventy-two pounds; in the Mediterranean, eighty-five pounds; in the Red Sea, ninety-three pounds; and in the Dead Sea, one hundred and eighty-seven pounds.

To the popular mind the Dead Sea is always associated with Sodom and Gomorrah, the 'cities of the plains' that were overthrown on account of the wickedness of their inhabitants. Biblical scholars have never yet been able to fix the site of these ancient cities. Tradition has conveniently placed them on the northern shore, the spot visited by tourists and pilgrims. Those who have studied the subject at all, however, are inclined to believe that these cities stood on the eastern shore, where there is palpable evidences of volcanic upheaval, not to mention combustible substances in sulphur, bitumen, and possibly oil that might have played a part in the overthrow. On our trip, however, we found for the first time evidences of volcanic eruption on the western shore.

In our journey round the sea we found four or five very fertile little plains, abundantly watered and capable of untold development. They are known as Ghors. They are only a few acres in extent, but wonderfully fertile. Indeed, as soon as one crop is gathered another can be put in. These oases are well watered, some with both hot and cold springs.

Engedi, the first place at which we dropped anchor, is the only spot on the western shore where good fresh water is to be found. It lies about half-way down the lake. Its half a square mile of plain that skirts the shore, with its hot springs and luxurious vegetation, was a pleasing picture. In the time of Solomon it was undoubtedly a little paradise, and it is frequently mentioned in the Old Testament. We found three natives here attending to the crop of millet. There are, of course, no towns or villages around

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the Dead Sea, the small oases referred to possessing a small population, who live by raising early vegetables for the Jerusalem market.

A journey of ten miles brought us to the site of the fortress of Masada (Sebbeh), first fortified by the Maccabees, then used as a place of refuge by Herod, and finally immortalised by the flight thither and the stand made by the Sicarii or Zealots, in the vain hope of escaping subjection to the Romans, when the country was conquered by Titus. History records how the nine hundred and sixty brave defenders burnt their palace and its treasures, and then put their wives and children and themselves to death rather than go into slavery. The fortress is seventeen hundred feet above the sea, and can only be approached from a connecting neck of land called the Serpentine. A more inhospitable place or one more disadvantageous to besiegers could not well be found. Evidences of the Jewish wall around their last stronghold and of the Roman camp and siege are plainly to be seen here.

Eight miles from Masada is the mountain of Jebel Usdum. It is some six miles long, and rises to a height of five hundred feet. It is entirely composed of rock-salt. In this mountain is a large cave, which we explored to the extent of about two hundred yards, when we found a strange shaft, which was twenty feet in diameter and some eighty feet high, cut through the solid rock-salt, and which admitted the sunlight into the cavern. No doubt this shaft was caused by the rain. From the ceiling of the cave hung great snow-white stalactites. The approach to the mountain presents most fantastic shapes of walls, buttresses, parapets, projecting towers, &c., caused by the stratification and lie of the salt-boulders.

Perhaps the beauty spot of the Dead Sea region is the magnificent gorge of the river Arnon (Mojib), which separated the territory of Moab from Ammon. It certainly contains the finest natural scenery in Palestine. The sides of the cañon rise perpendicularly about three hundred feet, and are only about twenty feet apart, here overhanging, there overlapping or dovetailing into one another, as though this mighty mass had been violently rent asunder to allow this seething stream of the Arnon, with its cascades and whirlpools, access to the sea. We explored the gorge for half a mile, which was as far as we could go, and probably farther than any one else has yet traversed it. We were absolutely spell-bound by the beauty of the surroundings. On the western shore the cliffs are of limestone, while on the eastern they are of sandstone of exquisite hues, giving these hills that indescribable colouring which is so frequently raved over by tourists, and which is one of the glories of the sunsets in Palestine. Words cannot describe the exhaustless variety and beauty of the veining and tracery in the richly shaded sandstone forming the side-cliffs of this gorge. The delicate designs are both rich and lavish, and never-ending in their variations.

We are now, of course, on the eastern side, and a farther journey of eight miles brings us to the hot baths of Callirhoe. Here Herod came when stricken with his last sickness, in the hope of finding recovery, which was sought in vain; and here remains of his buildings can be seen. Several miles inland, higher up among the hills, lies the Castle of Machærus, where John the Baptist was beheaded. Only a few feet apart lie the streams of hot and cold water. These waters seem to be most salubrious, and are credited with medicinal virtues. Journeying on, we encounter another magnificent gorge, where the Zerka, a stream almost as great as the Arnon, flows into the sea.

On all the oases vegetation was abundant. The wild oleander, with its beautiful pink flower, was very plentiful; also the reed, with its feathery tuft or bloom 'shaken by the wind,' referred to by Christ; the willow and tamarisk; and the *gharof*, a pretty-looking wild fruit much like a cherry. That strange plant the apple of Sodom was also found in large numbers in these watered regions, as well as the argal, the so-called grape of Sodom.

It certainly looks as if we may hear more of this remarkable region in the near future, for the Turkish Government has granted to a foreign syndicate a concession for the exploitation of the minerals in the Dead Sea basin. According to the reports from Constantinople, a sum of seventy thousand pounds has been paid for these rights. It is well known that the finest and purest bitumen is obtained here, also quantities of peerless sulphur. In Byzantine times copper-mines were actually worked near the south end of the sea. Many classes of fine stone, such as marble and porphyry, abound; while salt is to be had in large quantities. It is thought, too, that the region will be found to be rich in both coal and oil.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER X.

IT required some pluck to be perfectly even-spirited and to show good mettle in those days. The world contained for Peter Ogilvie and Jane nothing but a sense of parting and uncertainty, and a horrible feeling of disappointment. Their lives were severed perhaps for years, and over all the uncertainty and the thought of separation hung the mystery of Mrs Ogilvie's

half-finished message. The memory of her was clouded by the thought of how much she had suffered, and the thought intruded itself painfully that if they had but known more, something might have been done for her. The burden of a secret lies in the sense of loneliness which it brings. A unique experience, dissimilarity of thought, or knowledge that is not shared by others makes a solitude with which no bodily isolation can be compared. Such a solitude had been Mrs Ogilvie's—that seemed the intolerable thing to the two persons left behind to wonder what the message could mean.

'I sometimes wish she had been a Catholic,' Peter once said. 'Confession might have been some comfort to her.'

But Mrs Ogilvie was a woman who could remain silent always, and perhaps it was the supreme effort of having to break through a lifetime of reserve that, in its added strain upon her heart, had caused her death.

The last few days that the lovers had together were spent in a very loyal and affectionate endeavour to make each other as happy as possible. They made no mutual confessions of love, nor ever dreamed of vowing to be true, because they never for a moment could admit the possibility of being anything else; and they did not even promise to write to each other, or to say their prayers at the same time every evening—the difficulty of calculating what would be Greenwich time on a westward voyage put a stop to anything of that sort! Nor did they talk of remembering each other as they looked at the stars; but they spoke of the future and of all the good things it was going to bring, and they even laughed sometimes over imaginary portraits of the brother whom Peter was to seek, and they told each other ridiculous little tales of what he would be like and what he would say and do.

One afternoon Jane gave Peter a gold cigarette-case as a parting gift, with his name scrawled in her big handwriting across it; while Peter presented his fiancée with a very handsome diamond ring, and forgot altogether that perhaps he could not pay for it, and went back and told the jeweller so. The jeweller, having known Captain Ogilvie all his life, and, being aware that he had lately succeeded to an immense property, thought the young man was joking, and said it did not matter in the least.

Then came the day of parting, when Jane said good-bye to Peter and Toffy, and kissed them both; and then Toffy took a flying leap downstairs on the pretence of looking for a missing bag which he held in his hand, and the two people whom this story most concerns were left alone in the drawing-room.

Peter was smiling oddly as he came out, with a twisted smile which had been conjured up for Jane's benefit. And on the other side of the door Jane was telling herself that she did not mean to give in, or break down, or do anything idiotic until Peter should be gone.

It was a drizzly, wet, depressing day—such a day as people often seem to choose on which to leave England. There was the usual routine of departure—the embarkation, the 'special' from Waterloo, the crowd at the station, the plethora of bags, chairs, and hold-alls; the good-byes, the children held up to the carriage-windows to wave hands, the 'last looks,' and the tears stopped in their flow by anxiety about luggage and missing bags. Then Southampton and enforced cheerfulness, combined with admiration of the ship. Those who had travelled down to see friends off adopted a tone which was a sort of congratulatory intimation that, having travelled so far safely, they did not see why any one should have much to fear for the rest of the voyage.

At last the ship began to move slowly away, and finally swung round and got out of dock. It was just then that many of the voyagers wished that they might have had a few minutes longer of that dismal scene in the drizzling rain and those dear hand-waving, smiling, or weeping figures on shore. But the engines had started their solemn beats, the pilot was on the bridge. The voyage had begun for good or ill, and the Lord watch over us all!

Nigel Christopherson, being a man of feeling, said to a Scot who leaned over the rails with him, watching a group of female figures dressed in black on the quay, 'These good-byes are rather beastly, ain't they?'

To which the Scot replied, 'They make no difference to me whatever;' and the remark, Toffy thought, was an extraordinary check to any emotional feeling.

Jane got her first letter from Peter, dated from Vigo, which peaceful port, with its rows of white houses built along the shore, and the green hill, with its ruined castle behind, is a haven where many seasick passengers would be. They had had a bit of a tossing, Peter said, in the Bay, and Toffy had been very seedy, but was better. The captain was a very good sort of fellow; his cabin was profusely decorated with foxes' masks and brushes, and a few of his admirers believed that when he was at home he hunted. The insensible Scot who had declined to sympathise with Toffy's dislike to partings had turned out to be a very interesting sort of man, and full of yarns. He helped to make the evenings on deck pass rather pleasantly with his stories. If Mr Dunbar, as he was called, had not had such an amazing Scottish accent Peter would have said that probably the stories were not true.

It was a letter such as a schoolboy might have written, but Jane treasured the ill-expressed sentiments as maidens of a bygone age may have treasured their lovers' shields; and although she left the letter lying about on her dressing-table,

after the custom of modern young women, it was none the less the dearest possession of her life, until the next one arrived.

Toffy sat up in his bunk with a horribly bad headache, and wrote a long letter to Mrs Avory, which he posted at Vigo; and he wrote another letter, not nearly so long, but which cost him much more time to compose, and addressed it to Miss Kitty Sherard. And this he carefully tore into little pieces one night when the decks were dark and there was no moon overhead, and he watched the small white pieces of paper as they floated away into the black depths of the water, and then walked up and down the deck until the small hours of the morning, when Peter—one of whose worst qualities was that he always fussed over people he cared about—appeared in pyjamas and overcoat, and asked him sternly if he was trying to get another chill.

At Lisbon the intelligent Scot who had effectually checked Sir Nigel Christopherson's emotion at quitting his native land suggested to the two travellers that they should join him in a trip ashore. The three men had made friends in the smoking-room, and Peter hailed Mr Dunbar as a fellow-countryman, and enjoyed his rugged accent and his amazing intelligence. He abounded in useful information about the country to which they were bound, gave statistics on all points, and teemed with information. He was an ardent and indefatigable sightseer, and never visited a building without seeming to investigate it. The most complicated currency of a foreign country never disturbed him for an instant, and he would make little sums with extraordinary rapidity on the edge of any bill that was given to him. The difference in price as stated in Spanish coinage between a bottle of claret and a whisky-and-soda might have puzzled some people; but Dunbar worked it out to a fraction in a second of time, and without a moment's hesitation laid his own share of the expense on the luncheon-table of the Braganza Hotel. He spoke Spanish better than he spoke English, and thought he had got rid of his Scottish accent, but he still said 'I mind' for 'I remember,' and differentiated in the matter of pronouncing 'court' and 'caught.'

At St Vincent Peter wrote home again, and felt a certain sense of insecurity in leaving letters on the rocky island. It was four o'clock in the morning when the ship got into port, and the sun was rising over the hills eastward, while to the west the bare, rugged mountainous land was a solemn, chilly-gray colour. The water was smooth and dark beneath the hills, but nearer the ship it was touched by the clear, pale light of the rising sun. The hills rose jagged and sharp against the sky, without a scrap of verdure on them; but the kindly atmosphere turned those in the distance to a soft and tender blue, also it smoothed away the rugged lines and effaced the cruel-looking scars that seamed their sides, and covered them with a misty peace. It seemed to the young man as he looked at them that things became easier when viewed at a distance. He had suffered very deeply during the last few weeks of his life, and with him had suffered the girl whom he had loved and cared for always, and whom he would love and care for until the end of his life. As he looked back at the distant misty hills on Cape Verde Island, this voyage seemed to him, in spite of all its horrible sense of separation, to be something of a lull in the midst of quick-happening events. When first he left home he had been plagued with thoughts which he had fought with almost savage fierceness, and he had wrestled to expel them from his mind; but that there could be any mystery in his mother's life had necessarily awakened endless questionings in his mind.

Why, if this little brother of his had not died, had he disappeared? And what was the reason for his disappearance? 'He did not die,' said the half-finished letter which his mother's hand had traced; 'he did not die.' Once, in the middle of the night, as he said the wearisome sentence over to himself, a word came suddenly before him in letters of flame, and Peter turned away from it with a cry. A child who had been deprived of his life might be said, in a sense, not to have died, and there was the word of six letters in front of him in the dark. He turned on the electric light in his cabin, and for a moment he had half a mind to go in next door and wake Toffy. The burden of the suggestion was too horrible to bear alone. 'He did not die!' His mother's mental state might not have been perfectly sound at the time of her husband's death; and her preference for him, Peter, was a fact that had been remarked by all who knew her. Had she begun to write a confession to her son, and stopped short in the middle? 'Don't hate me too much,' the letter said. Why should he hate her? He did not know.

In the morning he was able to put aside utterly the thought which had tormented him, but he lived in dread of being beset by it at night-time again. He began to fear going to bed, and would sit up talking to Toffy till the small hours of the morning, or playing picquet with Dunbar. Men began to say that he 'jawed' too much, and would not let them go to bed; little knowing how the poor fellow used to try to prolong a conversation so that he might not be left alone with a horrible fear always ready to pounce upon him when night fell, and only the thud of the engines playing some maddening tune broke the silence.

He tried, with a baffling sense of impotence, to make his own memory act, and to recall the days when he was not quite three years old. But the thing was an impossibility of course, and his brain refused to give up a single picture of that time.

It was only when the ship had left St Vincent that a certain amount of peace came to establish

itself in his heart, and the large and beautiful consolation of the sea began to make itself felt. The weather was calm and clear, and the monotonous slap and swish of the water against the ship's side was in itself productive of a sense of soothing. The company on board were all strangers to him, and helped to give him a feeling that he was starting anew in life. Also, he was on his way to do the best he could to find his brother if he were living, or to clear up the mystery of his death if he were dead. There was no horrid sense of having failed to do the best that was possible. He must find Edward Ogilvie, or find the grave where he lay; and after that it would be time enough to think what would be the next thing to do.

The ship steamed away from St Vincent in the evening, and the lighthouse on Bird Rock made a point of light in the gathering darkness: the sight of land and of the hills had done Peter good, and had restored him to the normal and natural man again. He turned to look back at the rugged island, with the one point of light high up in the lighthouse, and he thought, with a sense of comfort, that it was like some lamp which a woman sets in the window to guide her husband home. With that came a deep sense of the love and the confidence which he and Jane had in each other; he knew that she would not fail him were he rich or poor, happy or unhappy, and that seemed the only thing in the world worth knowing for certain.

The next day the weather became intensely hot, the wind was with the ship, and there was not a breath of air to be had. Dunbar never felt the heat at all; he had not an ounce of spare flesh on his body, and he always ate two chops and some curry for breakfast, because, he said, if you were paying for a thing you might as well have it. He played in bull tournaments, and had a habit that was almost provoking of doing everything better than any one else. His sharp-featured face, long, keen nose, and eyes with a pair of intelligent-looking pince-nez fixed in front of them, seemed to speak of a sleepless vigilance.

Peter, having at his command a very small amount of information on any subject, was impressed by Mr Dunbar, and thought the man might make a fortune if he used his talents on the music-hall stage, for instance, where, Peter believed, he could with confidence answer any question that might be put to him.

'That is an extraordinary chap,' he said to Toffy. 'I wonder if he would be of any use to us in the way of finding out about my brother?' But eventually he decided that nothing ought to be done until they had seen Sir John Falconer.

'We have had rather a disappointment here,' he wrote from Rio in one of his unliterary letters, 'because the yellow-fever is so bad that we are not allowed to land. I don't suppose you have any idea how tiresome a day in port is if one does not go ashore. The heat is really terrific, and under the awnings it feels exactly like sitting in an oven.' In conclusion, Peter wished he were at home again, and thought Toffy seemed rather down on his luck; and he remained Jane's ever-loving Peter.

'I will tell you a strange thing about Rio,' began Dunbar as he walked up and down the deck that evening. 'If you make your fortune in it, you always go back to England and say that by right you are a Castilian noble.'

'It would have to be a very large fortune that would tempt me to live in this beastly climate,' said Peter, who was in a grumbling mood.

'I believe,' said Toffy, 'that with luck one could make a lot of money in Argentina. I have got a scheme in my head now which, if it comes off, should place me beyond the reach of want.'

Dunbar referred to the 'boom-time,' and gave an exhaustive statement of the fortunes which had been made in that glorious epoch, and had been lost afterwards. 'I have known men without capital make a hundred thousand pounds in a few years,' he said; 'and when they lost it you simply could not find them.'

'People do seem to disappear in Argentina in a queer way,' said Peter with intention, and with a glance at Toffy. 'I know we had a gardener—one of the under-men—and he had a brother who disappeared altogether out there, so our man went to find him, and he also was never heard of again.'

'The reason for that is not very far to seek,' said Dunbar. 'The first thing you do when you come to Argentina is to leave off writing letters—at least if you are a camp-man. You simply can't abide the sight of pen and ink.'

'But there must be some means of tracing a chap who gets lost,' said Toffy. 'He can't disappear into space.'

'You 'd wonder!' said the Scot laconically.

'Still, you know,' persisted Peter, 'if a man 's alive at all, some one must know his whereabouts.'

'Obsairve,' said Dunbar, 'it doesn't require much imagination for a man to change his name as often as he likes; and I should like to know what police supervision there is over the Italian settlers, for instance, in some of the remoter *estancias*. Murderers are hardly ever caught out here, and murders used to be as common as a fight in a *pulperia*. Every man carries a knife, and if you go up-country you will find that half the peons are covered with scars; and if once in a way the knife goes too deep, it 's just one of those things which cannot be helped, and the less said about it the better. Again,' he went on, 'suppose a man is murdered on his own *estancia*—a thing that used to be common enough—the peons are all in league, and they generally have had a hand in it. Their master has been giving them *carne flacca* [lean meat] to

eat, and that is enough to upset the whole rickmatick of them.'

'I suppose no one is likely to turn on a revolution for our benefit,' said Toffy in a tone of disappointment.

'I haven't got the fighting instinct in me,' said Dunbar literally. 'Whenever there was fighting where I have been, I have always sat indoors until it was over.'

Peter, with a desire to lead the subject back to the case of men who disappeared, turned in the deck-chair where he was sitting enjoying a light breeze which had sprung up after dark, and said tentatively, 'I can't quite understand, you know, a man disappearing altogether and leaving no traces behind him.'

'I shall never,' said Dunbar, 'believe in the final disappearance or even in the death of any one until I have seen a doctor's certificate or the man's corpse. Men have got a queer way of turning up, and even the sea may give up secrets when you least expect it. Take the case of the *Rosana*,' he went on, 'and allow me to put the facts of the case before you. The *Rosana* was a ship that used to do a good bit of trading on the coast, and there was a man on board of her whom I used to know, and who had been once a little too well known in Argentina. Well, this ship foundered with all hands on board, and was never heard of again, although two of her lifebelts were picked up, and one or two pieces of deck-gear.'

'Any ship might founder at sea,' said Peter, 'and not be heard of again. Go on with your story, Dunbar.'

The electric lights on deck went out suddenly overhead, leaving only one burning; the breeze blew soft and cool; and six bells sounded sharply and emphatically in the quiet of the night.

'I wouldn't,' said Dunbar, 'give you the benefit of my speculations on the subject of the *Rosana* were it not that E. W. Smith was on board. E. W. Smith couldn't die; he wasn't fit for it. But it's a long story. I'll not bother you with it.'

Dunbar looked doubtfully at his tobacco-pouch, pinched it, and then contemplated his pipe. Peter handed him a cigar-case, and Dunbar accepted a cigar, and slipping it into an old envelope, he deposited it in his pocket. 'I don't believe I should have time to smoke it through now,' he said, and he continued filling his pipe.

'I suppose you come across a good many queer tales, travelling about as much as you do,' said Toffy.

Dunbar nodded without speaking. 'You'd wonder,' he said at last. He finished his pipe, knocked out the ashes, and put it into a little case lined with red velvet and stowed it in his pocket; he looked at his watch and announced that there was still another half-hour before he intended turning in.

'We might have the end of your story,' said Peter.

'A story is as good a way as any other of whiling away the evening, and you are welcome to hear the rest of this one,' admitted Dunbar. He was a grand talker, according to his compatriots, and he chiefly loved the engineers' mess-room, where he could sit by a table covered with oilcloth and sip a little weak whisky-and-water, and revert to his broadest Doric in company with some engineers from the Clyde.

'The *Rosana*,' continued Dunbar, clearing his throat, 'only carried one boat on her last journey. I happen to know that for a fact, but the Lord only knows the reason for it! Now, this boat was found, half-burned, lying on a lonely bit of coast a few weeks after the *Rosana* foundered. This is a thing which, I may remark, is not generally known; but I happen to have had ocular demonstration of it. The boat was a smart-built one, with her name in gold-leaf on the bows. Tranter was the captain of the *Rosana*, and he liked to have things nice. Now, why should this boat have been found half-burned on the coast, but with a piece of her name in gold-leaf still partially visible?'

'The boat probably drifted ashore,' said Peter, as if he were answering a question in a history class.

Dunbar seemed not to hear him, and went on with hardly a moment's interruption. 'I am a student,' he said, 'of the philosophic method of reasoning, and I begin with the *a priori* assumption that E. W. Smith could not die. I should hold the same belief even if I believed in Purgatory.' Dunbar pronounced the word with an incalculable number of r's in it, and it came from his throat like the rattle of musketry. 'Presuming,' he went on, 'that the *Rosana* foundered, was E. W. Smith the man to go down in her, or was he not?'

Mr Dunbar's eyeglasses were chained to his coat with a little gold chain; if this precaution had not been taken there were many persons who believed that they might have started from his head, impelled by the alertness and energy behind them.

'I suppose some of them took to the boat,' said Toffy. 'In an affair of that sort it is a case of *sauve qui peut*.'

'The whole crew would have swamped the boat,' said Dunbar, who liked giving small pieces of information at a time.

'Consequently'—— said Peter.

'Consequently,' said Dunbar, 'I'm just biding my time, and I'll tell you more when there's more to tell.'

'It's a queer story!' said Peter.

'It's queerer than you think,' said Dunbar.

'You can't believe,' said the other, 'that this man Smith went off in the boat by himself?'

'I don't,' said Dunbar; 'for E. W. Smith

couldn't row, and with all his sea-going he was a landsman to his finger-tips.'

'So, then,' said Peter, 'he must have had some accomplices, and accomplices always tell tales.'

'There's one very certain way of silencing men,' said the Scotchman.

Peter rose abruptly from his chair and threw his cigar-end out over the water. 'It's a beastly suggestion,' he said briefly. His face was white, and he found himself hoping that this tale of Dunbar's would not bring back to him those horrible nights he had had at the beginning of the voyage.

'Tranter was the captain of the boat,' said Dunbar, 'and Tranter was about the worst sort of coward you are likely to meet on this side of Jordan. E. W. Smith, on the other hand, never lost his head.'

The story seemed finished, and Toffy got up and stretched himself lazily, and said he was going to turn in; but Peter still sat where he was in his deck-chair.

'There might be a hundred different endings to your tale, Dunbar,' he said, 'each one as likely as the other. The boat, for instance, might have capsized, with too many men crowded into her, and have drifted ashore and been burned accidentally or otherwise by the people who found her. Or the crew and captain of the *Rosana* may never have taken to the boat at all, and she may have foundered with all hands (as you say the newspaper reports had it at the time); or the *Rosana* may be sailing in another part of the world, with her villainous captain and E. W. Smith and no end of swag on board. Or both men, again, may be sleeping very peacefully at the bottom of the sea at this moment; that, after all, seems to me the most likely ending to them. Of course,' he finished, 'I don't know what grounds you may have for making another suggestion about their probable fate.'

Dunbar looked at him keenly for a moment. 'I would not have made the suggestion,' he said quietly; 'only, you see, since the wreck of the *Rosana* I have seen E. W. Smith, or his ghost, and that is why I do not believe in the final disappearance of a man till I have set eyes upon his corpse.'

(To be continued.)

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE AUTOMAT IN GERMANY.

By A. Ireland Robertson.

THERE appears to be something in the automatic principle, or the principle of the automat, which appeals very specially to the Teuton. Otherwise it would be difficult to account for the remarkable development which has taken place in Germany in recent years in public automatic machines. The number of things which can now be procured through the medium of such machines is enormous, and that not only in Berlin and the large cities, but even in small towns. I do not refer to the machines for supplying sweetmeats, scents, cigarettes, matches, picture post-cards, and so forth, which have long been familiar objects at railway stations and other public places in Great Britain, and which are equally common in Germany. The Germans have got beyond these primitive 'penny in the slot' automats.

Slot gas-meters are much more general in the Fatherland than in this country, the ten-pfennig (penny) being the coin in use in small houses, and the mark (shilling) in larger houses. You could get postage-stamps from automatic machines in Germany long before the British postal authorities could be induced to supply them by this medium. Moreover, while in this country the number of such machines is still comparatively small, in Germany there is scarcely a post-office of any size which does not have several in the lobby. Generally you can get five-pfennig, ten-pfennig, and twenty-pfennig stamps, and also post-cards. Machines have lately been installed at some London stations for supplying penny and twopenny tickets for the railway. In Germany such machines have been common for some time. There are stations in Berlin at which you will find more than a dozen. Tickets, however, are supplied at a variety of prices. One of the cleverest little machines of this kind I have happened to come across was at Danzig. On applying at the booking-office for a ticket to Zoppot, a Baltic watering-place in the neighbourhood, I was referred to the automats. In a corridor I found an array of machines from which first, second, third, and fourth class tickets to various places could be obtained. By inserting a mark in the appropriate one I received a ticket for Zoppot and fifteen pfennig change—a ten-pfennig piece and a five-pfennig piece. This, however, is by no means a solitary specimen of the automatic machine which supplies you with a certain article and delivers your change as well.

In the vicinity of the principal station at Elberfeld there is an automat which supplies the stranger, in return for a small coin, with a useful little address-book (directory) of the town. But the great automatic triumph of Germany is the automat restaurant. All over the country one finds these restaurants. In Berlin they are legion, and they compete keenly with the familiar blue-and-white striped shops of Aschinger. In Cologne you find an automat under the shadow of the cathedral. Away in the north, in quaint,

old-world Lübeck; in the east, in the ancient royal city of Kœnigsberg; in the frontier town of Thorn; in the half-Polish, half-Prussian city of Posen—everywhere the automat restaurant flourishes. It belongs to a very different class from the old German café, but of its immense popularity there can be no doubt. Its methods, suggestive of the American rather than the German, seem likely to exercise an influence on Teutonic habits.

These automats supply wholesome food and drink at very moderate prices. You find ranged along the wall a large variety of viands under glass. By inserting a ten-pfennig piece in a slot you get from one machine a half-roll covered with excellent ham. For a similar sum you get from another a half-roll with cheese, from another a roll and sardines, &c. The viands, it should be noted, are not simply pushed out from behind by some human *deus ex machina* who is invisible. You see, say, ham sandwiches each on a small plate ranged in vertical rows under the glass. The insertion of your ten-pfennig releases a lever which allows the shelves to 'drop one.' A plate is thus brought to an uncovered part, from which you abstract it. The next penny brings down the next in order in the same automatic fashion, and so on. One can see for himself when the supply has been exhausted.

A penny cup of coffee, cocoa, chocolate, or bouillon can be got in the same way. Cups and saucers are provided on a shelf. You drop your ten-pfennig in the slot of the compartment marked by the name of the particular beverage you wish, place your cup beneath the spout, turn a handle, and you get exactly as much as fills your cup. Hot water can be obtained free of charge. 'Cold drinks,' as they are called, can also be got in great variety from the 'penny in the slot' machines. There are several kinds of beer, different kinds of wine, and usually 'English porter,' besides a few non-alcoholic beverages. A penny glass of wine does not sound inviting perhaps, and as a matter of course no one goes to an automat for a choice vintage. However, the quality varies, and the quantity set free by the ten-pfennig piece is in proportion to the price of the wine. In the same way, also, the quantity of beer allowed varies with the sort. Glasses are set out on shelves in glittering array, and each man helps himself. One of the characteristics of the automat is that there is no service and no tips, unless when special dishes are ordered. Most of the restaurants provide such, and they are served in the ordinary way. But the chief business is done in ten-pfennig snacks and ten-pfennig drinks.

The worst thing in connection with the automat development is the rise of the automat gambling-machine. In Berlin especially there is a large number, and on a Sunday night you find groups of excited youths gathered round them in the Arcade and in the shops in which they are installed, eagerly throwing away their hard-earned sixpences and shillings. For the gambling-machine as a rule only takes one-mark and fifty-pfennig pieces. Now and again some lucky gambler receives from the machine a handsome return. He is the exception, though none the less he serves as decoy. It is a sorry sight, but unhappily by no means an uncommon one, to see a youth pushing coin after coin into one of these machines, and, while others are clamouring for a 'chance,' continuing to insist on his right to hold the handle against all comers till empty pockets force him to retire.

TOWAGE SERVICES.

PART III.

CAPTAIN CROUCHER swore.

'Them liner cap'ins give me a pain in the stomach,' he announced with bitterness. 'Never a turn of 'is screw or 'elm at the proper moment to 'elp. Does old brass buttons think as we're goin' to perch on 'is winches through the air, the addle-nosed cauliflower? Who's for the boat to board 'er?' he questioned of his equally irritated crew.

'I am, for one,' Mercer volunteered at once. 'I've pulled in as bad a sea as this before now in an Irish lifeboat off the Galway coast.'

''E's a real man 'e is, that sodger officer,' approved the skipper admiringly a little later as he eyed the *Bumble's* heavy boat squelch plump into the water under the tug's lee. ''E'll be a proper mate for that rich girl I was tellin' of 'im to marry a while ago.'

'Who was that?' Doreen Farquhar demanded. She had been drawn by the prevailing clamour back on to the bridge in defiance of orders.

''Old on tight, miss,' advised the skipper. 'Mr Mercer, 'e's ruined by 'is uncle trustin' some speculation chap in New York. If 'e don't marry money 'e's done in 'is career in the army. Pity, ain't it?'

'I'm rich,' said Miss Farquhar unguardedly, and flushed crimson.

'Are you, now?' responded the skipper. 'Well, I'm—*shook!*' he ejaculated, in the grasp of this new idea. Then he beamed under his sou'-wester at his discernment.

'Real, rollin' rich?' he prompted confidentially.

'Ye-es,' faltered the wealthy one. At that moment she would have welcomed a wave to drown them both. Such is the penalty of impulsiveness.

'Don't ye badger yer bonnie 'ead, then, missie,'

fathered the skipper with delighted benevolence. 'I'll fix 'im up all right for ye soon 's we 're ashore. Snakes alive, look at yonder!'

Doreen clung, horror-struck, to the rail, and a great fear stormed her heart. The tug's boat was crawling dizzily on its errand from one wave-height to another. Now it rose, bobbing on to a crest of foam; now it slid aslant into the hollows. But the stout arms that guarded her held on gallantly.

Then came disaster. As the frail little craft closed on the liner the man in her stern reached to catch a flung line, and the boat capsized.

Instantly Captain Croucher forged in again, steaming at full speed, risking all their lives in a supreme effort. One of the boat's crew was caught as he swept helplessly past the tug; another clung to a far-trailing fender, and was landed on deck in a sprawling heap. Mercer managed to grasp the rope-ladder which was hung down the steamer's side just as the up-turned boat crashed viciously into the liner's steel plating and sank with one splintering rip.

But as the two vessels converged momentarily the tug's opportunity had come. A line was hurled across the chasm of dark water and secured in triumph. By its means a great hawser was made fast.

'Mr Mercer 'e 'll be right as rain soon as 'e 's tilted the water out o' 'is inside,' the skipper now had time to console his girl-passenger. 'Made you jump that, missie, eh?' For a deadly pallor had blanched her cheeks. ''E 'll come back to you safe enough to 'is wooin'. 'E 'as rare pluck, Mr Mercer 'as,' she heard the skipper say as she turned away to hide her tell-tale eyes.

On the *Quanhattan* Mercer was arrayed in borrowed garments of a nondescript variety while his own were dried. There was no returning at present to the *Bumble*, which soon had the damaged liner securely in tow. An elderly gentleman sorted himself out from the crowd of agitated passengers and claimed Mercer's attention with insistence.

'Whose tug is that?'

Tommy eyed his questioner askance between two gulps of hot whisky.

'She belongs to Mercer & Co. of Falmouth,' he answered warily.

The inquisitive party seemed gratified at this intelligence.

'Do you know Lieutenant Mercer of the Royal Artillery, my man?' pursued the old gentleman affably. 'I mean the nephew of the late head of the firm?'

'I'm he,' admitted the subaltern after a moment's reflection.

'My dear boy!' Tommy's hand was wrung violently. 'I was coming to see you. My name is Farquhar—Peter B. Farquhar of New York, a friend of your poor uncle.'

Tommy had guessed so much. It was a matter for consideration that if his uncle's friend hopped so curiously at this first meeting, how much more would he prance when he learnt that his daughter was on board the *Bumble*? The speculation was interesting.

One of the *Quanhattan's* crew came up to the old millionaire and touched his cap. It was the wireless operator.

'I might finish that message of yours now, sir, for Falmouth,' he suggested deferentially. 'But'——

'Oh, there is no need now that I'm here,' Tommy interposed incautiously. Then he bit his lip, flustered at his indiscretion.

'Why, what do you know of my wireless message?' asked the sender with sudden scrutiny. Tommy squirmed, and the operator stared in amazement. There was a painful pause. The operator broke it.

'Meanwhile, I've got back word from the shore for you, Mr Farquhar,' he continued, unfolding a paper. 'It is addressed to you, sir, from London; despatched through the Lizard Marconi station, and signed "Lady Lyntle."'

'Read it out,' commanded the old millionaire curtly. 'I can't see in the dark. It 's from the woman in charge of my daughter.'

The big steamer was beginning to pound sluggishly through the water, straining at her hawser. Tommy Mercer's heart seemed to thump in unison. By the light of a deck electric the operator read the pencilled words:

'"Doreen disappeared yesterday [stop]. Believe she may have gone to Falmouth to meet you [stop]. It is impossible to exercise proper control, since she is so wilful [stop]. Shall be glad to be relieved of the responsibility of her charge as soon as you can arrange this [ends]."'

'Ah!' An intrusive wave sprayed, drenching, over the promenade-deck, and caught Mr Farquhar in the face. This increased the annoyance of his ruffled parental mind. Also, it diverted his thoughts from wireless mysteries.

'A grown-up girl is too much of a handful for me,' groaned the harassed father ruefully, seeking refuge in an alleyway from the seas. 'Mine needs a husband who 'll rule her. You 'll do'—he turned to Mercer, masterful and dramatic. 'I 'll find the money and manage all the details directly we get ashore. It will provide for you both at one go. It 's precisely what I have come from New York to propose,' the autocrat summed up with a completeness of spirit which was not to be overborne.

Thus, while Captain Croucher decreed the order of events on one vessel, Mr Peter B. Farquhar was simultaneously announcing his decision with fervid emphasis on the other.

. . . . . .

Morning broke over Falmouth Harbour cold, gray, and rainy. Mercer, on his return to the *Bumble*, was met by an exultant skipper, who seized him by the arm.

'She is rollin' rich, an' eatin' 'er breakfast in the cabin,' he confided in a hoarse whisper. 'Your clothes ain't wot they might be, bein' dried unskilful-like, but she'll 'ave to lump that. If she don't like 'em, an' says so, just you pass remarks on 'er 'air.'

'Her hair!' echoed the astounded Tommy.

'Seein' there ain't no lookin'-glass aboard, 'tis towsled,' said the skipper judicially.

'I think I'd better not go below, then,' began the soldier bashfully.

Captain Croucher regarded him with asperity and spoke to the point. 'You 've got to wed 'er now. Think of 'er pore father's feelin's when 'e 'ears of yer goin's-on all night 'ere, an' you not bein' even promised t' other to one.'

Tommy did think of Mr Peter B. Farquhar's remarks, and scratched his head.

'I 've insisted on 'er marryin' you,' went on the man of purpose. 'It 's been a shakin' job, but she 's willin' at 'eart. Now get down below an' ask 'er proper—'fore she goes ashore an' gets a new rig-out an' 'er mind changes. Women 'ave a shockin' 'abit o' bein' changeable when they 're wearin' different petticoats.'

In the *Bumble's* cabin a somewhat dishevelled maiden was eating eggs. Tommy, propelled from behind, arrived somewhat precipitately.

'I 'm so glad you 're not drowned,' was her calm greeting. 'Have you seen dad?'

'Yes,' he told her solemnly.

'Does he know I 'm here?' She sniffed warily at a cracked egg.

'No.'

'Ugh! Put it through the porthole there—quick!' she besought, and buried her offended little nose in the flimsiest lace pocket-handkerchief.

Tommy consigned the offending product to the receptive waters of the harbour. With this service of devotion his courage revived.

'What are we to do now?' he demanded boldly.

For a moment her blue eyes lifted to his with shy demureness.

'I—don't—know.'

'I do.'

'What?' It was the merest whisper.

'This, Doreen,' said Tommy Mercer persuasively. And for the second time he held Miss Farquhar tightly round the waist. The love-tide colour stung her dainty cheeks.

'And this,' he added, greatly daring, as he kissed her.

'I 'm shook?' cooed Captain Croucher softly from the skylight overhead. ''E ain't lost much time in 'is wooin' arter all. Now I 'll take a glass o' beer afore interviewin' old brass buttons on the *Quanhattan* concernin' this 'ere salvage —preliminary soundin'-like afore the lawyers come.'

THE END.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.

By JOHN FYVIE.

IF it be true, as John Stuart Mill maintained, that eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded, and that the amount of eccentricity in a society has generally been proportional to the amount of genius, vigour, and moral courage it contained, then there must have been an extraordinary amount of genius, vigour, and moral courage amongst the inhabitants of this country during the unjustly disparaged eighteenth century, for of a certainty the country then swarmed with 'cranks.' This reflection has more than once occurred to me in the course of the researches which I have had to make into certain biographical backwaters of the Georgian era. But, leaving the reader to pursue this line of thought if he pleases, and to turn over in his own mind the great and celebrated names of the period, I will content myself with setting down a few particulars concerning certain eccentric persons of a humbler class, whose achievements were not sufficient to get their names into any biographical dictionary, but whose characters and conduct were so unconventional that many of us would be glad to hear a good deal more of them than anybody has thought it worth while to put upon record.

In 1799 there died at Romford, in Essex, a well-known butcher of that town named Wilson. Mr Wilson, it appears, was notable for his integrity in business and for the gentleness of his manners—two qualities which, perhaps, would scarcely have entitled him to the notice of posterity had he not also exhibited a remarkable addiction to psalmody, extraordinary proficiency in penmanship, and a highly peculiar manner of eating his dinner. Such butcher's bills as he sent in to his customers had never been seen before, and have never been seen since. They were all exquisitely written by his own hand; but the top line would be, perhaps, in German text, the second in Roman letters simulating the finest print; beef would be in one style of writing, mutton in another, lamb in a third; while each of these kinds of meat would be still further distinguished by a different colour of ink. He was a great friend to the Church, observing all its ordinances—and a trifle more. Every Sunday he entertained the congregation with a solo, singing the psalms *by himself* until the minister came into the desk. And on every last fast-day, while all the rest of the congregation went home to their refreshment and rest,

between morning and evening service, he never quitted the church, but went about from pew to pew repeating the Lord's Prayer and singing appropriate psalms, until he had performed these favourite devotions in every pew in the church. He had a large appetite, and seemed determined that all Romford should know it; for, instead of sitting down quietly to dinner in his back parlour, he would usually sally forth into the street, with a leg or a shoulder of lamb in one hand, a large knife in the other, a small loaf of bread in his pocket, and a handful of salt in the bend of the arm which carried the joint; and, thus equipped, would perambulate the town, eating as he went, until he had consumed the whole of this very substantial meal. It is not surprising that his friend Bingley, the London bookseller, declared that he did not know a larger man in Romford.

What Mr Wilson of Romford drank with his meat is not on record; but a certain William Lewis, Esquire, of Llandisruan, who died on the 30th December 1793 in the act of drinking a 'tumbler maur'—that is, a cup of Welsh ale containing about a wine-quart—had made it a rule of his life (as the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year reports) to read a certain number of chapters in the Bible every morning, and, by way of assisting in the digestion of so much spiritual food, to drink no less than eight gallons of ale every morning! One wonders what the late Sir Wilfrid Lawson, of jocular memory, would have said to this startling instance of an alliance between beer and the Bible. It was calculated by some mathematical genius of the time that in the course of his life Mr Lewis must have drunk enough ale to float a seventy-four-gun ship. His size was extraordinary. If we may believe the *Gentleman's Magazine*, he weighed forty stones, and the diameter of his body was no less than six feet. Fortunately, says the writer of his obituary notice, he died in his parlour, for it would have been impossible to bring him downstairs in a coffin. Even as it was, the undertakers had to use a crane to lift the coffin on to a carriage, and to have the same machine in the churchyard to let it down into his grave.

Another eccentric of a totally different kind was an old bachelor named John Little, who died in his house at Kentish Town in 1798, at the age of eighty-four. So great was his antipathy to marriage that he discarded his brother, the only relative he had left, for not continuing like himself in a state of celibacy. He was extremely penurious; and when a physician whom it had been necessary to call in advised him to drink a glass of wine occasionally, he would not trust his housekeeper with the key of the cellar, but insisted on being carried into it himself that he might bring away a bottle in his own hands. As might be anticipated, his distrust cost him dear; for being carried from a warm bed to a damp vault brought on a 'shivering fit,' and in a few days he was dead. When his keys were obtained, one hundred and seventy-three pairs of breeches, with numerous other articles of attire, were found in a room which had not been opened for fourteen years, and in a lock-up coach-house one hundred and eighty wigs. All these, of course, together with his two thousand pounds' worth of landed property, eleven thousand pounds in the 4 per cents., and twenty-five thousand pounds in various tontines, then became the property of the poor brother who had so grievously offended him by getting married.

The foregoing result was obviously due to Mr John Little's failure to make a will. But most cranks have exhibited their eccentricity especially in their wills. In 1773 a gentleman named Underhill was buried at Whittlesea, in Cambridgeshire. He left very precise instructions as to his funeral, and six thousand pounds to his sister on the condition that she carried them out. No relative was to follow his corpse, but only six gentlemen whom he named, to each of whom he desired his sister to give ten guineas, and to request of them not to come in black clothes. According to his instructions, as soon as the burial service was ended, an arch was turned over the coffin, in which was placed a small piece of white marble bearing the inscription, 'NON OMNIS MORIAR, 1773.' Then the six gentlemen who followed him to the grave sang the last stanza of the twentieth ode of the second book of *Horace*. No one was invited but the six gentlemen already mentioned, no bell was tolled, and there were none of the conventional signs of mourning. The coffin was painted green; and the deceased was laid in it with all his clothes on. Under his head was placed Saundon's *Horace*, at his feet Bentley's *Milton;* in his right hand was a small Greek Testament, in his left a little edition of *Horace;* while Bentley's edition of *Horace* was placed *sub podice*. After the ceremony was over, the six gentlemen went back to the house, and after a cold supper sang the thirty-first ode of the first book of *Horace*, drank a cheerful glass, and went home about eight o'clock. 'Which done,' were the concluding words of this eccentric's will, 'I would have them take a cheerful glass, and think no more of John Underhill.'

A rather less poetic eccentric was a farmer of Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, who died on the 1st February 1721, and was found to have ordered by will that his estate, which was worth about four hundred pounds a year, should be enjoyed by his two brothers (both clergymen), or, if they should die, by his nephew, until the expiration of thirty years, when he supposed he should return to life, and then it was to revert to him. He also directed

that his coffin should be fixed on a beam in his barn, which was to be locked and the key left inside, so that he might let himself out. Strange to say, the provisions of this certainly more than merely eccentric will were strictly observed. His executors let the coffin stay in the barn a day or two longer than the specified thirty years—namely, from 1st February 1721 to the 5th February 1751—and then, as he showed no signs of rising, they took it out and buried it.

What causes eccentricity in men it is impossible to say. According to Professor M'Dougall of Oxford, the physiological explanation is that whereas the neural systems of the brains of commonplace persons tend to become circumscribed and individualised, in a higher type of brain the neural systems are more complexly interwoven. But, in the first place, this physiological complexity is only inferred from the observed results; and, in the second place, it appears to be impossible to tell whether any such complexity will result in the production of a wit, an original thinker, or a crank. There may also, perhaps, be some difference of opinion not only as to what causes but as to what constitutes a wit, an original thinker, or a crank. Wherefore, passing lightly over the case of an elderly maiden lady, known as 'Mrs' Gregg, who towards the close of the century kept eighty cats, at an allowance of a guinea a week, under her hospitable roof in Southampton Row, Bloomsbury; and barely mentioning an old bachelor of Soho, a retired Change Alley broker, who for the last fourteen years of his life amused himself by going daily in the stage-coach from London to Greenwich, and immediately returning in another stage-coach (an amusement for which he paid regularly twenty-seven pounds a year), I will leave it to the reader to say in which of the foregoing categories he will place the hero of my concluding story.

John Kilburn, who was born at Richmond, and who died in a public-house at Water-Newton in 1797, was well known to the sporting gentlemen of his day as a 'list-seller' and attendant in the stables at most of the races in the kingdom. One day, in sultry harvest-time, being in Bedfordshire a few days before the date of the Richmond races, 'stony-broke' and hard put to it to know how to cover the one hundred and seventy miles to Richmond in time, he at last hit upon the following expedient. He got a blacksmith of his acquaintance to make him a bit of iron chain with a padlock on it marked with the words 'Richmond Jail.' Then he walked out into one of the neighbouring corn-fields, placed the bit of chain on one of his legs, locked it with the padlock, and lay down, pretending to be asleep. As he expected, it was not long before he was apprehended and hurried before the nearest justice of the peace. He said nothing beyond mumbling that he had never been tried, and that he hoped they wouldn't keep him till the assizes were over. After some consideration, the magistrate directed two constables to take him off in a carriage to Richmond Jail forthwith. On arriving at the jail the constables asked the keeper if he knew their prisoner. 'Oh yes,' he replied; 'this is Kilburn. I have known him many years.' 'We were sure he had broken out of your jail,' said the constables, 'because the padlock on his chain has your mark on it.' 'Broken out of my jail!' exclaimed the keeper. 'Why, he was never in it; and I never heard any harm of him in my life.' 'No more have these gentlemen,' slyly put in the smiling Kilburn. 'They have made a mistake. But as they have been good enough to bring me home out of Bedfordshire, I thank them for their kind usage. I need trouble them no further,' he added, 'for you see I have the key of my padlock;' and, suiting the action to the word, he took off his bogus fetter, wished them good-day, and walked off to the stables.

AN EFFECT IN LIGHT AND SHADOW.

By Norman Innes, Author of *Parson Croft*, *My Lady's Kiss*, *The Lonely Guard*, &c.

THE woman's cheeks were scarlet; the man smiled sheepishly. Clifford Broome took in the situation at a glance.

'I beg your pardon,' he murmured, conscious that it was Saturday afternoon, and that he had returned somewhat unexpectedly.

'I trust'——

'Not a word, Miss Eden—not a word, if you please,' stammered the lawyer, the prospect of explanations adding tenfold to his embarrassment. 'I left some papers behind me.—Thank you, Mr Sale. Good-afternoon.'

With that he turned in precipitate flight, and was half-way down Bedford Row before it struck him that his behaviour was scarcely logical. After all, there is no need for a man to apologise for entering his own private office. Yet, though head of the firm of Clifford, Wylde, & Broome, he had always found it a matter of some difficulty to realise his position; save for his secretary and an office-boy of seraphic demeanour, the pet alto of a North London choir, there was not a membe of his staff of whom he was not secretly in awe To the managing clerk, a white-haired old gentle man who had been engaged by the founder o the practice, Broome was no more than a boy even the junior clerk was senior in years t his employer, who in self-defence laid claim t being five-and-forty, though in reality a chicke of thirty-eight. Mr Staplehurst, the manager,

course was not deceived by this pious fraud; he recalled a day on which the then junior partner had stalked up Bedford Row proud in the birth of a son who now sat in his office-chair.

Clifford Broome had been born and bred in the sober atmosphere of Bedford Row, and among his earliest recollections were heavy, decorous dinners at his father's house in Queen's Square, at which those kindly, decorous gentlemen whose salaries he never paid without a blush had on occasion been guests. Years before he had been articled to the younger Mr Wylde—Mr Broome, senior, had died while his son was at the university—he had reverenced those clerks, and though past middle age, it was with a certain diffidence that he rang his bell to summon one or other of them from the outer office. They were antiquated in their ideas, wedded to the routine of other days, jealous of precedent, slaves to a conservatism in everyday affairs; he realised their limitations, and time and again had spent hours of an evening in simple, if laborious, drudgery rather than offend them by engaging an extra clerk versed in up-to-date business methods. Daily he admitted the absurdity of the position, but made no effort to free himself from his shackles, content to leave it to time to rid him of the burden of those four reverend old-men-of-the-sea. A bachelor of simple habits and ample private means, he accepted the situation and made the best of it; he was proud of the practice which, thanks to old connections and personal initiative, held its own in spite of modern competition; and, being of eclectic tastes, congratulated himself that his staff should be in such perfect keeping with their eighteenth-century surroundings. Their snowy linen and sombre black matched the dark oak panelling and still darker furniture to perfection; indeed, in the twilight of a winter afternoon the picture of the old gentlemen immersed in some legal question, with books and documents about them, and their ivory features standing out in mellow relief against the depth of shadow at their backs, filled the solicitor with the joy of a connoisseur before a portrait-group by Rembrandt.

No City church breathed an atmosphere of greater calm than that office, in which the clerks might have passed for cathedral clergy, and were certainly every whit as antagonistic to change; and it had cost Broome days of misgiving and nights of unrest ere he had summoned courage to inform his staff that pressure of business had decided him in making an addition to their number in the person of a lady secretary.

Upon each of his clerks the tidings had a different effect. Mr Staplehurst's attitude was that of a parish priest the chief of whose flock has lapsed into heresy. Earnestly, but with admirable decorum, he remonstrated against the innovation, reasoned with his principal; and, argument failing, had adopted an air of passive disapproval. Mr Beeching, whose sixty-five years had not cooled the fires of youth, was for handing in his resignation; Mr Pierce, though but just threescore, was prepared to ruin his prospects in life by a similarly drastic course. Both gentlemen expressed a fine contempt for the pusillanimity of Mr Stephen Sale, the bald-headed junior clerk, in bending the knee to Baal. Even the office-boy so far forgot his dignity as alto soloist to whistle when apprised of the news. Mr Beeching could count on his fingers the previous occasions upon which the peace of the office had been broken by a whistle of such levity.

Neither principal, clerks, nor office-boy are likely to forget that Monday morning when Miss Florence Eden entered the service of Clifford, Wylde, & Broome. The staff masked their sense of dissatisfaction beneath a dignified reserve, their employer his nervousness by an attempt at nonchalance. Both parties failed of their object, Clifford Broome with ignominy.

'Poor dears!' sighed Miss Eden as she took her way down Bedford Row, at five o'clock, some ten days after her arrival.

A week passed, a fortnight, and the attitude of the office underwent a gradual change. Even Mr Beeching the ultra-fastidious, apart from the metallic click of the unspeakable machine she operated, could find but little fault with Miss Eden. She was commendably quiet, her voice soft and subdued, and she seemed at pains to dress as if in deference to the tastes of those about her, in harmony with the style of her surroundings. Broome was duly appreciative. More than once he had caught himself gazing abstractedly at the woman as she bent above her work; the clean-cut features silhouetted against the mahogany bureau dark and lustrous as her chestnut hair, the tone of her skirts blending with that of the wainscot, the play of the light upon the snowy blouse to which a bunch of crimson carnations gave a vivid splash of colour, appealed to his artistic perception.

'Satisfied, Mr. Staplehurst?' The managing clerk had sought some expression of his employer's views as to the result of the new departure. 'Satisfied? I am charmed.' Let it be said that each individual member of the staff in his heart of hearts was prepared to sacrifice principle and endorse Clifford Broome's opinion.

It was the junior clerk who wrought the mischief, and at his presumption it seemed as if a spirit of unrest had entered the office. Broome for the first time in his life showed signs of irritability, Mr Staplehurst's reserve developed into settled gloom, high words had passed between Messrs Beeching and Sale, while Mr Pierce, hitherto regarded as a man of mildly sarcastic wit, was transformed into a cynic. Stephen Sale, blind to a state of things for which he was responsible, developed the most alarming symptoms; he bullied the seraph,

worried his fellow-clerks, got upon his employer's nerves, and meanwhile, as was shrewdly suspected, made love to the confidential secretary.

The solicitor realised that what he had seen that afternoon fully confirmed the general surmises. Obviously Mr Sale had proposed; it was as obvious that Miss Eden had accepted him; and the solicitor had not reached the end of Bedford Row ere embarrassment had given way to emotions vastly different. Here was a pretty ending to an experiment which had held such promise of success, and yet Broome could not blame himself for being blind to the possibility of such a dénouement. The junior clerk was five-and-forty, the secretary but half his years; Stephen Sale was bald as a coot, Florence Eden in the heyday of womanly perfection. And yet, when he came to consider the matter more closely, he admitted that of late there had certainly been much that was strange in Mr Sale's manner. He remembered having heard the latter discussing with his friend Mr Pierce the merits of two rival preparations for the hair; and had remarked that the gentleman in question had, without apparent reason, taken to lunching rather later than had been his custom, and, most suspicious of all, had on occasion returned to the office about the same time as Miss Eden.

Apart from the absurdity of it, Sale's conduct was unpardonable. It was an affront, a personal injury, which his employer felt justified in resenting. What right had the man to rob him of one who had already become an integral part of his office? A successor to Miss Eden was out of the question; there was not another woman in London capable of attaining the high standard the secretary had set. The holder of the position must be self-effacing, must recognise that she was no more than a detail in an harmonious whole. A blonde was impossible; a tartan blouse, a check skirt, would ruin the atmosphere of the office. There were women who affected such abominations. Besides, in all probability he would lose Mr Sale as well, and be faced with the necessity of employing some youth of up-to-date ideals, whereupon the spirit of the office would vanish before a whirlwind of blatant modernity. Wing-collars, brown shoes, and obtrusive socks that matched as obtrusive neckwear would destroy the prevailing scheme of colouring. Broome hated fancy waistcoats, and a junior clerk's wardrobe, he knew, invariably contained a unique selection.

The lawyer passed a wretched week-end, during which he realised the futility of attempting to reason with his love-lorn employés, and on Monday arrived at his office with the gloomiest forebodings. The morning passed slowly. Miss Eden sat with bowed head above her typewriter; while the man, after dictating a dozen letters in rather disjointed fashion, relapsed into silence. When the secretary prepared to go out to lunch an hour earlier than was her custom, her employer, who had been watching her furtively the morning through, noticed something unusual in her manner.

'Mr Broome'—the man shuddered in anticipation of the worst—'I wish to leave, if you please, as soon as'——

'My dear Miss Eden!' Broome rose with every sign of embarrassment. Though the girl's words had but confirmed the fears that had haunted two sleepless nights, he seemed hardly to realise their meaning. 'My dear Miss Eden, but why?'

'Something has happened, Mr Broome.' The oval face flushed; the clear voice sank to a whisper. 'I think you will understand. I'd rather say nothing'——

'As yet, of course, Miss Eden.' The lawyer felt it was incumbent upon him to accept the situation in as gracious a spirit as was possible. 'As yet, of course. I quite understand. I am sure I am'——

It was his intention to congratulate her. After all, Stephen Sale must be an eligible parti; but as he glanced at the girl, who had suddenly raised her head, the words stuck in his throat.

'I am sorry to lose you—very sorry,' he stammered, conscious that it was imperative to say something.

'Thank you, Mr Broome. I, too, am very sorry. I have been very happy here—very happy indeed. Every one has been so kind—so very kind.' She paused for a moment, and then came a deepening of her colour, a little deprecating movement of her hands, as she added, 'And if you please, you must not blame Mr Sale. You won't, will you?'

Not blame Mr Sale! Till that moment he had never realised the enormity of that gentleman's conduct; yet what could he do or say in face of the appeal in those dark, wistful eyes? He laughed, or rather made an ineffective attempt at doing so.

'Of course not. Let me say that in a sense I am in sympathy with Mr Sale. But I trust you are in no very great hurry to leave us?'

'I should like to go, if you please, as soon as you can find some one to take my place.'

'A matter of sheer impossibility.' Again the lawyer tried to rise to the occasion, but his tones, though emphatic, were despondent. 'But you would do me a great kindness if you could manage to remain with us all for another week.'

For a moment the woman stood silent, with clouded brow, and then murmured as if with an effort, 'As you wish, Mr Broome. I will try.'

She turned rather swiftly; and the other fancied there were tears in her eyes as he held wide the private door which opened directly upon the landing.

Clifford Broome leant back in his chair with a groan and stared blankly at his junior clerk.

He had scarcely recovered from the shock of his brief interview with his secretary ere Mr Stephen Sale had bluntly informed him of his desire to resign his position.

'My dear Sale, this is wholly unexpected,' gasped the solicitor, whose manner bore witness to the truth of the statement. 'Surely you cannot have any real reason for wishing to leave the firm after more than twenty-five years' service.'

'I am sorry to do so, sir; but there are private reasons which prompt me to the step I am taking. Perhaps you will understand'——

'Yes, yes, Mr Sale, I understand perfectly.' The whole sorry business was only too obvious to him, and his state of mind did not permit of congratulations in the case of his clerk. 'I am indeed sorry that you should take such a course so unexpectedly, and I think I am entitled to ask you whether you cannot reconsider your decision. Perhaps Mr Staplehurst might give you some advice.'

'I have mentioned the matter to my colleagues—to the managing clerk, to Mr Beeching, and Mr Pierce—and they have approved the course I suggested. Indeed, I may say they have acted most kindly, most generously in the matter.'

Stephen Sale spoke with feeling, and his employer noticed that the blue eyes beneath the heavy gold spectacles were unwontedly bright. So the staff had given their approval to this piece of folly. Broome had no patience for such a pack of old fools. Were they blind to the absurdity of their junior's conduct, of this ill-assorted match?

'Well, I must ask you to study my convenience to the extent of giving me a few days in which I can consider my future arrangements. You cannot fail to understand how much I am upset by this event, which is unparalleled in the history of this office. Would you be so good as to tell Mr Staplehurst I should like to see him before he goes out to lunch?'

Even Clifford Broome admitted that his junior clerk seemed conscious of his shortcomings; no man looked less the successful suitor than Stephen Sale as he stole out of the private office without another word.

'It's a very painful matter, Mr Clifford'—the managing clerk was privileged in the form of his address—'and you will understand my feelings.'

'I do, Mr Staplehurst.' The other's manner was sympathetic, and Broome was duly appreciative. 'Sale made a serious mistake, and, I think, will do nothing towards bettering it by leaving the firm.'

The old gentleman nodded gravely. 'That is what I told him when he first informed us of what had happened; but Mr Beeching and Mr Pierce were strongly of the opinion that there was nothing for him to do but to resign; and, after all, his feelings in the matter must be considered. And there's Miss Eden, who is quite one of us, Mr Clifford,' he continued. 'As I said to Mr Beeching only a week ago, I don't know what the office would be without Miss Eden.'

'And she leaves us on Saturday. She has made up her mind.'

'Personally I had hoped she would not do so,' sighed Staplehurst gloomily. 'It is the one thing that Sale feared.'

'Well, I don't know what he expected,' snapped Broome. 'He might have thought of that before he made a fool of himself. He has acted disgracefully.'

'Ill-advisedly, Mr Clifford. Sale, let me tell you in confidence, having committed this error of judgment, has done all that lies in his power. Indeed, he has acted nobly, as I'd have had a son of mine act; and his friends Mr Beeching and Mr Pierce have most generously given him their help. Believe me, Mr Clifford, Miss Eden will not leave this office with her future unprovided for.'

'I understand, Mr Staplehurst; and you've had a hand in it, I know.' Broome knew his managing clerk's generosity, and when it came to a wedding present, felt sure no expense would be spared. 'Of course, Miss Eden shall have some token of the high esteem in which I hold her. It is largely for her sake that I wish Sale could be persuaded to stay with us.'

The wrinkled old face brightened.

'Then perhaps, Mr Clifford, you might ask her to use her influence with Sale. The last thing in the world she would wish is that he should leave.'

'Thank you, Mr Staplehurst; I'll see what I can do,' said Broome; and the other went out to lunch. Surely there never was a match that occasioned such general depression.

. . . . . .

Florence Eden laughed. She had to; time and again within the past four days she had been on the brink of tears, and now her laughter rose unbidden.

'Mr Broome, what made you think that?'

The lawyer coloured.

'But I saw you—you and Mr Sale'——

Miss Eden was serious in a moment; she spoke rather hurriedly.

'Yes, yes, I know. He did ask me to; but, you see, he is so much older than I am, and—and—though I like him, I don't think I ever could'——

Broome felt as if the room was reeling round him; but, as the other paused, his relief found vent in words. He rose nervously and took a turn of the office.

'It was stupid of me; and I am glad, as far as I can see, Miss Eden, we need not lose you after all.'

'But there's Mr Sale. It is not fair to him

that I should stay. He has more claim upon the firm than I.'

Her employer was silent, and for the first time made some feeble attempt at a definite analysis of his feelings; he was conscious of an overwhelming joy at the prospect of the possible retention of his secretary, and a sudden inspiration seized him.

'But we want you, Miss Eden—all of us, including Mr Sale, I am sure; I, perhaps, more'——

'You, Mr Broome!' The woman's glance was down-bent; her employer had paused beside her chair.

'Yes, I.' The lawyer spoke slowly, very gravely.

'For the sake of the office?' There was a note of petulance in the question. 'You are always thinking of the office.'

'I am thinking of myself—of you.'

A hush fell upon the room; the other did not raise her head.

'And you want me to stay in the office?'

'Yes—no,' stammered Clifford Broome, 'with me.'

What immediately followed is known to two people only; but when, half-an-hour later, Mr Staplehurst entered the room he was amazed to find Miss Eden seated in the principal's chair and its owner stooping above it.

'Pray come in,' stammered Broome. 'You wish to see me?'

The managing clerk cleared his throat.

'The staff wished to see Miss Eden.'

'I am sure she will be delighted. Am I in the way?' answered Broome with a guilty air which struck Messrs Staplehurst, Beeching, and Pierce as inexplicable, and the woman stepped forward, somewhat puzzled.

'Miss Eden'—the old gentleman's voice had the suspicion of a quaver in it—'you must pardon us if our conduct savours of an unwarrantable liberty; I hope our good intentions will serve for an excuse. It is with the utmost regret that we heard that you were leaving us; it was with regret even greater that we learnt from our good friend Mr Sale, whose absence you will understand, of the reasons that prompted you in making this decision. Of the personal feelings of each one of us present I'll say nothing, but we are unanimously of the opinion that the staff of this office owe you amends for the circumstances which have compelled your resignation. You have won our esteem, Miss Eden—may I say it? our hearts—the hearts of four lonely men who now ask you to accept a token of their regard.'

The speaker paused and handed the woman a folded sheet of paper.

'It is good of you; it really is,' she stammered. 'What is it?'

Clifford Broome bent beside her for a moment. When he rose there was a mist before his eyes. The shadows were deepening, and the last glow of a crimson sunlight lit the three earnest faces.

'An annuity of fifty pounds!' He spoke as if to himself.

'Oh, Mr Staplehurst, Mr Beeching, Mr Pierce, how very, very kind! But I don't think I can take it. I don't think that I shall want it now. You see, I am not going away after all—at least not very far away.'

The three faces were blank, and then their principal spoke, much after the fashion of an urchin who has been caught in wrong-doing.

'Miss Eden is going to be married, but'—he stammered—'but, if you can understand me, will not entirely sever her connection with the firm.'

Mr Pierce nudged his friend Mr Beeching, who in turn looked at the managing clerk, upon whom the situation dawned but slowly.

'Miss Eden,' he stammered after a moment's hesitation, 'we brought what we feared was a farewell gift; we trust that instead you will accept it as a wedding present.'

'You old dears!' murmured Florence Eden, and took each outstretched hand in turn.

Clifford Broome gazed at the group in silence, conscious that he had never set eyes on a finer effect in light and shadow.

SUNSET IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

Gray waste of waters, sun-kissed by a rosy goddess beaming
Near pearl skies, touched by the unseen hand of light,
And fleecy cloudlets drifting, like angels softly leaning,
Across the Indian Ocean in the radiant summer night.

Grim ocean, obscured by shadows of night low lying,
While 'God's Watchers'—the stars—shine out in a dusky west;
All still, save lapping of waves and night winds faintly sighing,
In a world of ephemeral glory, as a symbol of life's unrest.

Twilight and starlight blended, in a harmony all too fleeting,
As ships that are passing by night, or love on the ocean of life,
Or friendship's hand in spring-time of youth entwined in greeting,
Before shadows fall, when hearts grow weary of strife.

Purple and gold fading splendour, 'neath a new moon brilliantly shining,
Paling the stars with her rays on the water in ripples of light,
Closing the scene with a wealth of white lustre refining,
While filling one's soul with the peace and content of the night.

E. A. Henty
(Mrs Edward Starkey).

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

THE tercentenary of the publication of the authorised English edition of the Bible is to be celebrated, in all places where the English language is spoken, in the spring of this year; and, so far as Britain and most of her colonies are concerned, the celebrations will take place about the end of this month of March. In the United States there will be such celebrations in the last week of April. It is proposed to invite all the clergy and ministers of every denomination in England, Scotland, and Ireland to make the occasion the theme of their discourses on the last Sunday in March, and the Archbishop of Canterbury makes a good lead with his promise to preach in St Paul's on the evening of that day. The head men of the Free Churches are well sympathetic towards the movement, as they might be expected to be, although it was not originated by them, and they have commended it to the leading denominational churches. It may still be news to some of those who are not Welsh nor of Wales to any extent whatsoever—though to others it has been no news for more than three hundred years—that the little Principality, so marked in its individuality in many respects, has a Bible of its own, the first edition of which was printed in 1588 by the deputies of C. Barker, London, further issues being made in 1620 and 1630; and consequently Wales will not participate in these ceremonies. In Scotland, however, the Authorised Version has generally taken the place of the old Gaelic Bible, even in the Highlands, where such changes from tradition and family practice are hardest of all to make, and so the tercentenary will be recognised. The work of preparation of this Authorised Version was entered upon in 1604, when King James I. called a conference to sit at Hampton Court and determine what it was that was 'amiss in the Church.' It was suggested that a new translation of the Bible, performed more carefully and thoroughly and with less prejudice than had been exhibited in some previous translations, should be made. The king thought well of the proposal, and six committees were appointed to execute the work. Of these committees two sat at Westminster, two at Canterbury, and two at Oxford. When they had finished their work it was put together and revised by a general committee, and in 1611 it was brought forth to the people. For all the changes and corrections that were made when the Revised Version was produced a few years ago, there can be no doubt that the translation of this national Bible of ours is a magnificent piece of work, and a great improvement upon translations that had gone before it, complete as some of them were. There was Wyclif's translation, which made its appearance more than two hundred years previously; and Caxton's, which belonged to the fifteenth century, was printed. In 1535 there was issued the first complete English Bible, that of Miles Coverdale; and others followed, notably the Matthew's Bible, the Great Bible, the Geneva Bible (undertaken by English refugees at Geneva in Queen Mary's reign), and some besides. The last-named was that in general use at the time of the publication of the new English version, but gradually the one national Bible displaced the other; and by the time it had been before the public for fifty years it was the master of the field.

* * *

James had no thought of the good that he wrought or of the vast influence that his simple words of approval would have upon the lives and thoughts of his people for the long centuries in the future. Yet for all that it should not be imagined by those who have not taken the trouble to inform themselves of the history of this great book in its different forms and translations, and the part that it has had in moulding the destiny and character of the English people, that the Bible first came into its great popularity when it was thus officially published with the full authority and commendation of the king and the national Church. No; long before that it was the book of the people, for the days of the early Puritans came before that time, and it has been rightly said that at that time the English were the people of a book, one that was read everywhere, in the church and the home, making eyes glow with fervour and pulses beat fast with hope and the desire for doing wherever it was read. It was the one book that was available to the people; they had no others. The classics and the scanty literature of their own time were denied to them. Printing was still an expensive

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thing, and the time was more than three hundred years in advance of that of shilling editions of standard works and penny volumes of the Testament. So the Bible was the people's reading; they drew their thoughts from it, moulded their expressions upon the phrases that were in it, and language and literature were affected. The Authorised Version was of splendid value when it came, because for purity, quality of translation, and accuracy it was better than the others; and with the book having such a vogue and exercising such influence, even a little advance in these respects was a momentous thing. But if the Bible was then the book of a people, and if it is now perhaps less the book of that people, to their loss in divers important ways, it has become the book of the whole great world. With no prescience that has ever been given to man could James and his committees have foreseen the amazing romance of the circulation of the translations of the Bible into the countries and among all the peoples of the world. The other day I came upon a report of the British and Foreign Bible Society that was, I think, a year or two old, but as one such report is very much like another in these days it was probably no worse for that; possibly, having regard to modern habits of forgetfulness and the evanescence of that which we call news, it was all the better for its revival. This report told how the Bible, or portions of it, was then printed in four hundred and twelve different languages, and how during the previous year sections of it had been printed in Lengue, a language spoken by the Indians of the Paraguayan Chaco; in Lu-Nyankole, the speech of a tribe inhabiting the region south-west of Uganda; and in Hindu-Sindhi, which is a dialect current among the Hindu inhabitants of Sindh. During that year five and a half million volumes had been issued by the society, of which nearly a million were complete Bibles, over a million were Testaments, and the rest were portions of the book. The receipts for sales in that year amounted to over two hundred thousand pounds. And George Borrow, when he took the Bible with him into Portugal and Spain, and caused it to be circulated there, so far from exhausting the possibilities of adventure and interesting experience in such a mission, only touched upon the fringe of them, and it has been left to the more modern travellers in the service of this great society to see more, do more, run greater risks, and endure greater hardships and sufferings. In this report that I write of, the story is related of how one colporteur entered a lonely village in Lower Egypt, and offered his gospels to a number of the fellaheen. They received him with execrations and threats, which they promptly proceeded to put into execution. 'Oh you kafir [infidel]!' they exclaimed. 'Do you sell the Bible to us, the true believers?' Then a man with a gun came up and joined the others. 'Let us take him and shoot him—the dog!' they cried. And so they led the colporteur to a large shed. He laid aside his bag of books, and took his turban from his head. Then an idea came to him. A jar that seemed as if it might contain water stood near to the man who held the gun. 'Before you shoot me,' said the intended victim, 'let me drink from that jar.' In their scant mercy the fellaheen granted this last prayer, and the colporteur went forward to reach the jar. Now this Bible-man was big and strong, renowned indeed for his physical power, as such should always be; and as he passed the man with the gun he knocked him down, and in a trice he wrested his weapon from him. This startling turn of events gave fright to the others, who by a brief process of thought came to the conclusion that he would now shoot them as they had threatened to shoot him, and so with all haste they ran away and hid themselves among the tall Indian corn that was growing near by. Shortly afterwards the colporteur handed the rifle to a company of men with whom he had made acquaintance, and passed on his way, ready and prepared for more adventures and with undiminished intention of persevering with his work to the best of his ability.

* * *

It will be a good thing to make the utmost celebration in London, the country, and in Britain abroad, of this tercentenary of the issue of the authorised English version of the Bible. Centenaries, bicentenaries, and tercentenaries—to the first-named of which we seem uncommonly attached in these days, scouring the old calendars as we do for births and deaths and great events of a hundred years ago to celebrate—are purely arbitrary marks on time. They do not signify any definite or recurring change in nature. They are not like the night and the day or the seasons of the year. The earth and the universe are ignorant of them. They are merely an arrangement, a convenience, belonging to man's system of counting; but they give a definite occasion for a sharp quickening of our interest and sympathy with their subjects, and often lead to a valuable adjustment of our point of view. The celebration of this tercentenary of the Authorised Version of the Bible is opportune, and it may do some substantial good. But much more than that, it may even be said to be necessary. One reads that 'an appeal will be made that the Bible shall be given its rightful place not only in the life of this generation, but of all the generations which shall succeed it.' Here clearly is the suggestion that it has not that rightful place at the present time, and that is certainly true. There is still a large proportion of the people to whom the Bible is the book of books, that which they know best and read most; but the proportion is vastly smaller than it used to be, and

it is dwindling always, while it has to be added that its regular readers for the most part belong to the humbler, less educated, and less reasoning classes. Neglect of Bible-reading by the others has come along with the modern indifference to religion and religious matters in every shape and form; and this is specially unfortunate because it is the result in many cases of a modern ignorance of what the Bible is and what place it holds in literature. Its worth and interest are not understood. Those of whom we speak as being indifferent to religious matters, and wilfully neglectful of them, regard the Bible as being simply a religious book, a sanctified volume which expounds the basis and the principles of belief in God and Christ. Being neglectful of the study and practice of these principles, they feel themselves to be consistent in being equally neglectful of the book which teaches them. As attendance at a place of worship would be irksome to them, would be an act void of sincerity and pleasure, and only undertaken either for the sake of appearances or for the settling of a twinge of conscience that spoke of duty, so would the reading of the Bible be undertaken in the same spirit, and, not being considered as an intellectual pleasure, but as a duty which it is even easier than the other to disregard, it is left undone. It is considered that the study of this book would be merely a practice of religion. The people who take this attitude, being the vast majority, excuse themselves still further when they remember the attacks that have been made by science upon the accuracy of many of the statements that are made in the book. They put it to themselves, whenever they take the trouble to think at all upon the matter, that this is merely a book of religion, and that it is largely discredited at that. In this negative or antagonistic state of mind they are unable to realise the great magnificence of the book in all respects that are quite distinct from its religious history and teaching.

* * *

There is a vast multitude to-day who have never come to know and realise that, viewed in just the same way as other classical works are, as a means of intellectual exercise and delight, as a piece of literature, this book is the most splendid that has ever been given to the world. If they could pick up a part of it that was made up into a volume with a plain binding, or one that, while being handsome and ornamental, lacked the device of the cross and the title of 'Holy Bible,' being called by some unfamiliar name, they might and very likely would be fascinated by its literary charm. But they do not or cannot ever bring themselves to approach the reading of the Bible from this detached literary standpoint. The teachers of the Christian religion do not encourage them to do so. Mistaken as they are in some of their methods, they would in many cases probably condemn the reading and study of the great book in any such frame of mind as being irreverent and so improper, not realising that appreciation of its literary beauty might increase to wonder, and then to further wonder, and to a conjecture that might turn agnosticism to belief as it was seen how the pieces of this marvellous literary mosaic fitted in with each other, and how in all of them there is the sign of a literary inspiration that is nothing short of phenomenal. It is that—the phenomenal literary character of the Bible—which might disturb unbelief when the most vehement harangues of Nonconformist ministers and the gentle prattlings of curates failed completely. If you take your educated and intelligent but often not deeply reasoning agnostic, and grapple with him first on the great problem of the how and the why of the creation of the universe which includes this wonderful world, becoming more wonderful every day, demand of him next an explanation of the cause of the continued beating of his heart, and bring him afterwards to a full knowledge and appreciation of this absolutely phenomenal literary character of the Bible, you must, if he is a man of reason, shake his agnosticism to its foundations, if such it has. But we are not here now to consider the Bible in its religious aspect at all. We want it to be 'given its rightful place' in literature, which is at the head of it. This is a necessity of the time, the time when there is more general reading of the classical works than ever there was before. The cheap reprints have brought it about that in these days everybody is reading Homer and Virgil, Horace and Æschylus, Sophocles and Plato, Aristophanes and Euripides, becoming familiar with them, quoting easily from them, and yet a vast proportion of these people have never read ten chapters of the Bible since they left school, and have no present intention of doing so. That is because the Bible is not like any other book to them, not like a piece of literature. It is just the Holy Bible, the religious book, that which is enjoined upon them to be read as a matter of duty. It is not made to look like any other book. It is given a most distinctive appearance both inside and out. The binding is peculiar and bears peculiar devices, the edges are different from the edges of other books, and the format is of a kind that is seen in no other volume. One cannot help thinking that there is a vast loss in this distinction. If the Bible were merely presented as other books are, and submitted to readers as a piece of literature, or, as one might say, an anthology of ancient writers, it would have a far stronger place among the readers of books than it has now. Its transcendent merits would be better recognised. Those of lesser literary understanding might still have their fancy Bibles with brass edgings to the covers, marginal references that are never considered, and type that is a

severe test to the eyesight and defies long reading, but others would be led to taking up the book with less prejudice and more pleasure of anticipation if it bore the same appearance as their Homer or their Horace. They would take it up as many of them have taken up the Koran; for, strange as it may appear, I have encountered several English people in recent times who have read more of the Mussulman's Bible than the Christian's. Then they would realise their good fortune. They would come to know that the Hebrew of the original and the English of the translation have suited each other as no two other languages so far apart in origin could have done. The translation was made in a period that is celebrated for its literary richness; and in style, diction, and clarity and force of expression there is nothing in our language that is so good, so beautiful. And it is the very heart of our English literature. Works that came after it and became classics were deeply influenced by it. It was a well from which writers drew large draughts of inspiration in style and manner. It had, and still has directly or indirectly through the works of others which were directly influenced, an effect upon our literature that no other book has had or could have.

* * *

Those who would know anything about the history of our English writing and the causes that have worked upon it to different ends must make a deep study of the Bible. Modern writers of ambition might with advantage examine it more and practise what they must inevitably learn from it. In no other book is there such a magnificent economy of words, and such an economy is the first essential of perfect literature. In the Bible there is no word wasted, no redundancies, no loose and wearisome verbiage. The simplest words are used, and they are the exact words for the expression of the meaning that was meant to be conveyed. They give room for no doubts. Then the phrases are clean cut as with a knife, and with it all the language glides beautifully on through the chapters. When one is led to think of the superb terseness of this book, there comes into the mind a memory of a story concerning the editor of a great daily newspaper in New York and one of his youngest and most enterprising reporters, which I believe to be true. A hint was conveyed to the office at New York of some important happening far away, and the young reporter was forthwith sent off to make inquiries concerning it, and if possible 'write it up.' He was successful in his task, and came by some news which he had good reason to believe would not be gathered by rival newspapers. With a customary and creditable enthusiasm, he was inclined to exaggerate its importance, and telegraphed to his editor in New York begging for more space than that which had been assigned to him in the first place. He asked that he might be allowed to telegraph a column, this representing about fifteen hundred words. The editor, lacking the correspondent's enthusiasm for his personal success, and having a jealous regard for the value of his space, answered: 'Send six hundred words.' This was sad for the reporter. As a final effort he tried to compromise with the chief at headquarters, and telegraphed again: 'Cannot do it in less than twelve hundred words without spoiling. Shall I send that?' The editor's reply was interesting and crushing. It was: 'Story of creation of world told in six hundred words. Try it.'

* * *

But with all its compactness and conciseness the language flows smoothly and sweetly through this book. There is nothing else in the world like the sweet, rippling cadence of the Psalms of David. Here indeed have we the music of words, gentle and sweet, seeming like the singing of a gladdened soul: 'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.' And consider the sublime perfection of the Hundred and Fourth Psalm, when the singer, after his meditation upon the mighty power of his Lord, is roused at the end of it to a great ecstasy of admiration and reverence, and shouts aloud, 'I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live: I will sing praise to my God while I have my being.' And so it is again in many places in this glorious book, in the beautiful Song of Solomon and in his Proverbs, graceful in their expression, rich in their imagery, acute and appealing in their wisdom. Men who have a love of literature, and consider that they have made the most extensive and useful explorations among it, are familiar with the Meditations of Marcus Aurelius and the Maxims of La Rochefoucauld; but what was the wisdom of these sages, and what was the expression of it, compared with the aphorisms of the Hebrew king? Were they given such a title as is suggested in the last sentence, and published in separation from the Bible as an ordinary classic, there would surely be a vogue for Solomon as there has never been to now. The keen perspicuity and the sound common-sense, the deep insight into the weaknesses and the follies of human nature, are set forth here as in no other book. Solomon truly deserves his reputation for wisdom. Men and women of the world today who have not read him because his advice is bound up in the religious book that, in their folly and mistake, they do not consult, would be deeply impressed by what he says; they would be fascinated so that they would unwillingly sleep again until they had read him through. 'The heart knoweth his own bitterness; and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his joy,' said the king. 'Hope deferred maketh the hear

sick: but when the desire cometh, it is a tree of life,' said Solomon. 'A continual dropping in a very rainy day and a contentious woman are alike,' was his reflection. 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright: at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder,' is the most perfect anti-Khayyám. 'A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver,' King Solomon said; and also, 'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.' Then there is a system of conduct put forward negatively in the list of the seven things that are hateful in a man: 'A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, an heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief, a false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.' And none knew better than Solomon how we should hold our relations with our fellow-man. There is a maxim for the unduly lingering guest, him who in the modern phrase 'outstays his welcome,' in this that Solomon said: 'Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house; lest he be weary of thee, and so hate thee.' And, irregular as may appear the suggestion that there is humour in the Bible, there is yet in Solomon a certain grimness of understanding and expression which is closely allied to humour, even though it be humour unconscious. Solomon said, 'When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider diligently what is before thee; and put a knife to thy throat if thou be a man given to appetite.' Such is a wise king's wisdom. For the one reason that is embodied in these notes, and for many others of a very different character which are held in mind by those who lead the way in the celebration of this great tercentenary, it will be well if the Bible is 'given its rightful place in the life not only of this generation, but of all the generations which succeed it.'

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER XI.

PETER sat on a cow's head, bleached and white, at the Estancia Las Lomas, reading a letter from Jane Erskine. He had begun to think that the Royal Mail Steam-Packet Service was run for the sole purpose of carrying correspondence between himself and her, and he felt pleased with its punctuality in delivering his letters.

'It feels a bit queer being here,' he said to himself, gazing round him as he spoke. It was the evening of a hot day, and there was a flame of crimson over to westward, where a few minutes ago the sun had sunk through great bars of flame, dying grandly like a warrior. All round him was a vast, solitary land, but nearer the *estancia* were pleasant, homely sights and sounds. A cart yoked with five horses abreast stood by the *galpon;* a flock of geese walked with disdainful, important gait across the *potrero;* and the *viscashos* popped in and out of their holes with busy importance, like children keeping house. The farm-horses turned out for the night cropped the short grass near where he stood. Peons, their day's work over, loitered in the *patio*, and the major-domo's children rode by, all three of them on one horse, their arms round one another's waists. The little *estancia* house stood red-roofed and home-like, with green *paraiso* trees about it. In the veranda Toffy was stretched in a hammock, a pile of letters and newspapers from home beside him; Hopwood appeared round the corner carrying cans of water for baths; while Ross, their host, in a dress as nearly as possible resembling that of a gaucho, was that moment disappearing indoors to make the evening cocktail. He came to the door presently and shouted to the two men to come in, and pointed out to them—as he had pointed out every evening since they had arrived—his own skill in swizzling.

It was a curious coincidence that had led Peter and Christopherson to Las Lomas. When they reached Buenos Ayres a very pleasant and unexpected meeting occurred, for Peter met Chance, a man who had been with him at Eton, on his way down the river to go home. Chance had lost his young wife a little while before, and was returning to England to see what the voyage and a change would do to cure him of an almost overwhelming grief; and his partner, Ross, was left behind to look after the *estancia*. Ross was at the hotel also, and proved an excellent fellow. And Chance suggested that Ogilvie and Christopherson should return to Las Lomas with him and see something of the life in Argentina, and stay as long as they could, and keep Ross company until he himself should return.

The invitation was accepted without hesitation, and it seemed that the two travellers were in luck's way. The *estancia* was a snug little place, amply watered by a river, and lying some miles above the last port where the small river-steamer called. This port was nearer the *estancia* than the railway station at Taco, and the last stage of the journey, therefore, was made by steamer. The river was a wide, shallow stream, very difficult of navigation. Nearly ten miles broad in some parts, at its deepest it never gave soundings of more than five fathoms of water. In dry weather it was possible in some places to drive a cart across it, while in others the

current was quick and dangerous. It was full of shallows and sandbanks, and for some miles the course of the little steamer was marked out by boughs of trees stuck into its muddy bottom.

The steamer was a well-found craft compared with many others that had navigated the river before, and was a new venture on the part of a man, Purvis by name, who had lately acquired considerable property on the river-bank. He was a gentle-mannered, nervous-looking individual, with weak, pale eyes that watered incessantly, and he had a curious habit, unknown except to dwellers in town in Argentina, of dressing like a city clerk. All the men in camp wore breeches and wide felt hats and polo boots, but Purvis was habitually dressed in dark tweed clothes and a bowler hat. Even on the steamer and in the heat of the midday sun he wore the same kit, and walked up and down the deck with an umbrella held over his head. He spoke half-a-dozen languages, but seemed to think in Spanish, for whenever he spoke quickly or impulsively that was the tongue which he used.

The crew of the steamer was composed of a queer mixture of elements; and, whatever their moral qualities may have been, their appearance would not have been altogether reassuring to a man, for instance, travelling with a good many valuables about him. There was Grant the engineer, a Scotchman who never spoke at all, and who loved his engines with a personal love; Pedro, a man with big, melancholy eyes, half-Basque and half-Italian; an old Belgian stoker and a nigger from South Carolina; and, lastly, John Lewis (or Black John, as he was always called), who came from a Danish West Indian island, and who said he was a Scotchman and had been a cabinetmaker in Glasgow.

The little steamer was not uncomfortable. She was a flat-bottomed river-boat, and carried cargoes of hides and other Saladero produce. There were some live pigs with immense tusks, and some *tasajo* in the hold, and a raft of pipes of tallow which a hawser towed behind. The boat was supposed to draw only two feet of water, but in her present overloaded state she dragged heavily against the mud in the shallower parts of the river.

The lawyer, Sir John Falconer, who had come down to the river to see the two travellers off, drew Peter Ogilvie aside and had a considerable talk with him before saying good-bye.

'Don't attempt amateur detective work yourself,' he urged, 'but remain with Ross until proper official inquiries can be made into the case. There is nothing for it but to remain inactive for the present; but gather information quietly where you can. The law out here is a clumsy mover, and you may have to wait months before you hear anything. Keep your eyes and your ears open; travel about the country a little, and get into conversation with as many people as possible. News in Argentina is not carried by the newspapers but by the men who ride from place to place, and more particularly by scamps who have no fixed address for very long. My advice to you would be to say as little as possible about the business which you have in hand, but get into conversation with men who have lived long in the country.'

'I tried that sort of thing on the steamer coming out,' said Peter, 'but we didn't get very much information. The whole thing, you see, is a very old story.'

'This man Purvis, whom you are travelling with,' said Sir John, 'is the sort of person who might help you. He knows the country intimately, as far as I can gather, and depend upon it he hears more gossip on board his boat than is ever heard anywhere else in the whole country. Chance dislikes the man, but he may be useful.'

'He looks rather a worm,' said Peter.

'It is generally worms who turn king's evidence,' said Sir John with a laugh at his own joke, and then added quickly, 'I don't speak personally, of course. Your captain is not exactly one's idea of an old sea-dog, but he is a gentle, intelligent little man.'

'Ross said something about there being trouble on his *estancia*,' said Peter. 'I don't know what it was all about.'

'He must have some difficult men to manage up there,' replied Sir John. 'There is always more or less trouble amongst these mixed nationalities out here. But that need not affect you, of course.'

'No,' said Peter. 'My cue seems to be to gossip like an old woman with every one I come across.'

'And to say as little as you can yourself,' concluded Sir John. 'The man who speaks very little and hears a great deal is always in a strong position.'

'Although an uninteresting beast to meet,' Peter remarked in parenthesis.

And then, as the voyage was about to begin, the two friends bade each other good-bye.

The steamer trip up the shallow river was thoroughly enjoyable, in spite of the amazingly bad food which the travellers had to eat, and the ever-present smell of pigs and hides. The vegetation of the river-bank was beautiful in the extreme, and the smells on board the boat were often counteracted by the exquisite scents which were wafted from the shore. Willows and mimosa-trees, air-plants, and every sort of creeper gave an almost tropical appearance to the low woods through which the river ran.

Purvis proved himself an agreeable companion in a timid, mild way. He pointed out his own *estancia* house by the river-bank, and invited Peter and Sir Nigel to come and stay with him some day.

The three passengers did not trouble to turn in when night fell, but lay on deck and leaned against bales of wool until the boat arrived at

the little port of La Dorado at two o'clock in the morning. Moonlight and dawnlight lent an air of mystery and beauty to the solitary country; there was a sort of vast stillness over the land as the boat glided to her moorings in the early morning. Nothing could be heard but the chirping of a *bicho* or the desolate neigh of one of the horses that awaited them by the little quay. The stars shone and twinkled overhead, and the air was clear and cool and marvellously still. Black John woke the travellers up and told them it was time to disembark; and Purvis, to whom sleep seemed to be quite unnecessary, was awake and ready to give them a send off.

'Anything I can do for you while you are out here,' he said to the two friends as he bade them good-bye, 'I will do most willingly. I am *paseando* now, but I hope to be at my own place shortly, and will ride over and see you. Ross has not been out here long, and perhaps does not know so much about the country as I do.'

The Englishmen thanked him and mounted their horses, while their luggage was put into a rough cart, and they then rode off in a mysterious dawn across the great, silent country to the little *estancia* house amongst the *paraiso* trees.

Ross was a capital host, and as the only possible entertainment he could offer his guests was work upon the *estancia*, he gave them plenty of it; and the out-of-door life, notwithstanding the heat and the want of newspapers, the mosquitoes and other minor ills, was full of interest, and touched with a sense of freedom and hardness.

In spite of many drawbacks, our two friends enjoyed the return to the primitive conditions of life. To be uncivilised has indeed considerable charm when the blood is young and the muscles are strong and wiry. Peter was for getting some of his own sheep out here, and a few good horses to improve the breed. And Toffy had schemes for an immense shipping industry which would carry cattle at so low a rate to England that beef might be sold there at fourpence a pound, which, as he remarked, would benefit all classes. Ross gave his two years' experience with a weight of wisdom. He had a share in the *estancia*, and having tried to live in London in a Government office on two hundred a year, found Argentina by contrast the only country in the world for a white man.

Peter himself, as he sat on the cow's skull near the door, and saw the pleasant, simple life of the place, the major-domo's children ambling along on their horse, the flock of geese, and the peons loitering by the *patio*, was inclined for the time being to put a very low price on civilisation, and to wonder how Jane would like a trip out here.

'Who knows,' he said to himself, 'my brother and I may do a deal. I may find him a patriarchal sort of cove, living the simple life and tending his own flocks and herds. He will migrate with his wives and little ones to Bowshott, and Jane and I will annex the flocks and herds in Argentina. The place might have its attractions for Jane; and, anyway, there would not be this beastly separation.'

Toffy appeared at the wire door of the corridor and shouted to them that breakfast was ready, and Peter strolled towards the house. It was an absurdly small dwelling, one story high, but with a number of low buildings round it, covering a considerable amount of ground. And withal it was a trim little place which a man had furnished and fitted and made ready for his bride; and the poor little garden, now devoid of flowers, was another evidence of his care. The dining-room was a small, whitewashed hall hung with guns and rifles, and furnished with a table and a deal cupboard which held some bottles of the rough red wine of the country. The room next to it, called by courtesy the drawing-room, had been built for Mrs Chance when the rest of the house had been made ready for her, and it still bore upon it the impress of a lady's taste. There was a shelf running round the room furnished with photographs, and a sofa covered with the *guanaco* rug. In one corner of the room stood a piano, and upon it was a copy of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, with music; for Mrs Chance was a parson's daughter, and she used to play to Chance and sing very sweetly on Sunday evenings.

The roughly built fireplace in the room was filled with logs, and a guitar always stood on a cretonne-covered box close by. It was on this little cretonne-covered box that Mrs Chance had been wont to sit and play the guitar which Chance had purchased for her, and one of the peons had taught her to thrum Spanish airs upon it. It had been a pleasure to her during the brief year that she had spent in the *estancia* house, with its red roof and simple rooms, and the corridor that had been enclosed with wire-netting for her. It was she who had carved the blotter and the paper-knife on the writing-table, and had made covers for the chairs. Mrs Chance and her baby lie buried in the cemetery at Buenos Ayres, and the *estancia* house always had an unfinished look about it, for Chance liked to have it just as she had left it.

Three or four sparsely furnished rooms opened out of the living-room of the house, and the corridor with its wire-netting made a cool resting-place for the wayfaring men who often rode up to the house at sundown, and for whose tired limbs a *catre* and a rug were sufficient for a night of dreamless slumber.

'All the same,' said Peter to himself, 'we don't seem to get much forrarder in our search for the missing heir.'

(To be continued.)

A SURFEIT OF SCORPIONS.

AMONG the drawbacks incidental to residence in tropical countries, scorpions must be reckoned in the same category as venomous snakes and mosquitoes. Indeed, since they have a trick of hiding in your boots and bedclothes, whereas the snakes are as a rule easily seen, and the mosquitoes fight in the open, these horrible, lobster-like creatures, with their dangerous sting, are perhaps the worst evil of all. Many years ago, when I was spending some weeks in a Moorish garden, scorpions were said to be plentiful; though, thanks to the devotion of a native servant, who swept them out of our sleeping-quarters every evening before we retired for the night, we were not troubled by them. In fact, my stay was drawing to its last hours when, anxious to take some of them back to the Zoological Gardens, I went out of my way to seek them.

I had already heard lurid tales of their destructive presence in the city from a barber who came periodically to look after us, and who was famous, over and above his professional skill (which would not have earned him a job at Shipwright's), for curing scorpion-bites. This he did with an application of cautery and ambergris, accompanied by an Arabic incantation, the rough translation of which would run as follows: 'Scorpion, daughter of scorpions, your mouth is as a saw's edge, your tail as a needle. . . . May the Almighty God help us to cool you, even as the sting of fire is cooled; and may your strength fail, as we trust in God!' This abracadabra he had long since purchased from the renowned Ali Ben Hadj for a large loaf of Christian sugar, and it was allowed in the neighbourhood to be infallible, particularly when the offending scorpion was roasted in a metal ladle during its recital. Of course it is a faith-cure; but faith-cures count for much in the East, and European doctors, with all their diplomas, get less native custom than the sallow old quacks who deal in cures in the market-place, with no more stock-in-trade than pen and ink, a sand-sprinkler (instead of blotting-paper), and a bundle of coloured slips of paper.

During the early days of our occupation of the Riad (garden) Ben Ibrahim, there had been some fears of the scorpions taking the initiative, and an army of whitewashers, a caste of their own, were summoned, with their pails and palm-leaf brooms, to go over every wall and ceiling, so that at any rate (since the scorpion lacks the arts of the chameleon) the enemy might not take us unawares. What with this precaution and the afore-mentioned solicitude of our servant, we saw no scorpions; and on the eve of my departure for the mountains I besought the barber to make me more closely acquainted with some. This singular request, which at first he could not take seriously, presented no difficulty, and he offered to bring two jars full of them. In accepting this suggestion, I asked in addition to see them caught; and fortunately a very ancient caravansary in the Mellah or Jewish quarter of the city was to be pulled down next day, and there, he assured me, I could see plenty of scorpions.

Let me, for the benefit of readers unacquainted with the Orient, explain that a caravansary is nothing more than a large building with a court-yard and many rooms, serving as a rest-house for caravans, the yard for the camels and the rooms for their owners, with spare rooms for barter, like the showrooms or sample-rooms of commercial hotels in Europe. There is no furniture, and there is much insect life. In such an establishment the curious traveller may see the quaintest pictures of native life, and pilgrims with their bourdons and soldiers with their matchlocks often loiter there in company with the traders, for whose use they are primarily intended, taking snuff and coffee and gossiping after their kind. Some even smoke small-bowled pipes of *kief*, an exceedingly unpleasant preparation of hemp-seed, which is supposed to furnish visions of Paradise, but which invariably makes Europeans sick.

This particular caravansary had long stood amid the dwellings of the sons of Jacob, and was now to be demolished. As it stood on dry ground, the barber told me, it was certain to harbour scorpions, which had swarmed in the dirtier quarters of the city ever since the 'warming of the grass,' the Moor's picturesque expression for the spring.

The worthy haircutter awaited me early next morning at the gates of the ghetto, and we made our way along the narrow streets, through a press of beggars and loafers, on horseback of course, until we had to dismount beside the débris of the caravansary, which was already nearly level with the ground. Here I saw the amazing spectacle of native workmen wallowing barefoot and knee-deep in brick-dust, from which every few moments one or other would extract a writhing scorpion, deftly nipping it between his thumb and forefinger, in which position the scorpion was powerless to strike, however willing it might be to wound. In some respects, no doubt, this was a sorry spectacle; but the sight of other folks in danger (which, by the way, they wholly ignored) has an irresistible magnetism, else why the crowds at a Madrid bull-fight or a London fire? But worse was to follow; for, hearing that there were distinguished strangers among the audience, two lads famed for their bravery with scorpions next appeared on the scene, and handling the disgusting creatures as indifferently as if they had been

butterflies, they took them between their teeth and laid them on their eyelids! There was no trickery, for the scorpions were taken at random from the newly upturned earth. Then they palmed the scorpions and made them reappear, as professors of legerdemain do with coins; and it struck me, as I gave them a trifling gratuity which moved them to eloquent gratitude, that they would have been popular in the music-halls at home, where the public is ever on the lookout for new sensations.

By way of postscript to this uncanny reminiscence, let me add that I did eventually leave Morocco with two large jars half-filled with earth, each containing fifteen healthy scorpions. I was assured by the natives that these jars could be packed away in my luggage without any damage to the animals; so I had them fitted in wooden cases, and bothered no more about them till my steamer lay in the Thames. The scorpion is a hardy creature. The thirty I had travelled hundreds of miles with me, jogging over the hot plains, and banging against the sides of a camel, and then for more than a thousand miles tossing on the Atlantic. No food did they get, and very little fresh air. At Tilbury a Customs officer lingered doubtfully over the cases; but I resolved his doubts by begging him to open them at his own risk, and not to hold me responsible if his action should create a vacancy in his department. On opening the cases at the Zoo, in the presence of the late Mr Bartlett, I found that only ten survived, having devoured the other twenty. But the diet had suited them admirably, and they lived quite a long time in the warm atmosphere of the Insect House.

THE SUPERSTITION OF THE SEVENTY-SIXTH.

By J. Morton Lewis.

I HAVE seen it altogether on three occasions. The first was over fifteen years ago, whilst I was staying at Aldershot on a visit, and was shown over the officers' messroom of the Tenth Surrey, the regiment known in the fifties and sixties as the much-dreaded Seventy-sixth. Then it lay on a velvet cushion in a glass case which hung on the wall, surrounded by the bullet-torn, shredded, and disfigured colours of the regiment—their scroll of honour, on which were emblazoned the names of Culloden, Oudenarde, Malplaquet, Badajoz, Waterloo, Seringapatam, Sebastopol, Delhi, and many others, where their sons had helped to build up the immortal glory of the regiment.

As far as I could judge, it was an ordinary bugle, much dented and battered. I stood before it for a moment, wondering as to its history.

My guide, a private of the Tenth Surrey, was plainly anxious to hurry me on.

'Why is it so honoured?' I asked.

'Because it's bloomin' well 'aunted,' was the gruff response; and that was all the information I could obtain from him on the subject. Whether it was from ignorance or disinclination to satisfy my curiosity that he refused to say more I am unable to say.

The second occasion on which I saw it was when the regiment returned from the last South African war, where they had still further added to their fame by conspicuous bravery at Ladysmith and Colenso. I saw them pass up the Mall on their march through London; and there, proudly held by a diminutive member of Her Majesty's army, was the sacred bugle, no longer clean and bright, but tarnished with the stain of powder and the dust of many battles.

The third occasion was a couple of years later, when I was the guest of the regiment at their headquarters. It was after dinner, and I was seated on the right hand of the colonel, a grizzled old veteran of seventy, who had seen service in the Mutiny, had passed unscathed though the dread passage of Majuba, and had lived to avenge that day of disaster.

Whilst we were smoking and chatting over the wine I asked him why they placed such count upon the instrument.

He gazed at it for a moment, and a look almost of reverence came into his eyes. 'Every one asks us that,' he replied.

'And they go empty away?' I suggested.

'We do not tell many,' was his response; 'they would not understand. Do you believe in the supernatural?'

'To a certain extent,' I said. 'Why?'

'That bugle is a superstition of ours.'

He turned to the adjutant. 'Have you the keys of the case?' Then to the assembled company, 'You have no objection to my showing it, gentlemen?'

There was a chorus of replies in the negative.

Seeing my look of astonishment, the colonel explained the reason for this ceremony. 'This bugle has only been out of its case three times within the last ten years—once when the late Queen asked specially to see it, once when the present King was made honorary colonel of the regiment, and when we sailed for South Africa.'

'I remember seeing you bring it back,' I said.

'We should not have come back without it,' was his reply.

He unlocked the case, and, withdrawing the bugle, laid it on the table.

I leant forward to examine it. When I first saw it the instrument appeared to be made of plain white metal. On closer inspection I

saw it was beaten out of fine silver. On it was a pattern wrought as delicately and subtly as any work of the great Cellini.

'What a magnificent piece of workmanship!' I ejaculated.

'Yes. Do you see this?' replied the colonel, pointing to the bugle.

Inside was a sentence written round and round in the metal, each letter picked out with the most perfect rubies.

'It is in Pali, the sacred language of the Buddhists, and, translated, means, "To you, O protectors of Buddha, be all honour, glory, and fame."'

'How did it come into your possession?' I asked.

'In a very strange manner. I was a junior at the time. It was given to us a few months before the outbreak of the Mutiny. The regiment was stationed at Mahor. We had no idea of what was in store for us, and there was very little for us all to do except smoke and pass away the time. A dozen or so of the senior officers had gone out on leave for a week's shooting.

'A couple of nights after their departure they were encamped about fifty miles north of Mahor. They were seated outside a small bell-tent they had taken with them, smoking and chatting before turning in for the night, when in the distance there suddenly arose the sound of chanting. It was in the height of a tropical summer, and above the trees they saw thin wisps of smoke rising.

'Partly from curiosity, and partly from a fear that the jungle was on fire, they mounted, and leaving the camp in charge of a couple of servants, rode in the direction from which the smoke appeared.

'In those days the country to the north of Mahor was practically untraversed. Where the railway now runs connecting it with Rajputana and the Punjab there was then only a narrow path through the jungle and highlands, with here and there a small village clustering around a temple.

'The course they followed led them towards a group of small, densely foliaged hills, the name of which I forget for the moment, but they have played an important part in Indian history.

'When they reached the foot of these the singing had increased in volume, and in the pauses they could hear the pattering of men dancing on the bare earth.

'Although they could see no flames from where they stood, so dense was the undergrowth, the odour of the burning camphor-wood was driven down to them by the wind, and every now and then, in the brief intervals of silence, they could hear it crackling.

'Most of them were for turning back; it is no pleasure to encounter a group of Indian fanatics at dead of night in a practically unknown country. But amongst them was a man who ultimately became one of our most brilliant officers. His name is indissolubly bound up with that of India—Captain Ograh. He was an Irishman, as hot-headed and fearless as I have ever known a man to be. "Son of the Devil" was our name for him. To him danger was the staff of life; he could no more subsist without it than we can without food. He expressed a determination to climb the hill and see the cause of the demonstration.

'Knowing the terrible risks he would run, the others tried to dissuade him; but he was resolutely determined to have his own way, and swore he would go by himself if no one would accompany him.'

The colonel took a sip of wine. 'It was as well he did. We owe the bugle to his inflexibility.

'Determined that he should not go alone, the others fell in with his wild project, and, leaving their horses in charge of a native at the foot of the hill, commenced the ascent.

'Groping their way through the thick undergrowth, and disturbing numbers of birds at almost every step, they stumbled, half-way up, upon a narrow, winding path which soon brought them to the summit.'

When the colonel commenced the recital he spoke impassively, almost with the hesitation of a man who finds that acts are easier than words. Now the fervour and excitement of the scene seized upon him. His eyes shone with enthusiasm as he proceeded. He leaned across the table, gesticulating as he spoke, oblivious of the presence of others. More than once his hand travelled to where his sword would be, and I saw on his face the soul of a man who had sprung from generations of soldiers and knew not fear.

'As they approached they could see the flames from the fire throwing weird, fantastic shadows out into the darkness, and in the cool of the night its heat beat down upon them. Every now and then they caught glimpses of one of the white-robed figures dancing and singing.

'When they were within fifty yards, Ograh—who had by common consent constituted himself leader—ordered a halt, and then slowly and by a devious route they approached a thick cluster of bushes to the rear of the natives.

'When they reached its shelter a terrible sight met their gaze. On an open platform on the summit of the hill were gathered some hundred and fifty men and women from the hill-tribes living in the small villages around.

'In the centre was a huge fire, and by its side, chained to a couple of stakes driven into the ground, stood a girl absolutely naked, her only covering being her own long black hair, which hung in masses far below her waist, covering from view a small portion of her olive skin.

'Around her danced a score or more of priests beating tom-toms, singing, screaming, and invok-

ing their gods. The sweat dropped from them in huge, glistening drops as they leapt into the air in their frenzy; their eyes were aflame with a diabolical look of madness; foam gathered at the mouths of some.

'Behind them, apparently deep in meditation, sat an arch-priest enthroned upon a moss-covered stone.

'And amidst it all stood this girl, silent, almost grandly impassive, without a sign of fear upon her face, only one of shame that she should stand thus before so many.'

The colonel paused to finish his wine. 'I am sorry I cannot tell you the story as graphically as I should like, but I was not there. I would give ten years of my life to have been present.' He paused. 'And the boys are all dead.

'I was told that Ograh was like a maniac when he saw everything and realised for what purposes the fiendish preparations had been made. It took all the strength of his companions to hold him in restraint until the supreme moment.

'Now and then one of the devils would seize a live brand from the fire and sear her bosom with it, and the concourse would break into a wild chorus of jubilation and praise at his action. And even then the girl stood silent and unflinching beneath their blows and insults, although the skin upon her body was scorched and sizzled by the heat.'

The colonel's voice shook with emotion, and there were tears in his eyes. 'Don't you see it was her religion against theirs?

'At last, at a sign from the head-priest, who had fallen on to his knees in an attitude of devotion, the tom-toms played still more loudly, the priests danced in a circle round the fire, some even leapt over and through it, while all the men and women shrieked discordantly, until the scene must have resembled hell.

'Two of the young men stepped from the concourse, and, loosing the girl's chains, lifted her up in their arms and threw her into the midst of the flames.

'That was enough for the boys. There were only a dozen of them. The odds were ten to one; but, thank God! they were Englishmen and officers of the Seventy-sixth. With drawn swords they rushed upon the fiends, and within five minutes the place was cleared. Heaven knows how many they killed. I was told Ograh accounted for fifteen with his own sword.

'When they got the girl to the foot of the hill she was nearly dead. They made a stretcher of their coats, and carried her into camp laid upon that.

'For the next few weeks it was a grim fight, grimmer than the one upon the hill, and all through the time Ograh nursed her as a woman might a babe.

'A couple of months after she left us to return to her own people. She had almost recovered, but the marks of that terrible night remained upon her body until her death.

'During her illness we never knew who she was, for she never told us, but asked us to call her Maru, and by that name she was known.

'A little later—it was a few days before the news of the mutiny at Meerut reached us—a native arrived at our camp bearing a letter and that bugle. Then we learned that the girl they had rescued was Princess Mawana, a daughter of one of the most prominent Buddhists. Her father begged us to accept the bugle, which had been made specially for us by the Buddhist monks at Balaspur from the drinking-cup of Buddha. Whenever its voice bade us charge he prophesied we should never know defeat.'

'And has it come true?' I asked. I felt a sudden unaccountable reverence for the silver instrument lying before me.

The colonel poured out another glass of wine before replying. 'Since that day the old Seventy-sixth have never known defeat, and we have been in some tight corners. Once the bugle saved the lives of the whole regiment.'

'How?' I asked in astonishment.

'By blowing the charge when no one was near except a dead man.'

'What!' I exclaimed incredulously. I looked at the colonel to see if he was joking; but his stern, gray face was bent towards mine in all seriousness.

'It is perfectly true,' he said, 'impossible as it may sound. It was in 1876, when we were sent with three regiments of native troops as a punitive expedition against the Zakker Khels on the north-west frontier.

'As you know, we spend a great portion of our time in India, and are always chosen for that kind of work; and confoundedly unpleasant it is as a rule. It generally means a mere handful of men, who fight against an unseen enemy sniping at them from amongst the hills, with occasionally a flank attack from some apparently inaccessible cliff to provide a bit of excitement. More often than not half the company are down with cholera or fever.

'But in the expedition of which I am speaking it was totally different. The rebels were led by a splendid man, Rami Rhandor. He was a born fighter and tactician. If he had been English he would have made the finest general our army ever possessed. As it was, he used to make raids with a handful of followers—never more than three hundred—down as far as Multan almost, seizing everything he could lay hands on. He was the terror of the natives; and so, instead of serving under him, I had to have him put up against a brick wall near Chitral and shot. He led us an awful dance for six months. De Wet was a tyro in comparison. We never knew where he was. One day we would hear of him twenty miles up-country, and within

three hours he would swoop down upon us and deliver a flank attack, leaving twenty of our small force dead upon the field. You don't know the north-west frontier at all?'

'No,' I replied, 'except from books.'

'The most dangerous kind of knowledge as a rule. Well, I heard a Tommy describe it as the place where he should imagine the Almighty had chucked down all His waste material when He had finished making the rest of the world, and his description was very apposite. About twenty miles south of Chitral and the Pass there is a village, with a small, very small, British garrison. To the north is a range of mountains intersected by a series of dangerous passes—the northern gate to India. To the east a dense jungle stretches away for nearly thirty miles. To the west lies a stony, almost barren country, sun-baked and parched nine months in the year, and the other three devastated by torrential rains. It leads across a stretch of mountains into Afghanistan. It is an ideal battle-ground for one who knows it, and Rami Rhandor knew every step of it. It was here, by his cunning, he led us, intending to inflict a crushing defeat that would have annihilated our complete force. Then the natives would have risen, and we should have had a second Mutiny.' The colonel took a deep draw at his cigar. 'That bugle saved us.'

'Amongst the men under my command I had some very insubordinate ones. The chief offenders were half-a-dozen Irishmen. They were always giving me trouble. Two of them had to be put under arrest before we had marched forty-eight hours from our base.

'A week before the deciding battle, when we were coming down from Chitral, we discovered the bugle was missing, and also one of those Irishmen, named O'Gallagher, the ringleader of the whole party. The loss was a terrible blow to the regiment; the men had such a tremendous belief in its powers that the effect upon them was paralysing. We delayed the march half a day searching for it; then, as it had not been recovered, the word was given to push forward without it.

'It was on the following Sunday. For twenty-four hours we had been continuously fighting against a large force situated a couple of miles to the south of us, and led by Rami Rhandor himself. We were terribly outnumbered, and the generalship of this man was superb, almost superhuman. We had lost over a couple of hundred of our small force, dead and wounded, and the men were dropping from fatigue; some were so drowsy that they almost fell asleep at their posts.

'Knowing that a sudden charge would mean complete annihilation, I was about to give the order to retire, so that we might find rest among the hills, and if possible divide up the opposing force, when suddenly—I remember it all so well!—the charge was sounded in direct opposition to my orders.

'Apparently it came from the hills a few hundred yards to our right.

'Instantly every man had risen to his feet, whispering to his comrade, "It is our bugle!—our bugle!"

'Gone was all sense of fatigue, forgotten the weary hours of fighting and the terrible losses. The light of battle was in their eyes; its fever ran like ichor through their veins. I believe my boys could have withstood the hosts of the Egyptians at that moment. I have seen a force demoralised within ten minutes; I have seen an army fight as if the lust of the Furies was in their blood; but never in my life have I seen men rise to such magnificent heights as the dear old Seventy-sixth did then. For a second there was a death-like silence, then the whispered words, "It is found!" and like a flood we rushed upon the rebels. Never before or since have I lived through such an intoxicating hour. It was a lifetime condensed into a few minutes of exhilaration. By sunset it was all over, and Rami Rhandor stood before me and surrendered his sword.'

The colonel fingered the bugle lovingly. 'And it was as well it gave the message when it did. If we had retreated to the passes we should never have reached them alive; for we had a force ten thousand strong five miles to our rear, and another half its size five miles away, in the jungle, and they were only waiting for night-fall to attack us. But when they knew Rami Rhandor had been taken prisoner they melted away as only north-west frontiersmen who have lost their leader can; and when we marched him through to Chitral we saw many whom we had fought against busy in the fields.'

'And the bugle?' I asked.

'We found it next day at the bottom of a ravine, hidden from sight by the body of O'Gallagher, who in trying to escape with it had evidently fallen down there in the darkness and broken his neck.'

'Then he blew it?' I said.

The colonel shook his head. 'No,' he replied; 'that was impossible, for he had been dead over three days, and when his body was found the vultures had picked it almost clean; and nobody else could have reached it except with a rope and a companion, for the ravine was over a hundred feet deep, and it lay at the bottom.'

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

HOUSING THE WORKING CLASSES.

THE question of housing the labouring classes in rural districts economically is one of vital importance. There is a general outcry against workers flooding the cities when their field of activity is properly on the land. In country areas, however, wages are relatively low, and house-rents comparatively high—too much so, at any rate, in proportion to a man's income. But rural landlords cannot cope with the situation under present conditions, handicapped as they are by vexatious building laws, which when drawn up were satisfactory enough, but which made no allowance for developments in the realms of science. With a view to solving this problem an enterprising inventor has devised a system of portable dwellings, mounted on wheels, to which he has applied the generic name of 'vancotts,' and which may be most appositely described as a compromise between the gipsy caravan and the ordinary cottage. The building is substantially carried out in wood-framing and modern scientific cellular wall-construction of cement, asbestos, or lathing and plaster, which conduces to cheapness in first cost without any sacrifice in solidity, hygiene, spaciousness, or comfort, being warm in winter and cool in summer. As they are mounted on a trolley, these dwellings can be moved easily from one part of an estate to another, since they can be drawn along any main road by a team of horses, and will pass beneath any ordinary railway bridge. The idea is carried out on the unit system, each section being complete in itself. Each unit comprises two rooms, having a superficial area of one hundred and ten square feet. The building on its trolley is seventeen feet from ground to roof, by thirteen and a half feet long and nine feet eight inches wide over all. One great advantage secured is protection against damp, since, the building being mounted on wheels, creeping moisture, with its unhealthiness, is prevented. The placing of the building on wheels solves the question of cheap, satisfactory houses, free from any objection under the building Acts. A special feature is the complete solution of the problem of sanitary requirements, drainage being dealt with by means of an antiseptic tank on wheels, which receives all sewage, this vessel being charged with powerful oxidising chemicals at a nominal cost, and providing as a residue a valuable potash fluid for fertilising the soil. Water can be led to the dwelling from an existing service through a flexible hose connection. The first unit is equipped with all sanitary requirements—sink, kitchen stove, boiler, and so forth—as well as staircase. When it is desired to increase the size of the building to meet the needs of a growing family, other units containing rooms only can be drawn up and grouped on either side, doorway connections being effected through the walls on the respective floors. The 'vancott' is certainly an attractive-looking structure, and the unit system lends itself to effective grouping in a very elastic manner.

TELETYPOGRAPHING.

Great activity is being evinced by numerous inventors in the field of telegraphic science for the purpose of increasing the advantages of this system of communication, a result no doubt due to the powerful competition that has been offered by the widespread use of the telephone. A Continental inventor has perfected an appliance which he describes as the 'teletypograph.' The idea is to enable messages to be telegraphed to an addressee and immediately written down, a kind of typewriter being employed for the purpose. The inventor has submitted his apparatus to the French Government postal officials, who have expressed a desire to see the invention in actual operation, and who propose to introduce it on lines of lesser importance at first where the telegraph operators are not very expert in handling the Morse code. Should the system prove commercially successful under these conditions its application will be extended to first-class lines, and possibly adopted throughout the whole French telegraphic system.

DESTROYING RATS ON BOARD SHIP.

The recent experience in the eastern counties of the dissemination of disease by rats has resulted in an organised campaign against this pest. Unfortunately, however, at the present moment the true seat of the pestilence does not receive the attention it ought to do. Vessels are the vehicles whereby rats are mostly carried from one country to another and from port to port. If such carriers were cleared of the nuisance at frequent intervals the invasion of a district would be effectively prevented. Some time ago the port of Hamburg acquired a special vessel by means of which an incoming ship was completely fumigated with noxious gases pumped through flexible hose to all parts of the hold, especially to the parts where the rodents gather in greatest numbers, and where they are immune from detection and destruction by ordinary means. The port of London has also a similar apparatus mounted on a small barge carrying a complete plant for generating the poisonous gas SO_2. The barge is brought alongside the vessel to be fumigated, and delivery-pipes are laid from the gas-generating plant through the hatches and ventilators of the ship, and a stream of noxious air containing 3 per cent. of the SO_2 is discharged at the rate of one thousand

cubic feet a minute. This gas, being of a searching character, penetrates to the most inaccessible parts, suffocating the rodents instantly. The noxious gas is then cleared out by a powerful blast of pure air, and the dead rodents can afterwards be collected and destroyed in the ship's furnaces. Were such an effective appliance in use at all our large ports a severe check against the rodent invasion of the country would be rendered economically feasible; and it should be possible to apply the same idea to the clearance of large warehouses which at present are overrun by these pests, since the gas, from its heavy character, would find its way into all holes and nesting-places. The cost of the operation is stated to be very low.

A TREE WHICH SUPPLIES RAIN.

One of the botanical curiosities of Peru, which offers a protection against drought, is the rain-tree. This tree, which grows to large proportions, is supplied with large leaves which have the property of condensing the moisture of the atmosphere and precipitating it in the form of rain. When the rivers are at their lowest during the dry season, and the heat is intense, the condensing capacity of this tree is apparently at its highest, the water falling from the leaves and oozing from the trunk in a steady, continuous stream, flowing over the immediately surrounding ground, and nourishing the parched soil. This water can be collected and carried by ditches to distant points for irrigation purposes. It is stated that a single tree will yield on an average nine gallons of water per day. It is computed that if a plot of ground a kilomètre square is planted with ten thousand trees, a daily yield of nearly thirty thousand gallons of water available for irrigation, with due allowance for evaporation, can be secured. The rain-tree appears to be indifferent as to the soil in which it grows, can withstand extreme climatic fluctuations, needs but little care in its cultivation, and grows rapidly. It would seem that under these circumstances nature has provided a simple and effective means of reclaiming the desert, and that the widespread cultivation of the rain-tree would be amply repaid, inasmuch as there are vast tracts of country in all the five continents which at present have no economic value owing to absence of water-supplies for nourishing the soil, which might be easily secured by systematic culture of this tree.

ROAD PAVING-BLOCKS FROM HOUSE REFUSE.

The economic disposal of house refuse is a matter in which this country has achieved unique distinction, for the greater number of our municipalities turn the calorific value of domestic and other rubbish to commercial account, and with the power thus derived operate tramways and electrically illuminate the thoroughfares. The one point, however, which stands out above all others is the economic disposal of the clinker resulting from the combustion of the refuse. In some places it is pulverised, associated with suitable binding materials, and fashioned into large slabs for paving purposes. Pavements so constructed have a long life, and consequently the output of clinker from the destructor greatly exceeds the demand, so that the accumulation of residue becomes somewhat of a nuisance. One English firm, however, has evolved a means whereby the clinker can be employed not only for the laying of pavements but for roads as well. Seeing that the market for road-paving material, owing to the heavier wear and tear due to the greater volume of traffic, is so much more extensive, this is a decided advantage. This latest development has aroused considerable interest in view of the fact that the road-traffic problem is so acute at the present moment. A borough in the west of London decided to test this road-paving system. The idea is the formation of paving-blocks of the same size as those utilised in wood-paving or granite setts, and the product is eminently satisfactory, because the great advantages inherent in wood and stone pavings are secured without the drawbacks of either. The clinker issuing from the furnace is ground and screened in a mill, and then mixed with asphalt while the ingredients are in a heated condition, whereby the various materials combine and become a homogeneous mass, finally being pressed into small blocks. From the economic point of view the process leaves little to be desired. To make a thousand blocks about three and a half tons of clinker are used to one ton of asphalt, and the weight of the finished blocks is about four tons, the difference being accounted for by the asphalt losing its moisture. The cost of production is low, being about four pounds per thousand blocks for materials and about fourteen shilings for labour. The installation erected in west London has been visited by engineers concerned in the problem of economic and durable street paving. The thoroughfares so paved have been found as noiseless as those paved with wood. The blocks are non-porous, unaffected by temperature and climatic conditions, provide excellent foothold for horses, produce no dust, and, in addition to being sanitary, cost less for cleansing than ordinary paving. The invention has since been adopted in other towns, and equal success has been achieved.

AUTOMATIC POSTAGE-STAMP ISSUING MACHINES.

Another attempt to supply the British public with the same conveniences as are possessed by Continental countries in regard to the sale of postage-stamps through automatic machines is to be made. This country has been assailed as being backward in this direction; but the postal authorities have been reluctant to introduce them

in the interests of the public, the majority of machines of this character having proved unreliable in working. The new apparatus, however, appears to have proved completely successful, the experiments with the machine at the General Post Office in London having met with official approbation, and licenses have now been granted for the erection of over a hundred machines in various parts of the Metropolis. The Indian and Egyptian postal authorities are also introducing the same convenience into their respective countries. In Germany the machine is in wide popular favour, over fifteen hundred such appliances being in use. The invention is also applicable to the printing and issue of railway tickets, over four hundred machines having been installed on the French and Russian railway systems. Such facilities in these days of high pressure are indispensable so long as reliability is assured.

THE UTILISATION OF 'AIR-GAS.'

During the past few years the utilisation of air-gas for lighting, heating, and other domestic purposes has advanced considerably, as we have from time to time pointed out in these pages. Air-gas, it may be explained, is an inflammable mixture formed by the addition in very small proportions of the vapour of a highly volatile spirit such as petrol with the air. Several disadvantages of the system have developed in its use, the most noteworthy being the condensation of moisture in the pipes, which impedes the flow of the gas and produces a disconcerting flicker in the light. This drawback, however, has now been overcome by previously passing the air to be associated with the volatilised spirit over a moisture-absorbing medium such as calcium chloride. That the system in the main is reliable and efficient is proved by the increasing establishment of small installations for the lighting of the houses in small communities from a central point. Worked on such a principle, it enables the smallest and most remote village to secure the same illuminating and other conveniences as are possible to large towns with an elaborate coal-gas generating station, and at a much smaller proportionate expenditure.

A VIBRATION-PROOF METALLIC FILAMENT ELECTRIC LAMP.

One of the drawbacks to the metallic filament incandescent electric lamp is the extreme fragility of the filament. The average lamp, if submitted to a jar or vibration such as occurs in a large manufactory where machinery is running, is apt to break down. This disadvantage counteracts the many attractive features which the lamp possesses. A recent invention seeks to obviate this defect. In this case the strands of the filament, instead of being looped over hooks, as is the usual practice, are passed through small rings which are carried on the hooks, but in such a manner as to have a little free-play. By this arrangement the filaments are not held so rigidly, and the effect of vibration is not so forcibly conveyed thereto. It may be pointed out that a lamp which suddenly gives out can often be given a little longer life by turning on the switch and giving the bulb a few taps to cause the broken ends to come together or fall across another strand, when, immediately lighting up and becoming incandescent, they fuse together.

NATIONAL MEDICAL SERVICE.

What the *Times* has called a trenchant plea for a State-organised national medical service, with full compulsory powers to take preventive measures against disease, is elaborated in *The Dawn of the Health Age*, by Dr Benjamin Moore (London: J. & A. Churchill). Recently Mr Henry Leach, in the 'Heart of Things,' made suggestions as to remodelling the present system of medical service; this writer is more drastic still. He points out that hundreds of thousands of lives and millions of money would be saved every year if disease were attacked on scientific principles. The hygienic aspect of social reform is the most dominant of all reforms. He says: 'Poverty and destitution simply cannot exist amongst a fit, virile, healthy nation. Banish acute and chronic infectious diseases, teach temperate and normal habits of eating, drinking, and living, making the reverse a crime, and poverty and suffering in corresponding measure must decrease.' The passion for drugging and doctoring the individual with specific cures and quack nostrums he counts one of the prepotent curses of our time, and the labour of the thirty-two thousand medical men at present practising in this country is, he thinks, almost wasted as far as the health of the community is concerned. The doctor ought to be a teacher, an instructor, one who labours in a scientific way for the eradication of disease. His labours should be preventive. Under the national State régime here proposed, medical treatment would be as free to every one as the school and education to-day, and after ten years of such a system nine-tenths of the disease, and almost an equal proportion of the destitution, would disappear. The annual disease-budget—ill-health, causing loss of employment, destitution of widows and children, death of fathers by preventable diseases—costs one hundred millions annually; and the deaths by consumption alone cost sixteen millions. Dr Moore's statement of his health-ideals is calculated to make people think, although we are as yet far from their accomplishment.

A NEW WHITE METAL ALLOY.

Metallurgical investigation has resulted in the perfection of a new white metal alloy. 'Atherium' it is called, and it is stated to be lighter than aluminium. The metal is said to be superior to the pure metal, to make good,

sound castings, and to work well in rolling and turning. It can also be soldered, welded, and forged; it does not tarnish, and is impervious to corrosion and the action of sea-water. It should prove an excellent substitute for German silver under these conditions, and be effective for a great variety of purposes for which aluminium would be used were it stronger, and lightness combined with strength is the superlative consideration. Owing to its electrical conductivity, the new alloy should be extremely useful in a wide range of applications in this phase of industry.

CONCRETE POSTS FOR FENCING.

The increasing cost of timber has resulted in more spirited search for efficient substitutes. One inventor, realising the growing popularity of ferro-concrete, has turned his endeavours into this channel with a view to effecting the desired result, and has achieved distinct success. The posts made from this material are stated to be extremely durable and far superior to those of wood. The cost averages about twentypence per yard; but in this connection it is as well to point out that the cost is governed by geographical situation, inasmuch as the transportation charges for posts of this description, or for manufacturing them on the spot after the materials have been brought in, are heavier than for those of wood under certain conditions. At the same time, if the materials are obtainable on the spot the fence can be built exceedingly cheaply; and when it is pointed out that the durability of a ferro-concrete post is from five to ten times that of timber, according as the wood is preserved with creosote or otherwise, it will be seen that the former has overwhelming advantages in those districts where wood is not readily obtainable. Three of the great British railway companies have erected fence-posts of this material, and are stated to be eminently satisfied with the same; while it has also been used for gradient-posts and gate-posts to crossings.

THE DISTRICT-MESSENGER SERVICE.

This extremely useful service was founded in London in 1890 for the purpose of introducing to the Metropolis and the provinces the electric call-box system of summoning messengers, as in all American cities. At first it was well-nigh smothered by the impositions and opposition of various Postmasters-General; but thanks to its public utility and vigorous management under Mr George Manners, it has taken its rightful place in supplying a public demand. There are now forty offices and sub-offices, with a staff of eight hundred messenger-boys, whose services have not only been utilised in London and the neighbourhood, but messengers have been sent to America twice, to Turkey, Berlin, South Africa, Holland, France, and Switzerland. There is the famous case of Jaggers, who was sent from London to Chicago, New York, and Philadelphia, and on his return was presented to Queen Victoria. In relating its rise and progress in the *Cornhill* for November 1910, Mr J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., is only too modest in his statement as to what he has done personally in Parliament on behalf of the service. There is scarcely any emergency to which a smart, intelligent messenger is unequal; in fact, the capabilities of the call-box and the messenger-boy are well-nigh inexhaustible. These district messenger-boys are also invaluable in other respects. They are frequently utilised for conducting blind people from place to place. The charge is eightpence per hour, in addition to any travelling expenses. As escorts for young boys or for persons visiting London for the first time messengers are very useful. The first night's performance of a new play now causes a great demand for the boys to stand in a queue outside the doors of the theatre, and the busy man who has not a reserved seat is thus enabled to finish his work and take up his position just before the doors open. The company, whose offices will be found in the leading hotels, clubs, and mansions, and at all the great London railway stations, has a staff of specially trained bicycle-boys who may be relied upon to get to the point required in the quickest possible way. Finally, a district-messenger can be utilised for any purpose, and it is interesting to note that they perform annually upwards of a million services of all kinds.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE FIRST SNOWDROP.

When from the west the soft winds blow,
And a brighter day awaketh,
Out of a land of frost and snow
The first pure snowdrop breaketh;
And with nodding head of pearly white,
All in the glad breeze swinging,
To a world made bright with God's fair light
The tender flower is clinging.

Above that drooping blossom sweet
A joyous lark is soaring.
Heaven hears the throb of pinions fleet,
The earth its soul's outpouring;
As with bursting heart to the angels' bower
It bears this tender story
Of a little flower, and a sunlit hour,
And a spring of wondrous glory.

GILBERT RAE.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE WOOING OF TEZALIA.

By J. MORTON LEWIS, Author of *Señorita Dolores*, &c.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THERE is a town not fifty miles from Durango, in the distant shelter of the southernmost slopes of the Sierra Madre—Molenga. Molenga is a curious town. Such civilisation as Mexico knows has not reached its walls. With open arms it welcomes all rascaldom, sunning them in the brilliance of its climate. If I wanted to find a murderer, or a man who had robbed me of thousands, I should straightway go to Molenga, and if I did not find him there despair would begin to seize upon me.

Of its six thousand inhabitants, many are ranchers, some work in the silver-mines of the sierra, and not a few gain a precarious living by unknown means which none seek to question, for it is not their business, and in Molenga it is wise to pay exclusive attention to one's own affairs. Men who have done otherwise have been known to disappear.

Law and order of a rough-and-ready kind exist. Molenga boasts a Vigilance Committee and a mayor; the former metes out punishment upon the miscreants who offend against the legislature of the community. As they are essentially men of business and ranchers and cowboys by occupation, cattle-lifting is in their eyes a more heinous offence than a bullet well aimed, which may find its mark. Hence duels of a somewhat one-sided nature are of more frequent occurrence than cattle-stealing.

The mayor, Manuel Vellos, a Mexican of Spanish descent, held a position which was practically nominal. Molengans liked to speak of him as mayor, because he was the richest man in the district; of authority he had little or none. He was a quiet man, a giant in strength, whose mind was well content to dwell amidst the horses and cattle he owned. His ranch, covering nearly fifteen thousand acres, lay outside the town, at the foot of the sierra.

Vellos was a widower. His wife had danced in the chorus at Madrid until she came to Molenga as mistress of his house. For years she had lived there, the belle of the town. Then she died, and the ranch was without a mistress save for Tezalia, the eight-year-old daughter she had left behind.

As Tezalia grew up to early womanhood, Molenga saw that the beauty which had been given to her mother was granted to her also; and, as a result, Molenga worshipped her, especially that portion which had grown to manhood and were seeking a wife. But Tezalia would have none of them. A shake of her pretty head, a smile, and she sent them one and all about their business. Some, for love of her and despair at her indifference, had taken to the mountains.

'But you must marry some day, Tezalia,' said a friend.

'Then the day will bring the man,' answered Tezalia; 'and until then I am content to wait.'

At the time this story opens Tezalia was twenty-two, tall and dark, with lustrous eyes, shaded by long lashes, ever changing in expression, now sad, now bright and mocking. A true daughter of Spain, with centuries of Spanish blood in her veins, she possessed a grace that no daughter of the sierra could have possessed.

It was one afternoon in July. She was seated in the *sala;* a deep awning hung across the piazza to keep out the overpowering heat. Tezalia was devoted to reading; an open book lay on her knees when a servant entered. 'A Señor Crayton has called to see the master,' she said.

Tezalia looked up. 'Crayton!' she said. 'Crayton!' Then she remembered. He was the manager of a large silver-mine in the sierra. 'You may show him in.'

She rose as the Englishman entered, and with a woman's quick glance surveyed him as he stood before her. He was tall and fair, with a physique that spoke of great strength. His clear-cut features, surmounted by curly golden hair, his steady gray eyes, pleased her. He was dressed for riding, not in the clothes of a Mexican, but as Tezalia knew an Englishman would dress. In the quick glance she gave she noted he wore no spurs on his brown riding-boots.

'I called to see Señor Vellos on business,' he said.

'I am the Señorita Vellos, she answered.

He smiled. 'But business would not interest you.'

She covertly watched him. He was different from the men of Molenga who daily crossed her path.

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'But no,' she answered. She motioned him to a chair. 'Father will not be long, if you will wait.'

'Thank you, I will,' responded Crayton, 'for the business is very urgent.'

'And that is why you would not tell it to me?'

'Pardon, señorita, no; but ladies are not meant for business.'

Tezalia shrugged her shoulders. 'I know many women who are very good at business in Molenga.'

'And I one,' he replied. 'She permits me to board at her house for a sum which must keep the whole family. I have a great respect for her. She is a good business-woman.'

At this moment Señor Vellos entered, and took the young Englishman away, much to Tezalia's chagrin. The business which brought him from the sierra took many hours to negotiate, and it was late in the evening before they rejoined her in the *sala*.

Señor Vellos ordered wine to be brought in. 'You will stay the night, señor,' he said as he filled the Englishman's glass.

Crayton hesitated. 'You are very good,' he said.

'And it is safer riding to the sierra in the daylight,' responded Vellos.

Crayton laughed; it was the laugh of a man who knew not the meaning of fear. 'I was set on once,' he said, 'and I left the man upon the road. Since then I have been left alone.'

'All the more reason you should take care,' responded Señor Vellos. 'A Mexican does not forget, and he does not strike in the open, as your countrymen do. A dark night is more to his liking.'

Tezalia joined the conversation. 'If I, as hostess, add my word to the invitation?' she said.

'Then I shall stay,' replied Crayton.

It was later in the evening. They were seated on the piazza in the cool. The two men were smoking, and Tezalia lay back upon a low couch. A guitar which she had been playing lay on the ground.

The countryside was white beneath the moon. At their feet lay the paddocks and fields of Señor Vellos's house, beyond a small wood, and then the commencement of the Sierra Madre, the first slopes standing out in dark relief.

The girl was watching Crayton. A shadow rested across his face, one which made it look sad.

'See,' he said, 'it is not so very dark to-night!'

'You are repenting of your decision?' said Tezalia.

'A thousand times no, señorita,' he rejoined hastily. 'I was thinking how beautiful the sierra looked. It is the first time I have seen it look beautiful. It is generally sinister.'

'You have not known it long?' said Tezalia.

Señor Vellos rose. 'Long enough to learn some of its secrets, eh? If you will excuse me, señor, I will go indoors for a little while. I have some business which must be seen to.'

Crayton bowed; then he answered the girl's question. 'I have been here six months,' he said.

'I remember hearing you had arrived, but I did not know it was so long ago. And we have not met until to-night!'

Crayton smiled. 'Once before. I saw you riding in Molenga.'

'Ah, señor, I ride a lot. I love horses.'

'Perhaps one day, then, you will honour me,' said Crayton. 'I come of a race who ride, but we could teach you nothing.'

Tezalia glanced at him and smiled. 'Perhaps,' she answered lightly.

CHAPTER II.

ENTERING the small room which he designated his office, Señor Vellos found a visitor awaiting him. He was a short, dark man, with a thin, drawn face, from which a pair of closely set, narrow eyes surveyed the world with a look which did not ensure confidence. He was dressed in the typical Mexican costume—wide trousers and a brightly coloured shirt, over which hung an equally bright and badly fitting coat. In his hands he held a sombrero, the sides of which were greasy and faded.

He half-rose and made a perfunctory bow as Señor Vellos entered.

'I am late, Miguel,' said Vellos; 'but I have a visitor—the Señor Crayton. You have heard of his name perhaps?'

Miguel smiled at the jest. 'Yes, señor; and I have heard of the devil,' he replied.

'No doubt, no doubt,' responded Señor Vellos in tones which made the listener wonder as to their meaning.

Then the two men fell to discussing business. In the midst of it the sound of a guitar came to them.

Miguel's eyes gleamed. He possessed all a Mexican's love of music.

'It is my daughter playing to the Señor Crayton,' said Vellos. And the look in Miguel's eyes turned to one of hate.

Meanwhile Tezalia and Crayton sat upon the veranda together, chatting and breaking down the reserve of a first meeting with the ease that is only given to young people.

Crayton touched the guitar lying at her feet.

'You will play to me, señorita—in the moonlight?'

She took up the instrument, touched a few notes, then thought for a second. 'I will play you a Mexican dance,' she said. That was the music Miguel heard.

Crayton sat watching her—the lissome grace

of her figure, the great beauty of her face—and his heart beat wildly.

'I should love to dance that with you,' he said when she had finished.

'Perhaps you will be able to do so next winter. We have many dances; there is nothing else to do.'

'If I am here I shall remind you of your promise,' he rejoined. At the bosom of her dress she was wearing a cluster of roses. 'And if I may, I should like one of those flowers as a seal of the promise.'

The señorita looked at him with mockery in her eyes. 'I have promised nothing,' she said. Nevertheless she took out one of the flowers and gave it to him—she who had never looked on man before save as a butt for her jests and the folly of the moment. And as she stood in her room that night, and looked out of the window across the paddocks to the woods and the sierra, the words she had once spoken to a friend came to her mind: 'And when the day comes it will bring with it the man.' Little she guessed the nearness of the day or the sorrow it would hold for her.

The next morning Crayton rode away early, and she watched him canter along the road which led to the foot of the sierra, the rose she had given him in his coat.

A voice at her side roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen. It was the señor's.

'Tezalia,' he said, 'we shall see a good deal of this Señor Crayton, for he and I have business together, so I hope you will be friendly—very friendly.'

Tezalia gazed at her father in astonishment. She had never heard him speak in such a strain before.

'And he is the manager of the silver-mine in the sierra—a very rich man—a useful man to know.' And Señor Vellos left the room, to ride a few miles' journey from Molenga to inspect some cattle he proposed adding to his stock.

The road which Crayton travelled to reach El Nitro silver-mine lay along a deep gorge. High above him the rocks towered, leaning on either side in a conical shape, so that the way was full of shadows and dark. He rode on, his mind filled with thoughts of business, oblivious of all else, careless even of the road he traversed.

A few hundred feet above the main path was a narrower one running laterally along the face of the sierra, little more than a goat-track. Stretched at full length behind a boulder, a man lay watching him. His arm rested on a projecting piece of rock, and in his hand gleamed the steel barrel of a revolver. Behind him stretched another man.

'Now, Miguel!' said the latter.

Miguel was intently watching the horseman. Suddenly he pulled the trigger. There was a flash and an explosion which echoed in the rocky stillness. The bullet struck the ground at the feet of Crayton's horse, causing it to plunge.

The Englishman was no coward, but he had a wisdom which long exposure to danger had taught him, and he put his horse to a gallop, guiding it through the gorge.

The man addressed as Miguel swore softly and fluently to himself, and fired a second shot, which went wide of its mark, for a galloping horse is no easy target.

'Bah!' he said, 'my luck is out.'

Miguel was a cosmopolitan who had earned a precarious living in three continents, learning from each many idioms of speech with which he besprinkled his Mexican. He had also learned all the trickery that his ready brain could assimilate during his travels. Men spoke of him behind his back as Miguel the Fox, and to his face as Señor Miguel—which spoke much for his reputation.

'Perdition!' he said as he watched the fast-receding figure. 'He was at Señor Vellos's last night, and the señorita sang to him.'

His companion smiled the cynical smile of a man who understands more than the spoken word.

El Nitro silver-mine lay in a gorge deep in the Sierra Madre. A company floated by a financier whose name is known throughout two continents, no one was more surprised than he when the property yielded silver in abundance.

From a spectacular point of view the mine was not a success. A tall chimney, a half-dozen shafts, some hundred wooden sheds where the boys lived, and, apart from the rest of the buildings, the offices and the house of the assistant-manager.

As the Englishman entered a man leapt to his feet. 'You, Crayton!' he said. 'Thank God!'

'What's the matter?' asked the manager.

'We were attacked last night. A little after midnight about a dozen men rode into the gulch and started firing on my house to attract my attention.'

Crayton's face grew serious. 'Yes?' he said.

'I went to the window to speak to them. And their leader, a short, dark man—I couldn't see his face distinctly—asked me to hand over the silver we had stored—said it belonged to the State of Mexico, and that he was their representative.'

Crayton smiled a hard, mirthless smile. He knew his assistant-manager. 'What did you do?'

'I sent Forster and Cranfield downstairs to get some ammunition. Fortunately we were all in the house. Then I told the representatives of the State of Mexico to clear—which they refused to do without the silver.'

'Did they get any?'

Paston, assistant-manager to El Nitro silver-mine, possessed a dry sense of humour. 'No;

but they got some lead instead. The first volley dismounted a couple, and the rest rode off.'

'We are going to have trouble,' said Crayton. 'I was fired at coming over this morning.'

'See the man?'

'No. Molenga Gulch is hardly the place to stop and make a minute investigation when some one is sniping at you from the rock above.' Crayton lit a cigarette. 'We've got plenty of ammunition?'

'Yes.'

'Good. But I don't think we shall be troubled again for a few weeks. Let's see, it's a fortnight to-morrow that we take the next consignment to the coast. That is when the fun will start.'

'Who are the men?'

Crayton shrugged his shoulders. 'A respectable army could be formed out of the men who infest the sierra. It would be hard to distinguish a man unless one had shot him. What became of the bodies of the two you killed?'

'They came back for them during the night.'

While Crayton and his subordinate were talking, Señor Vellos was riding back to his ranch.

On the way he encountered Miguel. The Mexican was mounted on a small, shaggy pony, a cigarette between his lips.

'We failed last night,' he said curtly.

'Failed!' Señor Vellos's face expressed the surprise he felt.

'Yes. Holy Jesu, how those Englishmen can shoot! Five shots and two killed.'

'Who are they?'

'Lopez and Mutrie.'

'Where are their bodies?' inquired Vellos anxiously.

'We went back for them, and buried them on the sierra.'

'Good. There are occasions when dead men tell tales and give away their friends—men who in life would scorn to do such a thing. That proverb is foolish.'

Miguel did not know the proverb, and had little interest in its truth or falseness. 'And we failed to-day,' he said.

'Failed! What in?'

'I shot at the Señor Crayton in the Molenga Gulch, and missed him.'

'You shot at the Señor Crayton! What for? What has he done to you?' Señor Vellos's reasoning was somewhat illogical.

Miguel's eyes flashed. 'I hate him!' he said shortly.

Señor Vellos laid a hand on the other's bridle and looked him sternly in the face. 'Miguel,' he said, 'you understand that in future we will have no more of this folly. Señor Crayton is of more use to us alive than dead. You understand?'

'Yes,' answered Miguel.

'Therefore, if you shoot him I shall have you handed over to the Vigilance Committee.' And Vellos rode away, leaving Miguel giving vent to his wrath in a series of oaths as expressive as they were cosmopolitan. Miguel could swear fluently, and he exhausted his vocabulary before he turned his horse's head to ride back to the sierra.

Tezalia was on the veranda when Señor Vellos rode into the *patio*.

He bent down and kissed her. 'Any news, little one?' he said.

'But no,' she replied.

'And the Señor Crayton has not come back?'

'The Señor Crayton come back!' she said slowly. 'Why, it is only four hours since he left.'

For answer the Señor Vellos bent down and patted his daughter's cheek affectionately.

(To be continued.)

THE PORT WINE OF PORTUGAL.

By C. EDWARDES.

TO see Portugal's wine 'growing' in sweet perfection one must not seek the Douro valley, its prime home. The methods of terracing here in the brown schistose soil of the bare mountain-sides, and the keeping the vine as low as an average gooseberry-bush, do not make for scenic splendour. The plain white *quintas*, with their red roofs, among the low-set greenery, also compare very indifferently with the dainty châteaux of the Médoc. Everything in Alto Douro's wine-land is upon a business basis. The stately bailiffs in charge of the vineyards smile if you murmur your disappointment about landscape effects. To be sure, the hills are huge fellows, and the Douro's gorges are thrilling; but the latter come before and after the miles of too regular staircasing east and west of Peso da Regoa, the port wine metropolis. Sun and air, with no waste of rain-power, are what the bailiffs in loose black velvet cloaks and wide planter-hats require for the precious acres under their management. Hence the precision of culture on these slopes facing the south. The port wine of fame and export is a jealous liquor, for the making of which man and nature have to combine their forces with stern devotion. Even the harvesting of the grapes in Alto Douro fails in romantic suggestion. The gangs of Gallegos in blue-and-white cotton are respectable colour-additions, but the men work like machines.

One after the other they go down the blinding white paths, each with his basket of purple grapes on his head. They are scarcely more animated than Cardiff coalmen or the buckets of a mud-dredger about their grimy tasks; and, one after the other, they pitch their loads into the vats of the *lagar* and return for more. The subsequent treading, with twined arms, in the great pans is not a very impressive stage in the production of a fluid a glass of which two-score years hence the *bon vivant* may hold reverently to the light ere he touches his lips with it. There are details to the treading, as in old-fashioned bread-making and the preparation of tinned meats, which are not pleasant, in spite of the quaint piping to which the men dance. The exercise is exhausting and, of course, warm. And here, as at the picking, one remembers that the Gallegos are Portugal's and Spain's despised industrials. To the average Portuguese they are a low-class people, not much better than slaves; made to be put upon and underpaid to the limits of their endurance; migrants to and from their poor corner of Spain according to the measure of their destitution. They do worse and much less remunerative work elsewhere in Portugal than among the Douro grapes, but they are inspiriting objects nowhere in the country. Among the granite and gorse of their dear homeland a certain individuality of some faint charm proclaims itself in them, although even here they seem pathetically conscious of their inferiority as human specimens.

For Portugal's vineyards in their glory one must go north of Douro. Minho province has been sung by many a poet, and yet not overpraised. The three valleys of the Cavada, the Lima, and the Minho itself, all trending to the Atlantic, are gardens of beauty, separated by ranges of blue hills with cultivated slopes as enchanting as the valleys. Here the vines are trellised from tree to tree. Each cottage has its vineyard, and the peasants are as gay as their landscapes. They are a singing and smiling people, the women with golden ear-rings large enough to fill the hand; and the traveller between Braga and Valença in any season will see living pictures and landscapes never to be forgotten. The streams of Minho are not sombre and perilous like the great Douro (which takes annual toll of lives and hogsheads in the wine's transit towards Oporto), but clear as crystal, and with tongues of sunny sand tempting to the bather in the hot September noon.

These are the vineyards of romance, amid which the nightingale warbles out its soul. Flowers and woodland combine to make Minho incomparable. In the spring the vine-blossom suffuses the air, and heather and gorse bloom simultaneously by the roadside. It is a pleasure merely to breathe in this happy land, as Southey said of it a hundred years ago. But though good wine is grown here, it is not the port wine of commerce. This all goes one way down the Douro's sweeping, jade-coloured stream to the russet-roofed lodges of Portugal's second city, where the hammering of barrels is the one predominant sound of the working day. Those acres of low buildings on Oporto's south side, by the great bridge strung like a spider's thread two hundred feet above the river, have been of historic importance since the Methuen Treaty of 1703, which gave our good little friend and ally Portugal a special hold upon our dinner-tables. The importance has varied greatly. It was at about its zenith in the comet year of 1811, but the still more remarkable year of 1820 troubled it. Never was there such a wine as this of 1820. It was so naturally rich and syrupy that British consumers were spoilt by it. Adulteration set in to keep the later wines to the rich, heavy standard established by this phenomenal vintage.

The Oporto lodges are not particularly interesting. One sees rows of barrels in long, low warehouses, and there is not much for one's guide to say about them. There the wine stands ready, or maturing, for shipment; and by-and-by it will cross that still dangerous Douro bar where the Atlantic meets the river's flood. Many a cargo of good liquor has been lost at the Douro's mouth. The lodge bookkeeper may have tales to tell on the subject. My guide's memory went back two full generations, and included vignettes of old Lisbon life, when the cry of '*Agoa va!*' (in rough translation, 'Look out for the slops!') was the customary intimation to the pedestrian from a fourth or fifth floor window that a bedroom was being put to rights. The cobwebs in the lodges are moderately fine specimens, and the glass of moderately old wine with which the tour of inspection ends is perhaps the best feature of the show.

Hospitality of a much more lavish kind is, with suitable introduction, dispensed at those white *quintas* in the vineyards. Long shall I remember the feast at one of them which prepared me for the dreamless night that followed. Portuguese cookery at its best is hard to beat. The forest-fed veal cutlets, the tender chickens in rice, the rich pastries, the pyramids of red strawberries, white mulberries, and carefully chosen oranges, were all served and presented with a refinement of accessories and attention worthy of a palace. But the wines were the thing. The *quinta's* lord soon had me 'market merry' with the mere *vinho verde* that went down with the viands. This was as distinguished a table wine as one could wish for. But with the dessert came charming little decanters of Lachryma Christi and golden *porto velho*, one after the other, each a vintage wine. A discreet veil may be drawn over the sequel, which nevertheless had its delightful moments.

PETER AND JANE.

By S. MACNAUGHTAN, Author of *The Andersons, The Fortunes of Christina Macnab*, &c.

CHAPTER XI.—*continued.*

MANY weeks had passed, and not a word had disturbed the impenetrable silence which surrounded the fate of Peter's brother. That the time had passed not unpleasantly did not alter the fact that not a single thing had been done, nor a single clue discovered. Peter had ridden about, talked to all sorts and conditions of men, had taken one or two journeys, and was still as far as ever from any trace of his brother. Purvis had ridden over several times from his own *estancia*, bringing his little boy with him. Report had it that the child was an adopted one, but the two were always spoken of as father and son. Whatever the relationship may have been, Purvis's treatment of the boy was affectionate to the point of sentimentality. He looked after him with a woman's carefulness, was over-anxious about his health, and treated him as though he were much younger than his actual age.

Peter greeted Mr Purvis's visits to La Lomas with cordiality from a feeling that even a chance word dropped by a man who knew the country and its people as intimately as Purvis did might throw some light on his quest. Added to this, the fair, mild-mannered man was an intelligent talker on the rare occasions when he spoke at any length; but for the most part he contented himself with regretting in his dismal way the existing state of commerce in South America, and asking naïve questions which exposed his ignorance on many subjects. The conversation of the three public-school men who knew the world of London, and still talked its language and discussed its news, who knew, moreover, their friends' stories and jokes, and had stayed in a dozen country houses together, was widely different from Mr Purvis's constant melancholy comments upon the state of Argentine finance. Still, there was no doubt about it, the man might be useful; and, after consulting with Ross and Toffy, Peter Ogilvie had decided to give Mr Purvis a hint of the reason which had brought him to Argentina. Without definitely stating that he had anything to discover, he had allowed Purvis to know that if he could pick up any information about a child who had been lost sight of twenty-five years ago, it would be of considerable interest to himself and others to hear it.

Purvis thought inquiries might be set on foot, but that it would cost money to do so; and, without actually adopting the case professionally, he promised to keep his eyes open, and had already made a journey to investigate what at first sight seemed as if it might be a clue to discovering traces of the missing man.

He and his son rode over very early to Las Lomas to-day; and, the boy having been sent into the house to rest and get cool, Purvis crossed the bare little garden, passed the stout, rough paling of the corral, and went towards the group of *paraiso* trees where Peter was sitting. He wore his bowler hat, and had the appearance of being a very delicate, overworked city clerk.

'Ross is not at home, I suppose?' he said, sitting down beside Peter in the shade of the *paraiso* trees and removing his hat. The hat always left a painful-looking red line on Mr Purvis's forehead, and it was removed whenever he sat down. The surprising thing was that he should ever have worn such an uncomfortable headgear.

'Oh, good-morning, Purvis!' said Peter. 'No, Ross is not about, I think. Did you want him?'

No, Mr Purvis would not trouble Ross; it really did not matter—it was nothing. Probably Mr Purvis did not want to see Ross, and had no business with him, and wanted to see some one else. It was one of the wretched things about the little man that his conversation was nearly always ambiguous, and that he never asked straightforwardly for anything he wanted. And yet, look what a head he had for business! He had made one immense fortune out of nothing at all in the boom-time, and had lost it when the slump came. Now he seemed on the way to make a fortune again. His *estancia* lay on the river-bank, and was independent of the old, heart-breaking system of railway service in Argentina for the conveyance of his alfalfa and wheat. He had been successful where other men had failed. There must be an immense amount of grit somewhere in that delicate frame! Perhaps his chronic bad health and pathetically white appearance, and the perpetual tear in his pale eyes, had a good deal to do with giving one the impression that he must be necessarily inefficient. His dreamy gaze and soft voice heightened the suggestion, and it was necessary at the outset to discount Mr Purvis's appearance altogether before accepting the fact that his mental powers were above the average.

Purvis sat down, wiped his pale forehead with the bar of red across it, and returned his handkerchief to the pocket of his dark tweed coat. He produced a small bottle of tabloids, and shaking a couple of them into the palm of his hand, he proceeded to swallow them with a backward throw of his head. Tabloids were Mr Purvis's only personal indulgence. He had been recommended them for his nerves, and he had swallowed so many that had they not

been perfectly innocuous he must have died long ago.

Peter put down an English newspaper that he was reading, stretched his legs on a deck-chair, and lit a cigarette; and as Mr Purvis did not seem inclined to move off, he made up his mind to submit to a talk with him under conditions as comfortable as possible. As an agent, Purvis was possible; but as a companion, his melancholy, his indistinct soft voice, and the platitudes which he uttered were boring to more vigorous-minded men.

Purvis took a small and uncomfortable chair near the one in which Peter was stretched luxuriously, turned his wide-open, pale eyes upon the young man, and said, 'I have been thinking a good deal about the story which you told me some time ago of the child who disappeared out here in Argentina some twenty-five years ago, and has not been heard of again. It sounds like a romance.'

'Yes,' assented Peter, 'it's an odd tale.'

'I have lived in many parts of Argentina,' said Purvis, 'and one hears a good deal of gossip amongst all classes of persons, more particularly, I should say, amongst that class with whom you and our friend Mr Ross are not intimately acquainted.'

Mr Ogilvie put on an air of detachment, and said he supposed Mr Purvis met all sorts and sizes.

'At first,' said Mr Purvis, 'I did not pay much attention to the story except to make a few inquiries such as I thought might be useful to you. But the other day, by rather a curious coincidence involving matters which I am not at liberty to divulge, I came across rather a curious case of a child who was brought out to Rosario many years ago.'

'What did you hear?' said Peter; he spoke quickly and with an impetuous movement sat upright in the deck-chair, and flung away the end of his cigarette.

'I cannot tell you,' said Purvis, 'how I am hedged about with difficulties in this matter. For, in the first place, neither you nor your friend, although you seem interested in the case, has entered into the matter very fully with me. With that, of course, I shall not quarrel,' said Mr Purvis, spreading out his hands in a deprecatory fashion. 'I only mean to say that before taking any definite steps to trace this story to its source, I must, if you will forgive me, ask certain questions about the child; and, further, these inquiries which I propose to make must be conducted with discretion, and are apt to entail a good deal of expense.'

He paused, and Peter said shortly, 'Of course all expenses will be paid.'

'It will require immense patience to prove anything about an unknown infant who came out here twenty-five years ago,' said Purvis.

'I always thought it was rather hopeless,' said Peter; 'but it seemed to me the right thing to do.'

'It seemed the right thing to do,' said Purvis like an echo. The dreamy look was in his lack-lustre, weak eyes again, and his womanish, soft voice was more than usually indistinct. 'I should like very much if you could tell me anything about the man's childhood,' he continued. 'It is important to know every detail you can possibly furnish for the clue.'

'I never even saw a picture or a photograph of him,' said Peter.

'It is perplexing,' said Purvis, 'when a near relative disappears so completely.'

'Yes,' said Peter, 'it is rather annoying.'

'Old servants are proverbial for their long memories,' the clerkly visitor went on. 'Are there any such remaining in his old home who would know anything about the man? Even a birth-mark—although it is a thing most often connected with cheap romances nowadays—might help to establish a case.'

'Or disestablish it,' repeated the echo.

'As a matter of fact,' Peter said, relenting a little, 'the child was born abroad, and no evidence of that sort is forthcoming. The lawyers have followed every possible clue that could lead to information about him, without any result whatever.'

'Singular!' said Purvis.

'Yes,' assented Peter, 'I suppose there are few cases in which a man has disappeared so completely and left no trace behind him.'

'The property which is at stake is a large one, I understood you to say,' said Purvis.

'I don't think I said so,' Peter answered; 'but there is no harm in telling you that some money is involved.'

'I should certainly know if any considerable property had been willed away about here,' said Purvis quietly; 'and, you see, our richest men in camp have really not much else except landed property to leave. In Buenos Ayres, and Rosario too, a man of importance in the town dying and leaving money could easily be traced.'

'Well, I haven't exactly expectations from him,' said Peter, feeling that he was getting into a muddle. 'The fact is,' he said cordially, 'I shall be interested to hear news of the man if you can obtain any for me.'

So far he had always regarded his brother's existence as some remote and hardly possible contingency. Now Peter began to see plainly that he might very possibly be alive, and not only so, but that his whereabouts could be traced. The sudden realisation of these possibilities staggered him for a moment; but he went on steadily: 'I want the man found, and I shall spare no trouble or expense in finding him. Even if he is dead, I do not mind telling you that any definite information would be welcome to me; and if he is alive, my object is to find him as soon as possible.'

Mr Purvis took out his pocket-book. 'You will at least know whether the man was dark or fair?' he said.

'Fair, I suppose,' said Peter; 'all the portraits in the house are of fair men.'

'The man I spoke of is dark,' said Purvis, continuing his jottings in his note-book in a neat hand.

'Fair children often get dark as they grow older,' said Peter.

Purvis acquiesced. 'The singular thing about it all is,' he said, 'that no one now seems to be living who saw the boy when he was a baby.'

'No one can be traced,' said Peter.

'This affair of the child in Rosario is probably a mare's nest,' said Mr Purvis in his hopeless way, as he closed his pocket-book and put a strap round it.

'Well, at least find out all you can about him,' said Peter, as Hopwood appeared with coffee, and Ross and Toffy joined them and sat down under the *paraiso* trees. There had been some heavy work on the *estancia* that morning, followed by a lazy afternoon.

'Can you tell me, Purvis,' said Toffy, breaking off an earnest conversation with Ross, 'why there should be such an enormous difficulty about getting a boiled shirt to wear? I suppose it really does cleanse one's linen to bang it with a stone in the river, but the appearance of grayness makes one doubtful.'

'You and Peter are both so beastly civilised!' said Ross, in a flannel shirt, with baggy breeches and long boots. 'You don't even like killing cattle, and the way Hopwood polishes your boots makes them look much more fitted for St James's Street than for the camp.'

'You ought to make friends with Juan Lara's wife,' said Purvis in his feminine way. 'She often washes Jim's little things for him, and does it very nicely.'

'I believe that Lara, on purely economical grounds, wears our shirts a week or two before he hands them over to his wife to wash,' said Ross, laughing.

'Ross,' said Peter, 'enjoys the gaucho's plan, and wears three shirts, and when the top one gets dirty he discloses the next one to view.'

'Remember, little man,' said Ross, stretching out a huge foot towards Peter's recumbent figure on the deck-chair, 'I'm a head and shoulders taller than you are.'

'I'm sure Mr Ogilvie's remark was only in fun,' interposed Purvis. He rose and went to summon his boy to come and have coffee, and the three men left behind under the trees watched him disappearing into the house.

'If it were a matter of real necessity,' said Ross, 'I believe I could endure the loss of Purvis; he becomes a bore, and tears and tabloids combined are really very depressing.'

'Poor beast!' said Toffy charitably.

'I can't make out,' said Ross, 'what the trouble is at present on his *estancia*. I have only heard some native gossip, and I don't know what it is all about; but there seems to be an idea that Purvis is lying on the top of a mine which may go off suddenly.'

'I believe,' began Peter, 'that Purvis is going to be of use, as Sir John thought he might be. There is a very odd tale he was telling me just now.' He broke off suddenly as Purvis reappeared in his usual quiet, shadowy way. He took a small saddle-bag with him when he travelled, which seemed to be filled for the most part with papers. His dark clothes were always neatly brushed and folded by himself, and he generally spent his days riding to and fro between the house and the nearest telegraph-office.

'You should take a holiday while you are here,' said Toffy, seeing Purvis sitting down immediately to write one of his interminable telegrams. 'It would do you good.'

'It's my nerves,' said Purvis hopelessly.

Ross laughed and said, 'If I lived on weak tea and tabloids, as you do, Purvis, I should be in my grave in ten days.'

'I think,' said Purvis, 'that these new phospherine things are doing me some good. But I sleep so little now. I don't suppose there's an hour of the night when I'm so sound asleep that a whisper would not wake me.'

'It takes a good, loud gong,' said Ross, 'to make me even realise that I am in bed.'

'At home,' said Peter, 'I once had an alarm-clock fixed above my bed to wake me, and at last I told the man who sold it to me that it never struck; and really I thought it did not until he showed me that it worked all right.'

'There is a beastly bell for the out-of-door servants at Hulworth,' said Toffy, 'which is beside my window, and'——

'I know that bell,' said Peter. 'I tie it up regularly every time I am at Hulworth.'

'Have you also got a country seat?' asked Mr Purvis.

'Oh, Hulworth is a mouldy old barrack!' replied Toffy. '"Country seat" is too fine a name for it.'

'Is it quite near Bowshott?' asked Purvis.

'No; it's nine miles off,' said Peter, 'unless you ride across country.'

'I wish,' he said to Ross that evening as they sat together in the corridor, 'that I had any one else to help me in this affair except Purvis.'

Ross knew the whole story, and was as trustworthy and straightforward a man as ever breathed. 'I wish you had,' he said cordially; 'but in his own creepy fashion I believe Purvis is working for you as well as he can, and he has an extraordinary knowledge of this country and its language. You see, it is not as if you were looking for your brother amongst the most

respectable English colonists in the land. You may have to hunt for him in some remarkably queer places, and it is there, it strikes me, that Purvis will help you.'

'I wish the thing were settled one way or another,' said Peter, 'so that I might know where I stand. You see, if my brother is alive—— Well?'

'Nothing; only I thought I heard something moving outside the wire netting, and I hate the way Purvis creeps about.'

'Purvis is putting his little boy to bed and hearing him say his prayers,' said Toffy. 'He is a queer mixture.'

Ross rose, and, walking to the edge of the corridor, peered out into the pitch-black night. 'It's so dark,' he said, 'I cannot see a thing.'

'Never mind,' said Peter; 'there are no wild beasts to spring at you unawares. Do you remember poor Cranley who was in Pitt's house at Eton? Did you ever hear how he was killed in his veranda in India by a tiger?'

'Yes,' said Ross absently; 'awfully sad thing. Do you know, Peter, I believe I must walk round to the other side of the house and see if that chap is really putting his child to bed.'

(To be continued.)

INDUSTRIAL ACCIDENTS.

By T. Good.

FEW industrial problems are more interesting, and none more vital, than that of accidents to workmen. In each of the last five years more than 4000 British wage-earners have been killed. Roughly, nearly 1000 seafaring men and more than 1000 miners lose their lives at work every year, the remaining 2000 victims being engaged in the railway service, the manufacturing industries, and other occupations.

Here are the numbers for the last few years of the workpeople killed in the course of their employment (including seafaring, mining, &c.) in the United Kingdom:

1901 . . .	4626	1906 . . .	4118
1902 . . .	4323	1907 . . .	4477
1903 . . .	4172	1908 . . .	4226
1904 . . .	3775	1909 . . .	4062
1905 . . .	4384	1910 (provisional)	4446

The frequent contention that industrial accidents are increasing hardly seems borne out by these bald figures. Still, 4000 deaths a year are far too many. They prove neglect somewhere. Besides, while in seafaring and the railway service dangers are decreasing, it is a fact that in mining and manufacturing dangers and accidents have for some years been on the increase. While the transit trades are getting safer, other industries are becoming more dangerous, and here we have ample scope for inquiry and improvement. More than that, there is on this life and death matter just cause for plain speaking. The question why workshop and mine accidents have increased in recent years imperatively demands a plain answer.

In those occupations covered by the Factories and Workshops Acts, not only have nearly 900,000 persons been reported injured and more than 10,000 killed in the last ten years, but between 1897 and 1907 the number injured increased by 115 per cent., and the number actually killed increased by 62 per cent. So great was the increase of accidents in some trades that when the figures were made known two years ago the Government appointed a committee to inquire into the matter. But will this committee get at the real truth? Both labour leaders and employers, speaking generally, are reluctant to reveal the roots of the mischief.

Well, now, let us take a glance backward. Some twelve or fifteen years ago a great deal was said about the 'tragedies of toil.' A gentleman who is now a Cabinet Minister wrote a blood-curdling pamphlet under that title. There was a great agitation for the extension of employers' liability. The Government of the day lent a very sympathetic ear to the labour leaders, and the famous Workmen's Compensation Bill was passed. The assumption in some quarters was that employers were careless and callous, and that all that was needed to promote safety in the workshop was freely to tap the employer's pocket every time a workman was injured. The Act became operative in 1898, but instead of the anticipated diminution of accidents through employers more carefully safeguarding their workers, an increase was soon noticeable, and after ten years' experience of the new law Parliament was invited to consider the 'alarming increase' of accidents.

On the passing of the one-sided labour-law—a law made one-sided at the special request of the labour leaders—employers in some industries began to be more particular about the men they employed; and, urged on by the insurance companies doing compensation business, they began to weed out their elderly and delicate men. But in so doing they were, as a matter of fact, eliminating the safe men. Not only this, but with the law of compensation hanging over their heads, employers became more reluctant to allow their men to 'go easy.' Indeed, as a direct outcome of the unwise extension of employers' liability, something like a revolution has occurred in many of our industries—a big change for the worse, so far as labour is concerned. Large numbers of men—particularly unskilled men—

who used to be employed regularly at weekly wages, and were permitted to 'take their time,' enjoying frequent rests between jobs without loss of pay, are now employed more casually by the hour, rushed while a job is on hand, and then dismissed or suspended, and their pay stopped immediately the job is finished. Employers who were formerly indulgent are not now disposed to have men resting in the shops —or perchance playing, and running risk of accident—when their services are not actually required. Thus not only have workshop accidents largely increased through the elimination of the aged and cautious workmen, but those left in the shops have had their toil made harder and their earnings cut down. To put it briefly, the aged and weak have been turned adrift, the young and strong have been goaded on, unemployment has been aggravated, earnings diminished, toil intensified, and dangers multiplied—by special labour legislation! This state of things has been brought about, not because the law was really wrong in principle, but because, to suit the labour leaders, it went beyond the bounds of reason in seeking the same compensation for an aged man as a young one, in imposing an unfair liability upon employers, and in refusing to permit contracting-out.

But the employers are by no means blameless in this matter. The ex-Home Secretary, Lord Gladstone, attributed the increase of workshop accidents to the general speeding-up policy adopted in British industry. To a considerable extent this is true; but it is a demonstrable fact that the most of the mischief is resultant of the elimination of the elderly workman. The very agency set in operation by the employers to diminish accidents and the cost of meeting claims has resulted in a big increase of accidents and costs, as might have been expected. It is the young man, and not the aged one, who is most liable to accident, and certainly the most likely to cause injury to others by leaving things unsafe. In this respect the 'too old at forty' idea is an egregious fallacy. Sir John Brunner, in a letter to the *Times* a while ago, gave the following figures relating to accidents among the workmen employed by his firm:

AGES AND PERCENTAGES OF ACCIDENTS PER ANNUM.

18–25	26–30	31–35	36–40	41–45	46–50	51–55	56 and over.
8·5	6·8	4·2	3·6	2·8	3·7	2·4	2·4

These figures are eloquent and significant as they stand, but they do not tell—they cannot tell—the whole story. It is not so much a question of the ages of the men who are injured by accident as of the ages of the men who *cause* the accidents through carelessness and ignorance. The negligence of a young man frequently results in injury to young and aged indiscriminately, when the care of a more elderly man might have avoided accident altogether. Those employers who have given the greatest preference to young and inexperienced workmen have had to pay the penalty in growing costs. It is exactly in those trades where the policy of weeding out the aged has been pursued the most vigorously that the increase of accidents has been greatest.

In this matter of increasing accidents the case of the mining industry calls for special mention, because the recent rise in the mining accident-rate follows upon two generations of steady and persistent decline. Between the middle and the end of the nineteenth century the mining accident death-rate declined by about 60 per cent. In the decade 1846–55 the average annual number of deaths was 1 in every 249 employed, while in 1896–1905 it was 1 in 769. But progress has stopped and retrogression has set in. From 1900 to 1904 1 in every 779 was killed, on the average, while in the period 1905–9 the average was 1 in 744. For the last two years we have a sharp rise. While in 1902, for example, only 1 in every 805 was killed, and in 1899 only 1 in 840, in 1909 we had 1 in 698 killed. For 1910 the deaths equal 1 in about 610. And, of course, non-fatal accidents have increased concurrently. In ten years the percentage of the members of the miners' relief societies claiming accident benefit has risen from 184 to 249 per 1000. Why this increase when, with the continued growth of scientific and technical knowledge, coupled with more stringent State control, there ought to be a decrease?

There are reasons for thinking that the wider application of electricity to coal-mining is one source of the mischief. It is quite true that only 51 deaths have been officially attributed to accidents in connection with electrical apparatus in the seven years during which the special electricity rules have been in force; but it is significant that nearly half that number occurred in the last year, when there was great development electrically with a view to minimising the effects of the Eight Hours Act; while the opinion held by some observant miners that one or two recent fires and explosions, involving great loss of life, have been set up electrically is not without foundation. We will not say the use, but we do insist that the misuse, of electricity in coal-mining is a danger.

Then there is the question of 'speeding-up.' No general speeding-up can be proved from statistics; indeed for some years the *per capita* output of coal has been declining, despite the adoption of improved appliances. But when due allowance is made for the deeper and more naturally difficult mining, coupled with the increasingly frequent stops and short days and petty strikes, there is seen to be ground for the idea that the 'Americanisation of industry,' which has certainly done something to increase dangers in our manufacturing trades, has spread to our mines. With the diminished earning-time of the coal-hewers on the one hand, and the more difficult natural conditions on the

other, it seems pretty certain that some speeding-up has occurred, or the decline in output per man would have been still greater than it has been. Not only is it reasonable to think that some of the managers have attempted to accelerate the haulage and windage, but it is probable that some of the miners themselves, under stress of growing difficulties with their trammers and putters, and the loss of earning-time involved, have made extra efforts to make good their tonnage pays by lessened attention to faults of roof, accumulations of gas, and so forth. So far as speeding-up is concerned, the Eight Hours Act—another measure passed to suit the labour leaders—is bound to have a bad effect. In many mines under this measure speeding-up will become a fine art. Elderly, experienced, and cautious miners will be discharged, the young and reckless will be spurred on, the speediest appliances will be introduced, repair-work will be scamped, and a huge increase of dangers and disasters will be the inevitable result. Indeed, the evil influences of the Eight Hours Act are already in evidence. Accidents have already increased as a direct result of this law.

THE SORROWS OF HEINRICH HEINE.

By Henry Leach.

THERE is a little movement astir for giving a fresh consideration to the position and merits of the German poet Heinrich Heine. It is needed. He has been dead now for more than half a century, and the historical perspective may be settled with accuracy, subject always to those fluctuations of what may be called fashion in literature, by which one generation estimates a long-dead poet or writer as being the most transcendent genius, and lingers upon his every line; and the next one neglects him utterly, if it does not condemn him, having found some new favourite to idolise, having determined that another figure in the past of literature shall be brought forward for recultivation and general admiration. Heine seems at present to be in a fair way for having his first turn since the time when he seemed to be relegated to the unconsidered dead and done with. One notices here and there little booklets of Heine anthologies in fancy bindings. The people who dally with poetry in this way are 'taking him up.' It seems clever to know that there was such a poet as Heine, not to be ignorant of him, even to be able to recite a crude translation of some of his witching lines. Heine has been 'coming in,' but too much as we revive a long-neglected style of decoration for our apartments and the ladies take up a new shade of colour for their gowns.

Yet in spite of innumerable English translations from Heine's verse and Heine's prose, fuller or less complete, better or worse, and in spite of longer lives of him (like Stigand's) or shorter (like William Sharp's), it must be admitted that the great English reading public knows too little of the great German poet and thinker. Until lately there has been no full translation of his *Memoirs* (published in Germany seventeen years ago, and partly translated in America some time since), which give the key to all his thoughts, exhibit the sources of his inspiration, the movement and richness of his mind, and explain the reasons of his neglect. It is one of the most valuable and interesting contributions to the world-library of literary memoirs. A good English translation of this has just been made and published, and we should come now in this country to a better understanding of the man. We shall find him an intensely interesting study. The story of a life is rarely so thrilling as when it is tragic. Glory and happiness in biography and memoir soon begin to pall, and even to sicken; but the lives of the great men of letters of all countries have rarely lent themselves to treatment of that kind. Poets for the most part have had very irregular and generally sad existences. They have had the best consolation of their lives from the muse. It is partly because they have been so sad, so pitiable, that it has been kind to them. It is gloom and misery in a great mind that oftenest stir up the genius in a man and make it fruitful of its best capacity, rather than the scintillating joy of happiness.

And there has hardly ever been a greater tragedy in letters than that of Heine. In the little that English people in general have known of him they have thought of him as a renegade, as something almost of a traitor, as a most unholy cynic, and a stirrer-up of trouble, who was very properly kept out of the Germany of his birth. They have known little of his greatness and the sweetness of his song. Then, also, to give the ultimate justification for their neglect and contempt of him, they have come to understand that he hated themselves, the English people; that he spoke and wrote disparagingly of them and their country. So he did; but that is a poor and a petty reason for condemning or ignoring him in literature. Perhaps Heine of the sad but still heroic life will have some justice done to him before long. Nobody will now begin a reading of any of his writings without being fascinated and going through with a study of his work so far as he is able and has the means at his command.

The most elementary facts of Heine's life and circumstances, stated in the baldest manner, are

that he was born at Düsseldorf, of Jewish parents, in 1797; that he inherited a certain love for France and the French people; that he was first set towards a commercial career, but abandoned it as he felt the poetic spirit so strong within him; was attracted by the Paris July Revolution, threw in his lot with the Liberals, and settled in the capital of France in May 1831, regarding it as one of his chief businesses in life at that time to draw France and Germany together. His severe criticisms of both political and literary matters made him numerous enemies, and the sale of his works was prohibited in Germany.

The German people came to hate him intensely, considering that his French sympathies were inconsistent with any proper patriotism. They said, also, that he wavered so much in his religious ideas that he had plainly no moral vigour; and then, too, a cynic of such intensity, one who flings his barbed darts at every person and every institution and everything, can never be popular or liked in his own time, nor can ever get his genius fully recognised. He has no right to expect it, the world being what it is, peopled for the most part with ordinary human beings who are all for comfort and make a god of tact. They preferred to overlook the beauty of his love-lyrics and the marvellous skill which he displayed in portraying Nature in her many moods in his written words, and particularly the Nature of the sea in placidity and in storm. In this no writer has ever excelled him. In 1845, when he was only at the beginning of middle age, he was struck down with paralysis, and the rest of his life was spent on what he called his mattress-grave; but he still worked on and worked brilliantly until his death in 1856. He said of himself, 'I am a Jew, a Christian; I am tragedy, I am comedy—Heraclitus and Democritus in one; a Greek, a Hebrew; an adorer of despotism as incarnate in Napoleon, an admirer of communism as embodied in Proudhon; a Latin, a Teuton; a beast, a devil, a god.' Towards the end he wrote: 'I know not if I deserve that a laurel wreath should one day be laid on my coffin. Poetry, dearly as I have loved it, has always been to me but a divine plaything. I have never attached any great value to poetical fame; and I trouble myself very little whether people praise my verses or blame them. But lay on my coffin a sword; for I was a brave soldier in the war of liberation of humanity.' By his will he forbade that his remains should be taken to Germany for interment, and he was buried in Paris.

In a brief recommendation to his magnificent work there can be no description of it. Matthew Arnold once wrote a famous essay upon the man and his writings (which was splendid in many ways, but somewhat inaccurate, as it is now held, in some of the judgments and criticisms) in which he pointed out that Heine was the chief continuator of that which in Goethe's varied activity was the most powerful and vital. 'On Heine,' said Matthew Arnold, 'of all German authors who survived Goethe, incomparably the largest portion of Goethe's mantle fell.' This was hardly more than a simple truism. Apart from the music of his words, he had a certain charm above all other writers in the blend he made of his wit and his pathos. He has them together constantly, and by the combination he delights exceedingly and penetrates deeply in the sentiments. It is a combination that, strangely, comes most frequently from the saddest and most disappointed spirits.

These *Memoirs* of his are more than usually interesting. They have been translated by Mr Gilbert Cannan, and published by Mr Heinemann, and the result is two volumes that fascinate intensely. The poet's ruminations, his thoughts, his theories, and his complaints, stir the feelings as literary reminiscences not often do. Some one wrote to a London paper recently to condemn the suggestion that the house where Heine stayed at while he was in London should now be labelled accordingly, because he had attacked the English in his writings even more bitterly than his own people, and it was urged that the Germans had erected no monument to him because of his bitter ridicule of them—which is hardly a compliment to German broad-mindedness—and that the plan for a monument to Heine in New York had also fallen to the ground. The translation of Heine in twelve volumes, planned and mostly executed by C. G. Leland, is no inconsiderable American memorial of the poet; the Heine bibliography in Britain must run to hundreds of items. Surely no Englishman or English woman capable of enjoying great literature will even bear a grudge against Heine because he frankly criticised what he did not like in England, pungently as he was wont, and not, as one must admit, wholly without reason. Besides, it is surely time Heine were taken up and studied and admired as the man of genius has the right to be. Humiliating indeed would it be if England had ever to confess herself so small-minded as this correspondent suggests she is or should be. We like to see these *Memoirs* in English for the good they may do and the education they may yield.

Let us know the worst that Heine had to say about England and the English. Some of it is in the *Memoirs*. He found London ugly, as many Englishmen who do not understand the place do also. It is something to be grateful for that Heine did not visit her in 1911. He happened to be there in 1827, and even then he accused her of too much machinery. He wrote: 'I have seen the most remarkable phenomenon that the world has to show to the amazed mind of man. I have seen it, and am still amazed. In my memory there remains the stone forest of houses, and in between the surging stream of vivid human faces, with all their gay passions,

with all their horrible flurry of love and hunger and hate—I mean London. Send a philosopher to London, but on pain of your life not a poet! Send a philosopher thither, and set him at the corner of Cheapside, and he will learn more there than from all the books of the last Leipzig fair; and as the waves of human beings roar about him there will arise before him a sea of new thoughts, the eternal spirit which hovers over the place will waft him up, and suddenly reveal to him the most hidden secrets of the social order, and he will hear with his ears and see with his eyes the beating pulse of the world; for, if London is the right hand of the world, the active, strong right hand, then that street which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street must be regarded as the pulse of the world. But do not send a poet to London! The mere seriousness of everything, the colossal uniformity, the machine-like movement, the shrillness even of joy—this overdriven London oppresses fancy and rends the heart.'

This last was an after-reflection. In a letter he wrote from London to a friend he said: 'You can easily imagine my life here, knowing myself and England. I am seeing and learning much. In a few days I shall go to an English watering-place. The chief object of my journey was to get away from Hamburg. I hope to be strong enough never to return to it. But I am drawn towards Berlin. A shallow life, witty egoism, witty sand. Everything is too dear and too distant here. There are many attractive things too—the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, English tragedy, and pretty women. . . . English literature at present is pitiful, more pitiful even than ours; and that is saying a good deal.'

But this is really the worst, and it was written from Ramsgate: 'I brought a good stock of ill-temper with me from home, and I increased it among a people who can only kill their boredom in the whirlpool of political and mercantile activity. The perfection of machinery, which is used everywhere in England, and has taken over so many human functions, is for me not a little disquieting; this clever driving of wheels and rods and cylinders, and a thousand different sorts of little loops and pegs and teeth which move almost with passion, filled me with horror. The certainty, the exactness, the great madness, and the punctiliousness of life in England made me not a little unhappy; for just as the machines in England appear like human beings, so do the human beings appear like the machines. But there is nothing like the black mood that came over me once when I stood in the evening on Waterloo Bridge and looked down at the waters of the Thames. It was as though my soul were mirrored in them, as though it were looking up at me out of the water with all its wounds. . . . Then the most miserable thoughts came into my head. . . . I thought of the rose which has been anointed with vinegar, and has lost its sweetest scents and withered too soon. I thought of the lost butterfly which a naturalist who climbed Mont Blanc saw fluttering there all alone between walls of ice. . . . I thought of the tame she-ape who was so accustomed to men, and played and ate with them; but one fine day she recognised in the dish that was laid before them her own young, and she snatched it away and rushed into the forest with it, and never again appeared among her human friends. . . . Ah, I was so woe-begone that the hot tears gushed from my eyes. . . . They fell down into the Thames and were carried away into the great sea which has already swallowed up so many human tears without noticing them.'

On such evidence is Heine to be perpetually banished from recognition! Some foreign people have called the English shopkeepers, and we did not seem to mind. For ourselves, we say we are 'sportsmen.' Heine said we were nasty-looking machines, and were not poets. Was it suggested in the old days that we ought to object to its being said we were not poets? But perhaps we may be sportsmen now. Anyhow, these *Memoirs* should be read for the enjoyment that they give and the thought that they provoke, if not with any object of revising an old and passionate judgment.

HUNTING THE 'CAPTAIN COOK.'

THE WILD PIG OF NEW ZEALAND.

I SUPPOSE that to most men comes at times an instinctive longing to get back for a while close to Nature at her wildest, to experience, if only for one day, the fierce joys and thrills and excitement of primal emotions. It is this longing, more than the mere lust of killing, that sends the sportsman into the out-places. There still remain a few such places in a too orderly world, and none where the desire is better likely to be fully gratified than in the wide, unsettled spaces of New Zealand.

In early colonial days, the days of sparse settlement, so numerous and predatory were the wild pigs that they formed an absolute menace to the pastoralist. On the plains of the Hutt and in Hawke's Bay the droves wandered like flocks of sheep, and early runholders found it necessary to organise battues on a large scale for their destruction. This was generally a matter of contract—the squatters paying at the rate of sixpence a tail, as evidence of a pig destroyed.

With the arrival of the flocks and herds the wild pig quickly developed a taste for fresh mutton, and became a hunting animal on his own account. Thousands of fat lambs, ewes, and hoggets disappeared annually to fill the maws of the porcine marauders, till at length exasperated flock-masters banded together for the destruction of the common enemy. Decimated by this wholesale warfare and harried by pork-loving Maoris, the pig-tribes withdrew themselves far from the region of the menfolk.

The hunter of to-day who would meet the wild boar of New Zealand in his native wilds, who would pit skill and weapons against the tusks and the rush of a genuine old fighting 'Captain Cook,' must seek his quarry far afield—in the wide foothills, beyond the fringe of the great upland forests.

Though known throughout both islands by the generic name of 'Captain Cook,' it is not to be supposed that the numerous progeny of to-day owe common ancestry to the two pairs of porkers presented by the famous navigator to his Maori hosts. There were enthusiasts in acclimatisation even so long ago as 1820, and from that date on to fairly recent times many were the 'breeders' brought by British and American whalers and turned loose to increase and multiply in the empty land. But 'Barkshire' or 'Maryland' freedom and environment have done their work, and at this late date it would puzzle the cleverest pig-fancier to fix an origin.

Long-nosed, hollow-snouted, flat-ribbed, gaunt and savage, russet-brown in colour, roach-backed, and covered with long iron-gray bristles, boars and sows present little difference in appearance except in point of size and tusks. Both offer to the hunter sport of the rarest; though, naturally, in fighting qualities the boar is easily first.

A 'Captain Cook' at bay—chine hunched, horrent in brush of bristles aquiver with rage, standing three feet in height from hoof to shoulder, wide-mouthed, dripping foam, and tusked with razor-sharp, six-inch ivories—forms a picture worth seeing, and the encounter teems with thrills of the keenest.

At the outset let the new-chum disabuse his mind of preformed notions of orderly pig-sticking in India, with attendant host of shikarees, horse, and boar-spear; or the tamer *chasse* of the Continent, where the animal, trapped to order beforehand, is sometimes brought ignominiously in a cart, turned out, and shot at leisure from behind a convenient tree. Here the game must be followed afoot. Broken gullies, rock-strewn declivities, and dark cañons choked with undergrowth make the use of a horse a sheer impossibility. Boar-spear and rifle, too, are to be discarded for close-quarter weapons effective in cramped surroundings and all the hamper of semi-tropical forest primeval.

The 'tools' required comprise a heavy revolver, strong hunting-knife in sheath, and a short-handled tomahawk. The latter, besides being an effective weapon, is useful on occasions for cutting a way through the maze of lianas, vines, and thorny creepers of the underscrub.

Above all, the success or failure of an expedition rests on the quality of the dogs employed. These must possess the first essentials of weight, quickness, holding-power, and pluck. The real pig-dog of New Zealand is of a race apart—hybrid, apparently, from collie and mastiff, with perhaps a far-away strain of the *kaiwaka* or native dingo (now extinct). Dogs of all kinds are employed, even to the veriest mongrels; but, if possible, let the two secured be of the true breed. A numerous *entourage* of dogs and hunters is likely to prove a disadvantage in the thick tangle of thicket where you are likely to 'flush' the quarry, and by getting in one another's way apt to court disaster. A brace of dogs, two men, or at most three, form the ideal complement of a hunting-party. Boars are not gregarious, and it is little likely that more than one will claim attention at the same time.

Having secured dogs and weapons, let us put ourselves for a while in the place of the hunters. Arrived in the pig-country, we are quickly put on the trail of a near-by drove by the more or less fresh pig-rootings in the glades of the fern-land. Over rolling saddles, down declivities steep as a house-side, toes, knees, and hands in turn are requisitioned to follow the track, until, at the bottom of some mountain-gully, scarped and bush-filled, the dogs 'give tongue.'

Down, swinging from vine to vine, clinging to roots and projections, we reach bottom in a tangle of sword-grass and thorny lianas. Straight from fierce sunlight to the dimness of the thick bush, unaccustomed eyes for a minute scarce pierce the twilight of leafy shadow. Here and there a massive trunk rises dark amid the scrub-tangle.

Ha! the dogs have 'bailed' a fighting old boar in a rock-cleft. Flanks and rear protected from attack, he stands at bay, defiant—champing jaws dripping foam; great head slowly swaying, with wicked upward sweep of gleaming tusks; red eyes ashine, as if to say, 'Come on! I'm ready for you!'

But the dogs know better, springing from side to side, barking insult, darting in and away in short rushes, always keeping clear of those scythe-like tusks—anything to lure him to the charge, to lay himself open for one moment to a flank attack. But the pig too knows his own advantage, and refuses to be drawn. Don't 'sool' the dogs to an unwise assault. The dog is yet unborn who could face a 'Captain Cook' in a frontal attack. All that remains is to sting his hide with a revolver-bullet, and by reckless exposure full in front tempt him to a charge.

'That's it! Look out now! Jump for the nearest tree!' Hurrah! the dogs have him on either side, one to each ear. Long bodies,

pressed close against the boar's flanks, avoid his frantic tusk-sweeps.

A mad turmoil of dogs and boar in the confined space, snapping of wood as the maddened brute charges through the thicket in a vain endeavour to rub off the clinging torture at his ears against the undergrowth, shrilling screams of rage, stifled growling of dogs, frantic shouts of men jumping round the mass of struggling animals on the chance of getting in shot or blow.

Winded as he is by futile effort and the backward, downward pull of the dogs, the boar's nose tilts in air and he pauses to get breath for a fresh effort. Now is the moment to spring in. With a sweeping tomahawk-blow on the spine bring the brute's hind-quarters paralysed to the earth.

The battle is not over yet. Despite his broken back, the boar may remain erect on his forelegs for another quarter of an hour. Though hams and haunches lie prone, let the dogs lose their hold from any cause and you will find plenty of fight still remaining.

It behoves one to be careful in giving the *coup de grâce*. In the soft beneath the shoulder, as the struggling animal lifts a foreleg—the only vulnerable spot—you may drive the knife home. So thick is the armour-plate of hide that elsewhere the point turns and the bullet flattens ineffectively.

According to the best traditions of the hunt, the correct manner of despatching a boar is to watch till the dogs, having secured a good grip, have brought the animal to a standstill, head in air and nose uptilted. While he is in this position the hunter, by stooping, grasps the brute's off foreleg close down to the hoof, and with a strong upward heave throws him on his back, getting the knife-point home in the armpit ere he can recover. This method, however, presupposes the most favourable conditions. It is much more likely that the encounter will resolve itself into some such rough-and-tumble as that described.

A question frequently put to hunters is, 'What would happen should a boar succeed in killing the dogs before receiving a mortal wound?' In that case, I imagine, 'things would be apt,' as the Americans say, 'to become pretty lively,' and the ultimate issue doubtful. I have never known or heard, however, of such an occurrence. A good dog, though ripped unmercifully, will still hang on to his grip; and the possibility of both dogs being placed *hors de combat* simultaneously is remote.

Fatalities, of course, are not unknown, and ripping wounds from charging boars are not always to be avoided. One could scarcely meet an old boar-hunter who has not his cicatrised scars of many a shrewd gash to witness to his prowess. These, however, are among the accepted risks of all true sportsmen; and, whatever the progress of the hunt, a battle with a boar will be a fight to a finish. The pig in all lands is among the pluckiest of animals, and only a mortal blow will induce a wounded 'Captain Cook' to abandon a struggle once begun.

The meat of young sows and porkers, though thin, is very good—a fact fully appreciated by back-block pioneers of old, who, far from the region of butchers and provision dealers, looked in great measure to the pig-droves for the replenishment of their larder. Flour and biscuits they carried with them, but for flesh-food and the further complement of the commissariat trusted to the wild pigs and their own skill in hunting them.

It was while on a pot-hunting expedition of this nature that an experience befell me which, if serving only to show how at times comedy treads closely on the heels of tragedy, may be worth the telling. Anyhow, until the intervention of a laughter-loving Fate, the moments that went before were big with the possibility of a very pretty disaster.

Twenty-five years ago I was, with a friend, engaged on a gold-prospecting expedition in the foothills. Our supply of 'tinned cow' and our bacon 'petered out' unexpectedly. The pack-horse train with supplies could not be expected for a fortnight. The prospect of fourteen days' exclusive diet of 'hard-tack' and black tea was not one to be lightly faced by two hungry men. We decided to fill our larder in the good old way, and go a-hunting.

There was no question of 'sport' at all. It was hunger alone that sent us forth upon the trail. Our aim was to steal what we wanted as silently as possible, without interruption from the boars. Indeed, our weapons were hardly of a nature to stand us in good stead in the event of such a meeting. We were without dogs. A fairly blunt sheath-knife and an antiquated shot-gun completed our accoutrements. We prayed hard that the rencontre might be avoided.

Fortune favoured us. Lurking like hidden assassins in a grass thicket beside a spring, we succeeded almost noiselessly in doing to death a fine young sow, and, having cut up the carcass, started for camp with the meat 'pikaned' (carried as in a knapsack) in sugar-bags on our shoulders.

Our way lay down the ravine of a stream-bed nearly dry, and for the most part it offered easy going. Half-way down, to avoid a waterfall and the deep pool below it, the track, leaving the bed, wound precariously at an acute angle round a rock-bluff. The pool below the fall measured perhaps six yards across, with a depth of water of seven or eight feet.

The rock-track was narrow and difficult. We proceeded in single file—I in the van, Jim bringing up the rear with the gun. Above, the cliff-face, scrub-clad and sheer; below, a steep descent of thirty feet into the waters of the pool. We had almost negotiated the awkward corner. Our minds dwelt fondly on the thought of pork-chops for supper.

Suddenly, round the bend a boar big as a house trotted, came to a surprised halt, and stared at us. We all stared. The boar threw his snout in the air and sniffed. I am certain he smelt and recognised the meat we carried as portions of a defunct acquaintance. There was no turning to retreat on that narrow path for man or beast. Here was an *impasse:* retreat impossible, and progress barred by an angry, wide-tusked boar, who gnashed at us injunctions to get off—anyhow, anywhere—out of his way.

Silently we slid our arms from the pikan-straps and dropped our packs. I heard Jim fingering the lock of the gun behind my back. *Bang!* Precipitate as ever, he fired, muzzle thrust forward between my arm and body. The buckshot spattered on the armour-clad hide like rain, and the boar came at us like a battering-ram. As I sprang for an overhanging root, the brute, a living earthquake, thundered beneath my updrawn feet. A rattle of loose stones below me, a shout, slither of heavy bodies falling, a splash, followed a moment later by a second, as Jim and boar shot off the ledge and disappeared together in the depths of the bush-fringed pool.

Scrambling, falling down the steep, as I was, intent on picking up my chum's half-drowned and mangled remains, there came up to me from hidden depths the noise of a fierce tumult: the sound of strong surf on a rocky coast, shreds of human shoutings urgent and interjectory, howlings, gurgles, noise of many waters, gobbling grunts, sounding like nothing else in heaven or earth.

I looked for the worst. I expected—dreaded—what I hardly knew; at least, to be permitted to fish poor Jim's body from the water when the boar had done with it.

The parted bushes at the pool-edge disclosed a sight that sent me straight to a sitting posture in helpless screams of merriment. The waters of the pool, in white waves of foam, beat against the side rocks. In the centre of this maelström man and beast whirled in a sort of aqueous devil-dance. Jim, who in places could just manage to tiptoe the bottom, grasped the boar's hindlegs in a clutch of death, hanging grimly lest the pig should turn again and rend him. The animal's forepart swam strongly and screamed. The man who first said pigs can't swim was an ass. At least a 'Captain Cook' is almost as much at home in water as an otter.

As the shouting, yelling mass spun round and round on the pool's troubled surface, now the boar's head went under with bubbling scream, now the man's. As Jim's head momentarily reappeared it yelled ravings at the pig and swore interruptedly till a fresh kick from the struggling animal again sent it under with a swear-word cut off in the middle.

Following hard on tragic expectations, the scene so appealed to the sense of the ludicrous as to render me helpless from laughter till I was recalled by a frenzied shout from Jim's head as—the hair full of green water-weed—it flashed up from the depths. 'Kill him! kill him, you idiot!' he spluttered. 'Hang it! you blinking owl, d'ye th'—— The rest of the sentence was lost, finished by a *plop!* as the ruddy head went under again suddenly.

Kill him? Yes, certainly; but how? The useless gun, barrel bent like a hoop, lay on the rocks. So much of the boar as appeared above water was invulnerable to a knife-thrust.

At that moment the animal, exhausted, lay still, paddling with forelegs, as he gathered himself for a fresh effort. Prone on my stomach, my arms stretched over the water, I shouted to Jim to let go and jump, and with a quick heave had him out on the bank before the tired animal could turn to use his tusks.

The rock-rim of the pool, the sides steep and smooth, stood quite two feet above the water-surface; and, with no purchase for his hinder hoofs, the boar swam round and round, helplessly trapped as a rat in a water-butt. He still showed fight, gnashing at us with snapping teeth, drenched eyes glaring red rage.

It went to our hearts as sportsmen to do him to death so ignominiously; but there was nothing else for it. Better a quick death than to drown slowly. We could hardly expect a rescued boar to bow grateful acknowledgment should we help him out alive. So we gave him his quietus with a well-directed boulder that cracked his skull.

Subsequent measurement showed him to be a splendid animal, two feet six inches from hoof to shoulder-top, weighing two hundred and fifty pounds, with a tusk-spread of seventeen inches. His tusked skull now looks grimly from the wall above my writing-desk.

DAFFODILS.

I found some early daffodils to-day.
Their graceful charms were mirrored in a brook
That, silver-voiced, ran on its happy way
To thread with crystal many a woodland nook;
And 'neath a sky of mingled smiles and frowns
The daffodils shook out their yellow gowns.

Slim daughters of rough March, in dainty guise!
They curtsied gaily at my very feet.
Shy violets clustered near, with dusk-blue eyes;
But though their fragrant breath was sweet—oh, sweet!—
They loved the shade, their sombre tints were cold;
The daffodils shone forth in living gold.

And suddenly—I cannot tell you why—
Bright hopes that seem to perish in the snow
Sprang up and flowered; the tide of joy ran high,
And all my heart was in a summer glow.
'Thank God!' I cried; 'the world's no longer gray!
I found some early daffodils to-day.'

E. MATHESON.

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THE TOWN OF STUPIDITY.

By Miss LOANE, Author of *An Englishman's Castle, Neighbours and Friends, The Queen's Poor*, &c.

IT is said, and generally believed, that he who has prudence has every virtue; but although the connection between idleness and every known vice is far more easily traced, we seem to have lost sight of the old doctrine that sloth is one of the seven deadly sins, and regard it not merely as a venial error, but as a failing which leans to virtue's side and is accompanied by many amiable qualities. At the present day every form of wrong-doing is attributed to ignorance, and the moral source of much, if not most, of that ignorance is overlooked. We accept and accentuate the one-sided Socratic teaching which defines goodness as knowledge, vice as ignorance, and maintains that as no man is willingly his own enemy, no man does wrong except from ignorance; and in no circumstances do we seem to hold men and women responsible for ignorance.

Bunyan held very different views. Almost the only recorded failure among the women-pilgrims is that of 'a young woman, her name was Dull;' while the Town of Stupidity 'lieth about four degrees beyond the City of Destruction.' 'I have often wondered that any should come from your place,' said Great-Heart, 'for your town is worse than the City of Destruction itself.' 'Yes,' replied Honest, 'we lie more off from the sun, and so are more cold and senseless.'

Even those who recognise the heavy national loss caused by idleness will not trace it to a mental source or seek a spiritual cure. Sloth, we are told, would instantly be changed to industry if only a man worked directly for himself, instead of getting wages from an employer. As a matter of fact and daily experience, it is rare to find a man chary of labour for which he receives a stated sum, and yet industrious when he is to receive the whole benefit. It seems almost impossible to practise this form of dishonesty habitually and yet be energetic at other times. The country shirker, the man always lurking in sheds and barns or anywhere out of sight, is always the man who grows weeds in his allotment and worm-eaten cabbages in his garden. The man who is the first to fling down his tools is the last to do a hand's-turn at home; the man who is of little use to his master is of still less use to his wife and children. While the idler is half his time out of work, even the spare time of the industrious man is competed for.

We help to obscure our sense of the moral origin of ignorance and consequent bad health by dwelling too exclusively upon the conditions of life among persons suffering from the disabilities of extreme poverty. We speak and write, and presumably think, as if the nation consisted of a small number of persons living in sinful luxury, of a slightly larger number whose modest comforts are embittered by daily anxiety, and of untold millions on the verge of starvation. As a matter of fact, one million families belong to the upper and middle classes, six and a half million to superior wage-earners, and only two and a half million to unskilled labourers, a large proportion of whom are in steady work and earning a decent maintenance.

Bad housing is one of the most fruitful sources of ill-health, but it does not all arise from poverty. I have known many families in town and country who could easily have afforded more rent, but who were perfectly indifferent to the advantages offered by air and light; in addition, I have known many who voluntarily crowded into two or three rooms and left half their cottage empty. Even among well-to-do people, is it not a common thing to live almost entirely in the smallest and darkest of three sitting-rooms, and to keep a couple of 'spare bedrooms,' while children and servants are overcrowded? As long as one sees this among the middle classes, it is not reasonable to think that all badly housed people are the victims of circumstances, or that the mere provision of good houses would secure healthy conditions of life among the poorest wage-earners. Much instruction and some degree of compulsion are needed. A family that I have observed at intervals for eleven years have lived for more than double that time in a cottage consisting of one fair-sized but much-encumbered living-room, with a lean-to wash-house, one bedroom, and a space at the top of the stairs lighted by a fixed pane of glass. The garden is periodically flooded, and the walls of the house are damp for quite half the year. The father earns on an average twenty-four shillings a week; the wife has always taken in washing and kept pigs. They have had twelve

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children well gifted by nature; the youngest is nine years old, the eldest nearly thirty, so that there can never have been a time when they were all dependent on their parents. The two eldest were girls, and were early sent to service. The third did not go until she was sixteen; she was quick and clever, and soon obtained high wages; but the result of this was that as soon as she had two or three pounds in her pocket she returned home for several months. At twenty her health broke down, and she became the victim of a painful and lingering form of consumption. For four years, and until her death a few weeks ago, she lived in that cottage with her parents, her little sister, and five brothers (three of them wage-earners), while her two elder sisters and the three remaining brothers paid long and frequent visits to the house. An intelligent neighbour who knew that I was interested in the girl has just written to me: 'Until I helped the poor mother to put A. into her coffin I never dreamed what a terrible state she was in, although she used to come and have a cup of tea with me of an afternoon when she had got so weak that I had to hold it to her lips. It was a rest to her nerves from the crowd and noise at home, the piano always going. Nothing has been done to disinfect the place. It is a wickedness that any one should live in it, much less a big family. The next house is just like it, and when a boy was dying of consumption in it, all that the doctors seemed able to do was to put him on the landing and have the pane of glass opened above him. After he died they moved into a better house, but it was too late. The next eldest child has got it, and if she isn't sent to the infirmary the rest will follow.'

The rent of this miserable hovel is half-a-crown a week. Less than a quarter of a mile away, on rising ground and facing south-west, a six-roomed cottage with a profitable garden could have been rented for three shillings and sixpence a week. The piano, second-hand, cost ten pounds; no one in the house could play on it even by ear, and it was simply strummed on, as young children will do when permitted.

The fundamental difference in the scale of values held by the educated and the uneducated must be remembered. It may be reasonable to think that we can easily 'change all that,' but it is never reasonable to leave it out of sight. There are people to whom the advantages of domestic comfort, privacy, and opportunities of mental occupation and self-improvement make no appeal, and the generally low æsthetic standard is a very real bar to progress. Despite all proverbs, there is a close connection between good looks and good health; and although good health alone will not produce industry, industry cannot long be maintained without it. If æsthetic education were improved, national health would benefit. The working classes as a whole are singularly indifferent to good looks. The only discoverable ideal of beauty among them is that held by young girls—a slight figure and a pale face—and it is not one which makes for health, especially as the first is to be produced by main force or voluntary starvation, not active exercise, and the pallor is not expected to arise from strictness of diet but from eating raw rice. Nice personal habits are only inculcated and valued among the aristocracy of the poor. If they were more commonly practised, daily and hourly sources of infection would be cut off.

I was recently travelling by train with a young father and mother and their only child, a sturdy little girl just able to walk, and her grandfather, who was suffering from a terrible form of skin disease which had almost destroyed his sight. The eyes were discharging, and he frequently wiped them with a dingy handkerchief which he constantly held. Presently the baby, who had been daubing her face with a banana, needed a handkerchief. The mother could not find hers, and leaning across her husband, she said, 'Lend me yours, father,' and drawing it from his fingers, rubbed it vigorously all over the child's beautiful little face. To stand out against such habits is considered gross affectation, and is even held to show lack of love. One woman said to me laughingly, 'No, I'm not an affectionate mother. Even baby has to have her own hanky, not mine.'

We must not run away with the idea that all national loss by ill-health occurs among the poor, and can be measured by the rate of pauperism or the amount bestowed in charity. Enormous waste is caused by the self-indulgence, neglect, and culpable ignorance of the well-to-do. If a rich man's son suffers from consumption, or his daughter from anæmia; if his wife becomes a chronic invalid or dies prematurely and leaves her children to the care of strangers, the cost does not fall on the rates, but it is nevertheless felt by the nation. Measured in money, the loss is even greater than if these sufferers belonged to the poor; for, although the early stages of their illness may be, and often are, as much neglected and overlooked as if they were the poorest wage-earners, there is a heavy outlay on the later and usually incurable stages. Not only the poor waste good human material. The children of the well-to-do often suffer artificial and needless hardships, in some cases arising from the ignorance or carelessness of the servants to whom they are entrusted, and in others from unchecked parental fads or ideas of economy. Not only the uneducated ruin their children's whole lives because they will not make up their mind betimes what to do with them and cut their measure according to their cloth. How many sons of clergymen, doctors, officers, and civil servants are allowed to remain at home in the vague hope that 'something will turn up,' and then, when idleness has done the first part

of its deadly work, are shipped off to the colonies with scarcely a chance of being able to surmount difficulties for which they are entirely unprepared! How many of their daughters grow up to be the despair of genuine employment agencies and the prey of dishonest ones!

The health of the women of the upper classes has greatly improved during the last fifty years, but that of the women of the lower middle classes will not well bear comparison with that commonly enjoyed by the wives of artisans and regularly employed labourers. They ought to be, and could be, as strong as any women in the land; but as a class their health at all ages is extremely unsatisfactory, and affords a great field for self-reform.

The conditions of civilised life tend more and more to obscure the fact that all wealth arises from labour and saving. Ordinary people fail to recognise that whether the help they receive comes to them from their relatives, from charitable sources, or from rates and taxes, it has but one origin—other people's labour and sacrifice, and that these have to be continually renewed. They do not realise that if every man were entitled to an invalidity pension, the nation would none the less be the poorer for the incapacity of each one of them. Our final goal is not that every man should be comfortably supported in times of sickness, but that he should never be sick. There are men in all parts of the country who under the present conditions of life and work, under the harder ones in which most of their life has been passed, and the still less favourable ones in which they were born and reared, have not lost an average of three days' work a year from illness. There are women who have brought up large families on narrow means and yet have had an economically valuable middle age and a vigorous and independent old age. We want to multiply men and women of this type, and if some can exist in spite of great discouragement, many might exist in more favourable surroundings.

In considering questions of health we are apt to fix our attention solely on the condition of large factories and workshops, and rest content if these are satisfactory. Even at the present day it is estimated by competent persons that fully half of the working population is engaged by masters who may be fairly described as 'small employers.' Adequate inspection of all these premises may be impracticable; but we ought to try to arouse public opinion and public conscience to realise that national health may receive as great injury from the unsatisfactory state of a large number of small places of business as it could from a comparatively small number of huge factories or mines.

We count up the national loss arising from convicted criminals and habitual paupers; but we make no attempt to estimate the infinitely greater loss arising from irregular, incapable, and unwilling workers. In somewhat the same way we tabulate the blind and deaf and wholly crippled, but think nothing of the national loss which arises from mere dullness of senses due to early neglect or mismanagement.

Hindrances to general progress may be intellectual, physical, or moral. In the past and passing generation social reformers laid most stress on the first; if we could all read and write and cipher prisons would be emptied. The rising school of reformers pin their faith to a carefully graduated system of compulsory physical exercise; this, almost unaided, is to abolish workhouse and casual ward.

If the next generation fixes its mind on moral teaching all these things may be added unto it. If we would remain a great nation and become a nobler one than the world has yet seen, we must abandon the Town of Stupidity, and once more give prominence to the fact that sloth is a cardinal sin; and we must realise that all the natives of that town do not belong to our poorest classes, nor have these the monopoly of idleness, ignorance, inefficiency, and ill-health.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER XII.

So much has been said and so much has been written on the subject of the man who works and the woman who weeps, the man who fares forth and the woman who waits at home, that it hardly seems necessary to begin a chapter with another dissertation upon the subject. Lovers are proverbially discontented under the adverse conditions of separation. Peter Ogilvie would have given much to be at home on the winter following his mother's death, and there is no doubt about it that Jane Erskine felt that things would have been many times easier abroad. But if these persons had changed places their sentiments would doubtless have been exchanged also, thus proving what a difficult class of beings lovers are, and how impossible it is to satisfy or to console them.

The conclusion, therefore, which may be arrived at on the vexed question as to which is worse—the lot of the man who works or the lot of the woman who weeps—may be summed up in the convenient phrase, 'There is a great deal to be said on both sides.'

It is true that Kitty Sherard and Jane, left behind in comfortable and prosaic England, were spared a torment of flies and mosquitoes and

other minor discomforts. They escaped many of the ills of life and enjoyed many of its pleasures and luxuries, but these things seemed to them of very little worth, and the world of action when viewed from the safe security of their environment appeared to be the only place where pain might be assuaged or the bitterness of separation annulled.

Peter Ogilvie and his friend Sir Nigel Christopherson, meanwhile, were in the midst of weather as hot as can very well be endured even by English people, who seem capable of resisting almost every sort of bad climate. The sun rose on the edge of the level plains every morning with horrible punctuality, and stared and blazed relentlessly until it had burned itself out in a beautiful rage and glory in the blood-red western sky.

'Dawn,' Ross said, 'is one of the things you are disposed to admire when you first come to Argentina; but when the hot weather begins you feel inclined to throw your boots at the sun when it rises.'

Now it was afternoon, and a heavy day's work in the corral was over. Peter was writing letters, while Ross and Toffy dozed in long cane-chairs in the corridor. Purvis sat on the little cretonne-covered box beside the empty fireplace and looked with lack-lustre eyes into space. He had been helping with some work on the *estancia;* but he had brought none of his own men with him, as some neighbours had done, and the ominous whisper grew that there was trouble down at his place. Ross treated the matter lightly, and explained it by saying that Purvis was making a fortune with his steamer, and was feeding his men on *carne flaca.** 'Hang it!' he said, 'you can't be exclusive in a country like this. Purvis does his best, poor beast; and I believe he is worth a dozen detectives in this affair of yours, Peter.'

Peter himself, however, was inclined to draw back a little. 'He has put me on the wrong scent once or twice,' he said.

'After all, you haven't told him much,' said Ross.

And Peter agreed that this was so.

There was an undefined feeling in his mind that if he had to hear that his brother was alive, he would like to hear of it through such legalised channels as Sir John Falconer was arranging. The cautious detective spirit was not strong in Peter Ogilvie. He would have preferred to take the whole world into his confidence, and to ask all and sundry to speak out if they had anything to say. But Mr Semple and Sir John had cautioned him against this procedure, and such inquiries as he had been able to make had been conducted at one time with such surprising caution that no possible clue was given towards finding the child, while at others he had allowed more to be known than Mr Semple, for instance, would have thought wise. He had lately become more reserved in his dealings with their neighbour at La Dorado, and almost had begun to try to discount the fact that he had ever consulted Purvis at all about his affairs. He lightly waved aside any information that was given him, and was always busy at the moment when Purvis wanted a few words with him. He advised Toffy to say, if he were asked, that Sir John Falconer was making inquiries, and that for the present they themselves were not going to move in the matter. Toffy and Ross both thought that they had gone too far to make such an attitude possible. 'What harm can it do to find out what he knows?' Ross said more than once.

But Peter still held back. 'I hate his confounded mysteries,' he said, 'and I don't attach much importance to things that are only known in a backstairs sort of way.'

This afternoon, in his letter to Jane, he had given it as his opinion that the little man who, they thought, might help them was proving to be rather a fraud. 'He is always starting ideas,' wrote Peter, 'and nothing comes of them. Why, bless me! you would think that Argentina was peopled with unclaimed babies and stiff with missing heirs.'

He felt better when he had unbosomed himself to Jane and had got rid of some of his impatience and ill-temper.

'I think I'll ride to the post presently,' he said, getting up and stretching himself; 'it must get cooler soon.'

Purvis got up also from his little wooden seat by the fireplace. 'I'll come with you,' he said. 'I am expecting letters which may want my immediate attention, and I can call at the telegraph-office on my way. May I give you my company so far?' he asked. There was a touch of the lackey about Purvis, and his voice was humble sometimes to the verge of being irritating.

'*Como no?*' said Peter lazily, having quickly picked up the formula of the country. His tone was not enthusiastic. Purvis was so much inclined to circumlocution that the fact that he had asked deliberately to accompany him on his ride towards the mail in the cool of the evening convinced him that he could have nothing of importance to say.

They rode together a little way over the short, tough grass of the camp without speaking, and then Purvis began in his smooth, thin voice, riding a little nearer to his companion so as to make himself heard without undue exertion, 'I wanted to speak to you alone.'

'Say on,' said Peter.

When he was riding Purvis was perhaps at his worst. He had an ugly seat in the saddle, and his dark-gray suit, made with trousers, was worn without riding-boots. He looked straight

* Lean meat.

in front of him with his tired, watery eyes, with the perpetual tear in them, and said, 'I believe we are within measurable distance of finding the man you seek.'

Peter looked full at him, but the other did not turn his head; his horse cantered along lazily in the evening light, and Purvis sat loosely in the saddle, his pale, expressionless face turned towards the path by which they were travelling.

'The name of the man,' he said, 'is Edward Ogilvie.'

'Yes,' said Peter; 'my brother.' The thing was out now, and he could thank Heaven that he did not wear his heart on his sleeve.

'It is a very strange story,' said Purvis.

'May we have it?' said Peter briefly. He might employ Purvis, but it galled him to think that his future lay in Purvis's hands.

'No,' said Purvis in his hesitating, thin voice. 'You can't have it for the present. To begin with,' he continued, turning towards Peter for the first time, and raising pathetically large eyes towards him, 'I am not going to speak about it until I am sure of my facts; nor am I going to speak about it until I have asked you for some necessary details which will make a mischance or a case of mistaken identity impossible. I don't want to make a fool of myself, as you have trusted me so far.'

'Ask me anything you like,' said Peter laconically.

His mind was pretty full just then, and there was a note of confidence in Purvis's voice which gave him the idea that the search was nearly over. He began to wonder how much money he had, and whether there was any chance of the Scotch estate being his. Bowshott, of course, would pass away from him, and the beautiful house, with its galleries and its gardens, would be the property of some unknown man. Possibly the man had a wife, and where Jane was to have reigned as mistress there would be some colonial woman, unused to great houses, and with manners perhaps not suited to her position. He wondered what his mother would have thought about it all, and whether she could in the least have realised what the result of her unfinished letter to him might be. Whatever her faults, she had been a great lady to her finger-tips. He remembered her as he had been wont to see her, showing her pictures and gardens to the foreign royalties who came to see her, or receiving Her Majesty when she drove over from Windsor and called upon her. Only Jane could ever fill her place adequately; Jane with her short skirts and graceful, swinging walk, and her queer, plain hats that so perfectly became her, and made country neighbours look overdressed. He loved to remember her in a hundred different ways—in white satin, with a string of pearls about her neck; at meets, on one of her sixteen-hand hunters; playing golf; painting the rabbit-hutch in the garden; binding up Toffy's hand that morning, ages ago, when he had had a spill out of his motor-car; playing with the school children on the lawn; or, best of all perhaps, dancing in the great ballroom at Bowshott, and sitting with him afterwards in the dimness of his mother's tapestried chamber, with her great white-feather fan laid upon her knees.

'Is the man married?' asked Peter with a drawl.

'He is married,' Purvis said, as the two horses swung together in their easy stride.

'Wife alive?' Peter slowed down and lighted a cigarette with deliberation.

'That is a part of the story which I cannot at present divulge,' said Purvis.

'It sounds mysterious!' said Peter, sending his horse into a canter again.

'If it were written in a romance it would hardly be believed,' said the other.

'You were going to ask me some questions,' said Peter, as though to put an end to any dissertation on the romantic side of the story. 'It is a business matter,' he said, 'and we had better be business-like about it. We can unfold the romance of it later.'

'That is my wish,' said Purvis gravely.

Peter began to tell himself that he was treating this man badly. He had nothing to gain beyond a little money for his services, and so far he had behaved well and with tact. He was obviously disinterested, although perhaps his bill for pursuing his investigations might be fairly high.

'I have reason to believe that the identity of the man can be proved,' said Purvis; 'but I am not going to risk finding a mare's nest, as I have told you.'

'I cannot be of much help to you,' said Peter. 'I have never set eyes on my brother since I was two years old.'

'This is his photograph,' said Purvis, producing a coloured photograph from his pocket.

Peter took it in his hands and looked long at it. It represented a little boy with fair curls seated in a photographer's arm-chair.

'Can you tell me if it resembles any of your family?' said Purvis.

'Well, 'pon my word, I don't know,' said Peter. 'The photograph is a small one, you see, and evidently not a very good one, and to my mind all children of that age look exactly alike. He looks a good little chap,' he finished, with a touch of kindness in his voice. If his brother turned out to be a good fellow reparation would be made easier; and, good heavens, how badly he had been treated!

'The chief danger,' said Purvis, 'lies in the fact that even a strong chain of evidence is not likely to be accepted by those who would benefit had Edward Ogilvie died.'

'I suppose one would play a fair game,' said Peter shortly. 'I should like to know where you have heard of the man.'

'I may tell you that much,' said Purvis. 'I heard of him at Rosario.'

'Any reason why he should not have communicated with his friends all these years?'

'Within the next few weeks,' said Purvis, 'I hope to be able to bring you face to face with him, and then you can put what inquiries you like. You must surely see that it is necessary to act with caution until the thing is decided. Even now I can't be quite sure if this man's claim is valid; but once the story is out a dozen claimants may arise, and it would cost you a fortune to sift all the evidence which they might bring.'

'Yes, I see that,' said Peter.

'I am disappointed that the photograph conveys nothing to you,' said Purvis. 'I looked upon it as an important link in the chain of evidence, thinking there might be another like it amongst the old servants, perhaps, at your home.'

Peter looked at the photograph again. 'The trouble is,' he said, 'that there are no old servants who knew us as children.' He was handing the photograph back to Purvis when an idea struck him, and he looked at it again. 'I tell you what, though,' he exclaimed; 'I believe that sash round the child's waist is made of Ogilvie tartan!'

(To be continued.)

WITH THE BLACKS OF WIDE BAY, QUEENSLAND, IN 1862-64.

By JOHN WYATT.

PART I.

THE little work written by Dr Lang on Queensland about the year 1860, and brought prominently before the British public by an article in *Household Words*, ascribed to the pen of Charles Dickens, was without doubt the best advertisement that colony ever had, and to it may be fairly attributed the tide of immigration that flowed steadily into that part of Australia during the 'sixties. At any rate, it was that article which gave vitality to the colonising instinct so inborn in the Briton, and induced a party of us—seven young men, one of whom was married—to fling up our situations and depart from home and friends to that country of which Dr Lang had written in such glowing terms. We possessed youth, health, vigour, and —not of the least importance—a little round sum to our credit at the bank. It is needless to write of the voyage; suffice it to say that one afternoon in September 1862 we landed at Town's Wharf, South Brisbane.

South Brisbane at that time was represented by a few very much detached wooden shanties, which, with two little 'all sorts' shops and a canteen, constituted the sole existing street of that now important and populous suburb. As we had come prepared to 'rough it' from the start, we had brought with us two tents, one for the married friend and a larger one for the rest. After putting our heavy packages in store we carried the tents and some necessaries up a hill at the back to form our camp, while two of our company went marketing.

Our virgin efforts in putting up tents would no doubt have called forth scornful remarks from the onlookers, if there had been any; but as we cut the saplings and worked away in a solitude broken only by ourselves, there was no temptation to break the peace of our sovereign lady the Queen.

I had a small parcel with a letter of introduction to G. Edwards, P.O., Brisbane. Upon inquiry I found he was engaged in the dugong-fishery at Stradbroke Island, Moreton Bay, where he lived; but by a fortunate coincidence his partner, Phillips, happened to be in Brisbane at the time. I succeeded in finding him, and it was arranged that I should take a trip to the camp. Having stored my belongings, as it was uncertain how long our party would remain together in camp, I started with Phillips and a native in their boat for the island. I found Edwards and his wife camped in a small bark 'humpy' on the northern shore of Stradbroke Island. Near him was the 'humpy' of Phillips and his wife, and a tribe of Amity Point aborigines were encamped about a hundred yards away. These darkies are very quiet and inoffensive, quite different from the Bribie Islanders at the north of Moreton Bay. They had never given the authorities any trouble, even in the earliest days, yet their numbers were sadly diminished—perhaps, all told, only about forty remained.

It was here I first saw a very curious method of fishing. Whilst at our *al fresco* breakfast one day we heard a peculiar cry. Edwards jumped up and said, 'Hallo! there's fish. Come and see the sport.' By the time we had covered the few yards to the beach the whole tribe of blacks were running helter-skelter to the shore also. It seemed that the cry proceeded from a sentinel perched high up on a tree, and was a signal to the camp that mullet were travelling along the shore. The men rushed in knee-deep and began striking the water with their shields in regular time. In answer to my question Edwards said,

'That is to call the porpoises to help the blacks to catch the fish.' My expression of incredulity was answered by, 'All right. Wait a bit and see for yourself.' The unemployed 'gins' and youngsters stood on the beach in a high state of excitement, jabbering for all they were worth; while the men continued to beat the water, at the same time calling quickly to the lookout-man. Presently another cry was heard, and the signalman rapidly descended. 'They are coming,' said Edwards; and soon I saw the porpoises careering rapidly towards us. During this time the immense shoals of fish were passing in millions. All at once they seemed to take fright, rushing this way and that until the surface was in a confused ripple; at the same time the shoal moved visibly nearer the shore. Very quickly the squadron of porpoises charged the outer edge of the mass of fish, and the slaughter commenced. The fierce attack drove the mullet close inshore, where the shallow water was lashed into foam by their frenzied movements. This was the opportunity of the darkies, who, provided each with two small hand-nets, calmly scooped up what fish they required. In a short time the porpoises, having fed to satisfaction, went away, the blacks retired to their camp to feast, the mullet settled back to their marching-order, and quietude again reigned in the bay.

That the porpoises respond to the black-fellows' signal is without doubt. I have seen them do so several times, but the explanation is not so easy to arrive at; the only intelligible reason I have heard is that in seeking their prey porpoises will haunt a reef or rocky shore, under the ledges or in the crevices of which the fish take shelter from their voracious enemy. To start these refugees, I am assured by an experienced fisherman that it is the habit of the porpoise to strike the surface of the water violently with its tail, when, if a timid fish tries to take new cover, it is instantly snapped up by this nimble leopard of the sea.

The growing scarcity of dugong in Moreton Bay had suggested to Edwards and Phillips the desirability of moving farther north; and after some discussion I proposed joining them, together with George, my married friend, then in our camp at South Brisbane, and it was so arranged. We decided upon Wide Bay. Without delay we struck our camp and went to Brisbane. After purchasing additional gear we shipped it to Maryborough, the three wives going by the same steamer, while we sailed round in our boat.

Our first care was to make a voyage of discovery to Wide Bay and find out the feeding-grounds of the dugong, which we examined as far south as Stewart's Island. This island was densely wooded and low-lying, intersected by canal-like creeks, the home of innumerable wild-fowl.

Crossing over to the west side of the bay, we laid a net in a likely channel, and that night were fortunate in catching a dugong. This brought great joy, for our larder was bare of meat; but now we were provided with a delicacy the Governor might envy. In quick time we had cut into the loin, and were soon enjoying the dainty, succulent, and tender steak, fried in its own fat. In the opinion of epicures, the flesh of the dugong has no compeer; beef, mutton, and venison must take their place below it not only as a dainty food but as a food that sustains and nourishes. Any one with a delicate stomach can eat the flesh or fat without any fear of nausea or biliousness. The high-class algæ—the *Zostera marina*—upon which alone the dugong feeds, shows us at once the source from which it derives its wonderfully vitalising and sustaining properties.

Our good fortune in catching a dugong the first night made us decide upon forming our permanent camp at Wide Bay.

After dining on the dugong we left for Maryborough, and when about five miles from the town we were hailed by a couple of blacks on the bank, who wanted a 'lift' to town, which we readily gave them, as we could put them to the oars. At the sight of the dugong their excitement was immense; they laughed and yelled with delight, and their eyes and faces were lit up by that joyous expression we sometimes see on the face of a child when offered a cake. When nearing the town our darkies commenced hailing some of their tribe who were standing on the wharf. The fact of dugong being on board was evidently the subject of their communications. On arrival we received quite an excited ovation as they crowded round with eager eyes and clamorous speech. We made the two black-fellows who pulled us up friends for life by giving each a lump of flesh, with which they marched off, surrounded by an admiring yet envious mob of their fellows.

Taking stores for two months, we started amid the cheers and good wishes of quite a concourse of people. Our ladies were the first white women to camp in Wide Bay. We tried to catch dugong, but without success. Our nets yielded nothing but sharks and saw-fish, these big brutes tearing large holes in the nets in their struggles to be free. The size of the sharks in Wide Bay ranged up to twenty-two feet, and saw-fish over eighteen feet long were common. Sometimes we visited Stewart's Island for wild duck, but a great stand-by were the oysters. Succulent and nutritious though they are, yet to have damper, oysters, and tea for breakfast, oysters, damper, and tea for dinner, and tea, damper, and oysters for supper for a fortnight became too monotonous. So we left George in charge of the camp, and explored the channels farther south, where we were fortunate in capturing two dugong.

On our return, as we were coming near our landing-place we were surprised to see a crowd of blacks upon the shore, and presently George appeared on the scene. Jumping ashore, we at once saw that something was wrong. When we left, eight or nine days before, George was the picture of robust health; now he was pale and looked haggard and worn. When asked what was the matter, he only answered, 'Will tell you presently. Take care of the guns. Keep a lookout.'

It appeared that, four days before, a tribe of over a hundred blacks had suddenly arrived at the camp and set up some bush-and-bark *gunyahs* round our tents. Probably the defenceless state of the camp led them to be very demonstrative in their demands for flour, and to make a great fuss about our taking water from their water-hole. With only one man to defend them against such overwhelming numbers, it was natural the poor women got very scared. The blacks were given some provisions, but instead of satisfying them this only seemed to increase their demands. At length their importunities became so unbearable that George and the women took refuge in the tent in which were the few remaining stores, and, securing the entrance, refused to give them any more, saying, 'White-fellow go Maryborough soon for plenty.' The day before our return a 'gin' came and said that a party had been sent out to kill us in our sleep; then George would be killed, and the women would be 'belonging to black-fellows.' Mrs Edwards was for 'belonging to mine,' meaning her (the 'gin's') husband; he had selected that lady for himself, and this no doubt aroused the 'gin's' jealousy and prompted her to 'split.' The anxiety ensuing from this information cannot well be imagined, and their only safety lay in our speedy return. Luckily we arrived the day following. What was to be done? To take the women away on the morrow—if we could—was of course decided upon. We also discussed the advisability of attacking the blacks and driving them off; but, hampered as we should be with three women, and also being insufficiently armed, we came to the conclusion that that plan of action was too risky. Our armament all told consisted of two shot-guns, a rifle, and a pair of pistols.

We made preparations for our departure next morning; but '*l'homme propose, et Dieu dispose.*' A south-east gale sprang up that night and lasted two days, so there was no possible chance to get off that lee-shore. We kept watch day and night, though outwardly we exhibited no concern, continuing about the camp as usual, but armed and on the alert for any suspicious movement.

The gale having blown itself out on the third night, we struck camp and prepared to start, bribing some of the blacks with tobacco to carry our things to the shore. Edwards and Phillips, with the three women, went first and kept the boat just afloat—the arrangement being that, in the event of an attack, the boat should be pulled into deeper water for the safety of the women, while George and I, who remained in camp until the last load was shouldered, were to do the best we could for our own safety. Soon we were following the last package, and felt very thankful when we were all together again. About thirty or forty blacks, all armed, were around the boat, and seemed reluctant to let us go. Whether it was that, seeing we were prepared to fight, they thought it safer to let us depart in peace, or whether our promise to come again with plenty of flour, &c., was the restraining influence, we did not know; but we were not molested, though the absence of their women and children from the beach was ominous. Phillips and George gradually pushed the boat over the flat, while Edwards in the stern and myself in the bow sat with our guns across our knees, ready for immediate action. As the boat receded from the shore the blacks gradually dropped behind. In a short time we were in deep water, and then we had a quiet smoke and a conversation suitable to our relieved feelings.

We arrived in Maryborough without further incident, and at once prepared for our next trip. Needless to say, the wives were domiciled in town.

As the dugong will be one of the chief features in this narrative, a short description of this little-known animal may not be out of place. The dugong is a herbivorous marine mammal, a member of the order *Sirenia*, which includes the two genera of dugongs and manatees, and is not (as was once supposed) connected with the *Cetacea*. The dugong chews the cud; its internal organs and its method of procreation and parturition resemble those of cattle; but in the female there is a marked difference in the structure and position of the lacteal glands. Instead of the abdominal udder, as in the cow, the female dugong has two pectoral mammæ, with one teat only—very human-like. It is possible that from this peculiarity has arisen the mermaid fable. The body is puncheon-shaped, tapering to the rear and terminating in a powerful tail—its only means of locomotion, for its forearms or flippers are relatively small and count for nothing as a propelling power. It has no external hind-limbs, though the pelvis exists in a rudimentary form; the teeth are solid and elephantine, and the bulls have two tusks about six inches long; the lips are fleshy and pendent, and well adapted to gather up the submarine grass-wrack—the *Zostera marina*—upon which it chiefly feeds. The bull averages thirteen feet and the cow ten to eleven feet in length, the weight running up to fifteen hundredweight. The colour is a reddish brown on the back, shading off to pale gray on the lower

parts; and the hide is more than an inch thick at the backbone, graduating to half an inch on the belly. Though its home is the ocean, and it only comes into shallow waters to feed, it delights to linger and sport in quiet bays and creeks or sheltered mouths of rivers. It is a pleasing sight to watch a herd thus occupied in their quiet, leisurely rolling, and to hear the self-satisfied 'blow,' like a big sigh, emitted when they rise to the surface to breathe. All this presents to the onlooker a perfect picture of indolent and careless ease.

On making our second trip to the bay we took care to be better provided with the means of attack and defence. We had now three revolvers, three shot-guns, one rifle, and a pair of pistols, so we could laugh at any attempt at violence.

On arriving at the creek, opposite the 'Gut,' we dug for water, and finding a good supply at five feet, we decided to form our camp. We were busy cutting up a dugong caught the first night, when a hail came from the bush, and a mob of blacks appeared. They turned out to be the same party who had been the cause of our anxiety during the previous visit. They had evidently watched for our return from town, had seen us sail past, and had followed us up with unerring instinct. At the sight of the dugong they yelled and laughed with delight, crowding round, begging some flesh, and jabbering excitedly. They became such a nuisance that, having cut off what we required, we gave them the carcass on condition that they took it right away. In a short time they had cut it up with their tomahawks and carried it off. Some had masses of the entrails hanging from their necks, which looked very horrible.

The following morning we had another dugong, and of course a crowd again came round; but this time we gave nothing for nothing. We wanted bark for our hut; so we made a bargain, and in a few hours sufficient bark was delivered, which was paid for with the remains of the dugong, to which we added a couple of plugs of tobacco by way of *douceur*. Our prompt and liberal payment created confidence, and we made it a rule never to break our promise; whether as payment for work done or punishment for a fault committed, our word was good, and thereby much trouble was avoided. I recall one instance. One day Phillips detected one of the blacks stealing some trivial thing by picking it up with his toes and passing it into his hand behind his back. The darky was too quick to be grasped, so Phillips contented himself with saying he would kick him at the first opportunity. It was a fortnight before the culprit ventured into the camp, no doubt thinking the affair was forgotten. He sat on his heels at the fire to put a live-coal in his pipe—certainly a grand position for a kick. Phillips came behind and lifted him clean over the fire. The look of consternation changed to a grin when Phillips told him what it was for. Having paid the penalty, he came again to the fire without the slightest show of anger or fear, and lit his pipe, whilst Phillips, lighting his own, told him in a friendly way that when 'white man says a thing he means it.'

To protect our hut we built a fence basketwise with branches of the 'honeysuckle,' the leaves of which, as they dry, become very firmly fixed to the stem, and when quite dry emit an almost metallic sound on being moved, so that it was almost impossible for any one to push himself through without being heard. Inside, at the head of each stretcher, was a small table and lamp, so that when we retired for the night we could read. Sometimes we discussed literature, science, or theology. From town we always brought a budget of English papers, from the *Times* to *Punch*, which were thoroughly digested. The company being congenial, and our mode of life such as nature requires for health, the process of living was a real pleasure; in fact, it was a happy blending of the freedom of the blackfellow with the mental activity of the civilised man. We always had our meals at the camp-fire. Our standard fare of dugong was varied by turtle, fish, and crabs.

During our stay of seven or eight months at this camp the blacks never left us but once, and that was to take part in the Bunyia-Bunyia feast, of which more later on. The attraction of dugong seemed to overcome for a time their hereditary propensity for wandering. Their camp was about two hundred yards away, and seldom were we without visitors. These would be chiefly men and young 'gins.' Of married 'gins' only a few came to our camp; their state of slavery is too severe and their social conditions too stringent to allow of much visiting. The unmarried 'gins' have apparently perfect liberty to go about as they like and do as they please, and rarely were there less than six or eight of these dusky belles present. And merry, happy children of nature they were, full of fun and frolic; they kept the camp alive by their chatter and laughter, and many a bit of tobacco they used to wheedle from us by their sprightly, coaxing ways. There was one we used to call Venus, on account of her perfect physique; an artist would have been delighted to have her as a model, for her unconscious artistic posing was full of grace and refinement. All of them appeared in what Trilby would call 'the altogether;' for neither girls, women, nor men wore even a loin-cloth, the only exception being that some of the married 'gins' wore round the waist a girdle of fringe, apparently of opossum-fur; but it could not have been worn as a covering.

It has been mentioned that the only time the blacks left us was to attend the Bunyia-Bunyia feast. Though the indigenous pine-apple only bears its fruit once in three years, yet the feast

is an annual function. It is held in the Bunyia-Bunyia Mountains, some fifteen miles south-south-west from our camp, and, as far as I understand, the feast has never been seen by white men. The blacks from all round the district assemble there once a year; but whether the tribal gathering is to celebrate certain initiatory secret rites, or whether it is merely a festal meeting to feed upon the fruit, or both, I am not sure; but in either case it seems certain that cannibalism is practised, probably as a grand concluding ceremony.

How we came to know the tribe was going away must be told, for the blacks gave us no intimation of their intended departure. One day a 'gin' who was nursing a fine, fat baby came to our camp. I spoke to her, and remarked upon the plump child. She said, 'Yeow-i [yes], this fellow b'long like-a Bunyia.' To my further questioning she hesitated to reply; but her tongue being loosened by a promise of tobacco, she informed me that they were going to the Bunyia-Bunyia feast and 'plenty-corroboree,' that her child was one of those selected to be eaten, and that only female babies were selected 'plenty.' This 'gin' expressed no sorrow at her child's forthcoming fate; in fact, it seemed to me that she was a little proud of the distinction that had fallen to her lot. I presume the child was eaten, for on the return of the tribe this 'gin' had no baby with her. They were away about a fortnight, and the camp was peacefully calm, even to dullness. We missed the merry, laughing girls and their innocent fun; but more we missed the tribe as scavengers, for we were obliged to tow the dugong carcasses out to the tidal way to prevent their becoming a nuisance.

At this camp we caught dugong only by nets, which is very tame work compared with harpooning, of which more later on.

In going up the creek to feed, the hungry and wary dugong rarely fall into the snare; but when they have gorged themselves to repletion, their self-contentment on the return journey induces a careless, indolent, don't care feeling very detrimental to their safety, and they are then apt to blunder into the 'belly' of the net. Feeling the obstruction, they naturally turn, when, should a flipper get entangled, they sign their own death-warrant; for the more they struggle to get free the more they fatally envelop themselves in the toils, and, as the firmly anchored foot-rope prevents their rising to the surface to breathe, death by drowning soon ensues. The nets were visited in the early morning, when, if a dugong was caught, the task of clearing it was sometimes long and tedious. I have known one so entangled that it took a couple of hours to free it; on the other hand, I have seen one captured only by a flipper. The body, having been towed to the landing-place and rolled up the beach by the willing blacks, was stripped of all flesh and fat outside the skeleton and abdominal membrane; the fat was carefully separated from the lean, cut into small pieces, and put into a cauldron over a slow fire, when gradually the fat-cells burst, liberating a translucent oil, which when strained and sealed in drums was ready for market.

(To be continued.)

THE WOOING OF TEZALIA.

CHAPTER III.

FOR the next three weeks pressure of business at the mine kept Crayton from the ranch. A cablegram from England had told him he was to delay shipment, as the silver-market had fallen, but to increase his stock with all speed in view of a sudden rise.

And so day and night the chimney belched forth smoke, polluting the pure atmosphere of the sierra, while the boys toiled in the sun, bare to the waist.

In that busy time Crayton slept at the mine; the journey to Molenga was a long one, and time precious.

Then came a lull in the work, and he entered the office one morning dressed for riding.

'Paston,' he said, 'I am going down to Molenga to-day. I may not be back to-night.'

As he rode through the gulch the thought of seeing Tezalia filled him with pleasure. Crayton was a silent man, and, like most of those who are silent, impressionable; and he had not forgotten the night upon the veranda when Tezalia had sung and played to him.

At Molenga he rode straight into the ranch. An elderly servant answered his summons. 'The Señor Vellos is out.'

'And the señorita?'

'She is in, señor.'

'Then would you tell her Señor Crayton is here, and would like to speak with her?'

He saw the old woman shuffle away, and a moment later heard Tezalia's voice telling her to admit him. She came herself to meet him.

'Señor,' she said, holding out her hand, 'it is three weeks since you have been here.'

He bent down and touched it with his lips. 'Duty has kept me away, señorita,' he said. 'That and nothing else would detain me.'

She made a grimace. 'You Englishmen,' she said, 'you fight well, and you make the most beautiful excuses!'

He looked into her face, and, their eyes meeting, she dropped hers with a blush.

'It is true, señorita,' he said.

'And now you are here you will stay the night, and ride back in the morning as before?'

'If you will allow me.'

She studied his face for a moment, her head on one side, while her lace mantilla cast shadows across her own features—shadows which accentuated the mockery in her eyes.

'I think I have forgiven you enough for that, señor,' she said.

Crayton bowed. 'A thousand thanks, señorita!' Then he suddenly remembered. 'My horse is outside.'

Tezalia walked on to the balcony. 'Garcia!' she called.

A small boy, sunburnt and ragged, responded. His appearance was ludicrously out of proportion to the name he bore.

'You will take the señor's horse to the stable and attend to it.'

'Yes, señorita,' he replied, and vanished quickly.

She led the way into the *sala*. 'We will go on to the veranda, señor,' she suggested, standing by the open window, her hand upon the curtain; 'it is cooler there.'

Crayton followed her, and they sat down side by side in two lounge-chairs. The sun had not reached its zenith, and it was still cool. A refreshing wind blew upon them, bearing with it the scent of the hay lying gathered in a field near by. The sierra was bathed in sunshine. Down its slopes they saw a man riding towards Molenga, along the path Crayton had ridden. They both watched him in silence. Suddenly he vanished, to reappear at another point in the road.

'How quickly a man disappears!' said Crayton, speaking his thoughts aloud.

Tezalia glanced at him quickly. 'Yes, señor,' she said. For a moment she paused. 'I heard that you had trouble—that you were shot at as you rode through the sierra after leaving us.'

Crayton laughed light-heartedly. Danger past was forgotten by him within a few minutes. 'Some man shot at me—and missed.'

'So you are here to-day.'

He glanced at the girl. She was leaning towards him.

'Señor,' she said, 'I have lived in Molenga nearly all my life. Will you take my advice? Trust no one.'

'No one?' echoed Crayton, wondering at the vehemence with which she spoke.

'You do not know them as I do. They do not know the meaning of truth. Besides, you belong to the silver company, which draws money out of their hills; therefore you are an enemy. And they know what to do with an enemy in Mexico.'

'They shoot him—from behind a rock.'

'Yes,' said the Señorita Tezalia. 'Promise me,' she went on, 'that you will trust no one.'

'Not even you?' he queried, treating her warning lightly.

Tezalia was a girl of moods, and in answer to his jest there came into her eyes that look of mockery. 'No one, I said, señor,' she replied.

Crayton leant towards her. 'There is one woman I shall always trust. I would trust her with my life, my honour.'

A step sounded in the room, and turning sharply round, Crayton encountered the gaze of Señor Vellos. He leapt to his feet.

'So you have risked the danger to come and see us again?'

'In the first moment I have had to spare.'

'Then business at El Nitro mine is good?' said Señor Vellos. 'Yet you have not made any shipment lately.'

'No,' responded Crayton; 'the market has been bad, so we have been holding our stocks; but we may ship at any moment now.'

Señor Vellos nodded. 'The silver-market is like everything else. Even the men upon the sierra grumble that no wealthy travellers have been their way lately, and that they will have to turn honest in order to make a living.'

'It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.'

'It is a very good one that can reform a Mexican bandit,' responded the señor.

For the greater part of the afternoon Crayton sat with the señor; then, the latter having to ride into Molenga, he sought out the señorita.

He found her in the garden, stretched in a hammock, reading a book. For a moment he watched her unobserved, and the sight of her youthful beauty sent the blood coursing madly through his veins. She was lying in a position which showed to the best advantage the curves of her exquisite figure. From beneath a muslin skirt he caught a glimpse of a dainty ankle. The branches of the trees beneath which the hammock was slung cast light shadows across her face.

Suddenly she looked up and caught sight of him. She lazily shut the book. 'Then you have finished business, señor?' she said.

'Yes,' replied Crayton.

He advanced to her side, and smiled upon her as she lay in the hammock. Men spoke of her as Tezalia the flirt, and he wondered as to the truth of the assertion.

'I wanted to spend the day with you, señorita,' he said. He gently set the hammock swinging to and fro. 'This reminds me of England,' he said.

Señorita Tezalia had been in England. 'You have a song there,' she said. 'Let me see, what is it called? "The Girl I left behind me." How would she like it if she knew what you are doing?'

'There is no girl in England who would mind at all,' replied Crayton.

And although Tezalia smiled upon him with a smile that might mean so much or so little, she was glad.

'You believe me?' said Crayton.

She looked at him provokingly. 'Yes, perhaps,' she answered.

He bent over her. 'I want you to believe me, Tezalia,' he said, calling her by her Christian name for the first time.

She looked at him, but before his eyes hers fell, the mockery died away from her face. She felt her heart beating wildly. Of a ready tongue, she could find no words with which to answer him.

Gently he took her hand in his, and she let it remain there, and so to them both there came love—to the one who had never thought of it, to the other who had dallied with it.

Amidst the falling shadows they sat and talked; then from the house there came the sound of a bell, and Tezalia rose.

'We must be going in,' she said; 'father is calling me. He always rings that bell when he wants me.'

As they entered by the balcony a figure passed out of the *patio*, and mounting a horse, rode towards the sierra. It was the figure of Miguel, and there was a scowl on his face; for through the trees he had caught a glimpse of Tezalia and the Englishman side by side, and had seen a smile upon the girl's face, and knew it had arisen from words Crayton had spoken.

As the road entered the sierra it became narrower and rocky.

Riding more slowly, Miguel whistled; then he reined in.

From the rocks above came an answering call, and a voice hailed him. 'Is that you, Miguel?' it said.

Miguel made no response, but stood silent, outlined in dark relief against the skyline.

Climbing down the side of the rock, the man stood by his side. He was a half-bred Mexican, torn and dishevelled in dress, villainous in appearance. A couple of knives were stuck in his belt, and by their side showed the butt of a revolver.

Then Miguel broke silence. 'To-night,' he said, 'we attack the mine, so you will gather the men. The manager is staying with Señor Vellos.'

'That is well,' answered the half-breed.

'I would give half my days to have him here, so that I could shoot him!' said Miguel hatefully. The look on his face was not pleasant, and he swore softly and fluently in many tongues.

(To be continued.)

IN DOCKSIDE DOSS-HOUSES.

By the Author of *Leaves from the Diary of a Tramp.*

'WHAT'S up?' I asked a man standing on the kerbstone. I had just landed from the steamer *Marchioness* at the London docks, and in a side-street not far from the pierhead I noticed a crowd of men. Thinking there was something the matter, I of course wanted to know what was up.

'There's nawthin' up,' answered the man. 'That's th' shippin' office. Them's British sailors. British sailors!' he repeated contemptuously. 'Lot o' blasted dagoes *I* calls 'em. There were a band in Cathays Park this mornin' playin' "Britannia Rules the Waves." There's Britannia for you! Britannia metal, that's what they are; work for anythin', an' eat anythin', an' live anyhow, an' take as much backslack from a cocky third as would make a Britisher pick a spanner up. That's why "skips" likes 'em—'cept in a storm.' And, with a snort of disgust and an eloquent ejection of tobacco-juice, he moved on. He was a fireman out of a job, so of course he was prejudiced.

It was indeed a strange crowd—bulge-lipped negroes, dungaree-clad and wonder-eyed Lascars, mongrels of the Levant, light-haired Finns, stalwart Swedes, Russians, Turks, Greeks, French, Germans, and squint-eyed yellow men were all represented in it, and seeking berths. They were, as my tobacco-chewing kerbstone-acquaintance said, representatives of the British mercantile marine; but where were the British? Occasionally a couple of mates came along, weather-beaten, keen-eyed men; but of the men for'ard few were English. I am not going into the why and the wherefore of that. I am simply stating what I saw.

The cosmopolitan character of the crowd, however, made it interesting, and I stood in the midst of it for some time, studying the men who go down to the sea in ships. Many of the faces were brutal, low, telling of violent passions; faces you would not care to see down by the docks if darkness had fallen and you were alone; others bold, reckless faces of men who had faced death often with a laugh.

I turned into a broad street, and was walking along, thinking what a curious compound our merchant marine was, when I noticed that the other side of the street was composed almost wholly of shops, and over each shop window was hung a large flag. I crossed the street, and saw that they were sailors' doss-houses—the temporary homes of the cosmopolitan crowd I had just left—with signboards on which were written invitations in many strange tongues. Here a Chinese, there a Jap, then, more surprising still, an

Esquimaux; and so it went on, until it seemed as though every people on earth had in this long street a *pied-à-terre* where the sea-wanderers could forgather and smoke and drink and gamble and talk of the homeland. It was quite a relief to come across a signboard intimating that British and Scandinavian sailors could be accommodated with beds at prices ranging from sixpence to one and sixpence per night. I found out afterwards that only the prices were varied; the beds were all alike.

I was in funds, so I determined to try the comfort of the sixpenny bed. The ground-floor was a cheap eating-house, so to reconnoitre the ground I went in and ordered tea and bread-and-butter. I put down half-a-crown in payment. The man gave me two shillings and fourpence change. 'Is that right?' I asked. 'What you mean?' he said. 'You hat cuppa tea, one penny; bret-un-butter, one penny—two-un-fo'pence chaannsse.'

I pocketed the change, speechless. I could not understand it then. Afterwards I was told that the cheapness was simply bait for the homeward-bound seaman. He goes in, engages a bed, lives very cheaply, is treated well, enjoys himself; and if during his stay he makes a friend who is willing to pilot him round, and in the process relieve him of his money—well, who can blame the landlord? When a man is cleared out, his landlord will generally keep him until he gets another ship; but the landlord takes in return the man's advance-note, and so makes a good profit over and above the other transaction.

One night I was in the café attached to a foreign boarding-house. The only other customers were two young fellows—one English, with the frank, open manner that is very often the swindler's only asset; the other a Swedish sailor. Both had glasses in front of them, and as fast as the sailor emptied his glass the other filled it again from a whisky bottle on the table, though I noticed that he drank very little himself. The spirit soon began to take effect, and the man began to talk about his relations, then about the voyage just ended.

Suddenly he put a handful of gold on the table. 'What tink of dat?' he asked. 'Twelf monts' pay.' Then in a maudlin tone he began to talk about how much he was going to send to his mother, how much to his sweetheart. 'Put it in your pocket,' said the other. 'Don't be a blank fool! If you go swankin' about with it like that you'll soon get picked up. Come on out and get some fresh air, or you'll be drunk.'

He helped the Swede to his feet, and they went out.

Later the Swede rushed in, terribly excited. The usual thing had happened. They had gone to the pierhead together. The Swede had fallen into a drunken sleep on one of the benches, to awake alone, with empty pockets.

I often spent a night in a sailors' doss-house; it was interesting—quite a Continental tour on the cheap.

One evening I could quite imagine I was in a low-down Spanish *posada*, for the room was gaily decorated, the walls were hung about with gaudy oleographs of bull-fights, in the place of honour a portrait of King Alfonso, and all around me Spaniards playing strange games, gambling, drinking, singing, dancing. Suddenly there was an uproar among the card-players. A table was overturned; ugly-looking sailors' jack-knives were flashing; one man was bleeding from a cut on the arm. Others interfered; the storm died away; the injured arm was bound up, and the game resumed as though nothing had happened. There was no thought of the police—it was a matter concerning themselves alone; but I noticed one of the men nod in my direction. A few minutes later he crossed over to me, and in excellent English told me that perhaps I had better go, as they didn't care for spies about when gentlemen of Spain (!) settled their differences; and I did not trouble much about the order of my going.

I spent nights in several other foreign houses in the east end of London. After a night spent in a Greek house I quite understood why shell-backs call Greek ships the dirtiest afloat. I was often told that Greeks, while by no means overflowing with courage, never forget or forgive an injury, and I came across an instance of this. I was checking a grain cargo at Spillers & Baker's, and, leaving the docks, was walking along Bute Street with a Greek member of the crew who had promised to be my sponsor at the Greek boarding-house. Near the Cory Home we passed an officer, and my companion burst into a flood of abuse. Then he told me that six years before the officer had knocked him down with a spanner, and he had not been in port with him at the same time since. Three days later the officer was stabbed in the back as he crossed Barry Dock in the direction of Culley's Hotel, and neither he nor any one else had seen his assailant. I thought of the Greek—and shuddered.

Probably the most interesting of my visits was to a Chinese boarding-house. I didn't spend the night there, however. I should never have got in at all, for I tried unsuccessfully many times, had not luck thrown me across the path of a Chinaman who was being man-handled near Roath Dock by a couple of drunken men. I chipped in, and the men ran; and learning that the Celestial was the keeper of a boarding-house in Bute Street—he had just been seeing some of his compatriots aboard—I took advantage of his evident gratitude by asking him to show me over his place. He consented, though very reluctantly. His wife, a very good-looking girl, didn't appear to be more than seventeen, and the place was full of Chinamen. In one room I counted twenty-five lying about in all attitudes, seemingly

without nerves. One young fellow was asleep, with his chin over the rail at the foot of the bed. In one room there were a number lying around a little lacquered table on which stood a spirit-lamp. I watched one of them roasting a speck of opium on the point of a long needle, and then placing it in the orifice of a very fat pipe. Two puffs and the smoke was over. As I once heard an English sailor remark, 'A —— lot of trouble for blamed little smoke.' In another room was a man waving a joss-stick and jabbering prayers; but I only got a glimpse of him. I was hurried out, and I was not sorry to go. I had had quite enough of a Chinese doss-house.

OUR 'DAILY.'

I sing of News, and all those vapid sheets
The rattling hawker vends through gaping streets.
CRABBE.

AMID all the marvellous imaginings, conceptions, and inventions of this prodigious age, when the very air we breathe is becoming a highway, the daily paper stands out as one of its greatest wonders. In no other line do we get such extraordinary value for so little outlay: the latest news from every quarter of the inhabited globe, and an agreeable miscellany of some dozen or more super-royal pages of readable, instructive, and entertaining matter, frequently embellished with illustrations.

Those who ne'er deign'd their Bible to peruse
Would think it hard to be denied their news;
Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,
Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek.
This, like the public inn, provides a treat
Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat;
And such this mental food, as we may call,
Something to all men, and to some men all.

Were it not for their advertisements, of which we shall have something to say later on, it would, of course, be impossible that 'these poor bits of rag-paper with black ink on them,' as Carlyle facetiously termed them, should be delivered at our door a hundred miles and more from their source for a humble copper. What a contrast to eighty years ago, when each individual sheet was taxed with a fourpenny stamp, though certainly the papers were carried free of charge by the Post-Office! They were, of course, of much smaller bulk than they are to-day, or Lord William Spencer, of astonishing mnemonic power, would not have won the wager he laid to repeat the entire contents of one by rote without the omission of a single word.

When we come to count the cost of upkeep of a sumptuous edifice fitted with elaborate and costly machinery, the salaries of a small army of editors, sub-editors, and correspondents, down to the meanest printer's devil, the expenditure on material, on telegrams, and transport, the profit made by the newsagent and street-hawker, besides a hundred and one incidental expenses, and find that there still remains in many cases a substantial profit for the proprietor or shareholders, it is no exaggeration to speak of the daily paper as a marvel.

It opens, as a rule, with a 'Hatch, Match, and Despatch' column, which furnishes curious reading from time to time. 'On the 19th inst., at ——, the wife of —— of a son. "Not unto us, but unto Him be the glory."' Not knowing precisely what this means, we think it safer to offer no comment.

Lady Balfour of Burleigh tells an amusing story that a friend of hers had the fortune, or misfortune, to have three sets of twins, and as each pair arrived the parents puzzled their brains to discover suitable names for them. The first pair (girls) were christened Kate and Duplicate; the second, a brace of boys, Peter and Repeater; and the third, also boys, Max and Climax.

After the announcement of a marriage in the *Times* many years ago appeared the following: 'John ii. 2. Australian, Indian, and American papers please copy.' Turning to this chapter and verse, we read: 'And both Jesus was called, and His disciples, to the marriage.' *De gustibus non est disputandum.*

There was a mythological fiction that Jupiter made men and women in pairs, like the Siamese twins; but in this way they grew so powerful and presumptuous that he cut them in two, since when the main business of each half has been to look for the other. That a certain few have been successful in their quest is proved by the following combinations culled from various papers during the last two decades: Veal—Ham, Hooker—Lyne, French—Chalk, Bait—Bass, Day—Week, Hill—Dale. On Mudd—Mayden an acquaintance of the writer composed these clever lines:

Lot's wife, 'tis said, in days of old,
For one rebellious halt,
Was turn'd, as we are plainly told,
Into a lump of salt.
The same propensity of change
Still runs in woman's blood,
For here you see a case as strange—
A Mayden turn'd to Mudd.

The poet of the 'In Memoriam' column bids fair to afford as much amusement to the world as his predecessor, the poet of the tombstone. Respecting a worthy lady long since dead, a north-country paper recorded that she was

A loving wife, and mother dear,
A faithful friend, whom God did fear.

Before leaving this page we may mention a

few appropriate names met with in the police and other reports: Sanctuary, a clergyman; Uncle, a pawnbroker; Birch, a schoolmaster; Lush, wine and spirit merchant; Remnant, a widow; Bacchus, a drunkard; Sword, an officer.

'Curiosity is the appetite of the mind; it must be satisfied or we perish,' wrote Bishop Horne more than a century ago. 'Amongst the improvements, therefore, of modern times, there is none on which I find more reason to congratulate my countrymen than the increase of knowledge by the multiplication of newspapers. With what a mixture of horror and commiseration do we now look back to that period of our history when a written letter came down once a week to the coffee-house, where a proper person with a clear and strong voice was pitched upon to read it aloud to the company assembled upon the occasion! How earnestly did they listen! How greedily did they suck down every drop of intelligence that fell within their reach! Happy the man that carried off but half a sentence; it was his employment for the rest of the evening to imagine what the other half might have been.' Seventeen hundred years before this, Pliny had stated that *est natura hominum novitatis avida*, and there is no gainsaying that a relish for everything in the shape of news, be the matter of it what it may, is deep-rooted in the human heart; and should it embody anything in the shape of a secret or a dash of scandal the greater the relish. But besides what is included under the generic term 'news,' many are the miscellaneous ingredients that 'our daily' spreads abroad, furnishing for the amusement of the general public some smart parliamentary gibe, clever legal joke, amusing episode at some public meeting, or post-prandial *bon-mot* that would otherwise have been limited to the enjoyment of those actually present. We give a few examples.

When Lord Goschen was in the Lower House he was always the particular *bête noire* of Mr Labouchere. The sight of the Jew banker seemed to act as a kind of intoxicant on 'Labby,' who always let fly, sometimes effectively enough. On an Irish night the Minister had delivered a bitter denunciation against boycotting. Up sprang the member for Northampton. 'Boycotting! Did the right honourable gentleman say boycotting? He has but to turn to his own history for its justification, for are we not told that the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans?' The House roared, and even the victim smiled at the aptness of the quotation.

Not long since a portion of the ceiling over one of our police courts became loose and fell with a crash. The presiding magistrate wittily exclaimed, '*Fiat justitia, ruat* ceiling,' which, arising as it did directly out of the occasion, was distinctly justifiable.

The father of Nicholas Longworth, who recently married Miss Alice Roosevelt, gave a dinner many years ago to the poet Longfellow, who thus prefaced his return thanks: 'My friends, attention has been called to the similarity between the name of our distinguished host and my own; but I would like to emphasise this distinction that "*worth* makes the man, and want of it the *fellow*."'

At not a very distant meeting of the Salvation Army a woman stood up to testify to her conversion, and with great earnestness denounced her former ways. 'I was very foolish and vain,' she said; 'worldly pleasures, especially the fashions, were my only thought. I was fond of silks, satins, jewellery, ribbons, and laces. But, my friends, I found they were dragging me down to perdition, so I gave them all to my sister.'

Unconscious humour often lightens the parochial business of the Easter vestry. A discussion at Frant the other day on the question of insuring the gravedigger drew from the chairman a remark as to the difficulty of obtaining a quorum. This complaint aroused the attention of one member, who promptly exclaimed, 'Well, then, I think it is about time we bought one of those things for ourselves.' This remark, which dissolved the vestry in laughter, recalls the familiar story of the gondola which a certain council proposed to purchase for the ornamental lake in their park. 'Why not,' suggested a member, 'purchase two, and see if they will nest?'

The advertisements are in one respect the most valuable part of a newspaper, for by them we are enabled to judge of our manners better than from almost any other criterion. To some they may seem profitless literature; yet there are grains of wheat to be gleaned even on this chaffy heap. Some winters back a Tewkesbury paper published the following: 'Monumental Work in Marble, Granite, *on* Stone. Splendid Designs of Marble Monuments just ready for the Coming Season, at Extraordinary Low Prices,' &c. We naturally ask ourselves what season—the 'flu' season, or was it the festive season?

An equally cheery announcement appeared in a Glasgow paper: 'James Hodge continues to sell burying crapes ready made; and his wife's niece dresses dead corpses at as cheap a rate as was formerly done by her aunt, having not only been educated by her, but perfected in Edinburgh, from whence she has lately arrived with all the newest and best fashions for the dead.'

This somewhat similar name reminds us of Jamie Hogg's boast that he never read the leading article in a newspaper, 'but,' he used to say, 'I devoor the adverteesements, which, besides lettin' ye ken everything that 's gaun on in the kintra respectin' the sellin' an' nifferin' o' property, baith in houses an' lan's, are to my mind models o' composition, without ae single unnecessary word, for every word 's paid for, an'

that gi'es the adverteeser a habit o' conceese thocht an' expression better than a logic class.' At that time there was a duty of three and sixpence on everything, however trifling, that assumed the character of an advertisement. This was reduced to one and sixpence in 1836, and wholly abolished in 1853, since when their number has increased enormously.

In a letter to his intimate friend Ellis, Macaulay wrote from Tunbridge Wells during August 1853: 'I send you some exquisite lines which I saw placarded on a wall the other day. The versification and diction seem to me perfect. Byrom's "My time, O ye Muses!" is not so complete in its kind:

Although it is wrong, I must fairly confess,
To judge of the merits of folks by their dress,
I cannot but think that an ill-looking hat
Is a very bad sign of a man, for all that;
Especially now, when James Johnson is willing
To touch up our old ones in style for a shilling,
And gives them a gloss of so silky a hue
As makes them look newer than when they were new.'

It is decidedly annoying to be hoodwinked by a catchy title or introduction; but very recently a well-known paper opened its news paragraphs with the announcement, 'The Bishop of Ripon is going on the stage;' but on reading further it transpired that his lordship's appearance would be for one afternoon only, to read Coleridge's *Fears in Solitude* at a Haymarket matinée which was to be given to pay off the debt on the purchase for the nation of that poet's cottage at Nether Stowey.

Such trickery, like the framing of a contents-bill, is a special art. 'Indecent' is an elastic word. Some years ago, when a learned bishop was pushing a Bill through the House of Lords, a noble peer complained of the 'indecent haste' with which the manœuvre was being conducted. Next day an enterprising sub-editor gave over his contents-bill to the line: 'Charge of Indecency against a Bishop.'

There was an evening when many people thought the late Lord Salisbury's political career was over, though he was but half-way through it. It was the evening, which some may remember, when the neighbourhood of Charing Cross was excited by a newsboy shouting, 'Resignation of Lord Salisbury!' within a day or two of his return from the Berlin Congress. Such an announcement naturally created a great sensation; but those who hurriedly bought the boy's papers found no startling news to support his cry, until the ingenious vendor pointed in triumph to an item stating that 'Lord Salisbury has resigned the chairmanship of the Hertfordshire Quarter Sessions.'

The Athenians appear to have had a drastic law for punishing disseminators of false news. Plutarch narrates how one day a stranger landed in the Piræus and went to a barber's shop to be shaved, where he reported the naval disaster of the Athenians under Nicias. The barber no sooner heard it than, before the stranger could communicate it to any other person, he ran into the city, and it was known to all in the 'lathering of a chin.' Trouble and dismay seized all who heard it, and the magistrates immediately summoned an assembly; but when the barber was interrogated he could give no clear account of his informer. They, deeming it to be what Ben Jonson termed 'news of doubtful credit, as barber's news,' caused the unfortunate man to be fastened to the wheel for torture. The news, however, turned out to be true. It is interesting to note that so long ago as 414 B.C. the barber's shop was a centre of gossip.

THE SPELL.

When grief is keen and new,
And conquering death shadows Faith's faltering wings,
And seems to hide from view
The soul escaping from all mortal things,

There is an old-world spell
That grants fresh courage in the stricken hour,
Performs the miracle
That bids the mortal trust immortal power.

Go forth before the dawn,
And in a meadow rich with tender green
Await the coming morn,
Alone, and confident in the unseen.

Unloosen there your hair,
And pause barefooted on the dewy grass,
Kneeling as those in prayer
Who wait the moment when a god shall pass.

Then, when a gleam of light
Shall outline sombre, far-off purple hills,
Before the first bird's flight
Or earliest memory of the grief that kills—

Then, so the Seers foretell,
While waiting barefoot in the silvery dew,
If cast aright the spell,
The under-world will give a sign to you.

A woman—radiant, bright,
Between the earth and the approaching dawn—
In the faint primrose light
Will watch with tranquil eyes while day is born

Answering the urgent spell,
With sorrowing eyes that hide all mystery,
From deeps of nether hell
Stands there the pale, calm Queen Persephone.

Turned towards the reddening sun,
That slowly rises with the giant powers
That scatter hopes new won
From resurrection of the hidden flowers;

Then gone the vision rare,
To where grim darkness future springs enfold,
But a narcissus fair,
Where she stood, blooms in ivory and gold.

BEATRICE ALLHUSEN.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE CALL OF THE SEA.

By F. G. AFLALO.

EVER since the *Argo* sailed hopefully for the Euxine, 'set free and smitten by the western breeze,' men have fared forth to explore distant seas with or without some such ulterior object as the quest of the Golden Fleece. Apart from the genuine spirit of adventure which inspired the bulk of polar exploration, the motives of these dangerous voyages were proselytism or plunder. Gold took the Spaniard into the West, spices beckoned the Portuguese to the East. The Cross had to be carried among the heathen of the New World, and Spain combined militant Christianity and commerce with a zeal that led at once to her own aggrandisement as a colonial power and the early extinction of the unfortunate native races with whom she came in contact.

As Seneca had foretold, Thule soon ceased to be the last point of land on the map. Britain, at one time on the outskirts of civilisation, became the half-way house between the Old World and the New. Having crossed the Atlantic, the adventurous Spaniard next thrust farther into the sunset, and took the Pacific in the name of His Most Christian Majesty. The open water round the North Pole attracted a glorious succession of intrepid navigators, most of them in search of the North-West Passage. This, having baffled a score of sea-captains of first rank—among them Frobisher, Davis, Baffin, Behring, Cook, Parry, Ross, and Franklin—was eventually navigated by Amundsen in the *Gjoa* (1903–7); and the North-East Passage had meanwhile (1878–79) been accomplished by Nordenskjöld. The consummation of all this heroic Arctic enterprise was finally reached by the expedition which had as its sequel Peary's recent appearance before the Royal Geographical Society at the Albert Hall.

Marine biological research was the inspiration of some of the most notable expeditions of recent years; but the *Fram*, *Discovery*, and *Nimrod* were engaged in purely polar surveys. The first of these was equipped by Nansen (1893–96), who pushed his way farther north by two degrees fifty minutes than any of his predecessors. She was a comparatively small vessel, so constructed as to be lifted rather than crushed by the nip of the ice. Nansen, aiming less at the magnetic pole than at a systematic investigation of the unmapped region surrounding it, completed his journey with sledges. His programme had at the outset been condemned by experts as too ambitious, but he appears to have carried it to its logical conclusion. The *Discovery*, Captain Scott's vessel, left Cowes in the summer of 1901, and was away in south polar waters until the autumn of 1904. Previous efforts to penetrate the mystery of the Antarctic had been made by Gerlach in the *Belgica* (1897–99), and by Borchgrevink in the *Southern Cross* (1898–1900); but Scott wintered nearly five hundred miles farther south than any one before him, and, with Shackleton and Wilson for company, made sledging journeys lasting more than two months, and taking the intrepid trio nearly four hundred miles away from the ship and within four hundred and fifty of the South Pole. It was in July 1907 that the *Nimrod* left London under command of Mr (now Sir Ernest) Shackleton, and she was absent until March 1909. In the interval her commander had established a southern record to match that of Nansen in the north. Climbing glaciers and pushing indomitably over the pack, he and his party came within one hundred and ten miles of the South Pole, where he planted the flag presented to him for the purpose by Her Majesty Queen Alexandra. Incidentally the party ascended the volcano Erebus, and made interesting discoveries of coal-measures, throwing new light on the prehistoric climate of those frozen regions. Commander Peary has since surpassed Nansen's record in the north, and there is every reason to hope that, with the expedition which left these shores last June, Captain Scott may do as much for the British flag in the southern hemisphere.

Although zoological material of some importance was accumulated on these expeditions, their primary objects were geographical. Some other voyages only less famous than those to the Poles, however, were intimately associated with biological research. Among the most successful of these forays on the ocean fauna were the surveys undertaken on the coast of South America by the *Beagle*, the second of which (1831–36), to Patagonia and Tierra del Fuego, will always be famous if only in memory of the distinguished naturalist who accompanied it. In enumerating the company of the ship, Captain

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(afterwards Admiral) Fitzroy—now remembered chiefly in connection with an improved form of barometer—mentions the interesting fact that a Cambridge professor, on being applied to, 'named Mr Charles Darwin, grandson of Dr Darwin the poet, a young man of promising ability, extremely fond of geology, and indeed all branches of natural history.' Little did the worthy sailor foresee at the time that, whereas he himself and the poet would have to content themselves with a modest niche in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the name of the 'young man of promising ability' would be uttered with reverence in a score of languages, and would still be in men's mouths when Macaulay's New Zealander gazes on the ruins of St Paul's!

Another important zoological expedition was that of the *Marchesa* (1882–84) to the coasts of Kamchatka and New Guinea and to the Sulu and Aru Islands, under the leadership of Dr Guillemard and Mr Kettlewell, who brought back valuable collections of birds-of-paradise and other forms, both Papuan and Malayan.

Without exception, however, the most notable zoological voyage was that of the *Challenger* (1872–76), in the charge of Captain (Sir George) Nares and Professor (Sir) Wyville Thomson. The *Challenger* circumnavigated the globe, establishing off the coast of Japan what was then a record in deep-sea soundings—namely, four thousand five hundred and seventy-five fathoms; though this was exceeded near the Kermadec Islands, in the South Pacific, in 1896, by a record of five thousand one hundred and fifty-five fathoms. The published results of this wonderful expedition, occupying fifty volumes, and taking fifteen years to produce, described a great number of forms new to science.

Thus, then, for profit or glory, for commerce or the conversion of the heathen, for academic geographical research, or for the better understanding of its zoological secrets, the sea has called men throughout the centuries; and when its call falls on deaf ears the human race will have parted with that spirit of adventure which is written in such splendid episodes in its history.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER XII.—*continued.*

A BARE-LEGGED boy on a lean pony was seen approaching them in a cloud of dust. The pony's short canter made his pace as easy as a rocking-chair; and Lara's son, who rode him, was half-asleep in the heat. The post-bag dangled from his saddle, and the reins lay on the pony's neck.

'Any letters?' said Peter in Spanish, and the boy handed the bag to him. The mail-boat from England, which was run on purpose to carry Jane's weekly letter to him, had brought the big square envelope with its usual commendable punctuality, and Peter chose it out from the rest of the letters, and handing Purvis a packet which belonged to him, he gave the bag back to the boy, who cantered along with his bare legs swinging until he disappeared into the level glare of the setting sun.

Peter let his horse amble on slowly, and read his letter while he rode.

'I must push on, I think,' said the quiet voice of Purvis beside him. 'There are one or two things which, I gather from my letters, I must put straight at the *estancia*. I hope to have definite news to communicate to you before long.'

'Thanks,' said Peter, giving him a nod. 'You will let me hear from you as soon as you know anything?' He turned his horse homewards, and Purvis rode on alone.

'If he has found my brother,' quoth Peter, 'Purvis has done his job, and I can't complain; but he has got to settle the thing up without all this confounded mystery, or else he can leave it alone. There is one thing perfectly clear. Edward himself knows nothing about his parents or his prospects, or he would have claimed the property long ago. Now, how has Purvis found out about the man what he doesn't know himself? Where has Purvis got his clue? He doesn't want me to meet my brother yet: looks very much as if our friend Purvis were going to make some sort of bargain with the heir, whoever he is, before he (Purvis) allows him to know the truth about himself. Well, the affair will be judged by English lawyers when we get home, and if it is a case of blackmail, for instance, English people are not very fond of that sort of thing, so Purvis may not be able to make such a good bargain as he thinks.

'Of course the chain of evidence may be perfectly simple. Purvis has probably got hold of the name of whoever it was who brought Edward here, and has traced him somewhere, and has got the whole story from him. My mother always had an unlimited supply of money; she could have settled a large sum on the people who looked after him, and of course it is evident that some money must have been paid, though the lawyers could find no trace of it amongst her papers. The only other hypothesis is that it is a case of some extraordinary aberration of memory, and that, the child she disliked having been removed, she forgot about him altogether. All my life I never remember hearing him mentioned; and as my mother did not return to Bowshott until I was six years old, very little may have been said to her that would recall the fact of the boy's death.

'It is the beastly uncertainty of it,' he continued, as he rode slowly home on the dusty

track which was the apology for a road across the camp. 'If the estate pays me sufficient to live upon I needn't grumble; but Purvis must give me an account of what he has been doing, and put me in possession of the facts of the case. One always distrusts the middleman, and wonders if he is making a good bargain on both sides. A small man like Purvis always tries to be important, and to make every one believe that he alone holds the key to mysteries, and that no one can get on without him. I don't at present see how he can defraud either me or my brother, even if he wants to; but I am not going to be content with hints or suggestions, as if I were living in a penny novelette.'

He rode on through the heat, that rose like a palpable gas from the scorched ground, until the little *estancia* house hove in sight again. He found that Toffy and Ross were still enjoying their afternoon siesta. There was not a bit of shade anywhere, and the sun seemed to burn through the roof until the very floor was hot to walk upon. His thoughts went back to Purvis in his tweed clothes and his bowler hat with the pugree on it, and he wondered how he fared in the scorching heat. Probably the anæmic little man hardly knew what it was to be too hot. He used to ride over the camp when even the peons did not show their heads out of doors, and his hands were always cold and damp to the touch. Peter drank some tea, and sat down at little Mrs Chance's writing-table in the drawing-room and began to answer Jane's letter. There was a feeling of storm in the air, and he envied the two men sleeping luxuriously in the corridor.

'When you have been out here a year or two,' said the sleepy voice of Ross from the depths of a long cane-chair, 'you will find that letters are not only impossible, but unnecessary. No one expects to hear from one after the first month or two, and if one did write there would be nothing to say.'

'When my creditors get too troublesome,' said Toffy, also waking up, 'I shall emigrate here and lose my own address. With strict economy, one might live very cheaply in Argentina.'

Lara's boy, who had come on with the letters, waited to ride back with the bag to the far-distant post-office; and the Englishmen at the *estancia* stood and watched him, a tiny figure on his tireless little Argentina pony, riding away eastward until once more a cloud of dust swallowed him up. The humble postman seemed to form a link with home, and in three weeks' time the letters which they had confided to him would be safely in the hands of those to whom they were written in England. The pony's unshod hoofs made hardly any sound on the turf as he cantered off, and Lara's boy, in his loose shirt and shabby clothes, and his bare feet hanging stirrupless on each side of the pony, disappeared like a wraith. There was a week to wait before he would come again with any more letters.

'I wish the storm would burst or blow over,' said Ross; 'the heat is worse than ever to-day, and it doesn't seem as though we were going to have a cool night.'

'Even the peons look curled up,' said Toffy, looking at a group of men picturesquely untidy, with loose shirts, and scarlet *boinas* on their heads, who lounged against the *palo á pique* of the corral.

'What idle brutes they are, really!' said Ross; 'and they 're always ten times worse when Chance is away. Look at those bits of paper littering the place!' he went on fussily. 'Now I know that these men have been told thousands of times not to let things fly about like that. But it saves them trouble when they clean a room to sweep everything out of doors, and then leave it.'

Probably most men who own property have an inherent dislike to seeing scraps of paper lying about; the sight suggests trippers and visitors' days, and Peter stepped down from the raised corridor, and with his stick began poking the bits of paper into the powdery mud which was all that at present formed the *estancia* garden.

'I believe we might paper the whole house with Purvis's telegrams,' he said, laughing, as he shoved a bit of coloured paper under the ground.

'Salter,' he said to himself—'Salter. It sounds like the agony column at home. Well, Ross and I had better stop acting as scavengers for the household, or we may learn too much of Purvis's domestic affairs.'

He stopped poking with his stick; and, although he laughed, he was as much annoyed at having seen the name on the telegram as he would have been had he inadvertently seen another man's hand at cards.

The storm blew away in the night, and in the morning the sky was a heavenly blue so brilliant that it could not be overlooked. In the early morning the mimosa-trees threw cool shadows to westward, and little paroquets, making their flight from bough to bough, screamed overhead. On the *estancia* work began early; some one had to lasso a *novillo* for the pot, and the *rodeo* looked like a seething, bubbling cauldron with its moving mass of cattle. The easy paces of the horses, on which all the work of the place was done, made riding a matter not of exercise at all; and the only thing necessary was to duck heads to avoid the mimosa-boughs and to guide the horses round holes and stumps in the ground at an easy canter. The *novillo* was lassoed and the sun began to be sultry when the three men rode back to breakfast, congratulating themselves that, as the day seemed likely to be hot, there was not a great deal of work to be done, at least until the cool of the evening.

'Is that Purvis?' asked Toffy, as they approached the house and tethered their horses by the simple expedient of throwing the reins over their heads and letting them trail upon the

ground. 'When, in the name of the prophet, does that fellow sleep?' It was barely ten o'clock when they rode back to breakfast, and Purvis must have started on his ride almost at dawn.

'Hullo!' said Ross, greeting him with a certain kindliness which a very big man will show to one who is small and weak, even if he has growled at his appearance a moment before. 'Hullo, Purvis, where have you come from, and when do you get any sleep?'

'I don't think that sleep is very necessary to me,' said Purvis; 'and I generally find that I work just as well when I have only two or three hours' rest.'

'That 's very odd,' said Toffy amicably.

'I came back about my little boy,' said Purvis. 'I have to go down to Buenos Ayres, and I want to know if I may leave him here with you?'

Ross assented; and Toffy remarked that he believed, with training, he himself might make a very fair nursery-maid.

'Things are a little bit disturbed at my place,' said Purvis. 'I have so many mixed nationalities down there, and they don't get on well together, and are difficult to manage. I would rather not leave Dick, if you could have him.—Dick will be a good boy—no?' he said, speaking in the questioning negative so common in Argentina, and addressing the pale-faced little boy in a manner far too babyish for his years.

Dick made no promise; but feeling, boy-like, that he never quite knew what being good involved, he wriggled uneasily in his chair. His father laid one of his hands on the boy's dark hair and the other beneath the delicately pointed chin, and turning up the little face towards him, he kissed it with womanish affection.

'When will you get a train?' said Ross presently, as they sat at breakfast in the hall. 'You can't catch the one to-night, and there 's not another for two days. Your best plan would have been to send us a wire about the boy, and to have taken your own steamer down to Taco; it would have saved a long bit of riding.'

'I wanted to say good-bye to my little one,' said Purvis.

'Well,' said Ross hospitably, 'you are welcome here till your train starts.'

'I must be off to-night,' said Purvis. 'If I start at eight this evening I shall catch the train at one A.M. at Taco.'

'You will be dead, Purvis!' said Peter.

Chance had once said that Purvis was the only man he knew who had no sense of fatigue and no sense of fear. 'It 's quite true,' he said when there was a murmur of astonishment from his listeners; 'and, much as I dislike the man, I have never known him to be afraid of anything. It may, of course, be due to a lack of imagination on his part; but I myself believe that it is the result of having been so frequently in tight places. I don't believe he can even handle a gun; and yet if he were surrounded and mobbed, he would probably only blink with his watery eyes or help himself to another tabloid.'

Purvis left his horse in the shade of the *paraiso* trees during the day, and after dinner Peter cut some sandwiches for him, and gave him a flask of whisky—a piece of hospitality which he would in all probability have offered a man who was going to hang him. He had been nurse and guardian in one to Toffy at Eton, and his care of the delicate boy had given him an odd sort of thoughtfulness which showed itself in small and homely acts like these.

'When I return from Buenos Ayres,' said Purvis, 'I hope to be able to put before you the facts which will enable you to identify Edward Ogilvie.'

'You are quite sure you have got them?' said Peter briefly.

'I am almost certain,' said Purvis.

'Of course,' went on Peter, 'you understand that everything that you bring before me will have to be thoroughly investigated by lawyers?'

He was half-sorry that he had spoken sharply when Purvis replied with his usual quietness, 'That goes without saying.'

'I dislike anything sensational,' Peter said; 'and this is a case in which I much prefer that all evidence which you get shall be brought direct to me. To be suddenly confronted with my brother might be very interesting from the point of view of an Adelphi audience; but then, you see, we are not in a theatre at present.'

'The facts in this case,' replied Purvis, 'are quite exceptional; you will allow this, I think, when you know them, and you will then appreciate the fact that it was necessary to get the whole of the evidence quite clearly established before making the final results known to you.'

'We have hardly time to argue the subject,' said Peter, 'seeing that your pony is at the door. The solicitor in Buenos Ayres whom Sir John Falconer recommended to me will meet you here any day you like to name, and we can go into the matter thoroughly with you.'

'That would be the most satisfactory plan,' said Purvis, raising his weak eyes to Peter. 'Meanwhile,' he said, 'my expenses in this matter have been considerable; perhaps you could kindly look at my account before starting?'

'No,' said Peter shortly, 'I could not. I am not in the habit of looking over my accounts by moonlight in the garden.'

'A hundred pounds on account,' said Purvis, 'would enable me to bring this important matter to a conclusion. Without that, I fear, I am powerless.'

It ended in Toffy and Peter putting their available cash together, and giving Purvis seventy pounds; and the clerkly man of ink produced a stamp and a stylographic pen from his pocket, and made out the receipt on the little dining-room table, and handed it to Peter.

'Thank you,' said Peter, relenting a little. He was annoyed with himself for the sense of irritation which Purvis produced in him. After all, he had asked him for his assistance, and Purvis was giving it to the best of his ability. He went as far as the door with him, and said, 'If the claim is established, remember I should like to see Edward Ogilvie as soon as possible. Wire to me all particulars, and be so good as to convey to him that we are anxious to do the right thing by him. I should not like him to feel, for instance, that the fact of his existence was any cause of resentment with any of us.'

'It is he, perhaps, who will feel resentment,' said Purvis.

'Perhaps,' said Peter, resisting an inclination to speed Purvis's departure.

(To be continued.)

WITH THE BLACKS OF WIDE BAY, QUEENSLAND, IN 1862-64.

PART II.

A SAD and tragic incident now occurred that caused us to leave this camp altogether. As we lay in our hut one night there arose in the blacks' camp a great noise and shouting; apparently they were fighting. In a minute or two, however, all was silent; then in about two hours we heard them holding a corroboree, which lasted far into the night. The two circumstances mystified us; and when in the morning none of the tribe came to our camp, we walked over to see what was the matter. The scene that presented itself was ghastly, for close to the remains of a central fire lay a human head, apparently that of a woman; it was scorched and distorted, and the face partly stripped of the flesh. Scattered round about were the remains of the arms, legs, and trunk, picked quite clean, while a few yards away lay the entrails on a sheet of bark. It would be impossible to portray the feeling of horror and disgust that welled up within us, and we turned from the ghastly relics and went back to our camp. Shortly afterwards some girls approached us, and we got out of them what had happened. It seemed that one of the men wanted to take a young 'gin' to his *gunyah* as his wife. She resisted, and in the quarrel that ensued he speared her. That evidently was the first row we heard. Then came the preparation for the feast, and the corroboree was their jollification during the banquet. The sickening feeling of horror was intensified when the girls told us who the unfortunate victim was. It was one of their companions—one with whom we had so often laughed and joked, and who but yesterday evening had helped to keep our camp alive with her merriment; yet at that moment she was passing through the process of digestion inside those wretches near by. The thought was too horrible; it got on our nerves, and we felt an inclination to vomit. We went off our food, and the imagination created such a tension that on the second night we all agreed we would stand it no longer. Go away we would. We made up our minds to go harpooning in Tincun Bay, south of the 'Gut.'

On our arrival at Tincun Bay we were met by a body of about sixty blacks, who welcomed us in a most unmistakable manner. Our fame as dugong-hunters, and probably our custom of fair dealing, had evidently preceded us. As we jumped ashore we were surrounded by the men, who volubly and excitedly told us, 'Plenty cabon youngon sit down lik'a Tincun, my word.' For a bit of fun we spoke slightingly of Tincun as a place for dugong. 'Baal [no] youngon, no good.' 'Yeouw-i,' they yelled in an excited chorus, 'cabon you catchum plenty!' and more in the same style. At last we consented to try Tincun, and told them to take the things out of the boat, at the same time indicating the place of our temporary camp. Never was a boat unloaded in quicker time, and at the finish quite as quick was the supplication for tobacco.

Tincun Bay is essentially a harpooning-ground, and here we put up a hut on the same principle as our last one, and lived there fifteen or sixteen months. Various channels run up towards the head of the bay, and in these the *Zostera* grows very thickly. As the dugong works its way up with the flowing tide, browsing here and there, by the time it has gorged itself, as is its nature, it is a considerable distance from the main tidal-way—its path to its home, the ocean.

Early morning high-water is the best time to go in pursuit, for it is then the dugong begin to come down the channels and play about. Of course the principal man in the boat is the harpooner. Next in importance before the quarry is struck, but the most important after the delivery of the harpoon, is the steersman, with his twenty-foot steer-oar. His duty, when the attack with the spear is being made, or when the dugong is in its death-flurry, is to keep the boat free from the maddened animal's tail. The steersman must possess a quick eye and clear judgment, as well as a strong arm, for the difference between a good, strong sweep of the oar and a poor and hesitating one may mean a smashed boat or a broken neck or leg.

Starting at dawn, we pulled with muffled oars to the mouths of the channels. If the surface was ruffled by a breeze a black-fellow was taken, as he could detect a dugong rising in the distance quicker than ourselves. Upon espying one we gently pulled towards it in perfect

silence. The harpooner, standing in the bow, motions his directions to the steersman with his hand; and as we approach the place where he judges the dugong may rise he poses the harpoon aloft, ready to strike. This is a trying time for the harpooner, as perhaps the dugong while below may change its direction and come to the surface forty or fifty yards away from the place it was expected. But we must follow, and still the harpoon must be held aloft, for if it were raised each time we approached, the quick-sighted animal would see the movement, and with one stroke of the tail vanish. The quarry we are following seems to wander here and there; but, like sleuth-hounds, we follow on and on. At last it rises within striking distance, and instantly the harpoon is 'home' between the ribs. With a great plunge the dugong rushes away at its highest speed, the coil of the harpoon-line diminishing very rapidly. The harpooner jumps down and seizes the bow-oar, and we all pull our hardest to lessen the jerk when the line is run out, for if the line broke we should lose line and harpoon as well as dugong. The line running out safely, it is 'in oars,' and away we go across the bay at a good rate. Gradually, however, the pace slackens, and our prey soon stops from want of wind and the loss of blood. Again we pull gently up, coiling the line carefully for a second run. The dugong is then speared with a heavy lance shaped like a Zulu assagai. Another plunge, and again we are towed at a quick rate, but not far. Again we pull up and send the spear 'home.' The end is now near, and we hasten it with more spear-thrusts. It is now that the clear judgment and strong arm of the steersman is specially required, as the dugong in its death-struggles plunges about in all directions, the tail lashing the water into foam and raising columns of spray ten or twelve feet high. Presently there are some final spasmodic swishes of the tail, and all is still.

The body is then secured and towed to the landing-place, amid the exuberant joy of the blacks.

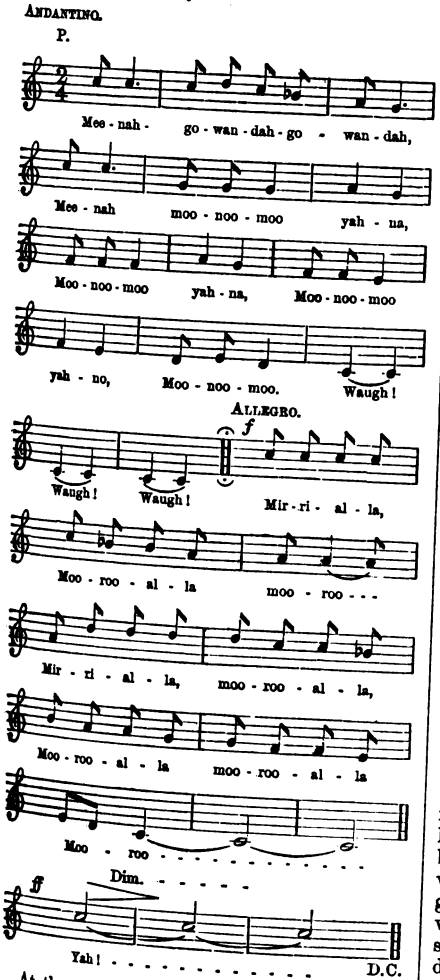
The amicable relations existing between our sable neighbours and ourselves were in no instance disturbed during our long stay at Tincun. It would indeed have shown an absence of the very rudiments of common-sense on their part had it been otherwise; for were we not the source of a good, steady supply of food as well as luxuries? Another great factor that made for peace was that though of female chastity as we understand it they have not the slightest idea, we never violated their only idea of morality—that of the rights of property—by any interference with their women. The unmarried girls belong to the father, the 'gins' to their husbands. The father may sell his daughter, or the husband his wife, either temporarily or permanently, the women themselves having no voice at all in the matter. But woe betide a 'gin' for any infraction of her husband's right over her as his property! She would be clubbed or speared, most likely to death, in which case she would invariably be eaten.

Our camp-fire was made the centre of attraction or market-place of the little community; it was also the 'block' where the dusky beauties exhibited their various charms, and where the young buck-nigger sometimes paraded himself, painted and armed for a fight which he did not want, and which never came off. The married 'gins' also visited us; and to these we gave more consideration, knowing their terrible experience of life. Their slavery is of the most abject and brutal nature. Their savage consorts spear them through the leg or knock them down with a waddy with or without provocation. They are absolutely the property of their husbands, who do what they like with their own. These 'gins' returned to their *gunyahs* much happier, for we always gave them a good feed and a bit of tobacco. The chief gatherings in the market-place were at supper-time, and for an hour or more the laughter and merriment were continuous. On our retiring to our hut they departed; but generally a posse of the dark-skinned belles would take up their quarters for the night, and sleep round the fire.

If our neighbours held social gatherings at our camp, we occasionally had a little diversion which we called 'going to the theatre.' We arranged with two or three of the older blacks for a corroboree at the small cost of a few plugs of tobacco. At the appointed time we forgathered at the 'Australian Hall of Varieties.' The stage, a small opening in the forest, was lighted up by about twenty small, blazing fires, the flickering gleam of which showed the limbs of the surrounding trees in pleasing relief to the deep gloom of the bush beyond. These fires were arranged in a semicircle, and facing the arena was the orchestra, consisting of about a dozen 'gins' and as many girls in a row behind them. The 'gins,' who were seated on their heels, played the drum, while the girls made what music or noise they could by clashing boomerangs together. The drum-like sound made by the 'gins' was produced by joining the hands together so that the palms formed a concavity, which when struck rapidly and violently upon the hollow formed by the lower part of the abdomen and the closely pressed thighs, produced a hollow, booming sound not unlike that of a drum. The orchestra also sang in concert with the dancers. Behind the musicians were ourselves, while round about, in varied groups, were the unemployed members of the camp. At a signal the dancers jumped into the arena with a yell, and arranged themselves in a line. Their bodies, freely painted in various quaint devices with white, black, yellow, and red pigments, presented a hideous appearance, and they clashed together their boomerangs and shields as the chant or song required. It

is quite beyond my power to give a correct idea in detail of the varied and fantastic movements of the corroboree; but one thing I admired above all, and that was the perfect time in which the motions were made, and they moved as one man.

I give here the exact words, tune, and time of one of their corroboree songs. The words are spelt phonetically.



At the words 'Mee-nah-go' they sway to the right, clashing their weapons aloft; then at 'wan-dah-go' they sway to the left; and so on alternately until 'Waugh!' at each repetition of which they jump high, coming down with a thud. The second part is rendered in much quicker time, and, instead of swaying, two short, quick jumps are made; thus, at 'Mir-ri-al-la' two jumps to the right, 'Moo-roo-al-la' two jumps to the left, and so on until the last 'roo,' which is given in a prolonged diminuendo; then, raising both arms aloft, the 'Yah!' is given as a yell, with diminuendo, gradually merging into 'mee-nah-go-wan-dah,' as before.

At the close of the performance tobacco changed hands and the curtain fell. The general effect of these dances given amid their original surroundings was far from unpleasing, while the songs, pitched in a minor key, had a cadence both weird and melancholy.

A blacks' camp is a marvellous negation of all accepted ideas of what human habitations should be. The *gunyahs* are mere break-winds made with bushes; but in the rainy season sheets of bark are substituted, which, simply leaning against sticks stuck in the ground, afford poor protection for a family even when huddled together. Of sanitation they absolutely know no more than the animals of the surrounding forest. Their cooking is of the rudest kind, the fish or wallaby being thrown on the fire and merely scorched in the flame, when it is taken off and devoured in its more than half-raw state. They know nothing of any cooking utensils. Whilst feeding, the 'gin' sits behind her lord and master, and has to be content with what he may choose to fling to her over his shoulder; any request for more would probably be answered by a swish of the waddy. The women often have to provide for themselves by spearing fish or grubbing for roots, and they may frequently be seen out in the bay, standing in their frail bark canoes waiting patiently for an opportunity to spear a sting-ray or other fish.

A pleasant change it was sometimes to accompany the tribe on a wallaby-hunt. A large tract of country to the south of Tincun Bay was their hunting-ground. The tribe would leave the day before the drive, while we, with three or four old blacks, pulled across the bay at dawn next morning. The arrangements for the cordon were completed by the time we arrived, as the forward movement began at once. During the whole time of the march they all sang out a peculiar note, neither a cry nor a song, but of a bell-like character, very clear and musical, the object being to keep the cordon in proper form. On we marched towards the objective, the cordon gradually closing in and the music increasing in volume. At first only occasional wallabies were started, and were easily driven in the required direction; but soon the numbers increased, and they began to show signs of fear, rushing backwards and forwards, but ever being driven in the fatal line of least resistance—that towards the objective. As the cordon pressed closer and closer their fright became maddened terror; frenzied rushes to escape were made, when some few got away, others were killed, and the rest driven back. Soon the two ends of the cordon came in touch; and the excited blacks, with demoniac yells, rushed towards the centre,

clubbing and spearing the frantic animals as they endeavoured to pass. When all was over, the women and children scattered to collect the game, while the elders came round us with their everlasting request for tobacco. Perhaps fifty or sixty head would form the 'bag,' affording a big gorge that night, and only the bones would remain in the morning. Under circumstances of this kind I have seen a man, whose terribly distended stomach declared his gluttony, rolled over and over by his fellows to relieve the pain.

One day an old black came to our camp, and taking Edwards aside, had a mysterious talk with him. Edwards said the old fellow had told him a fight had taken place that morning, and that one of the combatants had been killed—speared. As usual, they were going to eat the body and have a corroboree that night. The old man offered to take Edwards with him for a plug of tobacco; only Edwards could go, and on no account must anything be said about it. Edwards consented, and some time after dark the old man put in an appearance, and they went away together. On his return Edwards gave us an account of what he saw. It was in effect as follows:

'The old man conducted me by a considerable detour to the back of the blacks' camp, where he placed me behind a bush. I was strictly enjoined not to move away or in any way expose myself. Though I was about seventy yards off, I could command a fair view from my place of concealment. In the centre was a fire, alongside of which, and well within the range of the heat, lay the body. Apparently the skin had been removed, and the flesh had assumed a grayish colour. Round about were eight or ten small fires, and outside these the women and children were congregated in one place, and, so far as I know, took no part in the proceedings. Presently the old men, amongst whom I recognised my guide, approached the body and began cutting off the limbs, pieces of which they flung on the small fires to cook; then there was a scurry of the younger men, and in a few minutes the trunk was cut in pieces and tossed on the fires. The sight was too sickening. I turned away my head, for a kind of fainting feeling came over me, and a considerable time elapsed before I could summon up courage to look again. When I did so I saw them busy eating, and picking the bones. Suddenly one got up and commenced capering and yelling in a most excited manner; then he was joined by others, until all the men were engaged in a wild dance, singing and yelling. Amid this excitement I was touched on the shoulder by my guide, who said, "White-fellow go now. Black-fellow get 'im plenty mad, plenty fight; white-fellow go;" and I was not sorry, for the scene appeared as one from hell.'

Often at Tincun we were visited by small parties of Fraser Islanders. They always spoke of 'plenty youngon sit down lik'a Stewart Island,' and begged us to come and camp there. Having lost our boat in the great flood at Maryborough some six months before, and our present one being too small for harpooning, we decided to try Fraser and Stewart Islands for netting.

We lived among the Fraser Islanders for two or three months. Our relations were peaceful and friendly enough, but circumstances were against us. We could get no good water; it was all discoloured by the roots of the ti-tree, and looked like strong tea, having an unpleasant, astringent flavour. Dugong were few and far between. A restless feeling now grew upon us, and we resolved to disband.

Before closing I should like to mention a tragic but interesting incident that occurred on Fraser Island a few months after we left it. In Maryborough there was a timber-getter known as Yankee Jack, who had lately set up a pine-camp on that island. He was 'boss' over eight or ten as rough a set of men as could be found, and that meant a great deal in those days. Yankee Jack came to me one day and asked if I would lend him my rifle and sword-bayonet. He said he found the blacks very troublesome; and as several of his men had been wounded by spears, and he had great difficulty in getting them to go into the bush to cut pine, he wanted more guns to defend the camp. I asked him what sort of treatment the blacks had received from his men. He admitted that often promises to pay for labour had not been fulfilled, that instead of the stipulated tobacco they had received curses, and that at first several of the 'gins' had been outraged. But now no women came to the camp; while the men haunted the bush near, making it unsafe for any one to leave the camp even for a short distance. I lent him my rifle, and that was the last I ever saw of Yankee Jack.

I will continue with the account given by Jack Barry, one of the men: 'Yankee Jack and myself started for Maryborough to get supplies. Opposite the river we encountered a heavy gale from the west, against which we could not pull, and we drifted across the southern end of Hervey's Bay, and were close to Fraser Island, when the wind dropped. Yankee Jack said we would land and have breakfast. We saw a couple of blacks coming down the beach. Yankee Jack went towards them to get some fire, while I turned to the boat to get out the billy and things. I heard a cry, and, looking round, saw Yankee Jack lying on the sand with a spear in his eye. One of the blacks came up and gave me a blow with his waddy, which I warded off with my right hand, and the waddy went between my fingers and split my hand; the next blow I warded with my left, and the waddy broke my arm; the third blow struck my head, and I became senseless. When consciousness returned I found the water lapping round me. My dazed condition just allowed me to realise

that I must somehow move from the rising tide, or drown. This I succeeded in doing, and by-and-by I recovered sufficiently to crawl a few yards up the beach. I was perfectly naked; and I saw Yankee Jack lying dead, naked also. The boat was gone, and I was quite alone. I crawled under the mangroves, fearing the blacks might return. My left arm hung useless; my right hand had stopped bleeding, but the pain was very great; while my head—oh, my head! I lay among the bushes until dark, when I started to walk to camp. Walk! I could only stagger a few yards at a time. It took me two nights to walk six miles. I hid in the daytime. What I suffered from sand-flies and mosquitoes cannot be told. I managed to reach the camp, though nearly dead.'

Shortly after, the pilot-cutter came and took us to town. Two days later a steamer from Gladstone to Maryborough passed the scene of the murder, and the body on the sand was seen by the officer on the bridge. A boat was lowered, and the remains, much decomposed, were buried. The circumstance was reported to Mr Sheridan, the P.M., who at once sent the pilot-cutter to bring off the men.

A cursory comparison between the methods employed by ourselves and Yankee Jack's party in dealing with the blacks will show why such opposite results ensued. Justice and consideration as naturally beget peace and goodwill as outrage and fraud are followed by bloodshed and terrorism. The instinct of retaliation and revenge is inherent in man, though less under control in the savage than in the civilised races. Unfortunately for primitive peoples, they first come in contact with the fringe of civilisation, the component units of which are often drawn from the dregs of society, who, finding themselves beyond the reach of the law, give rein to their brutal instincts; wrong is done, revenge follows, and a war of extermination ensues. The history of Tasmania and the cruel acts perpetrated upon the blacks in Queensland should bring a blush of shame to the cheek of every right-thinking man. It is sad to think that these cruelties would seem to have been too often connived at by the ruling powers.

But whether kindly or unkindly used, it is evident that in a very few generations these primeval inhabitants of this rich country will have passed entirely away.

THE WOOING OF TEZALIA.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER an early dinner, at which Señor Vellos had pledged his friend deeply in wine, the wine of Spain, his native land, Tezalia and Crayton sat together upon the balcony. The night was brilliant; a clear moon shone upon the fields and on the road which led from the sierra. In a clear sky thousands of stars twinkled and shone like the lights of a distant city. A guitar lay at the girl's feet, where she had laid it after playing.

'If all life were like this!' she said softly. The morning had come, and with it the man. Love had entered her life, and her soul responded to its call.

'Then,' said Crayton, with a wisdom deeper than he knew of, 'we should tire of it. It is hours such as these which make life worth living, and the memory of them which helps us through the darker days.'

As if in confirmation of his words, a horseman suddenly appeared riding along the road which led from the sierra, galloping as fast as his horse could bear him. His figure stood out clear and distinct in the moonlight against the rocks, and as he approached the sound of his horse's hoofs became audible and every moment more distinct.

A sudden fear gripped the girl's heart. Crayton had risen, and, leaning against the balcony, was staring at the advancing figure.

He turned. 'Tezalia,' he said, 'I am wanted. It is one of the men from the mine. I must have my horse saddled at once.'

A few minutes and the rider was on the balcony, while his horse stood beneath with heaving flanks and glistening with sweat.

'Yes?' said Crayton.

'Can you come at once, sir?' said the man. 'The mine is raided. There was a band of men firing upon it as I left.'

Tezalia was watching her lover. 'The men of the sierra!' he said. 'In five minutes I can be on the road. But you will want a fresh horse.'

'Come with me,' said Tezalia. She led the two men down the garden to the stable, and pointed to a stall where Crayton's horse was stalled. 'There is yours,' she said. Then, holding the lantern she had brought above her head so that its light was cast around, 'Take your choice, señor,' she said. 'Any one of them is yours.'

Drummond chose a large chestnut with powerful shoulders, the most likely-looking horse for the task which lay before it.

In less than five minutes the animals were saddled. Leading them to the gate, Drummond mounted his and held the bridle of the other, while Crayton and Tezalia stood in the shadow of some bushes.

Crayton was loading his revolver. When he had finished he put it back in his belt.

'Good-bye, Tezalia,' he said.

The girl came slowly towards him, and the moon, shining upon her face, showed it pale and drawn.

'God keep you!' she said softly.

Crayton held out his arms, and she came to them. For a moment she lay there silent; then, 'I was thinking of your words, dear one,' she said. 'It is the memory of nights such as this which makes life worth living. I shall never forget.'

'Nothing will happen,' he said, answering her unspoken thoughts. 'We shall attack them in the rear; and a Mexican is like a Spaniard—he does not relish blows given in the open.'

'I pray God not,' answered Tezalia.

Crayton bent down and kissed her, then arm-in-arm they silently walked to where Drummond stood waiting with the horses.

A last murmured adieu, and Crayton mounted. Another second, and the two men were galloping along the dusty road which led to the mountains and all that they contained.

Tezalia stood motionless, watching them until they reached the gulch which led to the sierra and were lost to sight; then she turned away with a sigh. Love coming to her had taught her many things, among them that there is no joy without pain.

Walking across the balcony, she noticed the two chairs as they had left them, and the guitar neglected on the ground. She smiled softly; here the lesson had been learned, and it is sweet, whatever sorrow it may bring.

Then she drew aside the curtain and passed into the *sala* beyond. On the table lay a letter addressed to her in her father's writing. It contained only a few words, telling her he had been called away.

After reading it she put it down mechanically, only half-realising the contents. Greater thoughts filled her mind.

Walking slowly, she crossed the room and sat down on a couch, from which she could see through an open window to the sierra. Her eyes were fixed upon it, her thoughts at the silver-mine with the man who had taught her of love.

She was awakened from her reverie by a step in the room. She looked up.

Miguel stood on the threshold, his hand resting on the door for support, while he swayed dizzily from side to side. His head was bound, and the linen was stained a deep crimson. His face was white and his eyes heavy. Staggering across the room, he sat down on a chair with a sigh.

Tezalia rose. 'You are hurt, Miguel?' she said, crossing to his side.

His eyes lighted up as they rested upon her. 'Wounded, señorita,' he said; 'but it is nothing—a mere scratch.'

Tezalia looked at him. A fearful thought flashed through her mind: the raid upon El Nitra mine, her father's sudden departure from home, and Miguel's arrival—wounded.

'Wounded! Where—how?' she asked. The words came through lips suddenly grown dry.

Miguel was half-unconscious and heedless of what he said. He nodded in the direction of the sierra. 'Up there—at El Nitra. Those Englishmen shoot like the devil. There were twelve dead when I left.'

'And my father?'

Miguel's eyes gleamed. 'He has gone to the town to get more men. Then he will go to the mine. And we shall win, for he has a brain, has your father; whereas I'—— Miguel finished the sentence with a shrug of the shoulders.

'When will he be there?' asked Tezalia.

'Not for another hour, señorita,' answered Miguel.

Tezalia's brain was working quickly, and a sudden gladness seized her. One can do much in an hour. She ran to the door. 'Nita!' she called out.

In response to her call an elderly woman shuffled along the passage. 'Señorita!'

'Miguel is wounded; you will see to him. But first you will call Garcia.'

'Garcia?' said the old servant.

'Garcia,' affirmed Tezalia. 'I want him to saddle my horse. I am going for a ride.'

'Señorita! At this time of night!'

Every moment was precious. One lost might mean that a heavy sin was laid at her father's door. Tezalia stamped her foot. 'Yes, I am going for a ride, so you will call Garcia.'

Shaking her head ominously, the old woman shuffled off to do her mistress's bidding. In a couple of moments Garcia, the small, brown-faced, merry-eyed boy, appeared.

'Garcia,' said Tezalia, 'I want you to saddle my horse; and I have a present for you if it is done quickly.'

Garcia worshipped his mistress, and he worshipped also the money which he knew she would give him. Before the last words had left her lips he had vanished.

She hurried to her room and there put on a long riding-cloak and a small black fur hat. By the time she reached the hall again her horse stood awaiting its rider. Slipping a gold coin into the expectant Garcia's hand, she mounted.

He bowed. 'Thank you, señorita,' he said with a grandiloquent air.

Tezalia motioned him to loosen the bridle, and urged her horse along the road which led to Molenga.

Molenga is a straggling town, possessing only one street worthy of the name. Along this Tezalia galloped. At the northern end there stands a large, two-storied white house.

Riding into the *patio*, she dismounted. 'The Señor Loria?' she asked.

'But yes,' answered the servant.

'Tell him the Señorita Vellos is here, and must speak with him at once.'

A moment and Señor Loria appeared. He was a tall, dark man. In his veins there ran a mixture of many bloods, and it showed upon his features. The owner of a large ranch, he was also leader of the Vigilance Committee.

'El Nitra silver-mine is being raided to-night. Father has gone to their help, and I want you to call out the Vigilance Committee.'

Loria listened. 'Has your father many men with him?'

'I do not know,' answered Tezalia; 'but there are over a hundred attacking the mine.'

Señor Loria was of an adventurous nature, and for weeks the Vigilance Committee had had little to do. The hanging of three men for cattle-stealing had reduced crime to a minimum in Molenga.

'In half-an-hour I shall have the boys out,' he answered.

'Then I will wait and ride with you,' answered Tezalia.

'You!' Señor Loria looked at her in astonishment. 'It will be no place for a lady. There will be fighting.'

'And my father will be there. My place is near him should he be wounded. Besides'—— Tezalia stopped.

Señor Loria watched her closely. 'Besides?' he said tentatively.

'I mean to go,' answered Tezalia.

'That ends the matter,' responded Señor Loria. 'But, believe me, señorita, you will be sorry.'

In the *patio* of Señor Loria's house there hung a large bell which summoned the Vigilance Committee. Its deep-sounding notes heard at night told Molenga that trouble was abroad, and brought the womenfolk to their windows so that they might see the men galloping to the señor's house, where they met.

Señor Loria set it ringing. Like a huge church-bell it sounded, calling its children not to worship but to the punishment of another's sin. Tezalia watched it swinging to and fro, while a small boy, one of the señor's house, mechanically pulled the rope.

Within five minutes the first man answered the summons.

Señor Loria awaited him in the *patio*, booted and spurred.

'El Nitra mine is raided,' he said shortly in explanation. 'Those brutes who infest the sierra are a disgrace to the little civilisation we do possess. We must teach them a lesson to-night that will keep them quiet for a month.'

Tezalia heard the words with horror. On the one side was the man she loved; on the other her father, who would be brought to everlasting disgrace were the truth discovered. In her hands, and hers alone, lay the power to save the life of the one and the honour of the other.

Before the half-hour allowed by Señor Loria had passed thirty men stood in the *patio*. They heard with misgiving of Tezalia's intention to accompany them, and vainly tried to dissuade her.

'It will be no picnic, señorita,' said one; 'there will be firing.'

From somewhere amidst the folds of her cloak Tezalia drew a revolver. 'And I can shoot fairly well. If you stay still, señor, I will pierce a hole in your hat just where that bow is.'

The Mexican turned away with a short laugh. 'You have completely convinced me, señorita,' he said.

And so Tezalia rode with the Vigilance Committee.

(To be continued.)

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

ON a sunny Sunday of October, when Berlin looked its brightest, I watched the start of the most sensational Gordon-Bennett balloon-race ever run. The spherical balloons tailed away on the wings of a north-west wind, and every one predicted that they would land forty-eight hours later in the midst of the Bulgarian troubles then imminent. Lo and behold! the wind veered round in the night, and most of them dropped in or near the North Sea. A week later I stood in the Place de la Concorde, and saw the latest thing in dirigible balloons manœuvring over the Louvre. In no way the sport of every air-current, like the pear-shaped vehicles of Berlin, this gigantic sausage turned and tacked and crossed and recrossed the gleaming Seine at the will of its owner. Here indeed was an airship with possibilities, and not just a fragment of wind-drift. The difference between the two seemed to throw new light on those 'British' birds which authorities like Mr Harting 'fairly claim as rare stragglers to the British Isles.'

The majority of these stragglers are just the sport of the wind. But for westerly winter gales the British list would be the poorer by half-a-hundred feathered windfalls from the New World. No one in his senses would believe that the buff-breasted sandpiper, or white-throated sparrow, or American 'robin' would deliberately and of set purpose start on an eastward voyage across the Atlantic any more than he would believe that three of the Gordon-Bennett balloons purposely dropped in the sea. Why should the birds do so, with nothing to gain in the way of food or climate? All their instincts would have to be at fault to inspire such an enterprise, and instinct does not betray its owner in this fashion. They are just carried willy-nilly on the wings of

the wind, not straight across the ocean in the track of steamers, but rather after the fashion of sailing-ships, with many a tack and detour, first reaching Scandinavia, and thence our north-east counties.

Those who have made long sea-voyages know something of these storm-tossed vagrants. One of the few episodes that vary the monotony of long weeks of sea and sky is that of little land-birds, such as wagtails and flycatchers, taking refuge in the ship's rigging. These small wayfarers are usually discovered in the early morning watch. Sometimes the little stowaways avail themselves of the vessel's hospitality for an hour or two only, after which, rested and refreshed, they boldly take wing again, only perhaps to find themselves sadly out of their reckoning, since in the meanwhile the ship has reached broader seas. Occasionally, however, they are enrolled in the ship's company and taken to the port of destination. In one case, at any rate, a dozen white-winged crossbills fell in with a vessel east of Newfoundland. These were secured in cages and brought to Europe. Two escaped off Queenstown, and two more near the Mersey, to be recorded in due course as genuine American visitors! On the other hand, a female flycatcher once joined the *Minneapolis* off the Scilly Islands, and was taken to New York. Just after the vessel passed Sandy Hook she flew ashore, either to enter into matrimony with an American cousin or to make a meal for a Long Island cat. *Quien sabe?*

To regard these gifts of the wind as British is as reasonable as to regard an English castaway who should reach the coast of New Guinea on a spar as a Papuan. The analogy may unfortunately be pushed farther; for just as the shipwrecked mariner would in all probability be murdered by natives on arrival, so too the wind-borne Americans promptly fall victims to the silly cupidity of ignorant folk, who think that the place for an uncommon bird is the inside of a glass case in the local museum.

ALMIGHTY VOICE.

PART I.

FAR away, in the great North-West of Canada, five hundred miles from Winnipeg, nestling between the forks of the great Saskatchewan River, is the village of Duck Lake, which has the rather unenviable reputation of having been the scene of more than one savage Indian rising, which, though not attended by much loss of life, gave the inhabitants a very uncomfortable scare; for the wild Indian on the war-path, with his hideously painted face, his blood-curdling war-whoop, and the traditions of a thousand cruel ancestors behind him, is apt to send a thrill of fear through the bravest heart.

In Duck Lake there is a small barracks for the mounted police, that splendid body of men who fearlessly face danger and death to vindicate the majesty of the law over the vast, sparsely inhabited North-West. The very knowledge that a mounted policeman might turn up at any hour of the day or night at a settler's shack to see that all was right has kept many a desperado from his purpose of robbery or worse; for did he not know that no stouter heart ever beat, and no better horseman ever strode horseflesh, than the mounted 'bobby' of the prairie? The mounted policeman was clothed with the authority of the law to apprehend or kill as he saw fit. The law wisely allowed him to use his discretion in a critical situation; it chose its man, and then gave him practically a free hand. Consequently there were no half-measures in his work. The desperado, whether white or red, knew that if he came to hand-grips with this muscular minion of the law he would probably get the worst of it; so he kept clear of him by keeping clear of what he protected, and the settler slept comfortably in his bed.

A short distance from the village is the Indian reserve, the home of the tribe of the Blackfeet.

When the Canadian Government took possession of the land it assigned the most fertile tracts to the Indians; the rest was sold to the whites. There are numbers of reserves dotted over the broad Dominion, where the original owners of the soil live for the most part in contentment. In all these peaceful reserves, however, there are restless spirits who chafe under the injustice they think the whites have done them in taking away their land. There was a time when the proud red man was lord of all he surveyed. Hunting and fishing and fighting were his pastimes. He scorned the menial, bestial work of tilling the soil; and he scorns it still, spending his time in good-natured idleness, lolling in the door of his hut, living on the bounty of the Government and what he can pick up by trapping and basketmaking. Christianity is making an impression on him, it is true; but many of the Indians of the North-West are still pagans, worshipping the totems of their tribes, believing in a hereafter which will fulfil the ideal of the Indian's heart—a perpetually happy hunting-ground.

When I was there the leader of the restless spirits on the Blackfeet reserve was a young Indian who was proud to be known by the sonorous name of Almighty Voice. When I knew him, or knew of him—for I had a wholesome fear of the man with the loud name, as every one had—Almighty Voice was about

twenty-seven years of age, and was the strongest and most daring, and withal the cunningest, ruffian it was ever man's lot to meet. But what a man he was! One never sees a member of his own species, be he red man or white, with features and form and physique such as Almighty Voice had without a feeling of admiration and something akin to pride. People in the olden time were proud of Saul for his stature; so those who knew this mighty Indian felt the same sense of pride in him. Spirit and will and natural affection had become perverted to make him a desperado; but as you looked at him you only saw the Creator's design of a perfect man perfectly carried out. Almighty Voice could not have been less than six feet two inches in height, though his heelless moccasins, and the absence of anything in the shape of a hat, and his faultlessly moulded form made him look somewhat less. His thick, coarse black hair fell into a natural parting in the middle and came down to his shoulders, taking away from the width of a prominent, low, massive forehead, and causing his strong, oval face to look much longer than it was. His eyes were black and piercing, nose slightly bent downward, the mouth inclined to be wide, with thin lips upon which no stranger ever saw a smile. The whole appearance of the face gave the impression of strength of will, but otherwise it was quite inscrutable. One always wondered what thoughts were surging behind the great brow; but no play of the muscles of the face ever gave you an inkling of them. You could make no mistake about the man's immense bodily strength when you looked at the strong neck arching away on either side to join the heavy, sloping shoulders and deep, roomy chest. The limbs were long rather than massive, but hard and muscular from constant exercise. When Almighty Voice spoke the tone was deep and mellow, but under the passion of excitement or anger it was like the bellowing of a bull.

Almighty Voice's theory was that the white man was an intruder, and everything he had belonged to the Indian by prior right. The white man had taken the Indian's land and raised his cattle upon it; but the land still belonged to the Indian, and consequently the cattle which fattened upon it were his, so he simply took what was his own. But the fact that the law had an ugly way of calling this stealing made the Indian cunning. No one ever saw Almighty Voice steal. One by one the settlers lost their cattle, and, watch how they would, they could not find out how or where they went. Almighty Voice covered up his tracks so well that no one suspected him of being the thief. The wily redskin's thefts were carried out over a large area; and he never stole from the same herd twice, except after long intervals.

Something had to be done, so the settlers applied to the Government to send the mounted police to trace the losses to their source and bring the culprit or culprits to justice.

At this time Major Baxter had charge of five mounted police, whose headquarters was at Duck Lake. Baxter was a man of iron nerve, great perseverance, and more than ordinary acumen in tracing crime. All felt that if any one could find out the cause of the thefts he was the man.

PART II.

MAJOR BAXTER lost no time in thoroughly scouting the surrounding country for some scraps of information that would eventually enable him to lay the thieves by the heels. From the first he shrewdly guessed they would be found on the Blackfeet reserve. For it was well known to these Government officers that there were several young Indian braves who held revolutionary ideas, with Almighty Voice at their head; they had no respect for the white man's property or the white man's laws. This would never have been known outside the Indian territory but for one thing—the Indian's love of whisky (or 'fire-water,' as he calls it). Under its influence all his natural reserve and caution break down. When Almighty Voice and his companions had the good luck to be able surreptitiously to indulge in the forbidden nectar, they had let fall certain hints that the whites had pieced together to their disadvantage. Thus Baxter, whose subtle brain was ever sifting the little wheat there was to be had out of the chaff of gossip, had some ground for making the reserve his first region of inquiry. In most cases he was met by a shake of the head, which means, 'I don't understand your language.' Few Indians will own up to a stranger that they can speak English, but will turn and jabber in Indian to their nearest companion, though they usually know all you are saying.

The moment the policeman entered the reserve the Indians knew what his business was, yet no babes were ever more innocent than they. Almighty Voice and the Man-that-Creeps—his companion, who followed the big Indian like his shadow—and some others who were known to speak English, knew nothing of what was going on in the outside world. As for the suspected cattle-thefts, they had never heard of them. Baxter kept his best ally carefully concealed in the inside-pocket of his coat; he well knew he had the means to make some redskin tell him what he wanted to know when he chose to use it, but he refrained from doing so till all other means had failed. White men were not always so scrupulous. The law imposed a heavy fine upon any one convicted of treating an Indian or of selling intoxicating liquor to him; but, notwithstanding, they would play upon his weakness to rob him. A rascally white would now and

then go to the reserve with an old pair of boots on his feet and come back with new ones. His *modus operandi* was to select an Indian with a new pair, ply him with whisky till he was drunk, and then walk off with the red man's new boots, having carefully left his old ones on the feet of his sleeping victim. He quieted his own conscience, if he had one, with the dictum that exchange was no robbery, explaining to his friends, when asked where he had got the new boots, that he had made a sleeping trade, of which all knew the meaning.

Though the major could get no one to give him any information that would help him, he noticed a few facts. Almighty Voice and the Man-that-Creeps neither hunted nor fished nor ever appeared to do any work, yet they were evidently well fed and their lodges were stored with meat. Where did it come from? No one would say. Baxter had his suspicions, and decided to watch, telling his Indian friends that he had had a pleasant visit among them, and would come back in six moons' time and again smoke the pipe of peace with their braves. With these friendly assurances he lulled them into a sense of security and left them.

About two miles from the reserve was a high, conical hill, densely overgrown with trees and shrubs, known as Horton's Bluff, of about nine or ten acres in extent. It is one of the providential features of the prairie that there should be scattered about over its surface, like islets in a lake, these wooded hills or bluffs. It is here that the settlers come for their wood for burning, rails for fencing, and for the timber required for the implements and utensils used in the economy of the prairie farm. All the rest of the landscape is quite void of trees or shrubs or anything approaching a hill.

From the top of Horton's Bluff there was an uninterrupted view for at least ten miles in any direction. It was here that Major Baxter placed two of his scouts, with instructions to watch the reserve, and on no account let any one leave it without at once reporting to him at Duck Lake. The moon was at the full, and every object was visible upon the closely cropped prairie all round the reserve. The two troopers kept a sharp lookout by turns; but nothing more than a stray dog had been seen, and the watchers thought the night must pass without their having anything to report. But at last, when the gray shadows of the approaching morning hung most thickly over the ground, they saw two stealthy figures pass swiftly from the reserve along the trail that led northward, past the very foot of the hill on which they were concealed, and rapidly fade away in the distance. The travellers passed so near that the watchers had a good look at them, and each whispered to the other as soon as it was safe to do so, 'Almighty Voice and the Man-that-Creeps.' The Indians were unmounted and apparently unarmed, except that each carried a long, heavy cudgel. They were travelling in Indian file, bent forward, and with that lope peculiar to the redskin, half-walk and half-run, which he can keep up for a whole day without slackening. Baxter's men lost no time in acquainting their chief with what they had seen. That evening the chief carefully posted his men in the edge of the bluff close to the trail along which the Indians had passed. There was no doubt that they were on one of their raiding expeditions, and would probably return that night along the same route with their booty. The plan was to wait till the thieves were passing their hiding-place, when two of the men were to fling themselves upon the Man-that-Creeps, while Baxter and the other three were to do the same to Almighty Voice. They hoped to be able to handcuff them whilst they were off their guard. At any rate, they flattered themselves that six men were more than a match for two, if one *was* Almighty Voice; yet one and all dreaded rousing the latent strength of the big Indian.

Hour after hour passed until nearly midnight; no sounds had been heard but the barking of the Indian dogs and the distant howl of the prairie-wolf. Soon, however, there reached their ears a steady thud, thud, growing each moment louder, from the northern trail. Their trained sense told them what it was—the round trot of a heavy beast. And they could soon make out the quick pad, pad of moccasined feet behind.

The watching men's hearts beat quickly as they heard the Indians draw near. Each one felt that he was about to have the fight of his life. One of the thieves, they knew, they could easily take; but what of the other? Might not the strength of six men be bound up together in the massive, compact frame of Almighty Voice? Such were their thoughts, but there was no time to indulge them for long.

At a word from Baxter they flung themselves upon the unsuspecting red men. The two told off to capture the Man-that-Creeps had quite enough to do, and it was a considerable time before they were able to leave him, bound, to go to the assistance of their sorely tried brethren. Almighty Voice had gone down under the first rush and impact of the four police, but only for a moment; with a whoop that echoed from the bluff far over the prairie the great Indian sprang to his feet as though the four strong men clinging to him were only so many leeches, who might draw a little blood, but whom, in turn, he could easily crush if he could get at them properly. Two tried to pinion his arms from behind; Baxter grasped him round the neck; whilst the fourth grasped at the Indian's legs, thinking to throw him down, only to receive a kick that sent him quite ten feet away—to give no further trouble. Wrenching his right hand loose, that held the cudgel, and springing sideways, free from his three antagonists, Almighty Voice dealt three swift, crushing blows with his

stick, and Baxter and the other two knew no more. At that moment the two men who had just bound the Man-that-Creeps came up to assist their friends. The first went down at once under a blow from the terrible cudgel; but Johnson, the remaining man, grasped the Indian's stick before he could raise it for a second blow, and, jerking it from his hand, closed with him. Johnson was immensely powerful, and had never yet met the man he could not master. Almighty Voice was winded with his exertions, whilst the trooper was comparatively fresh; so the contest was not altogether unequal.

Backward and forward the two men swayed and strained, without either gaining any perceptible advantage; yet the Indian's greater powers of endurance were gradually wearing down the white man's strength, who would soon have been at his mercy, when Baxter, rousing up from his temporary insensibility, saw how matters stood. If the Indian once mastered Johnson, as he soon would do if something were not quickly done to prevent it, then he knew that not one of them would return home to tell the tale. He saw the Indian's cudgel lying close to him, where Johnson had flung it. Managing to reach it, he dragged himself to where the two men were struggling, and with all his remaining strength brought it down upon the back of Almighty Voice's skull. The blow laid the Indian senseless upon the ground. The two men then bound him so that he could not resist when his senses returned.

Almighty Voice had fought a great fight. No other man in the whole of the North-West could have well-nigh overcome six mounted police, practically single-handed; but, like many another in the world's contests, he was beaten at the post by the weight.

PART III.

THE condition of the six police after the terrible fight at Horton's Bluff bore ample testimony to the prowess of Almighty Voice. One had an arm broken, and three went with bandaged heads for a week; though Major Baxter and Johnson had nothing worse than an aching head and a bruised body from the severe mauling they had gone through, and were able to take their prisoners and wounded back to Duck Lake, where, after Almighty Voice's head was bound up, he was securely handcuffed and placed in the police-barracks, with a trooper to guard him, till he could be sent to the jail at Battleford to await his trial.

The Man-that-Creeps was at once released; he was known to be only a tool in the hands of the real offender, and it was thought that when separated from him he would give no further trouble. Besides, the Canadian Government deals more leniently with Indian offenders than with whites; caution is exercised to avoid a race-feud between the white settlers and their neighbours. As to Almighty Voice, he would receive justice; of this the Indians could not complain.

Baxter was proud of his capture; his night's work would mean a step up the ladder. He little thought of the fate that awaited him! With the utmost fidelity an Indian will requite a kindness shown him; but woe betide the man who he thinks has done him an injury! Almighty Voice knew it was Baxter's blow that had stunned him on the very eve of victory, and robbed him of his liberty; he made no complaint, but sullenly brooded over it and waited for an opportunity of revenge.

Two days must elapse before he could be sent to Battleford. The first night passed quietly, during which the Indian neither moved nor spoke. After a day's rest, the same man returned to guard his captive for the second and last night.

In outward appearance Almighty Voice was completely cowed. Hour after hour he sat till past midnight, when his chin dropped upon his breast, and his loud, regular breathing indicated that he was asleep. The policeman set to guard him had been cautioned not to take his eyes from the Indian for a moment, but he was by this time very drowsy. What could the sleeping Indian do? So he thought, and dropped his head on his arms on the table at which he was sitting, and was soon fast asleep—though still watching, in the fancy of his dream.

All the time Almighty Voice seemed to slumber one eye was open just enough to see all that his guard was doing. When he knew him to be well asleep he gave two silent tugs with his powerful wrists, and the stout chain of the handcuffs quietly snapped in the weakest place with no more sound than the shutting of a watch. In a moment he was beside the sleeping man, took the keys from his pocket, unlocked the door of the barracks, and was gone. The unconscious watchman knew nothing of what was passing till he was roused the next morning by the day-guard come to relieve him. 'Where is Almighty Voice?' was what both asked. It did not take long, however, to discover how the wily Indian had tricked his guardian and regained his liberty.

Major Baxter was furious when he heard what had taken place. All the labour and skill and daring of himself and his company were thrown away unless the Indian could be recaptured. He lost no time in summoning Johnson to his assistance, and the two rode away to the reserve to try to find the missing man.

Almighty Voice had not run away, but had quietly gone back to his home. When Baxter and his companion drew near they saw him standing by a fire outside his lodge, leaning upon his rifle and talking to some other Indians who were with him. Baxter at once called upon the Indian to surrender; but the answer

was, 'If you come any nearer I will shoot.' The chief of the mounted police was not going to be put off by what he believed to be only bluff on the part of the Indian; so, leaving his horse with Johnson, he went forward on foot to take his prisoner, when, without a word, Almighty Voice raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired, killing the major instantly.

Two years passed away; every effort had been put forth by the mounted police during this time to bring the murderer to justice. The country was scoured for hundreds of miles round, but no trace of him could be found. Some said he must be dead—drowned, it was thought, in trying to swim the Saskatchewan in his haste to escape; others said he had probably joined some tribe of Indians far away, and would never come back. But the chief of the local police who had succeeded poor Baxter was of a different opinion. He had cultivated the acquaintance of Almighty Voice's mother, and shrewdly guessed, from the manner of the old squaw when spoken to about her son, that she knew where he was. He kept his suspicions to himself, however; it would have caused a panic amongst the white people if it was thought that Almighty Voice was ever likely to come into the neighbourhood again. Yet the chief was convinced that the outlawed Indian was in communication, in some way, with his people on the reserve, and would sooner or later come back to his old haunts.

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When the news came that Almighty Voice had returned, the local police and most of the able-bodied men of Duck Lake and its surroundings went out to hunt the Indian outlaw and take him dead or alive. Neither life nor property was safe whilst he was at large.

Almighty Voice, taking two other bad Indians with him, had in the meantime gone to Horton's Bluff, where he decided to make his last stand. Driven to bay, he was a desperate man; and all knew he never would be taken alive, and, what was more, would sell his life dearly. The police and volunteers quickly drew a cordon round the bluff to prevent escape. But how were they to take their man? All three of the Indians were known to be armed with modern rifles. At first the besiegers tried to parley. Almighty Voice was invited to surrender, being told that he would be fairly tried, and would probably at length be pardoned, whilst if he resisted he would certainly be shot. Then his two companions were promised their freedom if they would deliver up Almighty Voice; if not, they would receive no quarter. But not a syllable did any of the Indians answer. At last it was decided to rush the bluff. Twelve civilians from Duck Lake volunteered for the dangerous expedient. They started in, and were last seen running amidst the trees and thick scrub, with their rifles at the ready, toward the centre of the hill, whilst their friends outside eagerly listened for any sounds that would tell them what was taking place. Soon seven shots rang out in rapid succession, and five of the volunteers came running back to say that seven of their number had fallen. They had seen no Indians; but from some place of concealment they had been fired upon, and not a shot had missed. After a short time two wounded men crawled out, saying that three had been killed outright, and two were so badly hurt that they could not move. It was too dangerous, whilst the light remained, to risk more men's lives in trying to bring out the wounded. A brisk rifle-fire was therefore kept upon the part of the bluff where the Indians were thought to be concealed, to prevent them from coming back to kill the wounded men; whilst a cannon was sent for from Battleford, with all haste, to shell the bluff.

All the rest of the day, from one o'clock till seven in the evening, the poor fellows who had been shot down but not killed lay helpless, suffering tortures from pain and thirst. When the darkness came on and they could not be seen, those who had escaped unhurt crept in and brought out their wounded and dead comrades.

At ten the next morning the cannon arrived and the firing began, the whole of the bluff being thoroughly raked by the bursting shells. Again volunteers went in, crawling this time warily through the thick undergrowth. They came first to the blood-stains left by their dead and wounded comrades. What brave fellows they were! All had risked their lives, and some had lost them, for the public safety.

A little farther on they came upon the three Indians, all lying dead in their rifle-pit; a shell had pitched right into the pit, where it burst and did its deadly work.

The volunteers, in the beginning, would never have ventured to rush the bluff if they had known of the Indians' clever strategy. With only their heads showing out of the pit, and screened by the underbrush, they could pick off their enemies without disclosing their own whereabouts.

Thus ended the career of Almighty Voice, one of the most notoriously strong and fearless men the North-West of Canada had ever known. One incident will suffice to show his indomitable courage. During the first afternoon of the siege, when those outside were keeping up a steady fire upon the centre of the bluff, his leg had been broken by a chance shot. Whilst most in a similar condition would have given up in despair, Almighty Voice had bound up his broken leg with a rough splint, cut a rude crutch, and during the night had dragged himself round every yard of the edge of the bluff, seeking some unguarded point to escape. The bursting shells had driven him at last to the rifle-pit as the only place of safety, but even here his Nemesis had overtaken him.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, Yesterday.

NOTHING is more likely than that there will be more crimes committed in this country during the present year than during any previous period of twelve months beginning with January and ending with December. There will also be less complaint from the suffering public. The list of offences against society and the law will be swollen chiefly by thefts and burglaries accomplished with careful intention and by well-practised system rather than by misdeeds of the savage and vulgar kind arising from bad instincts, degenerate natures, and uncontrollable excesses of passionate feeling, in which class are to be included bodily injuries maliciously inflicted by men upon men and women, manslaughter, and murder. Probably the proportionate increase of these crimes will be greater in London than in other parts of the kingdom. Such predictions may be made with a very good confidence by those who are well acquainted with some of the circumstances and tendencies of the time in regard to criminal affairs and the attitude of the general public towards them. It was shown in a blue-book that was issued recently that the number of persons who were tried for indictable offences in the year 1909 was nearly seventy thousand, which exceeded any previous year except the one immediately before it, when there were about a thousand more. The figures for last year are not yet available; but in the light of the circumstances and tendencies which have been referred to one should be prepared for another very probable increase—a record. Trade depression and shortage of work for the humbler classes are not enough to account for the growth of these criminal statistics; indeed, it is doubtful whether they should be allowed as the reason for any part whatever of the increase, since such conditions of trade and labour tend only to the committing of comparatively minor, and in a sense more excusable, offences such as the stealing of food and clothing needed for immediate use; and in a large proportion of cases there is a reluctance on the part of the sufferers—either through their sense of compassion or their desire not to be inconvenienced any further with a business which generally cannot be mended, and had therefore better be ended as quickly as possible—to prosecute. It is held also that the rising crime-rate is not due to an increase of habitual and regularly professional criminals. It is simply that criminality of a more or less casual kind has been more prevalent in the community; but of course, in the processes of time and habit, many of the offenders in these cases must develop into regular criminals.

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The prophecy of a substantial increase during the present year is based partly on the general tendency towards increase as shown in the figures which have been published, and partly upon the fact that this year is to be one of great excitement, disturbance from the normal state of life, more numerous and prolonged absences of people from their homes, and a greater laxity of precautions for the safety of their belongings. This is because of the Coronation, which will bring the people from the country to London as nothing else has done since the Coronation of the late King. The crowning of the monarch, and all the attendant ceremonies, celebrations, and displays, make the spectacle of a lifetime; and, happening as they do when London is at its best and brightest, they constitute a reason for coming up to town for a visit of a few days or weeks which is appreciably stronger than the reasons afforded in other seasons. Months ago, when the winter was only just begun, there were indications in London that a larger crowd of visitors was expected and was being prepared for than ever before. Apartments were even then being engaged very extensively for the summer months; and so noticeable was the demand in this respect that large numbers of people of a speculative disposition, particularly middle-aged and elderly ladies of the spinster and widow varieties, determined upon becoming temporary boarding-house keepers, and prospected about the suburbs, making seductive offers to private householders to take their furnished places from them for periods of from three to six months at rentals considerably higher than are generally obtained. London is more attractive as a show-place and a holiday resort in these present times than it has ever been before; and it is a circumstance that is becoming well understood and appreciated by the people outside, who realise that this year it must be most particularly

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attractive. Getting about the town is an easier, cheaper, and quicker matter than it used to be in days not long gone by, and the result is that more can be seen and done in a given space of time, and at less cost. Then there is more to see and more to do, and the attractions are better fitted to modern moods and tastes than was once the case. The change in some respects may not be altogether for the better; but it is certain that the proportion of visitors who are happiest in doing a round of calls at Westminster Abbey, St Paul's Cathedral, the Tower, the National Gallery, and an exhibition of waxworks is vastly smaller than it was in the closing days of the last century. Well, then, all this emptying of the provinces and the filling of London means that country homes will be left in a state of half or no protection, and people nowadays have less hesitation and less fear in this matter than their parents had, inasmuch as burglary insurance is a far more general thing. It also means that with all the crowds and crush in town, and all the hurry, excitement, and resulting carelessness, and all the ignorance of the various enterprising methods of metropolitan thieves, the latter will be busier and almost certainly more successful than during any previous season. No doubt they look forward to the Coronation with eagerness, in the belief that they will reap such a harvest as will keep them in a state of contentment for some time afterwards. The Coronation will be a good thing for all except the resident Londoner, who becomes more and more tired all the time of his Metropolis being turned upside-down, of its being more frequently invaded by more and more millions of sightseers from outside, and of the conditions of his existence being made more restless and uncomfortable. Not less in their loyalty and desire to display it on all suitable occasions than others are, the proportion of Londoners who will escape from town and rest themselves in quiet places until all the excitement is over will assuredly be a large one.

* * *

If the race itself is not degenerating, how does it come about that in modern times there should be great increase in crime, a most disquieting thing, and one which, considering the increasing perfection of our civilisation, seems to be so utterly unreasonable and tantalising? One explanation is given in a preface to the blue-book to which reference has been made, and it may very likely be that this is the chief and the truest explanation, new as it will be to the majority of people who are brought to consider it. Mr H. B. Simpson, of the Home Office, is responsible for it, and the essence of his statement is that crime in this country nowadays is virtually encouraged by the sympathetic attitude which is adopted by the public and the Press and writers in general towards criminals of all classes. Mr Simpson says that no intelligent person can have failed to notice the marked growth during the last dozen years of a strong sentiment of compassion for the criminal. Among the various outcomes of this sentiment have been mitigations of prison discipline, the Probation of Offenders Act, and the establishment of the Borstal system. In the long-run these efforts towards the reclaiming of the criminal to the ways of honesty and industry may be fruitful in good; but the public sentiment at the present time in favour of making the lot of the criminal a happier and easier one than it is or has ever been undoubtedly, as Mr Simpson urges, goes far beyond these efforts. There is commonly something in the nature of a sub-conscious feeling in favour of the abolition of all punishment of the criminal in each individual case; by which one means that though the public will state very plainly and very loudly that it is all in favour of adopting the most rigorous measures for the prevention of crime, it is a scandalous thing that in our excellent and well-managed England in these splendidly civilised days there should be so much of it, and that the public is all in favour of adopting the most painful of the boiling-oil methods for the punishment and suppression of the parasites of society, yet at the same time, as each new crime of a sensational character engages the public attention, there is a scarcely disguised feeling of sympathy with the man who is in the dock or ought to be there. The people become interested in him, and then, through a very loose and maudlin way of thought, they arrive at the stage of a kind of ignorant pity and at least a half-desire that the villain may go free. They conceive him to be courageous, ingenious, daring, and enterprising, and they find much excuse for him in the hardness of his lot and the provocation that he received. When a hue and cry is raised for an unarrested murderer, and the home and foreign police are searching for him everywhere for several days or even weeks in succession, there are always many nice people to say what a dreadful thing it must be to be hunted in this way, the whole world against the fugitive, and his life depending on the maintenance of his freedom; and beneath the surface of the mind there is a hope half-formed that the 'poor beggar' may escape in the end, and nothing more be heard of the wretched business. If the great general public had its way, most of the murderers and malefactors would be stalking the land in open liberty, and, so far from suffering for their sins, would be having something done for them all the time, and would be in receipt of greater ease and pleasure in their lives than if the records of their conduct had been perfectly clean. This may appear to be a strong proposition, but it is undoubtedly the truth. During recent years there have been several murder trials which have excited unusual public interest, and have been reported to the extent of whole pages every day in the newspapers by reason of the fact that the devilish cunning and ingenuity of the accused

have been such that it has been impossible for the law, with all its resources, to establish that clinching proof which is necessary for conviction and punishment, and the murderer having held his own in this terrific battle, there have been sighs of relief upon his ultimate success. When he has gone free he has been made much of, has been made an object of almost affectionate interest, has been given employment of a most highly remunerative character, earning as much in a week as he would have done in six months or more if he had not committed his crime. In such cases as we refer to now there could not be the slightest doubt in the minds of ordinarily sensible people, nor was there any doubt in the minds of the misguided sympathisers, that the objects of their concern were really guilty; but just one small particle of clinching legal proof was wanting, and so the villains were saved for themselves and given a certificate of 'Not guilty.' Surely in the light of various trials that have taken place in recent years we do require in England a third alternative verdict of 'Not proven,' as there is in Scotland, notwithstanding certain objections that are urged against it. Then in the most recent times there have been murders of a peculiarly atrocious character, the perpetrators of which, although they were duly convicted and put to death, would almost certainly have suffered a far less drastic fate if the jury had been the entire general public, each adult person having a vote, such were the absurd feelings of compassion stimulated. One cites murder cases because the offence and the punishment are each the worst in general estimation; but it is the same in regard to other crimes of the most serious character that attract the public attention, such as great forgeries, remarkable swindles, and burglaries done on the most extensive plan and in the most scientific manner. The people are full of pity for a bank clerk who has been robbing his employers for years because he explains that he has a wife and children, and after his first undiscovered offence those subsequent were committed only with the object of getting himself straight again. A little while since the readers of the papers were fascinated by the tale of how a man went to several banks in the course of one day and cashed worthless cheques drawn by himself for large sums at all of them, explaining to each manager how his account was being transferred from another branch to that one. This was considered to be splendid, and there was great public sympathy with the perpetrator; while it was suggested that the banks deserved all that they had suffered, for that they should have a system which would have rendered such frauds as this and all others quite impossible.

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But most of all do the public like a daring burglar, one of the kind who plan great hauls worth ten or twenty thousand pounds, and who, as they imagine, are men of fine breeding, education, and excellent instincts, who spend most of their time during the day in London clubs reading the speeches that have been made in Parliament, and in the most immaculate evening-dress leave a box at the opera in order to meet some of their colleagues and proceed as soon as convenient to the jeweller's store in Piccadilly or Bond Street which is their next objective. Such men of the fancy are not considered as burglars at all. They are heroes, brave and clever gentlemen of the most perfect taste and manners, who are often considerate and generous to the point of weakness and absurdity in what they take away and what they leave for their victims, and the manner in which they carry out their operations. Their admirers have a feeling that these fine fellows would certainly be very delighted to die for their country on any occasion that was presented to them for doing so. Yet of course there are no more redeeming features in the characters and actions of the best and nicest of our modern burglars than in those of their predecessors. Perhaps they are cleverer; for burglars, like other people, must move with the times, and they have come to understand that it pays best not to look in the least like a cracksman when not professionally engaged. It does seem that in these dull days, when there appears to be so little that is romantic in the ordinary affairs of life, the weary public, harder working all the time, tries to envelop all these mere crimes, all that are simply disgusting, with an atmosphere of romance; and while this attitude is held and even encouraged, as in some ways it is, according to Mr Simpson, by those who are responsible in a measure for the guidance of public opinion, it is clear that the inducement for new recruits to join the ranks of the thieves and burglars must be considerable, and the danger not by any means exaggerated in the arguments and conclusions that Mr Simpson has laid in his report. He says that in the magazines and newspapers, that are ordinarily regarded as reflecting public opinion, articles on crime and punishment are commoner than ever they were, and the sentiment expressed towards the criminal is almost universally compassionate and often sympathetic to an extent that no previous generation has shown. 'From some of the expressions used,' he says, 'it might almost seem that the reading public is on the side of the criminal as against the law. Tales that would be unhesitatingly rejected if they were told by a beggar in the street appear, when urged from the dock as an excuse for theft, to be received with much readier credulity.' He quotes a case of a man who was fined for trespassing on a railway, and who pleaded that he was gathering flowers to lay on his father's grave. But it was shown that his father had been dead for five years, and that the son was in the company of known poachers. The plea, however, took the sympathetic fancy of the public and the papers, and the story went on

from one to another, getting better and better from the offender's point of view all the time, until at last it appeared in America with large headlines intended to mock at this sample of British justice thus: 'Plucked Flowers for Father's Grave, and Eleven-year-old Boy is Jailed.' Mr Simpson urges that of all influences for the repression of crime the most potent is exercised not by the courts nor the police nor the prison authorities, but by public opinion. A community that no longer resented crime, he says, and had learned to feel nothing but compassion for the criminal, would in the course of time inevitably find itself faced by a flood of criminality against which police and prison authorities would struggle in vain; and, though we are far at present from any such catastrophe, he considers it permissible to suggest that the steady increase of crime during the last ten years is largely due to a general relaxation of public sentiment in regard to it. To pose as being the victim of society rather than the enemy of it is becoming a much commoner thing with convicted criminals than it used to be. It is, by the way, shown in this blue-book that the real victims of the majority of thieves are not the richer classes, as the sympathisers with the victims might like to fancy, but the poorer ones. It is easier to rob the poor than the rich, and no sentiment stands in the way of the thief and the burglar in the prosecution of their objects, despite the fine feeling in such matters that is displayed by some of the hero-criminals of fiction.

* * *

How clubs and club-life in London have changed from the state in which they were some fifty years ago, or even less than that—say twenty years! They are altered just as the entire character of life in London has been altered through its having been made faster, noisier, more crowded, and in a manner less private for the Londoners themselves as the result partly of the tube-railways, the motor cars and omnibuses, and all the more modern aids to quick travelling and communication. London has become more open to everybody, and so it is less liked by the old Londoners, and their little private companies and societies are being broken up. The same sets of persons do not forgather at the same places regularly in the afternoons and evenings as they used to do for their fine conversations and arguments and their parties for wine and cards. All the sympathies and affinities seem broken, and the spirit of restfulness and repose has gone with them. In the old days men always knew whom they were almost certain to find at their clubs at any given time, and they repaired there themselves accordingly for the social entertainment that was most agreeable to them. Then it was necessary for any Londoner of education, attainments, or any pretensions whatever to anything in the nature of social position to belong to one or two of the best clubs, and these institutions were of the most exclusive character. A man was more careful about taking an acquaintance whom he did not know most thoroughly into one of his clubs even than he was of taking him into his home, and it was not always an easy matter for the most irreproachable individual to become elected to these societies. That is what they were really—societies, and it was the people that belonged to them that mattered most, whereas in the present days the people for the most part count less and less, and the buildings in which they assemble and the furniture which they use for their comfort for more and more. So now it is the clubhouse that is everything and the members that are not so much, and there are probably not half-a-dozen clubs in London that are in any full sense exclusive, while it is a matter of common report that some of those with famous names and great traditions are in the position of being practically touting for members. Although their histories are so splendid, their clubhouses and their conveniences are not the grandest of their kind, and therefore they are not doing well. Clubs are not indispensable to London men as they used to be. They often get as much of that kind of social intercourse as they desire at the golf-clubs and at such institutions as Ranelagh; and the week-end out-of-town system having become so prevalent, the clubs suffer for this reason also. Except, then, in the case of a few clubs that do preserve something in the nature of the old exclusiveness, conveniences and elaborate comforts are everything. There has just been completed in Pall Mall, the land of clubs, a building which in its exterior appearance, its interior appointments, and its membership is a splendid monument to the abolition of the old spirit of club-life and the sound establishment of the new one; and before the name of the place is mentioned let it be most carefully and exactly stated that nothing in the least way derogatory to its excellence in all respects or its status is intended in these preliminary remarks. There cannot be a doubt that it answers to modern requirements as other clubs do not, as is sufficiently indicated in the fact that before its doors were opened it had more members on its books, and members for the most part of good social position, too, than half-a-dozen other clubs that were leaders under the old conditions, but are now languishing for men who will join them. It is the Royal Automobile Club that is referred to, and its very description is suggestive. The club has, indeed, been in existence for some years, housed in Piccadilly; but it is only now that it comes forward to the greatness that it has dreamt of from the beginning, and takes possession of the magnificent new clubhouse in Pall Mall that it has had specially built for itself. Without a doubt it is the most splendid clubhouse in the world, and it is difficult to imagine

how anything superior of its kind can ever be established, even in America, where they have such a way of improving on our best efforts of this kind.

* * *

It stands on the site of the old War Office, and in a line with the Carlton, Reform, Travellers', and Athenæum Clubs, and the building has cost a quarter of a million sterling, while another forty thousand pounds has been spent on interior furnishings. Besides the ordinary ground-floor, the lower ground-floor, and a basement, there are five other floors; and the architecture, which is in Louis XIV. style, is very effective. As to the various rooms, it can really only be said that there are apartments for everything, and that they are all very grand. The restaurant measures ninety feet by thirty-five, and it contains five large eighteenth-century paintings by Hubert Robert, which have been obtained from an old French château at a cost of two thousand pounds, and which are here arranged as panels. The main clubroom is the same size as the restaurant, and is decorated in Georgian style, the ceiling being an exact reproduction of the original Georgian ceiling at the old War Office, which was carefully removed by the decorators and artistically reproduced in this new building. There are nine paintings by Hondekoeter and Morrow in the room. One of the most striking features of the building is the vestibule, which is encircled above by a gallery of Roman architecture, while beyond it is a richly decorated lounge or lecture-hall done in Louis XIV. style, the ceiling being painted. There is a stage at one end of the room which can be used for lectures, concerts, or dramatic performances, and at the other end is a minstrels' gallery, while the floor is of oak and is suitable for dancing. Then, besides a committee-room, members' dining-room, library and silence-room, billiard-room, card-room, associates' room, strangers' room, many other apartments reserved for special purposes, and a large number of members' bedrooms, there is a photographic studio with dark room and printing and enlarging room, a marble swimming-bath measuring eighty-six feet by thirty, with Grecian columns and soffits of coloured mosaic, a gymnasium, racquet-court, Turkish bath, miniature rifle-range, &c. All the appointments represent the very last word in luxury and convenience. Thus the members' bedrooms are all beautifully furnished in mahogany, with thick carpets; thirty-five of them are fitted with private baths, and many with their own telephones. Altogether there will be over three hundred telephones in the building, and twenty trunk-lines will be available. Of course all the rooms will be electrically lighted, and it has been reckoned that eighty-seven miles of electric wire have been used in the building. But perhaps more remarkable than any of these features is the huge kitchen, in which it is said that a mass-meeting could very comfortably be held. It is divided into ten different departments, one each for the butcher-meat, poultry, oysters, fish, *hors-d'œuvres*, ices, fruit, pastry, vegetables, and bakery. There is a separate room for each, and all of them will have access to a central room from which the director and the *chef* will control the work of the day. The said director is M. Ménager, who was for twenty-seven years *chef* to King Edward, and the *chef* is M. Thorre, a Parisian, who is said to rank among the first six cooks in Europe. The Royal Automobile Club was originally started by a little band of eighty enthusiasts in a small suite of rooms at Whitehall Court in 1897. Now it has some six or seven thousand members, and it is believed that in a little while the number will reach ten thousand. It is altogether really a very wonderful institution and a very wonderful building. The pediment over the portico facing Pall Mall represents a woman surrounded by four cherubs, one of whom is holding the wheel of a motor-car, while the chief figure is evidently explaining something. It is supposed to represent Science inspiring the allied trades. It is very suitable to its place; and indeed, to suggest one more 'remarkable feature' of this building, it has to be said that it is wonderful how perfect taste and good art have been displayed throughout, despite the extravagance of luxury and the newness of it all.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER XIII.

TOFFY was hovering about the dining-room waiting for Peter as he turned and went into the house again, and said, 'All this is a bit rough on you, Peter.' And Peter assented with a nod.

The two men went into the little drawing-room to collect pillows for the long chairs in the corridor where they were going to sleep, and Peter went to a side-table to turn low a lamp which was adding to the heat of the room. 'I say,' he said, 'didn't you mean these letters to go?'

'Haven't my letters gone?' said Toffy. 'How on earth were they forgotten?'

'Toffy,' said Peter, 'when I meet you acting as a sandwich-man in Piccadilly, without a rag to your back or a shilling to your name, I shall say nothing more encouraging to you than "It is just what I expected."'

'But Ross always told me to leave my letters

here when I wanted them posted,' said Toffy, scratching his head.

'It's an extraordinary thing,' said Peter, 'that you ever have a pillow to lay your head on; and you don't get that unless I heave it at you and prevent other fellows grabbing it! Who's got your motor-car at home now? Some one, I suppose, to whom you lent it, and from whom you won't a bit like to ask it back. Are you getting any rent at all for Hulworth,' he went on, his wrath increasing as he spoke, 'or are you letting it slide for a bit because your tenants are hard up? Would you have a picture, or a bit of cracked china, or a bottle of wine left if they had not been all tied up by some cunning ancestor, and looked after by executors? What has become of your horses? Why are you always put to sleep in the billiard-room of a hotel or in the pantry, when other fellows get a decent bed provided for them? Why do they give you a room over the stables when country houses are full, where the coachman's wife asks you if you would like a little hot water in the morning, and regrets that the chimney doesn't draw very well? You were born that way, I suppose,' finished Peter hopelessly. 'I don't believe you were ever allowed a cradle if your nurse wanted it for any one else.'

'I rub along all right,' said Toffy apologetically.

'Look here,' said Peter, 'I'll ride with these letters after Purvis, and get him to post them; he'll get down to Taco in time to catch the mail, and I can easily overtake him on the *bayo*.'

The Englishmen had learned to call their horses after their different shades of colour, in the usual Argentine way; and the one Peter spoke of was a big dun-coloured brute, three-parts English-bred.

Toffy protested, but Peter was obstinate. He had been worried and unsettled all day, and he believed that it would be a good thing to have a ride over the camp; besides which, Toffy's letters had taken a good two hours to write, and Peter guessed they were important. He could easily overtake Purvis with them before he should reach La Dorada.

'I'll sit up and trim the lamp, like a faithful wife, until your return,' said Toffy.

'You'll go to bed, you ass!' shouted Peter. He was outside the house fastening the girths of his horse as he spoke, and now he swung himself into the saddle and sent his horse forward with the characteristic quick movement of a hunting-man.

The long ride in the moonlight did him good. The intensity of the clear light had something strange and wonderful in it, touched with unearthliness. Night with its thousand secrets whispered about him, and he felt very small and insignificant riding alone under the great silvery dome of heaven, hushed with a sense of the far-away and with the mystery of its innumerable stars. Now and then he came across a herd of cattle standing feeding in the short grass of the camp, their shadows showing black beside them, or a startled *tropilla* of horses would start at the sound of the *bayo's* hoofs. He took a short-cut through the mimosa-woods, where the ground was uneven. His horse picked its way unfalteringly as it cantered forward, though Peter had to stoop very often to save his head from touching the low branches of the trees. Overhead some parakeets, disturbed in their slumbers, flew from tree to tree, their green wings and tiny red heads turned to strange colours in the moonlight. He got away through one of the rough gates of the *estancia* out into the open camp again, where the earth was full of a vast stillness about him, and the stars pulsated overhead to the unspeakable music of the night.

And now he began to expect every minute to overtake Purvis, and he strained his eyes eagerly for the solitary figure of the horseman. He knew he was riding a much better horse than the one Purvis was on, and still he failed to overtake him. The track on which he rode was clear enough, and his horse knew the way to La Dorada as well as any peon on the place. Peter took out his watch and looked at it in the moonlight. It was a quarter to twelve o'clock, and he was already at the little settlement, close by the river, where some Italians and Spaniards lived. He recognised one of the ill-built small huts as the place where Juan Lara dwelt, and he drew up to ask whether Purvis was ahead of him or not, and whether the post-boy had started with the mail-bag for the train yet. A Spaniard with a dark face answered his knock, and told him that no one had passed that way to-night, also that his boy had left much earlier in the afternoon with the mail-bag. He suggested that the traveller should come inside and wait until his friend should overtake him; and as there was plenty of time, Peter resolved to rest his horse, and then to push on to Taco if Purvis did not turn up. Lara's wife came to beg him to enter. She was an old woman before her time, and had reared a large family in the tiny confines of this little hut. Peter took off his soft felt hat, and stooping below the little doorway, went inside. The Spanish language was an inherited instinct from his mother, and he congratulated Lara's wife on her skill in washing shirts, and made some conversation with her.

The place which he had entered was poor enough; it was built on a mud floor, and was entirely devoid of furniture save for a ramshackle bedstead with spotless linen upon it and a couple of chairs. There was a tiny shrine with an image of the Virgin in the corner of the room; before it burned a halfpenny night-light, and round it were ranged in a row a number of paper match-boxes with little coloured pictures upon them. They were French match-boxes, which opened with a spring formed of elastic, and below the pictures were jokes of a doubtful description.

Neither Lara nor his wife knew anything of the French language; the empty paper match-boxes, with the horrible jokes upon them, were offered faithfully before Our Lady. They were the best the man and his wife had to give, and they were the only decorations in the room.

The woman dusted a chair for Peter, and set the other for her husband, and she herself sat down upon the edge of the bed. They were both glad of visitors at whatever hour they arrived, and in the solitary life of the camp a belated horseman may often ride up after dusk.

Peter explained that it was Señor Purvis, who owned the big *estancia* down at La Dorada, whom he was riding to overtake.

'He had better not ride about too much alone,' said the Spaniard. 'There are some long knives about, and the señor is a short man.'

'What is the trouble on the estate?' said Peter.

But he could get no information from Lara. 'He had better take care,' the man said. 'Señor Purvis would be safer if he were to sail away in his steamer, and be gone for a month or two.'

'He has a mixed lot of men on his *estancia*, has he not?' Peter asked.

'Yes,' said the man; 'but they are mostly Spanish, and the señor, for all his Spanish tongue, has not got a heart that understands the people.'

'You don't think anything can have happened to him?' Peter asked.

He reflected that the road was an open one all the way, and he must have seen if there had been anything like a disturbance; but in the end a certain apprehension for the safety of the man made him think that he had better push on and hear if there was any news of him at Taco. There might be some path or track to the riverside of which he knew nothing; and if that bypath existed Purvis would certainly take it, however circuitous it might be. There seemed to be some curious obliquity about him which made for crooked ways, and in any case Peter did not want to miss the mail with Toffy's letters. He said good-night; and hearing no news of the traveller at the quay, he rode on until he reached the small, unfenced railway station, set down apparently promiscuously on the solitary plain. There Lara's boy was waiting with his mail-bag, and after a time the sleepy stationmaster began to bestir himself, and a cart came in, with five horses harnessed abreast, carrying some freight. Still there was no sign of Purvis, and Peter had to give his letters to the guard when at last, with a shrill whistle, the train came into the station.

It was very odd, he reflected, and he began to wonder whether Purvis was in danger, and to be vaguely disturbed by what the people in the hut had said to him. Ross had told him many tales of how Englishmen had been murdered out here. There was the case of poor Wentworth, whose Spanish wife had held him down when he had tried to escape, and whose own major-domo had shot him at the door. There was the other case of young Seely, who was found one morning with his throat cut and his pillow drenched with blood. No one knew anything of the matter, of course. The Spaniards keep their secrets well. No one was ever brought to justice; and the affair, which would have made a sensation at home, only horrified a few English neighbours near the *estancia*. But the feeling against Purvis seemed to be something much deeper than personal jealousy or mere greed for gold dollars. There was a storm brewing, and no one knew when it would burst.

'Purvis will have to look out,' reflected Peter; and he wondered where on earth the man had got to to-night. He wished he could give him some sort of warning; but he reflected that Purvis knew far more about the state of affairs than he, Peter, did. No one could tell Purvis much about Argentina that he did not know already.

The dawn was breaking as Peter rode slowly homewards, and a pale pink light was in the sky. His horse ambled slowly along, never mistaking his way or making a false step on the rough, uneven ground, but swinging along at an easy canter and getting over an immense distance without much distress to himself. The moon, in a sort of hushed silence, was climbing down the arc of heaven as the sun rose to eastward. The pale light touched the surface of a *tajamar* as he rode past it, and the trees beside it threw still, sad, faint shadows into its quiet depth. Over the western *monte* a lordly eagle with hushed wings rose majestically overhead, and some *biscachas* popped in a noiseless way in and out of their holes. The air was cool and fresh now, and some trees began to rise up unexpectedly out of the ground in the gray light.

He began to get sleepy with the easy motion of the horse, and the endless line of plain around him was wearying to the eye as the sun rose upon it. Well, he would get into camp before it was very hot, and that idiot Toffy would probably be sitting up for him.

He laughed softly to himself as he saw a flicker of light in the window that looked towards the track, when at last he drew near the little *estancia* house. It was like Toffy to remember to put a lamp where he could see it! It was worth while taking a midnight ride for such a good fellow, although Peter had a very good notion of what was in one of the letters, and entirely disapproved of its contents. The last mail had brought news that Horace Avory was ill, and Peter knew quite well that Toffy had written to Mrs Avory. Of course she was not the wife for him; she was very delicate, and no longer very young, and she had a plain little daughter of ten years old. Still, Peter supposed that the marriage might turn out pretty well in spite of obvious drawbacks; and Heaven knew that Mrs Avory, in her

own sad, tearful way, had fought very bravely against poverty and loneliness and unhappiness, and that she loved Toffy with her whole heart. But why, now that things seemed to be arranging themselves in a satisfactory manner, should Toffy be in the blues, and lie awake during the greater part of the hot nights?

He drew up at the door of the *estancia* house when the sun was becoming hot, and Toffy appeared in his pyjamas and prepared a cup of coffee on a stove of patent construction for which he claimed admiration every time it was used.

'Thanks, Peter,' he said briefly. 'I was writing to Mrs Avory by this mail, and she would be disappointed if she did not hear from me. Did you overtake Purvis?'

'No, I didn't,' said Peter; 'and what's more, he didn't go by the mail train to Buenos Ayres!'

'What a queer chap he is!' said Toffy. 'You never know where to have him. That can't be him coming back now?' he said, looking from the small window at two riders who came cantering up to the door.

'Is it? Yes! No, it isn't,' said Peter, going over to the window. 'But I'll tell you who it is, though. It's Dunbar, and he's got a *comisario* of police with him! Now, what in the name of wonder do they want here?'

The two riders dismounted at the gate and came up the little path through the garden to the door. They walked stiffly, as though they had ridden for a long time, and their horses, tethered by the gate, looked used-up and tired.

Dunbar hardly paused to shake hands. 'Look here,' he said; 'E. W. Smith is here, and he's wanted!'

(To be continued.)

DOES THE STATE DISCOURAGE THRIFT?

By HERBERT H. BASSETT, F.S.S., Editor of *Fenn on the Funds*, *Bradshaw's Railway Manual*, &c.

LET me say at the outset that there is no political purpose underlying this article. It concerns itself neither with death-duties, income-tax, nor the Budget, but with those one hundred and sixty-four thousand persons whom the Postmaster-General, in an unexpected outburst of publicity, told us the other day had used the Post-Office Savings-Bank as a medium through which to purchase Consols and other Government securities.

I have before me three of the little, brown, paper-covered books issued by the Post-Office Savings-Bank. One is dated 18—; no, on second thoughts, I will not give the precise date, but it is between twenty-five and thirty years ago. The second one is dated 1903, and the third one is quite modern and fresh. These books contain, at the end, certain rules under the heading of 'General Information respecting the Post-Office Savings-Bank,' and they may, therefore, be taken as indicating the information which three successive Postmasters-General deemed it important and essential that depositors in the Post-Office Savings-Bank should know.

The oldest book records the fact that ordinary deposits of one shilling or any number of shillings up to £50 may be made, and that 'deposits will also be received for investment in Government Stock.' In the second—and shall we say middle-aged?—book there appears printed in black letters as a first rule the following: 'I. The Post-Office Savings-Banks are established by Act of Parliament, and *every depositor* has the direct security of the State for the repayment of his deposits.' Rule II. states that the banks are open from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. on weekdays; and Rule III. records that 'any sum from one shilling upwards, but excluding pence, is accepted as an ordinary deposit, subject to the limits prescribed by law. *Deposits are also received for investment in Government Stock*, and for the payment of premiums for Government Life Insurance and Government Annuities.' (The italics are mine.) Rules IV. to XX. deal with other general information, and Rule XXI. says: 'Depositors in the Post-Office Savings-Bank may invest their deposits in any of the following descriptions of Government Stock—namely, *Two and Three-quarters per cent. Consolidated Stock (1903)*.' (*Note.*—I have italicised the name of the stock, which is the officially correct description of what is popularly known as Consols.)

Here, then, we have two specific advantages of the Post-Office Savings-Bank—firstly, that *every depositor* has the direct security of the State for repayment of his deposits; secondly, that *depositors* may invest their deposits in Consols. And the State emphasises in black-faced type the fact of the repayment.

Stripped of any underlying reservation, these statements convey to the man who is uneducated in investment matters the belief that every pound he passes over the counter of his village post-office will be paid to him cent. per cent. when he comes to demand its repayment. The banker, the financier, the wealthy upper class, the average middle-class man, perhaps know better. But the Post-Office Savings-Bank was not established to meet the needs of these classes. It was established by special Act of Parliament to meet the requirements of the poorer classes who could only save penny by penny, in days when there was no Education Act, and it was the exception to find an aged workman who could write and read, let alone understand or appreciate at their proper worth the careless drafting of official rules.

Was any one misled by these statements into believing that money deposited with the Post-Office for investment in Consols would be paid back? This is, of course, difficult of proof without questioning the thousands of depositors who deposited money a score of years ago; but we have excellent evidence that one Postmaster-General at least was not satisfied that the department had made its position clear. In the third and modern savings-bank book which lies before me I find there has been unobtrusively introduced the following small paragraph: 'The Post-Office cannot undertake to advise depositors as to their transactions, its position being that of an *agent* only; nor is the Postmaster-General liable for any losses which may be sustained owing to a fall in the price of stock between the dates of purchase and sale.' Important as this clause is, it is not given the dignity of being put in the black-faced type with which the department announces that all depositors have the security of the State for the repayment of their deposits.

How stands the man who five-and-twenty years ago placed his money in the Post-Office Savings-Bank for investment in Consols? We will take the not uncommon case of John Smith, an artisan, married, aged twenty-five, earning thirty shillings to thirty-five shillings weekly as an unskilled mechanic. Of frugal habits, he put in the Post-Office Savings-Bank a few shillings per week in order that he might have a 'nest-egg' when an old man. In twenty years this deposit would have amounted to over £200, and in accordance with the rules of the Post-Office Savings-Bank he would be required to cease depositing money or put the amount in Consols. He therefore orders in 1888 that the money be transferred to Consols, and he duly becomes the possessor of £200 of Consols, yielding him an annual income of £6. A few months after his investment he finds the Government have arbitrarily reduced his income from £6 to £5, 10s. per annum. Fifteen years later, when he has become sixty, he finds it again arbitrarily reduced to £5.

It may here be mentioned that in the Savings-Bank books issued in January 1903 Consols are described as paying 2¾ per cent.; and there is no indication that in March 1903 they would be reduced to 2½ per cent., although every Stock Exchange in the kingdom was careful to describe them at that time as subject to interest reduction.

Let us return to John Smith at the present day, aged sixty-seven, and growing beyond work. Finding the money he gets from his savings dwindling as he grows older, he determines to buy an annuity, and upon inquiry he finds that for £200 the Post-Office Savings-Bank will buy for him an annuity of about £22, 10s. per annum, or about 8s. 8d. per week. Upon this amount, with occasional light jobs to do, he can just manage to live decently in his cottage, and he sends in his application for the repayment of his savings deposited with the Post-Office Savings-Bank and duly invested under their care in Consols. John Smith receives, after the lapse of a few days, during which the official mind is dumfounded by the idea that any man can have misunderstood them, a notification from the Postmaster-General that his deposit of £200 represented by his investment in Consols has been reduced to £160! John Smith is further referred to the clause in his Post-Office Savings-Bank book that the Postmaster-General cannot be liable for the loss.

John Smith tremblingly replies that there was nothing of this nature stated in his book when he deposited money with the bank, but there was printed in bold letters the fact that *every depositor* would be repaid.

John has no redress, however, and finds that his depleted deposits will bring his annuity down by 1s. 6d. per week, which represents just the difference to him between living comfortably and merely existing.

Even John Smith is not so badly off as his neighbour Thomas Brown, for Thomas did not save his £200 until 1897, and when he wanted to buy an annuity with his money he found he only received £140 back out of his £200 originally saved.

And that describes in plain language how the State, through the medium of the Post-Office Savings-Bank, has encouraged the practice of thrift for which it was established by Act of Parliament.

The recent discussion which has taken place respecting the popularisation of Consols affords an enterprising Postmaster-General an excellent opportunity to solve the difficulties which beset the Government in the constant fall in the price of Consols, and at the same time give to those thrifty persons who have deposited money in the bank that encouragement which the Act under which it was established desired them to have. The present rate on deposits in the savings-bank is 2½ per cent. This money is invested by the Bank Department in Consols and other Government securities yielding 3⅛ to 3$\frac{3}{16}$ per cent., thus netting to the savings-bank a profit of ⅝ to $\frac{11}{16}$ per cent. In 1909 there was due to depositors the sum of £164,596,065, as against £135,549,645 in 1900, when Consols stood at a higher figure. The £29,000,000 sterling which represents the difference, having been invested in Government securities at a depreciated price, should have yielded in annual profit ⅝ per cent., or £181,250 per annum. On the total sum reinvested the profit should amount to over £4,000,000 sterling, representing the difference between the interest the Post-Office pays its depositors and receives from its reinvestments in Government securities. As the Post-Office Savings-Bank is established not to make a profit but to encourage saving, it should, on equitable

grounds, raise its rate of interest from 2½ per cent. to 3 per cent. This would encourage such increased deposits as would necessitate the investment of large sums in Government securities until such time as the demand raised the market value of Consols to 83, and put it thereby on a 3 per cent. level, at which it would permanently remain so long as the same rate was given to depositors by the Post-Office Savings-Bank.

THE WOOING OF TEZALIA.

CHAPTER V.

CRAYTON and his companion rode in silence until they reached the gulch. Then Crayton reined in his horse. Ahead lay the pass like a narrow path; steep on either side rose the rocks, slightly converging far above their heads. Here and there grew a bush throwing a dark shadow across their path in the moonlight.

'In half-an-hour we should be there,' he said. 'How many men are there?'

'About fifty,' answered Drummond.

Crayton nodded his head. 'Then we have only one chance. We must stay in the shelter of the rocks, where they cannot see us, and fire upon them. They are arrant cowards these men; but if that does not scare them we must make a bold dash and ride through them to the compound. Have you many cartridges?'

'About thirty.'

'So have I. Well shot, they should account for twenty men.' Then Crayton relapsed into silence again, and the only sound was the ringing tap, tap of the horses' hoofs upon the hard road. Every now and then a smile passed over his face. He was thinking of Tezalia, and the hours they had spent together on the balcony. It is such hours that make life worth living, and the memory of them which helps one through the darker days.

Suddenly he drew himself together. 'Did you hear that?' he said. Faintly from the distance there came to them the sound of rifle-fire.

'Firing!' responded Drummond.

'Thank God,' said Crayton, 'they haven't been able to rush the men yet! I was afraid we should be too late.' He urged his horse forward.

For another mile they rode on, the sound of firing becoming more distinct each yard; then in the distance the road opened out, and Crayton drew his revolver.

Seeing this, Drummond did the same.

Nearer came the opening, until they could distinguish the buildings of the mine, and a figure galloped across the opening—one of the raiders.

Crayton turned to his companion. 'If he saw us,' he said with a hard laugh, 'we are dead men.'

Still the firing continued—the rattling volley from the Mexicans and answering shots from those within the mine.

A hundred yards separated them, and they could plainly see the bricks of the low wall which surrounded the compound. The sound of voices came to them. Once a scream of agony rang out. Crayton slowed his horse down to a walking-pace and flung back his riding-cloak.

As the path widened out they crept into the shadow of the overhanging rocks. Before them stretched the whole scene. On the ground lay some half-a-dozen Mexicans, while the others, numbering nearly fifty, directed a steady fire upon the mine.

The manager's house was in darkness, but every few seconds a spurt of fire showed from one of the upper windows.

The raiders galloping to and fro made aiming difficult. Then one rode within a few yards of the two men lying in ambush. Crayton raised his revolver and fired. The man gave a scream of fright, and rolled off his horse on to the ground. The animal, suddenly released of its burden, galloped madly away.

'Quick—as fast as you can fire!' said Crayton.

The two men quickly poured a volley of shots into the body of Mexicans. For a moment confusion reigned amongst them; one was wounded, and lay writhing upon the ground.

'Reload!' said Crayton. He filled the chambers of his weapon with fingers shaking with excitement; then, raising it, he started firing again.

Near the compound-walls was a tall man riding a black horse which tossed and plunged with fright.

Drummond marked him out and aimed carefully. The man fell without a sound.

Suddenly six of the raiders wheeled their horses round and galloped towards where the two men lay in hiding.

Crayton saw their intention. 'We must ride past them,' he said, 'and get our horses over the wall. It is our only chance.'

The wall, barely four feet in height, was a hundred and fifty yards ahead of them. Urging their horses forward, they galloped into the open. The raiders advancing to meet the two men were taken by surprise, and Crayton and his companion fled past them.

A few seconds, and bullets began to rain around the two men. The wall was only a few yards distant, and they steadied their horses for the leap.

For a second they stood outlined in the moon-

light, then they were safely on the other side. Crayton felt his animal kick the top as it cleared the wall. Turning the horses, they guided them towards the rear of the manager's house. Then they dismounted and tied the animals to the door of an outhouse.

The door leading into the house was locked. Putting his shoulder against it, Crayton burst it open, and ran upstairs to the room where his friends were.

'Thank God you have come!' said Paston, who was in his shirt-sleeves, bending over the sights of a rifle. His face was grimed with dirt, his hand bleeding from where a jagged piece of broken glass had cut it.

In a corner half-a-dozen rifles were stacked. Crayton picked up one, loaded it, and took his place at the window.

'They 've tried to rush the wall three times,' said Paston, 'but we made it too hot for them. If they do get over, I 've prepared a little surprise for them.' He pointed to a switch at his side.

'A mine?' said Crayton.

Paston grinned. 'Yes; I've put half-a-dozen charges of dynamite there. It'll blow them all sky-high.'

A volley drowned the last words of his sentence. Shots spattered upon the wall outside; one broke through the only pane of glass which remained in the frame.

Paston laughed. His was an optimistic nature. 'For a healthy life,' he said, 'give me a post in a Mexican silver-mine!'

Crayton's attention was arrested. Through the opening leading to the road by which they had travelled from Molenga galloped a small body of men—some thirty.

The Mexicans greeted them with shouts.

'It's all over with us now!' said Paston.

A fresh volley rang out. Bullets entered the room and passed over the heads of the kneeling men.

'Don't fire,' said Crayton. 'They may think they have killed us all, and we shall lure them to the wall.'

Paston pointed to a man standing alone. He was tall and broad-shouldered. Something in his attitude struck Crayton as being familiar.

'I must settle him,' said Paston. He raised his rifle and fired. The man swung round in the saddle, clutching at his breast. As he did so the moonlight fell upon his face.

'My God!' said Crayton. It was Señor Vellos. He stared at the figure lying prostrate on the ground, a mad despair, a wild rage in his heart. The señor was in league with the raiders, actually leading them against the mine, while he supposed Crayton was a guest at his house.

'Oh Tezalia!' said Crayton, as he saw the part she had played. He remembered the look she had given him, the words she had used when she asked him to stay for the night—to stay for the night so that he might be out of the way whilst her father led the raiders!

Paston heard his ejaculation, and, glancing at him, saw a strange look on his face. 'What is the matter?' he asked.

'That man you have just shot is Señor Vellos.'

'Who is Señor Vellos?'

'The Mexican at whose house I was staying to-night.'

The death of their leader, the Mayor of Molenga, filled the Mexicans with fury. Shot after shot rained upon the kneeling men. It was courting death for one of the defenders to raise his head above the sill in order to take aim.

'It is strange how they keep away from the wall,' observed Crayton.

As he spoke he heard a wild shout, and then rapid firing coming from an easterly direction.

Looking out of the window, he saw the raiders in full flight, while behind galloped another body of men in pursuit. Some tore wildly down the gulch, others fled to the open country, hoping to reach the hidden paths which lie to the west of the sierra.

'The Vigilance Committee have come!' he shouted to those within the room. 'I wonder who has brought them.'

As if in answer there stood beneath the window a thin, girlish figure riding a brown mare. In her hands she held a revolver.

'Tezalia!' cried Crayton.

The girl looked up to the window from which the sound of the voice came.

'Señor!' she called back, and held out one arm beseechingly.

Crayton rushed from the house and over the wall. 'Tezalia!' he cried again.

Tezalia had dismounted and stood leaning against her horse, swaying dizzily.

'I got them here in time,' she said, and smiled happily up into his face. Her own was white and drawn.

'You brought the Vigilance Committee here!' he said, drawing her to him. 'You brought them here!'

A sudden happiness surged over him. And Tezalia knew that he had found out.

'I didn't know—about father,' she said; 'before God I didn't, señor—not until to-night, after you had left, when Miguel came to our house wounded, and he told me. You know Miguel?'

Crayton nodded.

'And so I went for the Vigilance Committee. It was the only way to save you.'

'And I thought—— Oh, forgive me, Tezalia!'

Tezalia smiled. 'This is one of those hours which is worth living, dear one,' she said.

Then a sudden thought struck her, and she asked the question Crayton feared. 'Have you seen father?' she said.

'Yes, dear,' he replied. 'He has had an accident.'

'Is he dead?' asked Tezalia in a low voice.

'Yes,' replied Crayton simply.

Tezalia clutched at his coat and looked up into his face. 'Tell me,' she said; 'you—didn't—shoot—him?'

'No, no!' replied Crayton.

Tezalia gave a little sigh of relief. 'I am glad of that,' she said.

She was silent for a moment, then spoke her thoughts aloud. 'Perhaps it is as well. Who knows? I should have had to make my choice after to-night. And I should have chosen you, dear one, for I love you.'

And so ended the wooing of Tezalia.

As she herself had foretold, the day had brought with it the man. It had brought her sorrow, but it had also brought happiness—the greatest happiness the world can give.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE RAILOPHONE SYSTEM OF WIRELESS TELEPHONY ON TRAINS.

A PHASE of human activity which has occupied the attention of many inventors is the devising of a simple system for maintaining wireless telegraphic and telephonic communication with moving trains. Numerous experiments have been made in the United States, Belgium, and Germany, as well as in this country; but the success hitherto achieved has not been sufficiently convincing to warrant commercial exploitation. An inventor in the Midlands, however, appears to have solved the difficulty, judging from the eminently satisfactory results of tests made. In this invention the method is adopted of encircling a railway carriage with two frames of wires for sending and receiving messages. Along the side of the track is carried a continuous wire, similar to that used for telegraphing purposes, which may be buried or carried on low posts, and which links up with stations and signal-boxes, as well as with the trunk telephone and telegraph systems of the country. In the carriage an ordinary telephonic instrument is installed, and the electric oscillations are transmitted or received by either of the above-mentioned wire frames carried beneath the coach. The system is described as wireless inductive, so that the pulsations produced in the sending wire frame are reproduced by induction in the wire running parallel with the track, and *vice versâ* for inward messages. There is no metallic communication between the coach and wire, and it is stated that the messages are transmitted with unerring accuracy, irrespective of travelling speed. The system has been subjected to prolonged and exacting tests, and found highly efficient. It is stated that for railway operation it is distinctly valuable, inasmuch as it enables orders to be transmitted to a train crew while the train is in motion, and can be adapted to perform the duties of a signal—trains carrying such apparatus, when on the same track, being adjusted to receive automatic indication of the fact after they have entered a certain zone or approached within a prescribed distance of one another, which can be made of any length, thereby giving the respective drivers ample audible intimation of their danger. It also enables a passenger while travelling to transact any business he may hear of, and to keep in speaking-touch with his office the whole time. The development of this ingenious system will be watched with deep interest, inasmuch as the results so far achieved point to the fact that a stage of greater reliability and efficiency under all conditions has been reached therewith than has been accomplished, so far, with other devices.

A SIMPLE CONVEYER FOR WAREHOUSES.

Some more expeditious means of handling goods in warehouses, whether they be crates, boxes, bales, or what not, has long been necessary to supplant the slow, antiquated methods of doing this by manual labour, especially in regard to transit between building and street. This has been found in a new type of simple conveyer that has recently been devised, and which is now in successful operation. It comprises a number of trestles supporting a continuous series of wheels or rollers, carried on two rails like a light, narrow-gauge railway. The wheels are employed when boxes have to be handled, and the rollers for bales and crates. The system works entirely by gravitation, a fall of about thirty inches in one hundred feet being advocated. Demonstrations with this simple appliance have sufficed to prove that goods can be expeditiously and safely transported by this means, and that sharp curves can be negotiated successfully. In a lofty building where goods have to be discharged from different levels the same system is adopted spirally, the gradient being so arranged that the descending goods do not acquire an unnecessary downward impetus. The conveyer has been adopted on one of the wharves of Thames-side, and another larger installation is in operation at a Belfast factory, this latter plant handling packages weighing up to five hundredweight. The system is stated to be far cheaper and more efficient than the ordinary belt conveyer, the cost of installation being very low.

A NEW SYSTEM FOR SIDE-BERTHING SHIPS.

For the purpose of extending the facilities of slipways for berthing small vessels such as river-steamboats, an ingenious method has been evolved and put into operation on the river Hooghly near Calcutta, and it appears to have been successful to a striking degree. The inventor is Mr Thomas Reid. The invention enables any existing slipway to be so adapted that the expense of its adoption is reduced to the minimum. Briefly, it consists of laying transverse beams on either side of the slipway to the edge of the wharf, these beams being equipped with rails. The vessel is hauled up the transporter-slip in the usual manner, and when it has reached the upward limit of its travel, the carriage supporting the vessel is hauled sideways, special arrangements being provided to prevent the vessel from slipping off the side-berth, since this naturally has a declination to the water's edge. It will be seen that the efficiency of a slip is appreciably increased, inasmuch as two or more vessels can be accommodated on either side of the main slip by which vessels are transported from the water, at the same time leaving the slipway to be used in the ordinary manner. Experience on the Indian waterway has shown that the time required in docking and side-berthing a vessel, or *vice versâ*, is about forty-five minutes. The system, first installed in a Calcutta shipyard, has enabled the company to whom it belongs, and who have a fleet of three hundred and fifty river-steamers, to keep their ships in a far higher state of repair than was formerly possible. Owing to its success, the Port Commissioners of Calcutta have adopted the system, and are constructing a slipway which will enable six vessels to be dry-docked at one time. There are many places in these islands where analogous conditions exist, but where only one boat can be dealt with at a time, and such should present excellent openings for the use of this method, since it enables the vessels to be overhauled with greater facility and to be maintained in a state of efficiency.

AN INTERESTING SIDEREAL WATCH.

An interesting horological, sidereal novelty has been perfected by the Rev. Daniel B. Marsh, D.Sc., F.R.A.S. The watch contains many ingenious features, and is conceded to be a striking example of timekeeping mechanism. It is adjusted to five positions, fully jewelled with twenty-one rubies, compensated for temperature, and owing to the special construction of the face-mechanism there is no lost motion in the hands. The watch has been acquired already by the leading observatories of Canada, and is being manufactured in Switzerland, the watchmakers of that country alone having proved equal to the delicate nature of the task imposed, so as to bring it within the reach of all.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE EGRET.

Though humane royal personages have sternly tabooed the use of the aigrette as a feathered decoration for my lady's head-dress, the slaughter of the heron continues practically without diminution. And this ceaseless warfare in the interests of fashion has extended to other birds. According to the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the heron whose plumage was in such keen demand has been almost exterminated; and this is not surprising, seeing that relentless hunters thought nothing of killing hundreds per day, one party of six having massacred over a hundred thousand of these graceful birds in a single season. The humming-bird is now the magnet of the hunter's quest, owing to its dainty plumage; but in order to secure the brilliant hues of this little denizen of the air it is essential that the bird should be skinned alive. One American woman contracted to supply a Parisian house with twenty thousand bird-skins at one and eightpence apiece, and to satisfy her greed for gold stripped a whole island of its wealth of feather, no bird being safe from the depredations of the hunters she employed at fivepence a skin. As the hunt generally takes place while the birds are nesting, the havoc wrought is far greater than might be supposed, for the young fledglings die from starvation, and all to meet the inexorable demands of feminine vanity! In this country, although the aigrette and other bird-plumage, owing to the vigorous humanitarian campaign, have fallen somewhat into disfavour, imitation creations of wings and plumes are tolerated; but the majority of these, though sold as artificial, are as a matter of fact genuine—another glaring instance of the fraud of the label, which can only be met by stern legislation.

COTTON-PICKING BY MACHINERY.

Owing to the extreme laziness of the negro in the cotton-fields of the Southern United States, inventive effort has been centred for many years on the perfection of a method of picking the cotton by mechanical agency. It has been a puzzling search, since the conditions to be fulfilled are exceedingly difficult. The inventor of the book-typewriter, however, has apparently achieved success, and from the present trend of development it would appear that the doom of the coloured cotton-picker is sealed. The machine has been tested very severely for two years, and it has been found that the mechanical hand will pick the bushes not only cleaner but far more expeditiously than the human hand, one machine drawn by two mules and driven by one man accomplishing as much in a single day as has hitherto been done by forty niggers. Moreover, the machine picks the ripe cotton only, and does not injure the green cotton or

the flowers in any way in so doing. The picker is a machine not unlike a small traction-engine, the mechanical hands taking the form of a double row of bristle brushes about fourteen inches long by one and a half inches wide, spinning rapidly in such a manner that the brushes grip the cotton-plant at the ground-level, travel over the plant in a vertical direction, and in so doing cause the ripe cotton to cling to the bristles without affecting the other foliage of the plant in the least. The brushes after they have passed over the plant travel to a receptacle where the cotton is stripped from the bristles, the brushes passing out thoroughly cleansed, to repeat the cycle of operations.

A HUGE GRAIN-ELEVATOR.

One of the wonders of western Canada is the huge grain-elevator that has been planned at Fort-William, on the shores of Lake Superior, to warehouse the wheat raised on the Dominion's thousand-mile farm stretching from Winnipeg to Edmonton. When completed this huge warehouse will hold no less than forty million bushels, and it is being erected by the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to meet the demands of the farmers scattered along their system. The first section has been completed, and has a capacity of over three million bushels. It is a gigantic enterprise, for the site on which the warehouse is being erected was formerly forest, while millions of cubic yards of earth have had to be dredged to permit vessels to approach and moor alongside it. The wheat is raised by an elevator, and after being weighed is dumped into huge, hollow cylindrical columns or wells twelve feet in diameter, while above are large hoppers capable of weighing up to two thousand bushels at one time. The cars enter the base of the building, and the grain is unloaded by power-driven shovels into a huge hopper, and subsequently conveyed by elevators which are capable of handling fifteen thousand bushels per hour. The building is fitted with cleaning, screening, and drying machinery, and so forth. Vessels to be laden are moored alongside the elevator, and there are six chutes, each of which can direct a stream of fifteen thousand bushels of grain into the holds per hour. In the elevator everything is of huge design, and the whole is electrically driven. This elevator is to the wheat-grower on the prairie what the Bank of England is to the financial Metropolis. The farmer gathers his crops, and as fast as the wheat is threshed hurries it to the small elevator at the nearest railway station. On delivery he receives a certificate acknowledging the receipt of so much of such-and-such a class of grain. The certificate is issued by the Government, and represents virtually so much sterling, although no sum of money is stated on the face of the bond. The piece of paper can be negotiated if the farmer desires to realise; or he can hold his grain, which is transferred from the small station elevator to the principal warehouse at Fort-William, where it is kept, on his paying insurance, storage, and other charges, until the highest market price is reached, when he sells. Such is the simple system upon which wheat is negotiated by millions of bushels in the Far West.

THE PLEA FOR AN INTERNATIONAL SCIENCE LANGUAGE.

The tendency towards a common tongue whereby people of various nationalities might be able to correspond and converse intelligibly with one another has been revived by Professor Donnan in a strong plea for an international language of science. He has collected and translated a series of essays written by the most celebrated luminaries of Europe upon this perplexing question, for in the development of science the need of a common comprehensive tongue is more essential than in any other ramification of human endeavour. Up to a few years ago, comparatively speaking, science was well supplied in this respect, for Latin was the vehicle for spoken and written communications in science; but the development of the latter brought about the abandonment of this practice. Efforts to the same end have been made by the creation of universal languages such as Esperanto and Volapuk, but these have now gone the way of all others, and are as dead as Greek. The failure of Esperanto and Volapuk is attributed by Professor Lorenz to 'want of rational development' and the fact that they contain too much arbitrariness. On the other hand, the society which was formed in Paris at the time of the last International Exhibition to investigate this problem, and which has pursued its activities unceasingly meanwhile, has now come to the conclusion that it is possible to evolve an auxiliary or universal language, with a regular structure, which can be employed directly without any liability of mistakes occurring. To this system has been applied the generic name of Ido. It is stated that Ido as a medium for the transmission of thought between various nationalities is astonishingly successful, being strikingly lucid and free from any liability to confusion or distortion. The tests that have been made with this new tongue among scientific men—and the reduction to one common understanding of such complex subjects as scientific communications is admittedly one of the most severe tests that can be imposed upon any form of universal tongue—have proved generally so satisfactory and promising that there appears to be a consensus of effort among scientists of all European nationalities to establish it, at first for their own work. Ido is supported in this campaign as being the auxiliary tongue most susceptible of continuous improvement without any prejudice to its future use. It is pointed out that music and mathematics have been reduced to a universal status, and that there is no

reason why reasoning and communication, be it either expression in writing or conversation, should not be whittled down to a common basis.

EFFICIENT PROTECTION AGAINST SEA EROSION.

Some two or three years ago, owing to the extraordinary ravages of the sea among the cliffs to the east of Brighton, the East Sussex County Council experimented with a ferro-concrete system of groins that had been evolved. Five of these structures, each five hundred feet in length, were erected to test the system, and it was found that the work could be carried out at a cost of four shillings and threepence per cubic yard, which compared very favourably with the cost of timber groining. It was found that the new works achieved the desired result, as the erosive effect of the water was checked and there were early signs of shingle accumulating on the foreshore. Satisfied with this initial experiment, the authorities contracted for the erection of ten similar groins near Rottingdean, where the sea was wreaking considerable havoc. A similar satisfactory result being observable at this point, another section of the shore is now under protection, while a sea-wall on the same principle is being erected.

FIRELESS COOKING-STOVES.

A system of cooking comestibles, or keeping in a heated condition those which have already been prepared, has been devised, and has aroused considerable attention, especially in regard to its application to railway trains. The stove, which has neither fire nor gas, is based upon the ingenious utilisation of a non-conductor of heat. The outer vessel is wrought in aluminium, and the vessels employed for culinary purposes are of the same metal, with aluminium locking covers. The necessary heat is supplied by radiation from several hot plates, which are inserted in the cooker, and the arrangement is such that several dishes can be cooked simultaneously. It is stated that not only is this system, so far as it applies to railway travel, free from all danger, but that it represents a saving of 70 to 90 per cent. in the fuel-bill, while one charge of the plates is sufficient to keep the contents hot, or to cook them, during a journey of several hundred miles.

THE MANCHURIAN BEAN.

The *Japan Herald* has drawn attention to the fact that Manchurian beans were formerly used only to make tofu, miso, and soy. About fifty years ago Chinese near Tiehling and Kaiyuan first produced oil from them by a process similar to that employed for sesame and linseed. This oil was used for fuel and for cooking, and the residual for bean-cake fodder. In the winter of 1908 it began to be exported into Europe, where it was found to be better than cotton-seed for fuel, soap-making, and feeding cattle. This success has marvellously increased the area devoted to the growing of the beans, and has caused the farmers in the north of Manchuria to give up wheat-raising. The Shantung farmers discovered that bean-cake was a first-rate fertiliser, and after the war with China this bean-cake was largely exported to Japan. The oil is used in Manchuria for lighting, lubricating, and cooking, and in south China in making waterproof cloth, paper umbrellas, and lanterns, and is often mixed with lacquer for making varnish and printing-ink. The Chinese hit upon the principle of rotation of leguminous with cereal crops quite accidentally, without knowing anything of its scientific explanation.

THE LINKING UP OF RAILWAY SYSTEMS.

Every year witnesses further progress in linking up the great railway systems and bringing the outlying regions of the world in closer touch with the great centres. What is called the Pan-American Railway seems now within possibility of completion. This may enable the traveller to go by rail from Canada or the United States in North America to Buenos Ayres or Santiago in South America. The railway link through Mexico to Guatemala has been completed, and south, according to *Hazell's Annual*, there is only now the gap in Bolivia between Potosi and Tupiza to be filled, and connection could be made through the Andes to the Argentine system. At the end of last year it was reported that steps had been taken to promote the construction of a railway across Persia to link up the Russian and Persian railway systems. From Baku, on the Caspian, it is proposed that a line should go southwards along the shores of that sea to the Persian frontier, and by way of Resht to Teheran, whence it would be continued by Kerman to the Seistan frontier of Baluchistan, and on to Nushki, where it would connect with the Indian railways. This, it is anticipated, might give communication between London and Bombay within a week.

NEW EARTHQUAKE RECORDER.

In the new Magnetic Observatory at Eskdalemuir, Dumfriesshire, there has recently been fitted up an instrument to record the motion of the earth produced by an earthquake, however distant the earthquake may be from the observatory. The inventor of the instrument is Prince Galitzin, the Russian scientist. The instrument consists of a horizontal pendulum suspended by wires, so that when the framework, which is attached to the earth by a pier, is moved the pendulum is forthwith set in motion. In the absence of friction, however, such a pendulum would vibrate too long, and this fault has been corrected in the Galitzin pendulum in an ingenious manner by allowing a copper plate attached to the pendulum to move between the poles of a strong magnet. The introduction of friction has one disadvantage: it reduces the sensitiveness of the apparatus, but

by a second clever application of electro-magnetic theory, Prince Galitzin has overcome this trouble. Mr G. W. Walker, the superintendent of the observatory, has invented an electrometer for the measurement of electrical forces. He has also devised an original construction for ascertaining the 'electric potential' of the atmosphere.

THE TUCHMAN DISTANCE GAS-LIGHTER.

Users of gas for lighting purposes will be interested in the very useful appliance for lighting gas at a distance by means of an electric spark which is made by the Herbert Tuchman Manufacturing Company. The whole apparatus is compact and inexpensive, and may be used with existing fittings and be applied to any number of lights, and when once installed costs practically nothing for upkeep, as there is no permanent bypass-jet used. The apparatus consists of a small dry battery which generates a current of four to six volts, and measures about twelve by six by three inches, and is capable of serving any number of lights up to five hundred. To each burner is affixed a patent valve-tap which can be opened or shut as desired by means of a switch, and this can be fixed at any convenient place in the room, its connection with the battery and the valve-tap being made with ordinary bell-wire. The switch has two buttons, the first of which, on being pressed, opens the gas-way, and at the same time makes a very hot spark at the point of the burner which sets it alight; the second button when pressed shuts off the gas. To obviate the trouble and expense of using insulated wire in the wiring, the current from the battery is altered by means of a trembler, and is transformed to high tension by passing it through a transformer which is fixed to each valve-tap. The transformer is made of a core of laminated soft iron surrounded by a short coil of thick wire and a long coil of thin wire; the spark-leads are of stout sparking wires with steatite insulators, and the spark emitted is of the same strength as is used for firing explosive mixtures for internal combustion, and cannot miss fire. The whole apparatus is neat and compact; the valve and transformer, being quite small, do not show any apparent indication of their presence on the fittings. For lighting private houses the whole installation can be fitted quite cheaply, as the one battery will do for any number of burners required, and it is then only a matter of the cost of valves and switches. The battery may be placed in some out-of-the-way place out of sight. The Tuchman system can also be used with advantage and economy in works, mills, factories, &c., where a large number of burners require to be lighted simultaneously, in which case the electric valves are not used, the gas being controlled from the ordinary main gas-tap; or every room or floor may have a tap of its own, each burner being fitted with the sparking contrivance only. When lighting, all that it is necessary to do is to turn on the main gas-tap and then operate the switch, and the gas is immediately lighted.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE WINDS OF APRIL.

I'm weary of the city, with its ceaseless toil and strife;
With the loud, insistent humming of its busy human hive;
Where love itself is often but a bitter-sweet of life,
And the honey is not always for the lips of those who strive.

I'm tired of dull brick houses, each its neighbour's counterpart—
Even the window-blinds must 'match' all along this narrow street;
And I find no room within them for a hotly beating heart
That throbs towards the country where the ways are wide and sweet.

If I close my ears a moment to the hubbub of the town,
To the newsboys' strident voices and the motors whizzing by,
I can hear the winds of April calling softly from the down,
And the lark's exultant music in a space of clear blue sky.

If I shut bewildered eyes on the ever-restless crowds
I can watch a mountain-river slipping gently to the sea,
Or pick out the little homestead, nestling almost in the clouds,
Where I know my mother watches, and often prays for me.

Oh the freshness of the meadows! Oh the beauty of the trees!
Oh the fragrance of the blossom that the winds of April kiss!
Can mill or mart or counting-house give pleasures such as these,
And haunts where men do congregate so great a joy as this?

E. MATHESON.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE WHITE APRONS.*

By WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

I CAN never look upon the white embroidered apron worn by a domestic servant-maid without experiencing a twinge of horror. The most dangerous and exciting moments of my adventurous life were directly connected with a white apron. Indeed, I often think my escape was a providential one.

A secret-service agent meets with many curious and amazing adventures, but none in my whole career was more remarkable than the Affair of the White Apron.

I was at home, idling away the bright spring days in the club, and resting after a long and tedious mission, a search after information which had carried me three times across Europe and back again. Paris, Constantinople, Petersburg, Palermo, and Amsterdam were among the places to which I had paid flying visits; and I had, a week ago, stepped from the train on to the platform at Charing Cross, my soft hat over my eyes, coat-collar up, dirty, unshaven, and fagged out.

I had not been altogether unsuccessful, but I had not obtained what I desired. I was dissatisfied with the result of my efforts, and had next day expressed my regret to the keen-eyed chief, Sir Charles Houghton, as I sat with him in his room at Whitehall.

But he had only laughed, saying, 'Never mind, my dear Morrice; don't grumble. You'll do better next time. One can't achieve success every time, you know.'

'I should have got at the truth had I not had the misfortune to meet that infernal Belgian face to face in St Mark's Square at Venice.'

'He recognised you, eh?' and the chief smiled. 'He is not exactly a friend of yours, is he?'

'Not after the affair of the Triple Alliance, when, as you recollect, I got early information of Austria's intentions,' I said. 'As one of the chief spies in the employ of our friends the enemy, he has just cause to hate me, I suppose. The moment I set eyes upon him in Venice I knew that all my efforts had been in vain.'

'Bloch is a dangerous man,' Sir Charles said. 'He has twice been charged with murder; and on both occasions, thanks to the protection afforded him by his employers, he has succeeded in getting off. Curious that some Powers should employ criminals in their confidential service!'

'Yes,' I remarked. 'Have we not proved beyond doubt that poor President —— —— was murdered by means of a poisoned cigar, and have not other deaths recently occurred which are full of strong suspicion?'

Sir Charles sighed gravely. 'Yes, Morrice,' he answered, stirring slightly in his padded chair, 'you are right. The recent death of one European monarch, at least, was not due to natural causes. You know to whom I refer, eh?'

I nodded in the affirmative. It was an extraordinary story—one to which we would not give credence had we not investigated it and proved conclusively that the dead monarch had been deliberately assassinated. Truly the unscrupulousness of certain of the great Powers is unbounded. The man jeered at to-day as a 'scaremonger' is the man who suspects the truth. Government is carried on and territory extended with just as deadly a cunning to-day as ever it was by the Venetian Republic or the Holy Roman Empire. The *cabinet-noir* of every chancellerie could furnish some amazing truths, many of which are known to us at Whitehall. We speak of them guardedly, just as Sir Charles had spoken of them. It is to combat these clever intrigues, carried on against England by men and women who are past-masters of the art, that we are ever fighting, ever defeating them with their own weapons.

It is, I admit, the fashion to laugh when we refer to England's rivals. But I often wish that those who sit at home at ease, smoking their pipes and reading their ofttimes misleading newspapers, or those ladies who lounge so comfortably in their own drawing-rooms, smiling at the very idea of foreign soldiers sleeping on their chesterfields, could have one single glance at certain files of amazing evidence locked away in the great safes in our rooms at Whitehall. Assuredly their faces would blanch at what is written there in black-and-white—of the slow and deliberate plans which certain enemies have formed for the purpose of destroying us. Sneer,

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laugh, jeer as you will; but assuredly the day of Imperial Sassonia's might is fast approaching.

It was this point that I had discussed with Sir Charles.

'Yes,' he said, 'our latest information on the subject I placed before the Cabinet at the meeting yesterday. But, alas! it was not treated with due seriousness. The Government are too much occupied with Budget squabbles and internal affairs to think of national defence.'

'And the money of Sassonia has done much to stir up all this party bickering. Goldberg's revelations to us opened our eyes,' I remarked. 'That list of well-known Englishmen receiving money from the Sassonian secret-service fund is very instructive. I wonder what the British public would think if we published the list in the Press!'

'Ah,' exclaimed the chief, 'if we only *dared!* But, alas! our department must remain ever a secret one. Its very existence must be unknown. The information we gain is for the eyes and ears of the Cabinet alone, not for the general public.'

And so I had retraced my steps to the St James's Club, full of deep reflections. No man in England was more alive than myself to the grave peril in which the nation was now placed.

I flung myself into one of the big arm-chairs, and sat gazing thoughtfully across Piccadilly to the fresh spring greenery in the Park. Outside, many carriages and cars passed and repassed, for the season was in full swing. Men came and went, most of them foreign diplomats, men I had met in the various capitals of Europe. They nodded me greeting, for they saw that I, a constant wanderer, was home again.

Three days went by, and I went out calling a great deal.

On the fourth, when I entered my rooms to dress for dinner, my man handed me a note which he said had been brought by hand, and for which he had signed a receipt.

It was in the usual familiar gray envelope which looks suspiciously like a tradesman's bill. Tearing it open, I found another envelope, a thin-paper one, sealed and marked in red ink 'Secret' in a bold, round hand. Within was a brief note from Sir Charles, saying that a rumour had just arrived, addressed to me at the department, that Sassonia had instituted *pourparlers* with Balkania with the object of making a secret treaty between the two Powers, and instructing me to leave London that night and endeavour to obtain accurate knowledge of the confidential negotiations actively in progress.

The extreme seriousness of the situation I at once realised, for if such secret treaty were signed, then the whole of Balkania's defences, her new navy, her great Dreadnoughts, and her shipbuilding yards would be at the disposal of our fickle friends who were our secret enemies. Long ago we had surmised that the dozen or so new battleships and destroyers of Balkania were destined for the augmentation of the imperial navy of Sassonia; and I saw that, on the signature of such a treaty as that declared to be in progress, England would be in a position of gravest peril, and might be attacked at any moment.

Our only safeguard now lay in obtaining immediate knowledge of the exact clauses of the treaty before its signature. Our Government might then act with such tact and firmness that Balkania would be compelled to decline the tempting offers of her neighbour.

I cast myself into my own grandfather-chair—which, alas! I so seldom occupied—and re-read the letter written in the chief's own neat hand.

'I have a command to Windsor this afternoon; therefore I cannot see you,' he wrote in conclusion. 'I, however, leave the matter entirely in your hands, to act with caution and discretion, and to get at the exact truth. I have instructed Verney to meet you at the mail to-night at Charing Cross, and put himself at your disposal. And I wish you every good-luck in your mission; for, recollect, the safety of England depends upon its success.'

The safety of England! Had we not discussed that self-same subject in his room at Whitehall only four days ago? His command to Windsor showed with what gravity the situation was viewed in high quarters. And to me was this most important piece of secret service entrusted!

I told my man what I wanted, and while he was packing I scribbled a few letters—regrets for invitations I had accepted—and crossing to the 'Berkeley,' ate my dinner alone.

Then, at nine o'clock, as the dusky London twilight was fading and the lamps began to glimmer, the Continental express slowly carried Verney and myself out across the Thames—out abroad again, whither we knew not.

Teddy Verney, a tall, thin-faced, well-dressed man, with a dark-brown moustache and the air of a Guardsman, was a born adventurer, just like myself. His father had been British Consul in Smyrna; hence by birth he was a cosmopolitan, and spoke seven or eight languages. Alone in the first-class compartment, beneath the dull lamp, we sat together discussing our best *modus operandi*.

We were going to Paris as the first stage of what we felt would be a long journey, and the main issue we had to decide was, in what direction should we seek the information so urgently desired?

'Berlin is useless,' Verney declared as he lit his cigarette, a special brand which he always got from Petersburg. 'We're both far too well known there.'

'In any case, wherever we go, we shall have Bloch to contend with,' I remarked. 'He probably already knows that we've left London, and his agents will be watching us.'

'Then we'll watch them,' replied my com-

panion with a light laugh; 'and it will be a case of his wits pitted against ours.'

I was silent. That little, undersized, black-bearded Belgian, Adolphe Bloch, though perhaps not quite so shrewd and ingenious as our own chief, Sir Charles Houghton, was a criminal, and entirely unscrupulous. The Intelligence Department of Sassonia employed him because of his remarkable success as secret agent while in the Russian service. The whole of the marvellous system of the espionage of Sassonia all over Europe was at his disposal, and no secret seemed safe from him. The Sassonian Government pay, and pay handsomely always, for exclusive information.

I smoked and pondered for a long time. At last I decided.

'We will go to Vienna first,' I said. 'In Paris they will only hear rumours, and rumours do not interest us.'

'All right,' responded my companion cheerily, for he was ready for anything. 'I was there only a fortnight ago — over the Stolberg affair.'

Then we lapsed into silence as the train roared on through the darkening night towards Dover Pier.

The sun was again up when we arrived at the Gare du Nord in Paris, and drove down the Rue Lafayette to the Hôtel Chatham, beyond the Opera, where I find myself perhaps a couple of dozen times each year.

I had decided not to go on to Vienna till evening, having resolved first to see a man named Lemaire who was in the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and who often sold us information.

I sent him a *petit-bleu*, and at noon he met me in the Grand Café. His reply, as we sat in a corner, was a negative one. Not the slightest rumour had as yet reached the Quai d'Orsay concerning the proposed agreement. Indeed, he was highly surprised when I suggested it.

Verney had gone along to the Embassy; and I, left alone, strolled up the Rue de la Paix, uncertain now how to act. I was at a loss to know what channel in which to search. Suddenly a suggestion occurred to me; and, turning back into the Rue Daunou, I went to the telephone.

Half-an-hour later I entered a taxi-cab and drove along the Champs Elysées into the Bois, where I alighted at the Restaurant Armenonville, that gay rendezvous where the Parisienne takes her *apéritif*. Many people were already there for luncheon; but I sat beneath the trees and waited until ten minutes later, when a smart motor-car drove up, and from it stepped a fair-haired and exceedingly chic young lady, dressed in the latest *mode* and with exquisite taste — Mademoiselle Françoise Orliac, of the Renaissance Theatre.

She smiled merrily from beneath her large black hat as, advancing, she held out her well-gloved hand to welcome me.

'Well, my friend Hugh,' she cried in excellent English, 'this is really a pleasant surprise! But there! you are always so erratic in your movements. One never knows where you may be.' And she seated herself at the table before me.

It was pleasant there, beneath the trees. Few people were in our vicinity; therefore we could talk without eavesdroppers.

She chatted gaily with all the *verve* of the true Parisienne, for she was one of the most popular of the younger actresses, and her photograph in the newest hat or the newest costume looked out at one from almost every newspaper. The great Paris dressmakers and modistes paid her to wear their hats and gowns on the stage, in the Bois, at Monte Carlo, or at the races. Little Françoise Orliac, who acted in comedy with such clever piquancy, was a figure in the gay world of the French capital, and was the centre of a very large circle of admirers. She was, I knew, acquainted with a certain man regarding whom I desired some information.

So, when she had gossiped on, telling me a quantity of the latest scandal, I presently leaned towards her and asked in a serious voice, 'Tell me, Françoise, do you happen to know a person named Gaston Martin?'

For a few seconds she hesitated. 'Do you mean the man who was in the colonial service out in Senegal?' she asked, glancing at me.

'Yes. He was Secretary-General. You know him, then?'

'Why?'

'I want to ascertain something about him.'

'Why are you so inquisitive?' she asked, looking at me with some curiosity, unaware of my true *métier*.

'I want you to tell me what you know concerning him,' I said. 'I'm making inquiries on behalf of an old friend. Is he married?'

'Yes. I visited at his château of La Guerche, near Nevers, last year. His wife is an extremely nice woman. I knew her in Paris, having given several recitals at her house.'

'He is well off, I understand?'

'Apparently.'

'When you were at the château were the other guests all French?'

'Why?' she asked.

'Well, I was wondering if there might have been any Sassonians among them,' I said.

'There was a certain Herr Siegel, who made himself extremely pleasant to me — a short, middle-aged man with a dark beard, and a sword-cut upon his right cheek.'

(To be continued.)

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA.

By Sir A. H. L. Fraser, K.C.S.I., Ex-Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal,
Author of *Among Indian Rajahs and Ryots.*

CONSIDERABLE attention has been directed recently to the effect of our rule in India and to its principles. When Mr Bryan, once candidate for the presidency of the United States, was travelling round the world, I had the honour and pleasure of entertaining him at Belvedere, my official residence as Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. He visited Calcutta and Bombay, so as to see something of Indian administration; and I had one or two long conversations with him. He asked me a number of questions, and placed before me a good deal that he had heard from members of the National Congress with whom he had been brought into contact during his brief tour in India. As we passed from one subject to another, the impression grew on me that his inquiries indicated convictions already formed unfavourable to our position in India. I therefore ventured to say to him, 'I believe, Mr Bryan, you are not so much looking for information as for arguments to justify the abandonment of the Philippines by your own Government.' He brought his hand down emphatically on the table, and said, 'I don't think that the United States ought to hold the Philippines. A democracy cannot govern other races through a bureaucracy.' This view may be shared by not a few Americans, and by some even of our own people; but it is certainly not a view generally accepted in our country.

We feel that we cannot give up the position which we occupy in India, involving as it does both privilege and responsibility. There may be, there manifestly are, difficulties connected with our rule in India; but it has been thrust upon us by circumstances which were probably always beyond our control, and which cannot now, at all events, be set aside. We find ourselves apparently of necessity in the position which we occupy, and we cannot abandon it. We have to discharge its responsibilities and to perform its duties. It may be that experience will show that a democracy cannot govern a dependency like India. If so, there are many who will believe that this fact may be accepted as discreditable to democracy. It has not been so hitherto in our country. But if the Home Government should become fussy, distrustful, and prone to interfere unduly with the men on the spot, Mr Bryan's judgment of the capacity of a democracy may be found correct. I do not believe it: if it were so it would be deplorable.

It is unanimously admitted by all whose opinion is worth considering that we are not in India merely in our own interest or to exploit its weaker races for our own advantage. We are there to maintain the peace, to secure progress, to give to the peoples of India the benefits of our civilisation, to educate and to elevate them. As was well stated in the great despatch of 1854 on education in India: 'It is one of our most sacred duties to be the means, as far as in us lies, to confer upon the natives of India those vast moral and material blessings which flow from the general diffusion of useful knowledge, and which India may, under Providence, derive from her connection with England.' We have a sacred trust to which we cannot be disloyal without dishonour.

In judging of the consequences of British rule to India, we must bear in mind one very important fact—that is, that there is no Indian nation. One hears a good deal nowadays of the 'national' spirit in India, and of the 'national' views of Indian questions; but there is not yet any Indian nation. India is of vast extent, with an area almost, and a population just, equal to the area and population of Europe without Russia. It is peopled not by one nation, but by many. The different races of India, occupying different parts of that great country, differ amongst themselves as much as do the nations of Europe. Some of them have much in common, with not a little that is peculiar to each, like the Latin races in the south of Europe. Others differ from the rest as much as the Teutonic from the Latin races. In language, history, religion, traditions, and character, these differences are clearly manifested. They ought not to be forgotten. Those who recognise them feel that the withdrawal of British rule, if that could be imagined, would be the signal for disorder, the probable precursor of anarchy and bloodshed, the indefinite postponement of the civilisation and elevation of the Indian peoples.

At the same time it ought never to be forgotten that there is one thing that all these peoples share—namely, the British government of the country, and that the fact of the existence of this bond of union must itself tend to modify the position of things in India. The divers peoples in the different parts of that country are held together by the authority of the British Government which is over them all. The principles that underlie the government of all the provinces of India are practically the same. Details must differ because of the different circumstances of the different provinces; but essential principles are the same throughout. There is also in every province a small body of educated persons who know something at least of the English language; and a man may

travel throughout India and make his way with a section of the educated community through the medium of English alone.

It must, however, be borne in mind that, despite all the efforts which Government has made since the Crown assumed the administration of India half a century ago, education is still confined to a very small precentage of the people. The last census figures show the number of males per thousand able to read and write in any language whatever for the principal provinces to be only: for Madras, 119; for Bombay, 116; for Bengal, 104; for the Punjab, 64; for the United Provinces, 57; for the Central Provinces, 54—that is, the figures for males were for these provinces from 5 to 11 per cent. For females the figures per thousand are: for Madras and Bombay, 9; for Bengal, 5; for the Punjab, 3; and for the United Provinces and Central Provinces, 2—that is, from one-fifth to nearly 1 per cent. Since the last census there has, of course, been considerable progress; but these figures, which are the latest at present available, present a sufficiently accurate idea of the true state of things in regard to education. It need not be said that those who know English form only a small part of those who are thus described as able to read and write. The figures sufficiently indicate that the practical bond that unites the different peoples of India in thought and interest is very much less than the superficial observer would be inclined to believe.

Now, amongst these peoples, with their different history, character, and languages, and their tendency to stand aloof from, or even to be inimical towards, one another, it is the function of the British Government to keep the peace, and to foster the progress of education, of social and industrial advancement, and of civilisation. One of the first principles that a righteous Government placed in such a position must realise is this: that it is bound to govern in the interests of all the peoples of India. Furthermore, experience very soon leads the man who works among the people to realise that he must also govern in the interests of all classes of the people. The caste system in India wars against anything like homogeneity and community of interest even in the same locality. There are conflicting interests amongst the different classes of the people. Just government has to concern itself with all of these. It is necessary for the officers of Government to know the people, to go about amongst them constantly, to understand their customs and their circumstances, and to endeavour to promote justice and well-being among them. Government must fail in its duty if it governs in the interest of one class or of one people, amidst so many classes and so many peoples with divergent interests. It is easier to understand the necessity of this than to realise how difficult the task must be to any man who is not actually living among the people. There is thus considerable danger from any attempt to govern India from a distance.

There is one duty incumbent on the Government to which attention in this country has been very specially drawn of late. That is the duty of securing the co-operation of the people of India in their own government and giving a share in the administration of the country to Indians who may prove themselves to be fit to take such a share. The principles laid down in regard to this matter by those responsible for the government of India have been clear and decided ever since the great proclamation of Queen Victoria in taking over the government of the country. In that proclamation it was promised that 'Her Majesty's subjects, of whatever race or creed, shall be freely and impartially admitted to offices in her service, the duties of which they may be qualified by their education, ability, and integrity to discharge.' This solemn promise must be faithfully kept, because it is of vital importance that the Indian peoples should retain their confidence in British good faith. No class of the people ought to have any justification for entertaining or expressing a doubt as to the faithfulness of the British Government.

My experience of thirty-seven years in India is that, although there may be sometimes difference of opinion amongst less experienced officers in subordinate positions as regards the obligation to employ Indians wherever they are fit for employment, there has been no hesitation on the part of the supreme Government or the local Governments in loyally carrying out this promise of Queen Victoria. It is mainly in regard to executive office that the observance of the promise must be tested. Judicial appointments do not involve the same power or responsibility as executive appointments do. Now, when I went to India there was no Indian holding an executive appointment higher than that of assistant magistrate in any part of India with which I am acquainted. When I left India, Indians were holding appointments in every grade of the service from that of assistant magistrate to membership of the Board of Revenue, which stood next to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal in dignity. It is my conviction that this far-reaching change was brought about as rapidly as was consistent with the necessity for finding men really fitted for the high appointments to which they were thus to be promoted.

It must be borne in mind that no man ought to be appointed to an executive office merely because he is a Hindu or a Mohammedan. If the question is one of representing the people in legislative councils or in local boards, then a man is properly selected because he belongs to a particular class or is concerned with a particular interest which ought to be represented. He will speak for that class and fight for that interest. That is why it is desirable to appoint him. But

if it is a question of appointing to executive office, such a consideration is altogether mischievous. A man ought to be appointed to executive office because he is fitted by his education, ability, and integrity to discharge its duties. He is not to fight for a particular interest or for a particular class, but he is to hold the balance justly between conflicting interests and different classes. The Government which governs in the interests of all and not in the interest of any particular section of the community is bound to see that the men whom it appoints are fit for the office to which it appoints them. It must not listen to the loudest voice; but it must give at least as careful consideration to the interests of the much more numerous classes who are silent and uninfluential. Hitherto this has been the policy of Government; and it is extremely gratifying to find how often the people of the country ask for a British officer to be set over them locally, because they believe in his impartial and earnest desire to secure the interests of all. The confidence of Indians in the justice and good intention of British officers generally has hitherto been very clearly marked.

There is another very striking fact to be borne in mind in regard to the administration of India which is sometimes lost sight of. There are in India a large number of native states, of greater or less importance, which together occupy about one-third of the total area of India, and have an aggregate population of over sixty-eight millions. These states are not British territory, and their peoples are not British subjects. The native ruler in each case governs his own state. He is maintained in his position against his neighbours and against the unruly amongst his own subjects by the power of the British Government, which is the suzerain authority over these states. The relations between the supreme Government and these states are regulated by treaties and *sanads*. The general principles which underlie those relations are briefly these: (1) that the ruler shall be maintained in his position and dignity, and permitted himself to govern his own subjects; and (2) that he shall recognise his responsibility to the supreme Government for a just and beneficent administration of his state, and shall receive advice from the responsible officers of Government in regard to that administration.

The second principle is essential; for the British Government could not justly lend its power to the maintenance of the authority of a chief without some guarantee that his rule was reasonable, just, and beneficent. It is clear that there are great possibilities for good in this system. The native rule is maintained, and the principles of British government are infused into that rule. Peace, which is necessary to the progress of civilisation, is secured; but it is secured with due regard to the interests, not of the rulers only, but of the peoples whom they govern. It is clear, also, that it is of the utmost importance to secure officers of uprightness, wisdom, and tact to represent Government in its dealings with these rulers. The Government of India has hitherto been singularly fortunate in securing a succession of excellent officers for this work. It is of great importance that the relations of the Government of India with these feudatory chiefs should be of the kindliest and most cordial character. Dignity and sympathy, firmness and courtesy, should be blended in the maintenance of these relations. Lord Minto's administration of this part of the work entrusted to him has been an excellent example of what is required in this respect.

It is a somewhat striking thing that one of the last acts of Lord Minto's administration was to raise a nobleman of the United Provinces, the Maharajah of Benares, to the position of a feudatory chief. The difficulty might easily have been raised that the Government of India was handing over some of its own subjects to an Indian prince; but that difficulty would have been a purely theoretical one. The Maharajah had formerly held the position of a feudatory chief; and as to the people, they will be governed in accordance with native ideas, but also in accordance with British principles; and there is little doubt that they will be as happy under the new régime as they were under the old. The attachment of the people to their own rulers is well known. There is no doubt that they value the security for peace and good government which the supremacy of British authority gives in India; but they know and esteem their own rulers, and willingly submit themselves to their authority. No one who realises the importance in India of governing according to Indian ideas will doubt the propriety of the step taken in this case by Lord Minto's Government.

It does not seem to me to be necessary to say much about the reforms which have been introduced by Lord Minto's Government, with the sanction of the Secretary of State, in the Imperial and Provincial Councils. These reforms, in so far as they deal with the increased representation of the peoples of India in the Legislative Councils, and with more effective representation of the different classes of His Majesty's Indian subjects in these councils, can, it seems to me, produce nothing but good. They introduce no new principle into the government of India; but they make a very decided step forward in the course of self-government, which had been adopted long before, and has been more or less distinctly before the Government of India since the proclamation of Queen Victoria.

In regard to the change in the Executive Councils, it is clearly and entirely consistent with the principles of Queen Victoria's proclamation, which have been already explained, that high executive offices should be given to men, irrespective of their race or creed, who are found

fit to discharge the duties of these offices. It is, therefore, a matter of great congratulation that there have been found Indians fit to assume office in the Executive Council of his Excellency the Viceroy and in one or two of the Provincial Executive Councils. There is no new principle involved. Fit men have been found, and they have therefore been appointed. At the same time it must be borne in mind that the qualification for executive work is not a racial one, and that it is, as already indicated, as mischievous to appoint a man to executive office merely because he is a Hindu or Mohammedan as it would be to debar him from such office on that account. The one qualification for executive office is fitness.

I do not like the phrase one so often hears about the 'dominant race' in India. When one has lived for many years in India he realises that there is no dominant race. There is a dominant Government: that Government is the British Government; but the European and Indian are in India equal before the law. The British Government lies under a tremendous responsibility. It has to govern in the interests of all classes: of Hindus, Mohammedans, and Christians, of high caste and low caste, of agriculturists and traders, of ignorant and educated, and of Indians and Europeans. One great curse in India is racial prejudice, a prejudice not confined to Europeans as against Indians, or Indians against Europeans, but also a prejudice which affects the relations of the different races of India with one another. The one lesson that long life among the people of India teaches is to recognise the common humanity of us all, and our common rights and duties as subjects of a great, powerful, and beneficent Government. Those who endeavour to stir up race or religious animosity in India are enemies of the peoples of India and of the sound administration of its Government. That which is the glory of the British Government in the past, and the justification of its maintenance in the future, is that it has done, and will do, all that is possible to overcome racial and religious prejudice, and to unite the peoples of India in efforts to advance the interests of the country generally, and to push forward on the path of progress and civilisation.

A liberal policy in regard to education and the employment of duly qualified Indians in the government of the country must be steadfastly pursued. But false expectations must not be encouraged; and the principle must never be forgotten that we are not in India for the advantage of any one class, however influential, but in the interests of all classes. These interests have to be carefully studied and carefully safeguarded. It will be a long time before India can be regarded as ready for anything like complete self-government. Meanwhile the duty lies on the British Government to preserve the peace without which there can be no real progress, and to aim at the diffusion of useful knowledge among the peoples generally, so that they may be fitted more and more fully for the position to which they will more and more aspire—with a natural and reasonable aspiration—among the civilised nations of the earth.

PETER AND JANE.

By S. MACNAUGHTAN, Author of *The Andersons, The Fortunes of Christina Macnab*, &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

'FIRST of all,' said Peter, 'who is E. W. Smith, and why the dickens should you imagine he is here?'

Dunbar gave him a quick look. 'Is any one here?' he asked.

'No one but Ross and Christopherson and me,' said Peter. 'Purvis was here; but he left for Buenos Ayres last night, and I have no idea where he is now. I saw the train start from the station at Taco, but he was not in it.'

'Purvis is in a tight place,' said Dunbar dryly.

Ross, hearing voices in the drawing-room, wakened up, and now appeared with ruffled hair and still clad in his sleeping-suit. He suggested refreshments, and sat down to hear what Dunbar had to say.

Peter's face had a queer set look upon it. Where another man might perhaps have asked questions, he showed something of his mother's reserve, and was never more silent than when a moment of strain arrived. He began in a mechanical way to make two fresh cups of coffee, and poured the steaming mixture from the tin saucepan into the cups. 'The day of reckoning seems to have arrived for Purvis,' he said; and then added lazily, 'Poor brute, he had his points.' Purvis was a common adventurer after all! And he had got close upon two hundred pounds on the plea of having some knowledge which was simply non-existent. Peter could see the whole thing now. This cock-and-bull story of the missing man having been discovered was really a very simple ruse for getting money, and the last seventy pounds which he had been fool enough to pay had been wanted to help Purvis to get away.

'I must search the place thoroughly,' said Dunbar. He finished his coffee hastily; but the need of ascertaining whether or not any one was

concealed in the little *estancia* house or in the outbuildings was a matter of only a few minutes.

'If he 's got away again,' said Dunbar, 'I 'll eat my hat!'

'Purvis is a slippery customer,' said Ross; 'but he has lived peaceably and openly for a considerable time. If he is wanted, you have only to ride up to his door and arrest him.'

Dunbar cleared his throat. 'You mind,' he said, 'the story of the *Rosana* which I told you on board the Royal Mail Packet when we were in the River Plate coming up to Monte Video?'

'I remember,' said Peter briefly. And Ross nodded his head also; every one in Argentina knew the story of the wreck of the *Rosana*.

'I knew,' said Dunbar, 'that E. W. Smith could not die.'

'Smith being Purvis, I take it?' said Toffy.

'Yes,' said Dunbar, 'or any other *alias* you please. He is a fair man now, with a beard, isn't he? Well, on board the *Rosana* he was a clean-shaven man with dark hair; but you cannot mistake E. W. Smith's eyes, though I hear his voice is altered.'

'Are you in the police out here?' Peter asked, with a glance at the *comisario*, to whom he had just handed a cup of coffee.

'No, I'm not,' answered Dunbar, with his usual economy of speech. 'I'm from Scotland Yard, and I want E. W. Smith on another count. But I 'll come to that some other time. I must be off now.'

'Your horse is done,' protested Ross, 'and you are pretty well done yourself.'

'I 'm not that far through,' said Dunbar.

'Why not send a wire to Buenos Ayres and wait here until you can get a reply? Purvis may have got on board the train somewhere else, and be at Buenos Ayres now.'

'Yes, that will do,' said Dunbar. He despatched his telegram by one of the peons, who rode off with it across the camp. In spite of fatigue, Dunbar, with his nervous energy unimpaired, looked as though he would have liked to ride with the telegram himself. Reflecting, however, that there was considerable work still before him, he submitted to stretching himself on a *catre*, and after a short doze, a bath, and some breakfast, he took up again the thread of his story.

'I 'll not bother you with an account of E. W. Smith's life,' he remarked, 'although there is a good deal in it that would surprise you. I 'll keep to the story of the *Rosana*, as time is short.'

Mr Dunbar took his faithful friend—his short pipe—from its red-lined case, filled it with tobacco, and began to draw luxuriously.

'The *Rosana* sprang a leak after her first day out, on her run down the coast, and was lost in twenty fathoms of water. She carried only one boat, and that boat was seen by myself half-burned, but with a bit of her name in gold-leaf still visible on her bows. Tranter was the captain of the *Rosana*, and E. W. Smith was clerk and general manager. Every one knew he cheated the company who ran the boat, and cheated the captain too, when he could; and it generally suited him to make Tranter drunk when they were in port. Well, he reaped his profit, and I suppose a good bit of it lies at the bottom of the sea. He was a man who always kept large sums in hand in case of finding himself in a tight place. Did I mention,' said Dunbar, 'that he could not row owing to a stiff arm? Though, of course, Tranter could. But Tranter was wanted for steering.'

'I don't understand the story,' said Ross, leaning forward. 'You say that Tranter and this man Purvis, or Smith, escaped from the wreck, and that Purvis could not row?'

'I am coming to that,' said Dunbar, unmoved. 'Observe, the *Rosana* carried one boat. She had lost her other boat by an accident, it seems, and the one that remained was not much bigger than the dinghys men use to go to and from the shore when they are in harbour. Tranter was the first to discover, one dark night, that the *Rosana* was leaking badly; and the hold was half-flooded before any one knew anything about it, and the *Rosana* was settling by her head. Smith and the captain, it seems, were armed, or armed themselves as soon as the state of affairs was known; and before the rest of the crew were awake four men were ordered to man the boat and bring her alongside. The hatches were closed down with the rest of the crew still below; and if there was a scuffle, two armed men were perfectly capable of keeping order. Smith and Tranter got into the boat, and were rowed ashore in safety. If the whole of the crew had tried to board her there is no doubt no one would have been saved, for there were a good many hands on the steamer, and the rush to the one boat would have swamped her. The men who manned the boat and pulled ashore were doubtless glad to save their lives at any price; but they might make it exceedingly unpleasant for the two survivors of the wreck did they make their story known. They were cross-bred natives, whose lives were of no great value to any one but themselves, and there was an easy way for two armed men to silence them on a lonely shore without a soul near.'

'It 's a sickening story,' said Ross, getting up and walking towards the window; and he clenched his big hand.

'How,' said Peter keenly, 'has the story leaked out?'

'Because,' said Dunbar, 'sometimes at a critical moment men do their work badly, or perhaps a native knows how to feign death before his life is actually extinct. Dead men tell no tales, but wounded men don't have their tongues tied in the same way.'

'So one of the men lived to tell tales,' said Peter, leaning forward in his chair; 'and Purvis, who has been here for some time past, is the hero

of the story. It is a blackguardly tale, Dunbar; and, thank God, I believe it would have been impossible in England!'

'I don't pass judgment on my fellow-men,' said Dunbar. 'Life is sweet, perhaps, to some of us, and no doubt the whole crew would have swamped the boat; but'——

'But, all the same,' said Toffy, 'you don't mean to let Purvis-Smith have a very light time of it when you do get him?'

'No, I don't,' said Dunbar.

Ross went out through the door of the little drawing-room on to the corridor, and went to see about some work on the farm. The *comisario* drank his coffee, and Dunbar waited restlessly for his telegram.

After breakfast he and Peter slept for a time, for both were dog-tired, and the day was oppressively hot. In the afternoon a telegram came to say that no news had been heard of Purvis, and he was believed to be still in the neighbourhood of La Dorada.

'If he is,' said Dunbar, folding up the telegram and putting it into his pocket, 'I think our future duties will be light. The man who has come to light and told the story of the wreck of the *Rosana* is a native of that favoured spot where already our friend Purvis is not too popular. God help the man if they get hold of him!'

'His little boy is here now,' said Toffy, starting up. 'He came here to leave him in safety.'

Dunbar was writing another telegram to know the whereabouts of the steamer.

'Then,' he said, 'the story is probably known, and Purvis is aware of it, and has gone north. He daren't show himself near his *estancia* after this.'

They began to put the story together, piecing it here and there, while Dunbar continued to send telegrams.

Ross strolled in presently to discuss the matter again. 'I don't believe,' he said, 'Purvis is far off.'

'He is a brave man if he is anywhere near La Dorada,' said Dunbar.

'Purvis is a brave man,' said Ross quietly.

Peter was silent. Only last night he had had good reason to believe that the mystery of his brother's existence was going to be cleared up. But, with Purvis gone, the whole wearisome business would have to begin again. Why had he not detained the man last night, even if he had had to do it by force, until Purvis had given him all the evidence he possessed? Peter could not blame himself for not having done so. Purvis had declared that he was going to Buenos Ayres for a couple of days only, and it would have been absurd to delay him in order that he might give information which perhaps he did not possess. Still, surely the thing had been too cleverly worked out to be altogether a fraud! His thoughts worked back again to the belief that Purvis had got hold of his brother, and had extracted a great deal of information from him, and was only delaying to make him known to Peter until he had made the best bargain possible for himself. As Peter looked back on all the talks they had had together, there was something that convinced him that Purvis's close application to the search had not been made simply with a view to extracting some hundreds of pounds from him, but that the man's game was deeper than this. Purvis was far too clever to waste his talents in dabbling in paltry matters, or in securing a small sum of money for himself. He was a man who dealt in big figures.

That his dishonesty was proved was beyond all manner of doubt, and the only thing was to watch events and to see what would now happen. If Purvis gave them the slip, what was to be done in the future?

'I believe he will try to save his steamer,' said Ross after a long silence.

Every one was thinking of the same subject, and his abrupt exclamation needed no explanation.

'If he could trust his hands he might,' said the *comisario* in halting, broken English; 'but I doubt if they or the peons have been paid lately.'

'Besides, on the steamer,' said Toffy, 'he could be easily caught.'

'Yes,' said Dunbar, 'if he knows that we want to catch him—which he doesn't. He is afraid of the people at La Dorada now; but he is probably unaware of the warm welcome that awaits him in Buenos Ayres.'

Dunbar went to the door again to see if there was any sign of his messenger returning from the telegraph-office. The sun was flaming to westward, and Hopwood had moved the dinner-table out into the *patio*, and was setting dinner there.

'He will do the unexpected thing,' said Ross at last. 'If Purvis even says he is going to sit up late, I know that is the one night of the week he will go to bed early.'

They went out into the *patio*, and Ross swizzled a cocktail, and they fell to eating dinner; but Dunbar was looking at his watch from time to time, and then turning his glance eastward to the track where his messenger might appear. It was an odd thing, and one of which they were all unaware, that even a slight noise made each man raise his head alertly for a moment as though he might expect an attack.

The sun went down, and still no messenger appeared. They sat down to play Bridge in the little drawing-room, and pretended to be interested in the fall of the cards.

'That must be my telegram now,' said Dunbar, starting to his feet as a horse's hoof-falls were plainly heard in the stillness of the solitary camp. 'Well, I'm blessed!' he said. He held the flimsy paper close to his near-sighted eyes, and read the message to the other men sitting at

the table: 'Smith or Purvis at present on board his own steamer in mid-stream opposite La Dorada. Fully armed and alone. Crew have left, and peons in revolt. A detachment of police proceeds by train to Taco to-night. Join them there and await instructions.'

'I thought he would stick to the steamer,' said Ross at last.

'And probably,' said Dunbar, 'he is as safe there as anywhere. He can't work his boat without a crew, but if he is armed he will be able to defend himself even if he is attacked. I don't know how many boats there were at La Dorada, but I would lay my life that Purvis took the precaution of sending them adrift or wrecking them before he got away.'

'What is to be the next move?' said Peter.

'I suppose we shall have to ride down to Taco to-night,' said Dunbar. 'Yon man,' he finished, in his nonchalant voice, 'has given me a good bit of trouble in his time.'

'It seems to me,' said Ross, 'that you can't touch any business connected with Purvis without handling a pretty unsavoury thing.'

'Now I'll tell you an odd thing,' said Dunbar. 'I have had to make some pretty close inquiries about Purvis since I have been on his track, and you will probably not believe it if I tell you that by birth he is a gentleman.'

'He behaves like one!' said Ross shortly.

'If I had time,' said Dunbar, 'I could tell you the story, but I see the fresh horses coming round, and I must get away to Taco.' He was in the saddle as he spoke, and rode off with the *comisario*.

The three men settled to a fresh game, but spoke of other matters besides the cards.

'A boy,' said Hopwood, coming in later, 'has just ridden over with this letter, sir.' He presented a note to Peter on a little tray, and waited in the detached manner of the well-trained servant while Peter opened the letter.

The writing was almost unintelligible, being written in pencil on a scrap of paper, which had become crushed in the pocket of the man who brought it.

'It is for Dunbar, I expect,' said Peter, looking doubtfully at the name on the cover. He walked without haste to a table where a lamp stood, and looked more closely at the address. 'No; it's all right; it's for me,' he said.

At first it was the vulgar melodrama of the message which struck him most forcibly with a sense of distaste and disgust, and then he flicked the piece of paper impatiently, and said, 'I don't believe a word of it!' His face was white, however, as he turned to the servant and said, 'Who brought this?'

'I will go and see, sir,' said Hopwood, and left the room.

Peter, with the scrap of paper in his hand, walked over to the Bridge-table where the others were sitting, and laid the crumpled note in front of them. 'Another trick of our friend Purvis!' he said shortly.

The two men at the card-table bent their heads over the piece of note-paper spread out before them. Ross smoothed out its edges with his big hand, and the words became distinct enough; the very brevity of the message was touched with sensationalism. It ran: 'I am your brother. Save me;' and there was not another vestige of writing on the paper.

'Purvis has excelled himself,' said Ross quietly. —'It's your deal, Christopherson.'

Toffy mechanically shuffled the cards and looked up into his friend's face. 'Is there anything more?' he said; and Peter took up the dirty envelope and examined it more closely.

There was a scrap of folded paper in one corner, and on it was written in his mother's handwriting a note to her husband, enclosing the photograph of her eldest son in a white frock and tartan ribbons.

Peter flushed hotly as he read the letter. 'He has no business to bring my mother's name into it,' he said savagely; and then the full force of the thing smote him as he realised that perhaps his mother was likewise the mother of this man Purvis.

'Have a drink?' said Ross with a pretence of gruffness. It was oppressively hot, and Peter had been riding all the previous night. Ross mentioned these facts in a kindly voice to account for his loss of colour. 'It's a ridiculous try on,' he said with conviction; and then seeking about for an excuse to leave the two friends together to discuss the matter, he gathered up the cards from the table, added up the score in an elaborate manner, and announced his intention of going to bed.

(To be continued.)

DRESS FOR THE KING.

WHILE so much has been said in recent times, and perhaps not unnaturally, about the panoply and magnificence of kingship—and more will be said as the time for the Coronation draws on—it has happened here and there that there have been some curious inquiries as to the taste and habits of King George in the matter of his clothes and uniforms, the extent of his wardrobe, how it is managed, and so forth. This curiosity, after all, is not so idle as some may fancy, for with King Edward it was certainly the case that in many important respects he set the fashion for men in this country; and not in this country alone, for when he was abroad at the

German spas, and also when he went to Paris, the people of those places noticed with great closeness what he wore and how he wore it, and forthwith to the best of their and their tailors' and hosiers' ability they copied him. The fact is that King Edward was commonly regarded as the best-dressed man in Europe, and so he was accepted as the leader of masculine fashion, not in England alone, but almost everywhere. Take a case in point. It was King Edward who some years ago invented a modification of the ordinary frock-coat for summer wear, the fronts of which were so cut away that they would hardly meet across the chest, and were held together when necessary by a link connecting with a button. One remembers also that one time, when he was staying at Marienbad, it was noticed that his late Majesty wore a red tie every day, and forthwith all the hosiers in Vienna made a great display of red cravats in their windows, and called them King Edwards. The news was telegraphed to different places; Paris went in for red ties; and later in London also the red tie became a favourite, but not to the same extent as on the Continent. It was King Edward, too, who first popularised the white vest-slip; for if he was not the very first man to wear it in this country, he was the first who was noticed to do so, and then the future of the new slip was no longer in doubt. But here it might be said that as a general thing the King discarded it long before his death. In some other matters of dress, involving possibly a great upheaval in established custom, his late Majesty was very cautious lest by example he should influence the men of his country towards a new fashion which might not be altogether to their liking, and cause much inconvenience. Thus it was not until he saw that the double collar, which has now been so popular for many years, had become thoroughly established that he took to it himself, and so set the seal upon it. If he had never done so, it is quite likely that, despite the excellent start that it gained, it would not have survived as it did.

Besides uniforms, he had about two hundred suits at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Sandringham, and it was certainly the fact that he had a larger wardrobe than any other monarch in the world, and it might very well have been that, with one kind and another, he had more suits than any other man alive.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was responsible for the fashion, and the great care which he exercised in the selection of his clothes, King Edward was at times disposed to be very unconventional in his attire, and the more so when he was not really interfering with or guiding fashion. Thus it was noticed that on one occasion, when he was at Goodwood races, he appeared one morning wearing a white hat, lavender gloves, and a pink shirt, which most smart men would have regarded as a rather dangerous combination, though the general opinion was that he looked quite well in this attire; and another time, when he was at Marienbad, he was observed on the platform of the station wearing a green cap, a brown overcoat, pink necktie, gray shoes, white gloves, and knee-breeches. Both of these incidents —if it is right to refer to them as incidents— happened in the early years of his reign; towards the close he was disposed to be a little less original.

Now, it is hardly likely that King George will be quite so much of a force in sartorial affairs as was his royal father, for the good reason that he does not think so much of dress, and is strongly disposed to be quite conventional in his attitude towards it; but one must hasten to add that, of course, His Majesty takes the utmost care at all times to be strictly correct in every detail, and his taste, while careful in its sobriety, is quite perfect. The King can do no wrong, so it follows that what the King wears must be correct and in the best fashion. But His Majesty is not disposed to take advantage of his high estate in this matter, and generally follows the lead of others; and the chief tailors of the West End will watch his appearances with rather less interest, not to say anxiety, than they did those of the first gentleman in the last reign. He has, of course, every variety of clothes for town wear, each kind for the most part being several times repeated; while for country wear, especially on the sporting side, his wardrobe is perhaps quite the equal of that of the late King. As is well known, however, His Majesty is a very keen sportsman in those pursuits which involve wandering over the moors and hills with a gun in his hand, and he displays more interest in the selection of his shooting-suits than he does perhaps in any others; while it may be added, as an interesting and pleasing circumstance, that he always exercises the utmost effort toward giving help to home industries in the matter of the cloths he selects, most of them being in the nature of homespun tweeds.

Then, as befits his strong naval interests and training, he has probably more naval uniforms than any other man. Indeed, the Kaiser is the only ruler who emulates him in this matter; for not only have these monarchs a very large wardrobe of uniforms for the naval and other maritime purposes of their own country, but each holds complimentary naval rank in foreign navies, and has complete sets of uniforms accordingly. Also, King George is honorary colonel in many foreign regiments, in addition to holding similar rank in several of our own. King Edward had no fewer than thirty-three such appointments; and if his successor has not as yet so many, it must be remembered that time and circumstances have so far hardly been adequate to allow of his completely filling the position occupied by the late monarch in these

matters. In the case of the chief foreign naval and military appointments, it may be mentioned that four uniforms—that is to say, full dress, undress, mess kit, and overcoat—are usually necessary. Then there are the full robes of the Knights of the Garter, of St Patrick, and of the Thistle; and His Majesty belongs to various home and foreign orders of chivalry, for each of which there are special collars and decorations.

Taking care of a kingly wardrobe of such proportions is naturally a very big business, and the two valets who have charge of it, acting under the guidance of the superintendent of the wardrobe, have enough to do in brushing, folding, and arranging the different items from time to time, and seeing that they are always properly pressed and ready for wear. It has been said of King George, as it was of the late King, that he never wears the same suit twice; and just as this was untrue of King Edward, it is considerably more so in the present case, His Majesty having a distinct partiality for certain clothes that have lost most of their newness, and sometimes gives them up reluctantly. On an average, perhaps from twenty to thirty suits of one kind and another are discarded in each year and their places taken by new ones. Some of the old suits are given away in quarters where they will be much appreciated for the service they will do as well as for the more obvious reason—which latter, as is known, would not be advertised. Such as are not given away in this manner are generally regarded as the perquisites of the valets.

A part of the King's apparel which receives the closest attention is his footwear, which is chiefly, if not entirely, made by a very eminent firm of boot and shoe makers in St James's Street, London. His Majesty has boots for most of his different uniforms, as well as walking boots and shoes, shooting-boots, and evening shoes in great variety. These are made from the very highest quality of selected material on specially modelled lasts; and such is the care that is exercised in the workmanship that as much as fourteen and fifteen shillings a pair is paid to a workman for doing nothing more than attaching the soles to the uppers.

HOW PIERRE LE GRAND TOOK THE SPANISH GALLEON.

By Commander E. Hamilton Currey, R.N.

SOON after the discovery of America, Pope Alexander the Sixth gave the whole of that continent to Spain, except Brazil, which he presented to Portugal. This is probably the most munificent gift on record, the present of a continent not being an everyday affair. As it did not belong to the Pope, we can admire his audacity as well as his generosity, and also the cool assurance of the Spanish and the Portuguese, who took the Roman Pontiff at his word, and assumed sovereign rights over the territories so kindly bestowed upon them. Very definite ideas prevailed in Spain at this period of the value of the discoveries of Amerigo Vespucci and Christopher Columbus. It hardly required the generosity of the Pope to convince contemporary Spaniards that the New World was a gold-mine to be exploited for the benefit of the Peninsula, and for her benefit alone. The attitude of the Pope thus chimed in usefully with the ideas of the laity, and accordingly an edict was issued from Madrid excluding not only all foreigners from access to the newly discovered land, but also all subjects of the Spanish Empire not of Spanish birth. Such a decree was foredoomed to failure. The English and the Dutch from the first treated it with contempt, and were very soon imitated by the French, with the result that the Spanish Main became a sort of battle-ground in which the only rule that was recognised was that of the strongest. During the seventeenth century, while the nations were nominally at peace, their subjects waged perpetual war upon one another in this corner of the earth, which was the resort of some of the most desperate characters from the Old World. It was certainly no place for the timid in which to adventure themselves, as at the beginning the Spaniards employed *guarda costas* with instructions 'to destroy all strange ships and to take no prisoners.'

In 1654 Jamaica was captured by Penn and Venables, and from that date until the Peace of Ryswick in 1697 the buccaneers, as the pirates of the Spanish Main came to be called, were at the height of their maleficent activity. Whatever blame, however, is to be meted out to these sea-rovers must be shared by all nationalities alike, as, twenty-nine years before, the English and French, owing to the increasing value of trade in these waters, planted a colony side by side in the island of St Kitts. This venture proved very successful, and the English also occupied the adjacent island of Nevis. In 1629 a Spanish fleet swooped down upon these now flourishing colonies and destroyed them utterly with fire and sword. When, therefore, the English acquired Jamaica and made of it a strong place of arms, reprisals were the order of the day.

The buccaneer was the product of his age, and derived his name from the French word *boucanier*, used to denominate the men who made a livelihood in the island of Hispaniola by killing the wild cattle which abounded, and curing the meat by the *boucan* process,

which consisted in laying it upon *boucans* (or gratings constructed of green sticks) and exposing it to the smoke of wood fed with fat, bones, and offal of the carcass, and trimmings of the hide. This work was the hardest imaginable, and none but the roughest and strongest of the old-time pioneers could stand the inevitable hardship involved. When, therefore, a piratical enterprise was afoot, with its promise of unlimited booty, who so handy for the work as the desperate hunters whose motto was ever, 'A short life and a merry one'?

In the days of which we speak the Spaniard was the enemy, and against him English, Dutch, and French combined; the buccaneers indulging in a sort of private war against the subjects of His Most Catholic Majesty. When that potentate complained of their depredations, the King of England replied 'that such men did not commit those acts of hostility and piracy as subjects of His Majesty, and therefore His Catholic Majesty might proceed against them as he thought fit.' The King of France said the same thing, and added 'that he had no fortress or castle in Hispaniola, neither did he receive one farthing of tribute therefrom.'

To the reputable, and disreputable, mariners who frequented the Spanish Main at this time there were added in 1661 a new class of colonist, as in that year powers were given to Justices of the Peace 'to dispose of felons condemned to death for small offences, single men and women found to be sturdy beggars, and loose, disorderly people, by sending them to the plantations.' About the same time proposals were made for better accommodating the plantations with servants, and for 'constituting an office for transporting thence vagrants, rogues, and all idle persons, felons, vagabonds, gipsies, and loose persons who remain here noxious and unprofitable.' John Style, a prominent inhabitant of Jamaica, writes to Secretary Lord Arlington on this subject with considerable emphasis. 'Why should not His Majesty,' he says, 'send out to a colony one family from each parish, as the Romans did—not your convict jail-birds or riotous persons rotten before they are sent forth, and at best idle and only fit for the mines?' In 1666 a resolution was passed in reference to the Scotch rebels which added considerably to the population of some of the colonies. All the Scotch rebel officers and ministers were ordered to be hanged; of the common sort one was hanged, one in ten forced to confession (whatever that might have meant), and the rest were sent to the plantations.

It will be seen from the foregoing that of desperate characters there were no lack from whom to choose; and the West Indies swarmed with felons, jail-birds, proscribed men, refugees, every sort of person, in fact, whom misconduct or ill-luck had banished from his native shores. These men could make their living in but very few ways; there was the calling of the mariner, and there was that of the *boucanier*, in both of which there was no chance but to obtain a bare living wage for an almost intolerable existence. Being what they were, and being where they were, is it to be wondered at that they flocked to the standard of the skull and cross-bones, the life beneath which flag, if it meant desperate toil and terrible danger, still offered the compensation of booty to be spent in that wild debauchery which was the only form of pleasure that they knew?

It is somewhat of a strain on the imagination to picture the lives led by the buccaneers. To us it is all so remote, so fantastic, the idea of men whose whole lives were passed in scenes of horror and bloodshed, who knew of no home save the stifling 'tween-decks of a piratical craft, who were bereft of kindred, whose frames were iron and whose hearts were as cold as chilled steel, whose recompense for all the hideous privations which they underwent was mad license which left them bankrupt in purse and shattered in health. Very naturally he who aspired to lead these wild spirits must have possessed some touch of greatness, some of that incommunicable gift of leadership which impresses itself upon his fellows. Stained as they were by crimes so horrible that the gorge rises at the very recital of them, we cannot for all that withhold some meed of admiration for the leaders of the buccaneers. Pierre le Grand, Alexandre, Montbars the Exterminator, Bartholomew Portuguez, Michael le Basque, Roche Braziliano, Lewis Scott (who took Campeachy), John Davis (who plundered Nicaragua), Van Horn, Gramont de Graaf (who in 1683 sacked Vera Cruz), Mansfeldt (who in 1664 designed the forming of an independent Buccaneer State with a government and a flag of its own), and, last and greatest of all, Sir Henry Morgan (who took Panamá), were all men who, in a time of turbulence unparalleled, rose to the summit of the piratical hierarchy. Their names alone serve to show us of what diverse nationality they were; and if they differed, as all men must differ, they were alike in that one supreme attribute of courage which counted for more than aught else in the times in which they lived.

John Esquemeling was a servant of the West India Company of France, and as such was sold to the Governor of Tortuga, as was apparently the custom of the day. He set sail from Havre de Grace in the year 1666, and found that he had decidedly not bettered his condition, as he was treated with so much cruelty by his new master that he fell dangerously ill. Fearing that he would die, the Governor sold him to the surgeon for seventy pieces of eight. He recovered, and was given his liberty on condition of his paying one hundred pieces of eight when he was in a position to do so. Being now at

liberty, he decided, he says, 'to enter with the wicked order of the pirates or robbers of the sea.' This he did, and remained with them until 1672. This circumstance would have been unimportant had it not been for the fact that this obscure Dutch pirate was a man of education, with a considerable literary gift. He wrote his experiences in Dutch, and his book was translated into English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese. The preface by the English translator is decidedly quaint, as his admiration for the feats of the buccaneers is by no means tempered by horror at their atrocities. He says: 'We have here half the book filled with the unparalleled if not inimitable adventures and heroic exploits of our own countrymen and relations whose undaunted and exemplary courage when called upon by king and country we ought to emulate. The author, though a stranger to our nation, yet with that candour and fidelity has recorded our actions as to render the metal of our English valour to be the more believed and feared abroad than if these things had been divulged by ourselves at home. From hence, peradventure, will other nations learn that the English people are of their genius more inclinable to act than to write, seeing they as well as we have lived unacquainted with these actions of our nation until such time as a foreign author to our country came to tell them.' Considering the fact that the buccaneers and all their ways and works had been specifically disavowed by the King of England, the touch about 'when called upon by their king and country' savours decidedly of the comic.

The pirates of the Spanish Main proceeded on early Christian principles in one respect; that is to say, they had all things in common, and all salaries and remunerations were decided upon before setting out on a cruise. The captain, shipwright, and surgeon all enjoyed fixed salaries; the crew were paid *pro rata* according to the success of the enterprise. There was also a graduated scale for all wounds and injuries received, which was as follows: right arm, six hundred pieces of eight or six slaves; right leg, five hundred pieces of eight or five slaves; left arm, the same; left leg, four hundred pieces of eight or four slaves; one eye, one hundred pieces of eight or one slave; finger, the same—all to be taken out of the common stock gained by piracy. The division was made in shares: the captain received six times the share of a seaman, the other officers in proportion to the importance of their services. The value of the piece of eight varied; but we find in Pepys's *Diary* for May 11, 1663, that he records his disputing with Sir G. Carteret as to whether the piece of eight was worth four shillings and fivepence or four shillings and threepence. Speaking of the money current in these latitudes at this time, we find that the pistole was worth one pound three shillings and ninepence, and the doubloon was worth two pistoles, or two pounds six shillings and eightpence.

That there was hatred deep and bitter between the Spaniards and the English in the seventeenth century in the West Indies is undeniable, the embers of the flames kindled by Philip the Second of Spain and his Invincible Armada still blazed up fiercely at the least provocation; but the warfare between Spaniard and Englishman at this date and in these latitudes had nothing in it of a national character, except in so far as the French and the English coalesced to despoil the Spaniard. In the history of the buccaneers, the Spaniard was as a rule fighting for what he had got; the Frenchman and the Englishman were fighting to despoil him of what they considered to be his ill-gotten gains. There is one thing which stands out prominently in the annals of the buccaneers, which is that the feats they performed were so incredible that it is lucky they have been set down by eye-witnesses, or no one would be found to give them credit.

Somewhere about the middle of the seventeenth century—the exact date cannot be given—there floated on the bosom of the waters off Cape Tiburon, on the western shore of the island of Hispaniola, a great Spanish galleon, having on board a vice-admiral of Spain. The tropic night had fallen, and in the carved and gilded saloon underneath her poop the vice-admiral, with a company of officers and highly placed persons, sat at his wine. Some played cards, others speculated vaguely on the length of the voyage just begun; everything on board indicated the peace and security likely to obtain on a great ship which flew the proud banner of Leon and of Castille. She carried three tiers of guns, so mounted that they could be fired right ahead and astern as well as on the broadside, and her company numbered at least one hundred and fifty men. It was a dark but starlight night, with a rhythmic swell which caused the vessel to roll slightly; as she did so the heavy yards groaned in their slings, and the hull was filled with the strange, creaking noises so well known to those who have sailed the seas in ships built of wood. If there were a watch on deck that night, they were asleep; for what harm could come to them in a stark calm in sight of their own island of Hispaniola? They had reckoned without the sea-wolves, who in those days had made but few demonstrations of their power, and whose exploits so far had been confined to the capture of unfortunate mariners who were in no case to offer a stout defence; these had had their ships rifled, and they themselves had been made to walk the plank; but the fate of such as they did not disturb the vice-admiral at his bottle or the card-players at their game.

Pierre le Grand had been out for ten days; he had sailed in an undecked boat from an obscure coast port with the object of some safe and easy capture which would mean present wealth to

himself and the twenty-eight men and the surgeon by whom he was accompanied; but one blazing day had followed another, and no sail had risen above the horizon to gladden the straining eyes of the slowly famishing crew; for they had but a bare six days' provisions aboard when they started, half-rations had given place to quarter ones, and now, many, many miles from port, grim starvation stared them full in the face. The last drop of water on board had been served out just at sunset, and as this was being done the great Spanish galleon hove in sight. Pierre knew her for the *Madre de Dios*, and that she was conveying great wealth to Spain; but he was also aware that an attack upon her would be almost, if not quite, the act of a madman. Desperation, however, is the mother of mad deeds, and the case was desperate indeed. Long before Pierre and his crew could hope to reach any port friendly enough in which to revictual they would be dead of hunger; another day and they would have lost their senses from thirst. There was but one decision to take, and Pierre—veritably 'le Grand' on this occasion—took the bold course.

Far away in the east a sickle moon hung in the sky over the distant peaks of Hispaniola; but it was too faint even to temper the darkness of the tropic night. Crouched over the tiller of his boat, Pierre conferred long and anxiously with the surgeon, while his men rested idly on their oars.

At last the muttered colloquy ended, and Pierre spoke aloud: 'Is it not that we starve, messieurs?'

There came an answering growl of assent.

'We perish with thirst. Is not that so?'

Again the hoarse, indistinguishable murmur.

'*Vaya*, there is but one way out of troubles—we must take yonder galleon.'

There was a gasp of stupefied astonishment, as indeed there might well be.

'She carries three tiers of guns,' said one.

'There are on board of her one hundred and fifty men at the least,' wailed another.

'We shall be food for the Inquisition,' objected a third.

'Silence!' came the strong voice of the master-spirit, 'and attend to me. All that you have said is true; it may be even less than the truth. But what did I, Pierre, promise to you all when we set out?—that I would lead you where great booty was to be had. But did I not say from the first that I wanted none who were not prepared to fight for that which they coveted? Is not this truth?'

There was a deep-throated growl of assent.

'Therefore,' the voice proceeded emphatically from the dark, 'choose your fate: either to make one great effort and take that admiral's ship, or die—as ye otherwise will die—of thirst and hunger. I have said.'

There fell a silence as of the grave, of that grave which seemed to yawn so widely for these desperadoes whichever way they might turn.

And then one spoke. 'I have no more holes left in my belt; they are all taken up. Also, I would give a handful of doubloons for a drink of muddy water; there is wine on board the galleon, and I—I would sooner die by the pistol or the knife than rot in this accursed boat.'

'And you others?' came the voice from the stern-sheets.

'We also,' came the response.

Pierre drew a deep breath of relief; he knew that, could he but string them up to the fighting-pitch, in their present desperate plight, there were no odds that would stop them. They fought to escape the Inquisition, the tortures, and the dungeons of Spain. He made no outward manifestation of feeling, however, but gave an order that the oars should be muffled. This was instantly obeyed, some of the men tearing up their shirts for the purpose, remarking that either they would never want shirt more or else the crew of the galleon could supply all deficiencies.

Slowly and rhythmically did the galleon swing back and forth on the oily, windless swell; the masts creaked in their steps; the heavy yards ground noisily in their slings; the thick hempen rigging slackened and tautened as she rolled. Under her high forecastle the watch slept, and on the poop-ladder the officer on watch nodded and dozed.

Nearer and nearer crept the sea-wolves in their miserable boat with which to combat this monster of the deep; very quietly they rowed, almost holding their breath, for Pierre wanted them fresh and strong for that mad rush over the bulwarks by which alone they could hope for surprise and success. In the carved and gilded cabin the admiral and his company drank their wine and played their game at cards with that high seriousness becoming to such noble *caballeros*.

Hernando Cortes, as we all know, burnt his ships in order that none among his company should have any means of escape should they so desire. It is unlikely that Pierre le Grand had ever heard of the conqueror of Mexico, for book-learning was far to seek among the desperadoes of the Spanish Main; therefore the action which he now took is probably free from the odious charge of plagiarism. The boat was nearing her antagonist now, and Pierre again held a muttered colloquy with the surgeon, who was a man of gigantic size and strength, and as the leader ceased speaking the surgeon stood up in the stern-sheets of the boat. In one hand he held a huge wooden mallet.

'Listen once more, my children,' came the strong voice of Pierre. 'To-night no man shall go back.' He half-turned his head to the surgeon, and uttered one more word: 'Strike!'

The surgeon hove the mallet high above his head, and then through the darkness came the sound of a dull, rending crash; with one blow he had stoved the boat's planking at the water-line. Next moment Pierre had stuffed his jacket into the hole, through which the water was already pouring. Now only a short hundred yards separated the boat from the galleon, but such was their amazing good-fortune that even yet they were undiscovered. With oars double-banked, the frail and sinking craft tore through the intervening space as fast as human muscle could send her. Pierre had deferred his final stroke, that of disabling the boat, till the last minute. There could be no repining now; all that remained for the sea-wolves was to conquer or die.

They actually got alongside and were over the bulwarks before any one was aware of their vicinity; indeed, so unexpected was the attack that had they dropped literally from the skies the surprise could not have been more complete. The surgeon, still grasping the mallet, was first over the side, and alighted almost at the feet of the officer on watch, who dozed on the ladder leading to the poop. The mallet swung high in the air, and the next moment the brains of the luckless man were scattered over the quarter-deck. The watch on deck, roused from their slumbers by the ferocious yells of the pirates, stumbled forward to inevitable death; unarmed, they fell before the knives and pistols of their pitiless foes, and in less time than it takes to tell the tale the upper deck was converted into a shambles. More sleep-dazed men came struggling to the main-hatch, to be met with knife and sword, with pistol and club; they were beaten down from whence they came, falling in ghastly heaps at the foot of the companion. Then the hatch itself was found, and they were imprisoned below. An attempt to rush the fore-hatch met with a similar repulse from the deck, and then that avenue of death was also closed from above. Into the carved and gilded cabin of the admiral dashed Pierre, with his faithful surgeon and three others at his heels.

At an outrage so unparalleled as for any one to enter these sacred precincts uninvited and unannounced, the captain rose, filled with cold fury. 'By all the saints,' he began, 'what is the meaning of this?'

But the pistol which Pierre held in his left hand was fired full in his face at a foot's range, and his all but headless corpse fell over the card-table. All started to their feet, but they were covered by the pistols of their assailants, and one by one recognised that their case was hopeless. They were led on deck and pinioned. The sea-wolves were victorious; they had taken the galleon of Spain, a feat which would be absolutely incredible if it did not happen to be true.

In all the blood-stained annals of the Spanish Main this feat of arms stands by itself; not even the capture of Panamá by Sir Henry Morgan trenches so closely on the realm of the impossible, and he who carried it out is known as Pierre le Grand.

Among the buccaneers of this period we can as a rule trace a great similarity. They fought for booty and slaves; and if they returned in triumph, laden with spoil, the doubloons and pieces of eight were spent in reckless and violent debauchery which left them, as we have said before, bankrupt in health and pocket. But of such folly as this Pierre le Grand was incapable. All we know of him in the future is that he landed as many of the Spaniards as he could, retaining only sufficient on board to assist him and his men to work the galleon home to European waters. These he reached in safety, and he then, as far as is known, abandoned the profession of piracy and settled down to live a respectable life. We who live in the comfortable security of the most peaceful of centuries have no sympathy with the methods, the ways, and the works of the adventurers of that bygone age; but even we can admit that if ever a bold buccaneer was justified of his prey, it was the man of whom we have written; and that it was not altogether inappropriate that he should have come down to us throughout the ages under the pseudonym of Pierre le Grand.

ALMOND-BLOSSOM.

SURELY it is, to those who love her best,
The long year's loveliest hour
When, down in sheltered valleys of the west,
The almond bursts to flower.

One day agone, and from the sky's chill gray
Spring's promise gave no sign,
Whilst every wind-swept hilltop bade the day
Its secret hope resign.

And yet to-day—ah, miracle of grace!—
Behold a world made new,
A happy countryside which lifts its face
To laughing skies of blue.

The cry of lambs, which came from off the hills
With plaintive notes of pain,
To-day with rapture every valley fills,
Voice answering voice again.

See where it flushes on the almond-bough—
Rejoice, O world, and see!—
The fair pink blossom which is earnest now
Of all that is to be:

Flower, fruit, and foliage, all the garden bears
Of flame and scent and hue,
The blossomed coronal which summer wears—
The almond shows it you,

Just as you read within a young child's eyes
The promise which they hold,
And see outspread far scenes and glittering skies,
The coming days of gold.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

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ANDREW MARVELL.

By E. Beresford Chancellor.

AMONG the names of English worthies which would seem to hold on to fame with an ever-loosening grasp is that of Andrew Marvell, poet and satirist, a man who in his day attracted the notice of his contemporaries in a very marked degree, but who in these later times is known —where he is known at all—chiefly by the euphonious charm of his name. Born in 1621, he died in 1678, so that his not uneventful life was passed during a period which was perhaps the most eventful in English annals. Indeed, he seems to have been one of those whose natural levity and sprightliness were sobered by contact with circumstances in which there was either too little or too much of both.

During his college days (he was at Trinity, Cambridge), Marvell, whose natural abilities had already declared themselves, was destined to become the objective of Jesuitical intrigue, and is even said to have been inveigled to London by the emissaries of that Church, which sought to recruit its ranks from among the ablest of the rising generation. That he escaped their intrigues is well known; but, as one of the writers who have dealt with his career puts it, 'he seems to have been beset by more formidable enemies in his own bosom;' which, being interpreted, means that he neglected his studies and gave so much license to his desires that he was regarded as having forfeited the consideration of his college, where, however, he is said to have taken his B.A. degree in 1638.

A period of travel followed, during which he visited Rome, and for the first time met Milton, then residing in the Eternal City, whose life-long friend he was to become. In the intervals of sight-seeing Marvell began his career as a satirist, and from this period date his attacks on Flecknoe and that Lancelot Joseph de Maniban who was one of the earliest to attempt the delineation of character from handwriting. But more serious duties were in store for Marvell; and, as a result of Milton's efforts on his behalf, he became assistant Latin secretary to Bradshaw, whose notoriety as the presiding judge at the trial of Charles the First has outlived his undoubted capability as a lawyer. His new post brought Marvell under the notice of Cromwell, and when a tutor was required for Dutton, the Protector's nephew and ward, Marvell was selected for the post; four years later he attained the more important position of assistant Latin secretary, with Milton, to Cromwell. It would have been strange, considering how closely his lot was thrown in with the politics of the time, had not Marvell looked to the House of Commons as a fresh field for his activity; and, in effect, he sought the suffrages of Hull, which town he represented from soon after Cromwell's death to the end of his own life, a period of nearly twenty years. His duties must have been no light ones, for we are told that he was accustomed regularly to send his constituents, every post-night during the sitting of the House, an account of its proceedings, together with such comments as might be illuminative to those whom he represented; in a word, he took his duties seriously, and when it is added that he kept a sharp eye on local interests and held himself apart from faction, enough will have been said to show that he was a member of whom his constituents might well be proud. It is interesting to know that Marvell was one of the last of those who received payment for their services in the House, the rate being two shillings a day for borough, and four shillings for county, members.

In 1663 he again left England, this time as secretary to the embassy, headed by Lord Carlisle, which visited Russia, Sweden, and Denmark; but this seems to have been the only occasion on which his parliamentary duties were seriously interfered with, as for the remainder of his life he was a close and industrious parliamentarian. The letters which Marvell wrote to his constituents afford valuable and interesting, often amusing, sidelights on the course of parliamentary procedure and those unforeseen incidents to which the contending opinions of many men invariably give rise. Disputes between the two Houses were of frequent occurrence; the levying of grinding taxes, the upsetting of trade and commerce, the introduction of trivial and often absurd measures—these were then, as now, matters of grave concern to those who had the welfare of the nation at heart and were not moved by selfish considerations. Marvell was one of those who stood for constitutional government, and he has been identified with Cromwell's drastic

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upheaval because he was the friend of Milton, and saw in the Protector the one vital force able to quell disorder and anarchy, rather than because he was a willing witness to the dethronement and execution of the king. Indeed, he was essentially monarchic in feeling, and had Charles acted constitutionally Marvell would have remained one of his firmest supporters. The point is worth insisting upon, because events caused Marvell to take a side with which he was only in sympathy in so far as that side stood for the evocation of law and order out of disorder and lawlessness. That he was looked upon unfavourably by the Court is natural enough; under such a condition of social life as then obtained an honest and upright man could hardly have been regarded by that dissolute society in any other way than one of fear and uncertainty; obviously no upright or honest man would have wished to be otherwise regarded. But if Danby feared him, Rupert was his friend, and even Charles the Second showed him as much respect as it was in his easy-going nature to show any one. The famous interview in which the Minister, on behalf of his master, tried to bribe the patriot is too well known to need repetition (it has, too, been made the subject of a well-known picture). It once and for all showed the Court that it was beyond even its power to soften a poor man by golden gifts, as the Court had long before learnt that it was useless to attempt bullying one who was both single-minded and fearless.

Marvell's works are to-day read only by the curious; even the names of them are strange in the ears of the multitude. The one on which his fame chiefly rests is the *Rehearsal Transpros'd*, which had its origin in his controversy with Parker, afterwards Bishop of Oxford, in 1672. Marvell had for his opponent a man whose intolerance and bigotry were notable even in an age when bigotry and intolerance were carried to extreme lengths; he afforded fair game for the poet's invective, and Marvell, who hit hard with a biting satire and an incisive parry and thrust, found in the Churchman, whom Burnet the broad-minded and Father Petre the Jesuit regarded with equal diffidence and disfavour, an easy if not a worthy prey. Parker emerged from Marvell's hands such a ridiculous figure that even the Court was perforce obliged to acknowledge it, and to join in the ridicule of his enemy.

Four years later Marvell in his *Mr Smirke; or, the Divine in Mode*, tilted no less successfully against Dr Turner, who had attacked Croft, Bishop of Hereford, whose *The Naked Truth; or, the True State of the Primitive Church*, impartially enjoined forbearance and charity on both sides, a doctrine hardly likely to be pleasing to the intolerance then rampant in high ecclesiastical places. Marvell's judgment on Croft's work may be summed up in this beautiful passage: 'It is a book of that kind that no Christian can peruse it without wishing himself to have been the author, and almost imagining that he is so; the conceptions therein being of so eternal an idea that every man finds it to be but a copy of the original in his own mind.'

One other controversial piece, emanating, as has been well said, from Marvell's disinterested love of fair-play, deserves mention. This was his defence of John Howe the Nonconformist from the unfair attacks of various opponents. It is said to be very scarce, and is perhaps chiefly important as further indicating the temperament of its author, which urged him, like some literary knight-errant, to go forth and defend those who were in any way afflicted or distressed.

As a poet, Marvell is chiefly characterised by his love of nature, by a classic delicacy of presentment, and by a certain measure of that wit which so appealed to the gentle Elia; but his verse exhibits many of those conceits which are to be found so liberally scattered throughout the work of the poets of this period. Some of his best poems have been embalmed in the *Golden Treasury*, where 'Thoughts in a Garden,' one of his most charming and freshest efforts, is to be found. In 'The Fair Singer,' 'The Emigrants,' and the 'Coronet' may be found enshrined many tender lines and beautiful thoughts; but Marvell's genius can hardly be said to have succeeded in sustained effort, and probably his most famous and pathetic lines were those he wrote on Charles the First, which have such a haunting beauty:

> While round the armèd bands
> Did clap their bloody hands,
> He nothing common did or mean
> Upon that memorable scene;
> But with his keener eye
> The axe's edge did try;
> Nor call'd the gods with vulgar spite
> To vindicate his helpless right,
> But bow'd his comely head
> Down, as upon a bed;

while Tennyson, as we know on Fitzgerald's authority, considered as 'sublime' the two lines in his 'Coy Mistress' running:

> But at my back I always hear
> Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near.

Marvell's name does not enter so largely into contemporary literature as one might suppose. Evelyn says nothing about him, and Pepys, in a single allusion, merely remarks on one of his satires that it 'made my heart ake to read, it being so sharp and so true.' His close connection and friendship with Milton, of course, did no little to add to his fame; but when Landor wished to give us an imaginary conversation between the two men he showed them deep in a discussion on the art and structure of comedy; and not the burning questions of the times, but 'the proper and requisite unities' formed the staple of their discourse.

As a man, Marvell was characterised by a deep-seated, though by no means a stern or severe, morality; his integrity earned him the

name of the 'British Aristides.' When he saw sham and falseness he hit hard at them; and the fact that he was not always delicate or restrained in controversy (as he always was in his poetical effusions) is perhaps rather to be traced to the period in which he lived than to his own character, although his passionate vehemence in the cause of right and justice would in any age have made him a fearless and redoubtable satirist. Mr Rogers, in an essay on Marvell in the *Edinburgh* for January 1844, says of him that 'amidst corruption perfectly unparalleled he still continued untainted. . . . The integrity and patriotism which distinguished him in his relations to the Court also marked all his public conduct. . . . He seems to have been as amiable in his private as he was estimable in his public character.' And these admirably chosen words may be regarded as an essentially true epitaph.

The most complete edition of Marvell's works was that edited by Dr Grosart, in four volumes, during the years 1872–74; and Mr G. A. Aitken made a carefully chosen selection in 1892, and again in 1898. The earlier editions comprise the folio issued in 1681, to which a preface was contributed by his widow; while nearly a hundred years later—to be precise, in 1776—another edition was published by Captain Thompson. In 1832 John Dove brought out his *Life of Andrew Marvell, the Celebrated Patriot; with Extracts and Selections from his Prose and Poetical Works*, a duodecimo volume on which Henry Rogers based the article already referred to. Many of Marvell's satires which had been circulated in manuscript were collected in *Poems on Affairs of State*, which was first printed in 1689, but it is on his lyrical poems, many of which contain such tender beauties, that his fame as a poet chiefly rests.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER XIV.—*continued.*

DUNBAR and the *comisario* had now put a long distance between themselves and the *estancia* house. The silence of the hot night settled down with its palpable, mysterious weight upon the earth. The stars looked farther away than usual in the fathomless vault of heaven, and the world slumbered under the burden of the aching solitude of the night. Some insects chirped outside the illuminated window-pane, as though they would fain have left the large and solitary splendour outside and sought company in the humble room. Time passed noiselessly, undisturbed even by the ticking of a clock. To have stirred in a chair would have seemed to break some tangible spell. A dog would have been better company than a man at the moment, because less influenced by the mysterious night and the silence and the intensity of thought which fixes itself relentlessly in some particular cell of the brain until it becomes fevered and aches horribly.

A little puff of cooler air began to blow over the baked and withered camp; but the room where the lamp was burning had become intolerably hot, and the mosquitoes, which had been contemplating the wall thoughtfully throughout the day, began to buzz about and to sing in the ears of the two persons who sat there.

'Curse these mosquitoes!' said Peter, and his voice broke the silence of the lonely house oddly. He and Toffy had not spoken since Ross left the room, and had not stirred from their chairs. But now the feeling of tension seemed to be broken. Toffy began to fidget with some things on a little table, and opened, without intention, a carved cedar-wood workbox which had remained undisturbed until then. He found a little knitted silk sock inside the box only half-finished, and with the knitting-needles still in it, and he closed the lid again softly.

Peter walked into the corridor and looked into the silver night. There was a mist rising down by the river, and the feeling of coolness in the air increased. He leaned against a wooden framework of wire netting and laid his head on his hands for a moment; then he came back to the drawing-room. 'Do you believe it?' he said suddenly and sharply.

'I suppose it's true,' said Toffy. 'God help us, Peter; this is a queer world!'

'If it were any one else but Purvis,' said Peter with a groan. He had begun to walk restlessly up and down, making his tramp as long as possible by extending it into the corridor. 'And then there is this to be said, Toffy,' he said, beginning to speak at the point to which his thoughts had taken him—'there is this to be said: suppose one could get Purvis out of this hole, Dunbar is waiting for him at Taco. He will be tried for the affair of the *Rosana* and other things besides, and if he is not hanged he will spend the next few years of his life in prison. It is an intolerable business,' he said, 'and I am not going to move in the matter. One can stand most things, but not being mixed up in a murder case.'

He walked out into the corridor and sat down heavily in one of the deck-chairs. There was a tumult of thought surging through his mind, and sometimes one thing was uppermost, sometimes another.

If it were possible to get down the river in a boat to the steamer, there would of course be a chance of bringing Purvis back before it

was light; but if he did this he would have to start within the hour. The nights were short.

But then, again, he would be compounding a felony; though in the case of brothers such a law was generally put aside, whatever the results might be.

There was very little chance of an escape. Every one's hand was against Purvis now, and there was the vaguest possibility that he could escape to England. The heir to Bowshott would be doing a life sentence in prison, and that, after all, was the best place for him.

But then he, Peter, was the next heir. That was the crux of the whole thing—he, Peter Ogilvie, was the next heir. If anything were to happen to his brother he would inherit everything.

A man in prison, for instance, could not be the inheritor of anything. Well, his brother must take his chance down there on the steamer. He had been in tight places before now, and no one knew better how to get out of them. He had some money at his command. Let things take their chance.

Yet if Purvis did not inherit, he, Peter, was the next heir.

That was the thought that knocked at him, to the exclusion of nearly everything else: he would benefit by his brother's disgrace. Bowshott would be his, and the place in the Highlands, and Jane and he would be married.

He paused for a moment in his feverish survey of events. To think of Jane was to have before one's mind a picture of something absolutely fair and straightforward. A high standard of honour was not difficult to her; it came as naturally as speaking in a well-bred manner or walking with that air of grace and distinction which was characteristic of her. Such women do not need to preach, and seldom do so. Their lives suggest a torch held high above the common mirk of life. Peter had never imagined for a moment that he was in the least degree good enough for her; but, all the same, he meant to fight for all he was worth for every single good thing that he could get for her.

His brother had a son. His nephew was in the house now! Peter laughed out loud. The boy had had a Spanish mother; Purvis's present wife was an English woman at Rosario.

Peter reflected with a sense of disgust that, he and Purvis being fair, it might even be said they resembled each other in appearance, and he wondered if he would ever hold up his head again now that he knew that the same blood ran in the veins of both, and that this murderer with his blood-stained hands was his brother. And what in Heaven's name was the use of rescuing a man from one difficulty when he would fall into something much worse the next?

Finally, there was nothing for it but to remain inactive, and let Purvis escape if he could, but to do nothing to help him. Time was getting on now; another half-hour and it would be too late to start.

Perhaps the real difficulty resolved itself round Jane. Jane, as a matter of fact, had taken up her position quite close to Peter Ogilvie this evening in the dark of the tropical night. There were probably devils on either side of him, but Jane was certainly there. She looked very beautiful, and there was not a line in her face which did not suggest something fair and honest and of good worth.

But suppose the man turned out to be an impostor after all? Then Dunbar had better treat with him. The chain of evidence was pretty strong, but there might be a break in it.

Peter could not go alone down the river; Ross and Toffy and Hopwood would have to come too, to man the four-oared boat; and some one would have to steer, because the river was dangerous for navigation and full of sandbanks and holes. Why should he involve his friends in such an expedition to save a man who had sneaked off from a boat and left his friends to perish, and shot in cold blood the men who had rowed him to safety?

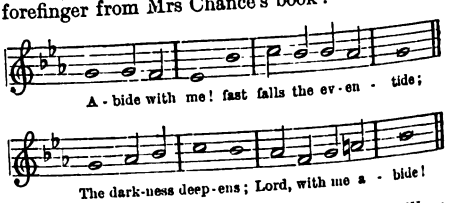
Before God, he was not going to touch the man, nor have anything to do with him!

Half-an-hour had passed. In twenty minutes it would be too late to start.

Jane drew a little nearer, and just then Toffy laid down the book which he had been reading and strolled about the room. Perhaps he wanted to show Peter that he was still there and awake, and in some way to comfort him by his presence, for he sat down by Mrs Chance's piano and picked out a tune with one of his fingers.

The devils beside Peter became more imperative and drew up closer, and told him that it was his own sense of honour that made him loathe his reputed brother and turn from him in disgust. He said that the letter that had reached him was all part of Purvis's horrible sensationalism and his lies, and that no earthly notice should be taken of it; also, that it would be sheer madness to risk his own life and his friends' for this contemptible fellow. Jane, on the other side—possibly an angel, but to the ordinary mind merely a very handsome English girl—stood there saying nothing, but looking beautiful.

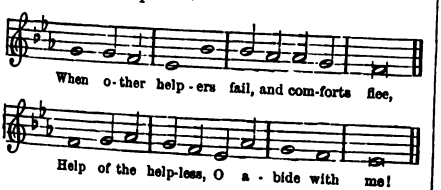
Toffy continued to pick out the tune with his forefinger from Mrs Chance's book:



It all came before him in a flash: the village church, and the swinging oil-lamps; he and

Jane together in Miss Abingdon's pew, and Mrs Wrottesley playing the old hymn-tunes on the little organ. He could not remember ever attending very particularly to the evening service. He used to follow it in a very small Prayer-book, and it was quite sufficient for him that Jane was with him. He had never been a religious man in the ordinary sense of the word. He had wished with all his heart, when his mother died, that he had known more about sacred things, but they had never seemed a necessary part of his life. He knew the code of an English gentleman, and that code was a high one. The youngsters in the regiment knew that he was as straight as they make 'em; but he had never inflicted advice or had a moment's serious conversation with one of them.

Another ten minutes had passed, and left only five minutes to spare; but Jane was smiling a little, and Toffy was fingering out quavering notes on the old piano:



Life seemed to get bigger as he listened. There were no such things as difficulties. One just had to know what one ought to do, and then to try to do it. No man must pit himself against a mean mind, and act meanly by it. Each had his own work to do, and what other men did or left undone was their own business. His brother was in a mess, and he had to help him out of it whether he deserved it or no; not weighing his merit, but pardoning his offences and just helping him in his need. The glories of life might fade away as the old hymn said, or they might last; but all that each man had to do so long as he remained here was to do justly, and love mercy, and walk humbly with his God.

The angel and the devils—if they existed at all—fled away and left one solitary man standing alone, fighting for the sake of honour and clean hands.

The clock struck ten, and the time was up.

Peter went inside and laid his hand on Toffy's shoulder. 'Let's start,' he said, 'if you are ready.'

'All right,' said Toffy, shutting the piano. 'I'll go and get Ross.'

They were in the boat now, slipping down the stream in the dark. The current in the river was strong here, and the boat glided rapidly between the banks. There was hardly any necessity for rowing. Christopherson sat in the stern with the tiller-ropes in his hands, and Peter reserved his strength for the moment when they should get to the broader part of the river where the stream did not race as it raced now. On their way back they would, of course, avoid the upper reaches, and would land lower down when they had their man well away from his own place. Peter rowed stroke, and Hopwood and Ross rowed numbers one and two. The steering probably was the most difficult part of the business, especially in the present state of the river, and any moment they might go aground or get into some eddy which might turn the bow of the boat and land them in the bank. Rowing was still easy, and Peter was husbanding every ounce of his strength for the pull home. None of the men spoke as the boat slipped down between the banks of dry mud on either side of the river. Some reeds whispered by the shore, and a startled bird woke now and then and flew screaming away. The moon shone fitfully sometimes, but for the most part the night was dark, and the darkness increased towards midnight. Once or twice the breeze carried the intoxicating smell of flowers from the river-bank. It was difficult for Toffy, although he had been down the river many times, to know exactly his bearings. They passed a little settlement on their starboard-hand, and saw a few lights burning in the houses.

'That must be Lara's house,' said Peter. 'We will land here on our way back, and get some horses and ride over to the *estancia* in the morning.'

The settlement was the last place on the river where Purvis's steamer plied, and there was a small jetty piled with wheat waiting to be taken away. Here the river was broader and much shallower, with stakes of wood standing up at regular intervals to show the passage which the little steamer should take.

'We should not be far from La Dorada now,' said Toffy, steering between the lines of stakes; 'but I can't see any signs of the steamer in this blackness.'

In the daytime the river was a pale mud-colour, and very thick and dirty-looking. The moon came out for a moment and showed it like a silver ribbon between the gray banks.

'Easy all!' said Toffy, sniffing the air. 'We must be near the canning-factory at La Dorada.'

The horrible smell of the slaughter-house was borne to them on the river, and there were some big corrals close by the water, and a small wharf.

'It reminds me,' thought Toffy, 'of the beastly beef-tea which I have had to drink all my life.'

'Good heavens,' cried Ross, 'they are firing the wharf! Purvis's chances are small if this is their game.'

There was not very much inflammable stuff at hand; the wood of the wharf kindled easily, but the wheat burned sullenly and sent up gray volumes of smoke.

'Steer under the bank,' said Peter. 'We don't want to be seen.'

Toffy steered the boat as near the shore as the mud would allow; and as the wood of the wharf burned more brightly he could see some men running to and fro confusedly every few minutes, and then making off farther down the river.

'They'll fire the steamer next!' said Peter, and then bent to his oar, and the boat swung away into the middle of the stream again.

The darkness seemed to increase in depth before the dawn; it was baffling in its intensity, and seemed to press close.

'Way enough!' sang out Toffy, for quite unexpectedly the little steamer, tied to a stake in mid-stream, loomed up suddenly before them. The men shipped their oars with precision, and Toffy caught hold of one of the fender-ropes.

'Are you there?' he called up to the deck from the impenetrable darkness.

As he spoke Purvis appeared at the top of the little gangway, dressed in his clerkly suit and bowler hat.

'You are just in time,' he said in his thin, high voice, without a trace of excitement in it. 'When the light dawns they will find their boats; and even now we may have to hasten.'

'Get on board,' said Ross roughly, 'and don't waste time!'

'I can't sink my steamer in this shallow part of the river,' said Purvis gently, 'and I haven't the means of blowing her up; but I will now go below and overturn the lamp in my cabin, and the boat and all that is in it will not be very long in being consumed.'

'Stop that lunatic!' yelled Ross, as Purvis turned to descend into the cabin. 'There's a boat coming up; I can hear the oars distinctly behind us. We'll be overtaken if there's a minute's delay!'

Peter, who was next the gangway, sprang on board the steamer and stumbled down the companion in the dark.

'Purvis,' he shouted, 'you'll be shot in cold blood yet if you don't look out!'

Purvis had collected a few odds and ends and laid them on a pile of shavings in the middle of the cabin; the oil-lamp with which he was to ignite the pile was in his hand.

On the top of the pile Peter saw a large tin despatch-case inscribed with his mother's name.

'Hullo!' he said quietly; 'I think I'll take this.'

For a moment he imagined that Purvis's hand moved with suspicious suddenness towards his revolver-pocket. In the next he had run up the companion staircase and swung himself into the boat, and Peter jumped into his place as the sound of rowing and the splash of oars were heard behind him. Toffy rowed the bow-oar now; and Purvis, who knew every turn of the river, took the tiller-ropes.

'I can't row,' he said, in his plaintive voice, 'but I can steer better than any of you.'

The man's composed and unruffled serenity was still undisturbed although the rhythmic beat of oars behind them was growing nearer and nearer, and the creaking of the leather in the rowlocks could be heard distinctly.

'I have a revolver,' said Purvis, 'and dawn is not yet quite upon us.'

The boat had still the start of the other, and the darkness helped them. Purvis knew every yard of the river, and could have steered in the thickness of a London fog. His pale eyes seemed to have something in them of the quality of a cat's as he peered through the dense gloom and guided the boat unerringly.

There came a faint light on the surface of the water. They could dimly see the stakes in the river, and could hear the beat of the oars in their wake. It was a race for the Italian settlement, where they would be safe, and where the other boat, seeing the lights from the houses, would probably fall behind.

Peter had rowed stroke in the Eton boat, but Toffy had always been too delicate to be a strong rower; the other men had splendid staying-power, but no particular skill. Still, Ross knew Peter's stroke, and the steering was faultless. Not a yard of way was lost on their long chase, and as the four rowers warmed to their work the excitement of it prevailed over every other thought. Purvis himself and all his meannesses were forgotten. It was a race, and that was all, and four men's hearts leapt to it.

The other boat seemed to be drawing nearer. The morning was dawning mistily, and the pursuers seemed to be getting out of their course for a time.

Peter swung to his oar in excellent form; and Purvis, with the tiller-ropes in his hands, gave way to every leap of the boat, bending his short, spare body in time to the stroke of the oars as he sat in the stern.

'If we are overtaken we will make a fight for it,' he said.

'Naturally,' said Peter briefly, between the long strokes of his rowing.

'They'll probably catch us up in the next hundred yards,' said Purvis. 'I should think that they are armed, and the day is breaking.'

He turned round in his seat as he spoke, for there was a broad, straight piece of river before them, and as the boat came on he pointed his revolver uncertainly in the mist and fired.

'Confound you,' roared Peter, 'don't draw their fire yet! Probably our best chance is that they don't know for certain where we are.'

But Purvis had fired again. There were some uncertain shots in return, and one struck the gunwale of the boat by Peter's side.

'That was a near thing,' he said to himself under his breath. And then the old feeling of

protection for the 'young un'—the delicate boy who had been his fag at Eton—stopped his grim smiling, and as another shot whizzed past them he yelled out suddenly, 'Lie down, Toffy! Get down into the bottom of the boat!'

And quite suddenly Toffy did as he was told.

Peter rowed then like two men, but the river ran more quickly now, and the shallows were more dangerous, and the steering was more difficult.

By Jove, how well Purvis knew the navigation of it! He had the tiller-ropes in his hands again. He made a feint to go under the bank as though to land, and then shot suddenly into mid-stream. The other boat followed in their wake. Purvis's knowledge of the currents was probably well known, and it was safe to follow his lead. The boat and the men in it could be clearly seen now.

But what, in the name of Heaven, was Purvis doing? It almost seemed as though he were trying to lose the little bit of way that they had gained in advance of the others, and for one moment a horrible sense of the man's unscrupulousness came over Peter Ogilvie, and he wondered even now, in the midst of the chase, whether it might not be that Purvis was playing them false.

'I'll shoot him before he can sing out if he is!' thought Peter to himself as the boat was steered on to the very edge of a shallow again, and then made off into the middle of the river. 'Look what you are about!' he cried out, seeing in the wake of the boat the uneven, circuitous route by which they had come. 'For God's sake steer straight if you can!'

And then he saw a smile on Purvis's face—the usual watery, mirthless smile, and the pale, wide-open blue eyes; and, looking back, Peter saw that the boat behind them had overturned in the stream, and the men who had been in it were struggling to the bank, while the boat itself was carried rapidly down with the current.

He eased his rowing then, and, getting his breath, he laughed out aloud. The spirit and excitement of the chase had been good, and it was successfully over.

'Look here, you can get up now, Toffy,' he said.

He turned round in his seat and shipped his oar with a jerk. '*You devil*,' he said slowly, '*you must have seen him hit!*'

He bent over the poor boy stretched out in the bottom of the boat, and felt his heart, and found that it still beat. He loosened his neckcloth and sprinkled water on his face, while the two other men fell to their oars again, and rowed the boat, as the day dawned, to the little Italian settlement, and carried Toffy into the house of the Argentine woman who burned candles to the Virgin and stuck French paper match-boxes round her shrine. They carried him into the hut and laid him on the humble bed, and Peter dressed the wound as well as he knew how, while Hopwood in an agony hovered round him, and Ross was sending here and there to try to find a doctor.

No one knew what had become of Purvis; no one cared. Each was trying with all his might to save a life very dear to them all which was slowly ebbing away.

The sun was up now, and the long, hot day was beginning; but still Toffy had never spoken, and still Peter kneeled by his side on the mud floor of the hut, easing him as he could, giving him water to drink or bathing his forehead. There was not much that he could do for him; but he felt that Toffy was conscious, and that he liked to have his old friend near him. Peter never altered his position as he kneeled, for his arm was under the dying man's head, and it seemed a more comfortable place for it than the poor Argentine woman's hard pillow.

Toffy lay with wide-open eyes, and there were great beads of perspiration on his forehead, which Hopwood wiped away from time to time. He breathed with difficulty in short gasps, and still he had never spoken. It came upon Peter with a horrible sinking of the heart that he might die before a doctor came, and without saying one word to him. All the compunction of a heart that was perhaps unusually womanly and tender was raging within him for not having taken better care of the boy. He wanted to say so much to Toffy, and to beg his forgiveness and to ask if there was anything in the world he could do for him, and he hoped wildly and pitifully that Toffy was not in pain. But the dying man's eyes were fixed on the bare walls of the hut and on the little shrine of the Virgin in the corner of the room, and it seemed now as if the mistiness of death were settling upon them, and that they saw nothing.

Ross went restlessly to and fro, now entering the room for a few minutes, and then going out again to scan the distant country to see if by any chance the camp-doctor was coming.

When Toffy at last opened his eyes he went and stood outside the hut, and some instinct caused him to bare his head for a moment, for he felt that some great Presence was in the room.

Just at the end Toffy spoke; his voice sounded as though it were a great way off, and almost as though it came from another place. 'Is Kitty there?' he said.

'No; it is me, old man,' said Peter thickly. He heard Hopwood beginning to sob, and he bent lower to hear what Toffy should say.

'Give her my love,' said Toffy.

Peter was holding the boy's head up now, for his breathing was becoming more difficult, and he stooped and kissed him on the forehead. He felt the chill of it, and, startled, he called out, almost as one calls out a message to a friend

departing on a journey, raising his voice a little, for Toffy already seemed a great way off, 'I never knew—I never knew, Toffy—that you had been hit, or I would have stopped.'

'I didn't want to spoil the race,' said Toffy. 'I don't often win a race,' he said, and with that he died.

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING RHUBARB.

By Algernon Warren.

AMONGST the various medicines which are now imparted in more palatable form than of old, rhubarb is conspicuous. The sugar-coated compound rhubarb pill has ordinarily no great terrors for the young, and the compressed rhubarb, ginger, and soda tablet still less. The time-honoured Gregory's powder, which comprises rhubarb, ginger, and magnesia, still continues to have its *clientèle*. Tincture of rhubarb, however, which still lives odiously in the youthful remembrances of many a senior, is neither sold over the counter nor yet prescribed to anything like the former extent. A dose thereof used to be considered such an objectionable infliction that nineteenth-century writers not infrequently made allusion to it as one of the grim incidents of childhood. In the *Lives of the Lindsays*, for example, Lady Anne Lindsay evidences that corporal punishment did not weigh down the balance against this potion in the opinion of her severe mother the countess, who, when her six children, on running away from home, were brought back before they had succeeded in reaching a neighbour's house some three miles off, 'declared that on this occasion whipping was too good for us, and that we should each have a dose of tincture of rhubarb to teach us to stay at home—a punishment classically just in its degrees, as the eldest, consequently the most guilty [this was the Lady Anne herself], had the last and most offensive glass of the bottle.' Particularly nasty dregs continued to be a frequent concomitant of a bottle of medicine until well past the first half of the nineteenth century, when the standard of physic-compounding was materially altered for the better through the passing of the Pharmacy Act of 1868.

'Few medicines are more extensively used than rhubarb; few are more reliable or safer.' So wrote Dr Spencer Thomson in the early fifties in his much-prized and subsequently many-editioned—there were thirty-four editions up to 1900—*Dictionary of Domestic Medicine*. But it is questionable whether he might not have added at that time, 'few medicines are more disliked by children,' although perhaps the rhubarb concoctions of that day may not have quite equalled doses of aloes or of 'black draught'—that is, compound mixture of senna—in point of nastiness.

The multiplicity of new drugs in modern times has certainly made rhubarb, as a domestic remedy, less of a household word than it used to be. Cascara bark, for example, has superseded it in many of its former uses. No longer, as in Dr Thomson's earlier days, do men dressed up as Turks pervade our great cities selling what they called 'genuine Turkey rhubarb,' a misleading appellation given to the drug because it was first imported from the Levant, although owing its origin to China and Tibet. Neither is it now at all a prevalent custom—although some still follow the practice—for people to carry pieces of rhubarb-root in their pockets to suck or nibble at intervals. In the heart of London, however, one may see to this day dried and prepared rhubarb hawked about by itinerant sellers of medicinal vegetable products. Inasmuch as this drug plays a part in numbers of quack nostrums, it is fortunate that its effect is usually far less harmful than that of many other ingredients. A quack, for example, will often resort to compounds mainly composed of aloes and rhubarb; and as an excess of the former is almost invariably more lastingly prejudicial to health, it is fortunate for his deluded customers when he lets the latter predominate. To illustrate the more violent action of aloes, it may be observed that rhubarb does not play a tithe of the part that aloes does in veterinary treatment. It is used slightly for certain bird-remedies, and figures in some medicines for calves. But there was no rhubarb, for instance, included in the list of medicinal and surgical requisites which were supplied by the British Government to those veterinary surgeons who were attached to ships used for carrying horses to South Africa during the Boer war.

At one time it was thought something of a witticism to suggest that the English country innkeeper's champagne was 'grown on his own bushes.' The more uniform recognition of special brands, however, would cause that inference to fall somewhat flat nowadays; and in like manner the introduction of an abundance of cheap vintages from abroad since the commencement of the 'Gladstone claret' period has done away with much concocting of home-made more or less alcoholic beverages; but rhubarb wine was certainly an early Victorian association. To give an illustration. Some sixteen to twenty acres of land near Bath were then planted with rhubarb for the express purpose of making wine, and the product was subsequently sold at the well-known Bath establishment of Messrs Fortt, of Milsom Street.

The common *Rheum rhaponticum*, or garden rhubarb, grown in England lacks the medicinal properties of the *Rheum palmatum*, or Chinese rhubarb—that is, the rhubarb of commerce used for pharmaceutical purposes—which is produced in China or the region near it; although it has been given other appellations which the *National Standard Dispensatory* thus concisely explains: 'Formerly, as a result of treaty arrangements, the very choicest of the Chinese product was exported *viâ* Russia or Turkey, its selection being controlled by the Russian Government, so that there was technically a Turkish or Russian variety; but this arrangement long ago ceased to exist.'

For many years the term 'East Indian' has been applied to those imports of Asiatic rhubarb, and 'trimmed as Turkey' used to be a frequent specification of wholesale druggists when indicating the highest-priced quality of whole rhubarb in their catalogues. For while Russia controlled the rhubarb-market special care was taken in the preparation of much of the Chinese article, so as to present it in flat pieces of uniform shape and excellence. The root-stocks, which are now generally imported in cases of about one and a half to two hundredweight, have ordinarily a more or less rounded appearance. Formerly 'flats' and 'rounds' used to be spoken of to distinguish the imports of this drug.

An interesting article on Chinese rhubarb was contributed to the *Chemist and Druggist* of 1st September 1906 by Mr E. H. Wilson, in which he indicates, as the result of personal investigation, that the bulk of commercial rhubarb is furnished by one species (*Rheum officinale*), the chief source thereof being the wild, mountainous region of the Sze-chwan, on the Tibetan border, where it is usually dug up during the first half of September and the month of October. He states further: '*Rheum officinale* has a distinct stem, not very long, but thick; and this, I was informed, was considered better than the roots. It is severed from the roots, cleansed, the bark and crown removed, and then split transversely, or more commonly longitudinally, into pieces four to six inches long. Very often a hole is bored through the pieces and they are strung on a cord and dried under the eaves of the houses. The roots vary in size, and are often very large. These roots have all the weak laterals removed, and are cleaned, roughly trimmed, cut into lengths, and often divided longitudinally. Sometimes a hole is bored through them and they are strung up beneath the roofs of houses immediately, or they may be partly or wholly dried in the sun or on heated stones.'

The saying that 'appearances are deceitful' may be applied in a measure to powdered rhubarb. For the ground root of the lower-priced English-grown article, which is inadequate for recognised pharmaceutical purposes, is often used to adulterate the imported and more valuable Chinese drug; and inasmuch as, when both are ground, the former, under ordinary conditions, presents the brighter yellow tinge of the two, the ignorant are wont to be attracted thereby. Ground commercial rhubarb also used frequently to be adulterated with powdered starch, but reduction of market value and enhanced analytical inspection have alike been instrumental in diminishing that form of sophistication.

THE WHITE APRONS.

CHAPTER II.

I WAS silent for a moment. The description of the man had attracted me, though the name was entirely unfamiliar.

'You say he had a sword-cut upon the cheek. Was there also a small cicatrice just under the left ear?'

'Of that I'm not exactly certain,' was her reply. 'But you seem intensely interested in those people and their friends. If you really are, I dare say I could assist you further, Hugh, for the foolish Sassonian became extremely attentive to me. While I was at the château, and before we parted, we exchanged photographs.'

'You have his picture!' I cried eagerly. 'Can I see it?'

'Yes; at my rooms. If you will come with me after luncheon I will show it to you.'

I finished my meal and swallowed my liqueur with undue haste, for I was anxious to see the portrait of Herr Siegel. Certain suspicions had become aroused, and I was anxious to verify them.

At last she called her motor-car, and carried me off to her elegant little flat in the Avenue Kléber, where, in her dainty, pale-blue-and-gold *salon*, she drew a cabinet photograph from a drawer and placed it before my eyes.

I held my breath. About that hard, sinister countenance there could be no mistake. My suspicions were verified. The man who had posed to her as Herr Siegel was none other than my arch-enemy, Adolphe Bloch!

'You say that he was on very friendly terms with Gaston Martin?' I said.

'Yes; and especially with madame, who was always loud in his praises.'

At this I pricked up my ears. Could it be that the ingenious spy of Sassonia was obtaining secret information from madame, and paying her well for it? What, I wondered, could Martin's wife know?'

'Who was madame before she married?' I inquired.

'Well, nobody exactly knows,' was my little hostess's reply. 'She was a widow, and came from the Midi.'

When she had taken off her hat and gloves, she seated herself at the grand piano, and sang for me in her clear, well-trained voice a little *chanson* of which she knew I was fond—Theodore Botrel's 'En Chantant:'

Une troupe, à travers les rues,
S'avance en fredonnant gaîment:
Ce sont les nouvelles recrues
Que l'on emmene au Régiment.
'Adieu, mère! Adieu, mon Yvonne!'
On est triste et joyeux pourtant:
Aussitôt que le clairon sonne,
Le soldat part en chantant,
Tra la la la, tra la la la!
En chantant!

Ohé, petit bleu! Vite à l'œuvre!
En hâte apprends ton dur métier!
Gaîment le brave gâs manœuvre,
Astique tout le jour entier;
Il pivote, il trime avec rage
Sans s'arrêter un seul instant;
Pour avoir du cœur à l'ouvrage
Le soldat trime . . . en chantant!
Tra la la la, la la la la!
En chantant!

She was very dainty and ineffably charming. When she had finished and faced me again she exclaimed with a laugh, 'Why, Hugh, how very serious you look!'

'Do I?' I laughed. 'I was only thinking.'

'Of what?'

'Of the original of that photograph you have showed me.'

'Oh, of the Sassonian! I had quite forgotten all about him,' she laughed lightly.

Next instant I grew serious again, and asked whether she had seen Herr Siegel since she left the château near Nevers.

'Once. He called here once, and took tea with me.'

In an instant the truth flashed upon me. If he had been there, he would most certainly have noticed my photograph, which, in a silver frame, stood upon a side-table a few yards from where I sat.

'And now that I recollect,' she added, 'he saw your portrait, and asked about you. He was quite as interested in you as you are in him.'

'I am interested in that man, Françoise, because he is my bitterest enemy, that is all,' I replied in calm earnestness. 'If that man could take my life in secret he would do so.'

She stared at me, astounded at my words. 'Why should he take your life, Hugh?' she asked. 'What harm have you done him?'

'Well, no very great harm,' was my rather lame response. 'His dislike of me is very intense, that's all.'

'It must be intense if he would deliberately kill you,' she said. Her brightness had instantly vanished, and she looked into my face with unusual seriousness.

'I would warn you against him, Françoise,' I said. 'He is not a man whom you should have as a friend.'

'He is no friend of mine,' she answered quickly. 'He gave me his picture as souvenir of our visit to Nevers, and I gave him mine in return. That was all.'

'What did you tell him concerning myself?'

'Very little. He seemed far too inquisitive,' was her prompt reply. 'But, curiously enough, I have seen him once or twice in Paris lately. I could have sworn it was he, and yet he somehow seemed different.'

I smiled within myself, but said nothing.

'Indeed,' she added, 'I thought I saw him only yesterday, as I drove in the car along the Avenue des Acacias.'

'Are you certain it was he?' I asked quickly.

'I feel positive. He was dressed in a dark-blue serge suit, and was walking with a tall, thin lady in black. He saw me, but stared as though we never had met.'

'He's a very good actor,' I remarked, smiling.

'There is some mystery concerning him—I'm sure there is! Tell me about it,' urged Françoise with sudden feminine curiosity.

'Well,' I said, 'I think he is not exactly all that he pretends to be, that's all.'

'There are assuredly a good many similar men about Paris,' she laughed.

Then, as I sat listening to her light, amusing chatter, I reflected that if Adolphe Bloch were in Paris, it must be with some specific object. Was he, I wondered, visiting his friends the Martins? If so, why was he on such friendly terms with madame, the mysterious widow from the Midi?

When I left my little friend's pretty apartment I sought Teddy Verney, and gave him certain instructions to remain in Paris and investigate Gaston Martin and his friends; while I, at ten o'clock that same night, turned into my narrow sleeping-berth on the Vienna express, where I lay for hours pondering as the train tore along toward the eastern frontier.

The days I spent in the Austrian capital were entirely uneventful and fruitless. Sir George Armfield, our ambassador, had, of course, heard the rumour of the Sassonian intrigue, but was as ignorant of the actual details as myself. We could glean no information, so perfectly was the secret preserved.

On the fourth day I received a telegram from Verney in Paris, asking me to await an important letter he had posted, and two days afterward I received it. A surprise it proved for me—namely, that he had ascertained that Madame Martin, the widow from the provinces, was none other than Freda Marcus, the well-

known female secret agent of Sassonia, who for the past three years had suddenly disappeared from our ken.

The truth was now plain. Madame, in consequence of her recent marriage with Martin the high official, was now in touch with all sorts of French officials, from whom she gathered certain secrets which, in due course, she handed over to the ingenious Bloch, who, without a doubt, had cleverly engineered that remarkable channel of information. The combination of Freda Marcus with Adolphe Bloch was, indeed, a formidable one.

I sat alone in the severe councillors'-room at the Embassy, and for a long time pondered. If Sassonia had a secret, then it was known to this pair of spies, whose cunning and ingenuity were unparalleled.

What Verney had discovered, however, seemed to prove that Bloch had been in Paris to collect the information gained by his colleague, and not in connection with this most recent and serious piece of Sassonian intrigue.

By telegraph I called Verney to Vienna, and as I sat with him on the night of his arrival he related how he had watched the house of the Martins, and had seen madame meet Bloch at a small café off the Boulevard des Italiens. Martin himself was apparently in entire ignorance of the true calling of Herr Siegel or of his wife's connection with the Sassonian secret service. He was a patriotic Frenchman of the old school, proud of his connection with officialdom and of his cross as *officier* of the Legion of Honour.

'Bloch left his hotel—an obscure one near the Gare du Nord—three hours before I left Paris. He had only a handbag, and after paying his bill walked out and disappeared,' Teddy said.

'Gone direct to Berlin, in all probability,' I said.

'There was no through train for six hours; therefore I do not think he went to Sassonia. He crossed to the railway station, thence took a cab to another hotel in Paris more probably.'

'We must keep our eyes about us, old fellow,' I said; 'for if he or any of his agents see us, then our game is up, as mine was in Venice only a week or two ago.'

'I quite understand, Hugh,' laughed my devil-may-care friend; 'but now we know his method of work in Paris I hope we may be able to circumvent him.'

I said nothing regarding my dainty little friend of the Renaissance Theatre. I had through her discovered the presence of our enemy; but I could not believe that she, an old friend, could have any further connection with the intriguer.

That day I had received an urgent telegram in cipher from the chief, a message which asked for some information, however meagre. What could I reply? I had none. I had been utterly unsuccessful. The mission I had been sent upon was an absolutely bewildering one. The nation's peril was hourly increasing. The signature of that dastardly treaty might mean disaster for the British nation!

Surely our service is full of romance, and one meets with as much adventure as in an African forest. I confess that I looked around me staggered. Such a secret—a secret which had for its object the destruction of the greatest empire the world had known—would no doubt be very carefully kept. Only those whose integrity had been tried and tested would be entrusted with it, and even then only those whose direct interest it would be to preserve it. It was no ordinary diplomatic secret, but one known only to two emperors and their immediate advisers.

Our information had, the chief explained, been sent to me by a certain foreign princess; but she could obtain nothing tangible. The facts which she had sent me, and which had been received by the chief in my absence, were only shadowy, and without any kind of confirmation. She had watched certain events, and had jumped to a conclusion which we knew, alas! to be a correct one.

The whirl and bustle of those broad, handsome streets of Vienna caused my brain to reel. Usually I possess a clear head, but on this occasion I felt confused and helpless. Whither should I seek the truth?

I had established the fact that couriers were daily travelling backward and forward between the two capitals, thus betraying an unwonted activity; but it was impossible to get at any of the despatches exchanged between the Sassonian Imperial Chancellor and the Balkanian Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Suddenly, one afternoon, while I was idling with Teddy in the 'Europe,' in the Stephans-Platz, it occurred to me that if the proposed political move had for its object the extension of Sassonian influence towards the Bosphorus, as was likely to be the case, then some details might probably be known down in Constantinople. The Emperor of Sassonia being the avowed protector of the Sultan, the latter would no doubt be made aware of the proposed agreement.

This thought decided me, and two hours later we left in the Orient express bound for Constantinople.

When, in two days' time, I sat with the ambassador in his great, handsome room overlooking the pretty gardens, I learnt that during the last week the Sassonian ambassador had called at the Sublime Porte on several occasions, and had been closeted with Tewfik Pasha, at that time the Sultan's Minister for Foreign Affairs. On the previous day his Excellency had also had audience with His

Majesty Abdul Hamid, a fact which lent additional colour to my surmise.

Now, both his Excellency Tewfik Pasha and the Secretary-General Noury Bey were my intimate friends; therefore next day I drove down to the Sublime Porte—that long, shabby, tumble-down building in which the Government offices of the Imperial Ottoman Empire are situated—and after being handed the usual coffee and cigarette in the waiting-room, I was ushered into the presence of the controller of Turkey's foreign relations.

His Excellency, a polite, white-bearded old gentleman in frock-coat and fez, was one of the most enlightened of Turks, who during the period I had been attached to the Embassy had been extremely kind to me. From him I had received many favours.

He rose and took my hand as I entered, greeting me warmly. Then, leaning back in his writing-chair, he made inquiry for several mutual friends in London. I smoked the exquisite cigarette he offered me, and chatted on many political subjects, gradually approaching the German policy in the Near East.

'France is always scenting trouble,' laughed the old Minister. 'But here, on the Bosphorus, all is quite tranquil. The old parrot-cry of war in the Balkans is at last dead, thank goodness!'

I wondered whether he had said that in order to allay my suspicions. He, like others, believed me to be a diplomat. He had no idea that I was an active member of the Secret Service.

'I heard in Vienna, a week ago, that there was a likelihood of some agreement with Sassonia,' I said casually.

He looked into my face shrewdly with those black, penetrating eyes for a second, and answered, 'Rubbish, my dear friend! There can never be one.'

'Is that honestly your opinion?' I asked.

'Of course. Such an idea is altogether ridiculous,' he said. 'Why, what would it mean? The crushing of England! The other Powers would never allow it—never!'

'Sassonia would not, I fear, consult the other Powers,' I replied. 'In any case, such an agreement would be a guarantee to Turkey against encroachment.'

'Exactly, and perhaps the return to her of the lost Balkan provinces,' he added.

I held my breath. Had he unconsciously referred to the subject nearest his heart—the regaining of those Balkan provinces as a result of the new secret treaty? Could this be the bait held out by the Emperor of Sassonia to his friend the Sultan? To be a good diplomat one must be an accomplished liar. I knew well that he had not spoken the truth when he had poohpoohed the idea of a Sassonia-Balkanian agreement. I knew now that he was fully aware of the terms which Germany offered.

For a full half-hour we discussed the situation, but he was as silent as an oyster as to the secret proposals which, I felt confident, had been placed before him, and which he in turn had conveyed to his imperial master at the Yildiz. Somewhere in that room, I reflected, there was, no doubt, a copy of that confidential document, sight of which I was so anxious to obtain, and knowledge of which they were awaiting so eagerly in London. I looked longingly at those two great green-painted safes. It was tantalising to be so near the truth and yet to remain in ignorance; and, assuredly, continued ignorance would mean danger to the British Empire.

Even as I sat there the messenger in fez brought in the card of the Sassonian ambassador; but, with a Turk's disregard of time, his Excellency merely said, 'Say I will see him soon,' and continued chatting with me.

Then at last I bade him farewell, and, walking to another part of the building, found my old friend Noury Bey, to whom I put certain questions—to which, however, I only received veiled replies.

One fact, however, I had established—namely, that Sassonia had offered Turkey a great inducement if she raised no protest against the new understanding.

That same evening, at sundown, while crossing the Galata Bridge, I overtook two ladies, evidently tourists, accompanied by a short, thickset man in a dark-gray flannel suit and straw hat. In an instant I recognised him. It was the ubiquitous Adophe Bloch!

(To be continued.)

PROGRESS IN THE ARGENTINE.

THE present position and possible future of the South American states are of the greatest possible interest to our country and the Colonies, which have over five hundred million pounds sterling invested in these republics, yielding an annual interest of over twenty-five million pounds sterling. The total value of the exports and imports for the Argentine alone in 1909 was one hundred and forty millions sterling. The centenary celebrations of this republic, with the successful exhibition, opened the eyes of many people, and dissipated the impression that nearly every part of South America is uncultivated, disease-laden, and almost always in a state of civil war. Buenos Aires, the second Latin city in the world, has a better service of electric tramways than London. Most of the large cities are modern

in style, and possess all the latest improvements. While cosmopolitan, the bulk of the inhabitants are cultured and highly educated, though life continues rough enough on the pampa and in the mining-camps. The Argentine, too, with its population of six and a half millions, is the greatest exporter of food-supplies to this country, the world's greatest producer of linseed, and one of the greatest growers of wheat. Of cattle-owning countries it takes the third place, of the sheep-owning countries it is surpassed only by Australia, and as one of our trade customers it also takes a very high place.

Some idea of how Argentina has borrowed ideas from many European countries was shown in the Health Section of the International Exhibition recently held at Buenos Aires. Amongst other things there was an exhibit of a portable disinfecting apparatus, mounted on an automobile, while a group of lay figures dressed in uniform, and with respirators, stood apparently ready with a spray-pipe to enter a tainted house and combat with infection. A corps of *disinfectadores* can be transported by road or rail. An ambulance department, with hospital beds, and wagons for transport, was a surprise in a Spanish-speaking country. Then there was a section showing the mosquito under many aspects, and a model up-to-date dairy-farm. The public health and cleansing departments in Buenos Aires are very efficient. Thus the new race blended of the Spanish conqueror and the American Indian in the Argentine, supplemented by Italian and other elements, shows none of the lethargy and absence of business faculty of the Spaniard. Here an aging Latin nation is 'renewing her mighty youth.' Droughts and locusts are drawbacks; but the enormous extent of country gives variety of climate, and to some extent immunity from disaster.

The Spaniard and the Italian are still paramount, and the countries are not recommended without reservation to the British emigrant who possesses only small capital, and is desirous of living by his own labour on the land. The Italians, Spaniards, and coloured labourers will work at a smaller rate of remuneration than he will. Still, there is no country with a more agreeable climate, wages are high for tradesmen, and any man, or still more any woman, who would wait at table would be assured of a comfortable livelihood. Servants are abnormally scarce and dear, and one with a six months' character is looked upon as a treasure. Swarms of reapers come from Spain, as Irishmen used to do to Great Britain, and return with a small fortune of about thirty pounds each in their pockets. We are told that 'if we make allowance for different standards of comfort, it would be correct to say that any man who is willing to work hard with his hands can live in Argentina in as great comfort as the worker in any country in the world.'

No one need remain ignorant of these countries. Mr Charles W. Domville-Fife has written a concise account of their conditions and resources, with the laws relating to Government concessions, entitled *The Great States of South America* (G. Bell & Sons, London). It is at once geographical, topographical, and commercial. Of other recent authorities we have two books by W. H. Koebel on *Modern Argentina* and *Argentina Past and Present; The Argentine in the Twentieth Century*, by A. B. Martinez and Dr C. Pellegrine; and *The Argentine Republic*, by A. S. Pennington. And of its kind there could be nothing better than *Argentina*, a comprehensive account of the country by W. A. Hirst, with an introduction by Major Martin Hume, added to Mr Fisher Unwin's South American series. It is of the most practical nature. Consul G. Niederlein has issued a pamphlet bearing on the possibilities in the Argentine of cattle-breeding, industry, and trade. The *Times* had a special Argentine number, December 28, 1909; while the editor of the *Money Market Review*, E. H. C. Oliphant, visited the Argentine for the sake of his special jubilee number of April 16, 1910.

The country has now unbroken railway connection from the Atlantic to the Pacific by means of the Transandine Tunnel, while another tunnel through the Andes connecting the Argentine with Chili has been authorised. The growth and development of the chief towns, Buenos Aires, Rosario, and Bahia Blanca, now notable for wheat exports, have been steady. Mr Hirst sketches the possibilities of ranching and grain-growing in the unbroken plains extending from the Atlantic seaboard to the foot of the Andes, and terms it the greatest undeveloped grain and pasture region in temperate climes, destined to be one of the great countries of the world. Mr Hirst says: 'No country known to me impresses upon a visitor from Europe so forcibly as the Argentine the unlimited possibilities of the soil. . . . Whichever way one turns, fresh evidences of fertility are forced upon the attention: cattle standing knee-deep in pasture; sheep growing fat at fifty to the acre; leagues of ripening corn, equal to any on earth, growing upon virgin soil; flowers to which we are accustomed in England as tender shrubs developing here into robust, blossoming trees; and fruit-orchards flourishing, solid miles of them, prolific beyond belief, within a short distance of Buenos Aires, where only a few years ago nothing but wild scrub and tangled forest existed.' The Gaucho, or native of Indian and Spanish descent, has played an important part in the development of the country, and created the cattle industry.

The Italians have found it a country after their own hearts, and now outnumber the Spaniards in the population of nearly six and a half millions, followed in descending numbers

by Russians, Syrians, French, Austrians, Hungarians, Germans, British (who are low in the list, though high in influence), and Portuguese. Since 1902 more than nine thousand Russians and Poles have settled at Apostoles, and arrangements have been made to settle some thousands of Finns in the same district. An interesting settlement is that of the Welsh farmers at Chubut, in Patagonia. Rawson is the official capital of this colony of five hundred souls, five miles up the Chubut River. Trelew is the largest town. In some of the churches and chapels the services are in Welsh. A Jewish Colonisation Association has acquired a considerable amount of land for settlement.

Buenos Aires ('Good Airs'), which stands on the right bank of the estuary of La Plata, with a population of over a million, had a reputation for dirt and discomfort early last century. 'What a misnomer!' said one traveller; 'the good air of the town is the stench thereof.' Since 1872 splendid public buildings have been erected, parks opened, and many of the worst rookeries have been cleared out. This cosmopolitan city is very Spanish, without Spanish sleepiness, and there are evidences of great wealth and prosperity, with love of display. It has been called another Paris; 'the streets hum with gay chatter, and the unbroken prosperity of many years helps to maintain the general good humour.' For the Jockey Club the entrance fee is three hundred pounds; there is an English Club and an English Literary Society; while polo, cricket, football, and tennis have their devotees. The electric cars are cheaper and faster than in London, for one can ride eleven miles for an equivalent of twopence; while the congestion in the narrow streets will be relieved by the comprehensive scheme for electrically operated subways. The Anglo-Argentine Tramways Company has begun a tunnel between the port and the Western Railway Station. Few things are cheap, and in hotels and elsewhere there is an absence of those small comforts which cost little save trouble. The streets are perfectly straight and intersect one another at right angles, the pavements are full of life, and there are rows of equipages; beautiful women, 'daintily attired and bejewelled, flit from shop to shop, and the pride of wealth and luxury flaunts itself as bravely as in Paris or London.' The magnificent river, the Parana, is twenty miles wide at Rosario. Though heavily protected, manufactures have not yet made great progress. The ability and interest of the newspapers are warmly praised by Mr Hirst.

Two hundred and ten miles above Buenos Aires, on the Parana, is Rosario, a growingly important town, the second city of the Argentine. The streets are wide, with large parks, and it is more open and picturesque than Buenos Aires. Here are situated the workshops of the Central Argentine Railway. An English engine made at Hunslet in 1875 is still doing good work; American engines are said to go to the scrap-heap in three years. When Brazil, Paraguay, and Bolivia are linked up with Rosario and Buenos Aires, Rosario will be even more commercially important. It will increasingly serve the maize, linseed, and cattle industries, and the mines. Santa Fé, the capital of a province, has about thirty thousand inhabitants. Bahia Blanca, on the coast, will in the future be the great port for grains. Mendoza, three thousand feet above sea-level, at the foot of the Andes, has been compared with Damascus for its old-world charm; it is like a large park, with its conduits of clear water, side streets, and banks lined with trees. Cordoba, four hundred and thirty-five miles from Buenos Aires, is an important railway centre, and has connection with Bolivia by a line running north through Jujuy. In the neighbourhood of Tucuman sugar, tobacco, the vine, and yerba maté are cultivated. This last yields the beverage which takes the place of our tea or coffee. Tucuman, Salta, Cordoba, and Parana, Mr Hirst thinks, will always have sufficient wealth to be of importance in themselves, and with more immigrants be a very flourishing part of the republic.

A single man earning about two hundred and fifty pounds a year may have to spend one hundred and twenty pounds on board and lodging and a few simple luxuries. Simple luxuries are cheap; clothes and tobacco are dear, and house-rents are high. Butcher meat is nearly as dear as in England, and not so good, as the best carcasses are exported. A tailor's cutter may receive twenty-five pounds a month, and a tailor twelve pounds ten shillings. Printers and compositors get twelve pounds a month, and lithographic engravers nineteen pounds; carpenters have seventeen pounds ten shillings a month, a blacksmith eight to nine shillings a day; and commercial travellers receive nine pounds a week, with an allowance of one pound a day, exclusive of railway charges.

Fabulous prices have been paid for stock for breeding purposes. No expense is grudged in this direction, and the Argentine is at present the best market in the world for thoroughbred cattle. The produce from King Edward's 'Diamond Jubilee' stallion in the first year fetched thirty thousand pounds. For a Shire stallion three hundred and eighty pounds has been paid, two hundred and eighty pounds for a Clydesdale, and three hundred and twenty pounds for a ram. And were we to set down the prices at which some cattle changed hands the figures would look incredible.

When Baron Justus Liebig suggested about 1859 that instead of killing cattle for the hides and tallow, and leaving the carcasses to rot on the ground, an extract of beef might be made from them, he laid the foundation of a great and

profitable industry, since known as Liebig, Lemco, and Oxo. A beginning was made in Uruguay in 1865, where the company now owns seven estancias, with ten in the Argentine and nine in Paraguay. In the splendid climate and healthy open air conditions there is less than 1 per cent. of tuberculosis amongst cattle. The factory at Colon, in Entre Rios, shows none of the dingy conditions and ugliness of a European factory. It is, says Hirst, rather 'a palace of health.' The killing season begins in January and ends in June, during which period a quarter of a million beasts are killed. The firm of Liebig owns and rents over a million acres of land in Uruguay, Argentina, and Paraguay for cattle-raising.

The Kemmerich Company (1884) purchased estancias and built a factory at Santa Elena and Entre Rios. The Bovril Company bought this factory, and that of San Javier, with a large block of land. The final stages in the manufacture of bovril take place in London. From one hundred and thirty to one hundred and sixty thousand head of cattle, mainly Durhams or shorthorns, are kept on the pampa. The best parts of the beef are used in the making of bovril, for which some eighty thousand to a hundred thousand cattle are annually slaughtered. There are now at least eight freezing establishments.

In Buenos Aires spring begins in September and lasts to the middle of December, followed by summer, which extends to March; autumn lasts till the end of May, and winter the rest of the year. The winters are cold and the summers are hot. In Southern Patagonia the climate is cold and inclement all the year round. Some of the best parts of Argentina have a deficient rainfall. The four divisions are Patagonia, the Andine region, the Gran Chaco, and the Pampa, the central region of rich land and fine pasture, where magnificent red-and-white cattle stand knee-deep in fresh pasture. Argentina at first attracted less attention than the other states because of the absence of silver and gold. Its true wealth in agricultural produce now stands revealed to all the world. The early Spanish colonists were only allowed to trade with the mother-country. Now the tables are turned; the Argentines are essentially teachable, and welcome foreigners, and send many of their children abroad to be educated. Nominally the Roman Catholic religion is paramount; but amongst the hard-working population the spiritual side of things is neglected, and Mr Hirst says there are unexampled openings for missionaries. The Allen Gardiner Mission of the Church Missionary Society has made its mark along with others; but we are told that if religious indifference spreads downwards, the Argentine, like France, may see her population dwindle, her army decay, and may be prevented from taking a high position among the world powers.

For information regarding the condition and resources of the other South American states Mr Domville-Fife's book may be recommended. The position of each state is given, with laws, regulations, and conditions relative to Government concessions. We are told that British Guiana only needs the capitalist, the planter, and the miner to make her not only a prosperous agricultural colony, but also one of the world's greatest producers of precious metals and stones. Rio de Janeiro is now one of the healthiest cities in the world. Three-quarters of the world's production of coffee is exported, mostly from Santos. The staple industry of Parana state, Brazil, is the production or maté, which employs thousands of labourers. The culture and collection of rubber is the staple industry in the whole of Amazonia, Para and Manaos being the great ports of shipment. The recent extraordinary increase in the demand for rubber greatly benefited the industry. The export in 1909 had a value of nearly nineteen millions sterling. Besides rubber-gathering, Bolivia has great mineral wealth and six different means of communication with the coast. The climate in Sorata Valley is described as one of unsurpassed salubrity. Chili has every variety of climate in her long, narrow country, and there is now railway connection with the Argentine by means of the Transandine Tunnel. She has valuable nitrate-fields, with gold, silver, and copper mines. Peru grows coffee largely, cotton, and rubber. Paraguay is famous for its groves of yerba-trees from which the maté tea is derived. The climate of Uruguay is very healthy, and the country is noted for cattle-breeding and sheep-farming.

Whatever part we may still play in the development of South America, Mr Hirst concludes that 'the building up and consolidating of our position in Argentina is one of the proudest exploits of English industry.'

THE DEAD HAND.

By the late Lieutenant-General R. BARTER, C.B.

It beckons you to go away with it.—*Hamlet*, I. v.

IT was the night of 20th September 1857, the year of the great Indian Mutiny, and the scene a street in Delhi, the city which had seen the blood of so many of our poor, defenceless countrymen, women, and little children shed like water only the previous May by the ruthless villains and perjured sepoys, who had traitorously turned upon those from whom, as a rule —and I speak advisedly and with knowledge—

they had received the greatest kindness and consideration. That there were some officers in the East India Company's army who were harsh and stern with their men, and who in turn were looked upon by them with little love, there is no denying, but these men were the exceptions, and were few and far between; for, as a rule, the officers and their wives well deserved the familiar, loving names, *ma*, *bass* ('mother,' 'father'), by which they were universally spoken of by the men before Satan entered into them, and secret agitators seduced them from their allegiance and eventually led them to do the awful deeds which made the name sepoy a synonym for all that was vile, bloody, and treacherous.

The siege was over. After four long months of never-ceasing strife day and night in the furnace-heat of the hottest part of the year, and during the stifling, enervating rainy season, the city was at last stormed, and after six days' fighting in the streets was entirely in our possession—on, as I have said, the 20th of September. The regiment to which I then belonged had been ordered that morning to occupy the Ajmere gate of the city, which we had done accordingly, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, our principal care being to remove to places of safety the large quantity of powder, a great deal of which lay loosely scattered about the place, with numbers of live shells which had been collected in the works surrounding the gate to be used against any of our force who might be employed in the neighbouring suburb of the Stebzee Mundee (or Green Village), so called from the numerous orange-groves and other gardens with which the houses there were surrounded.

All day we worked, making our new quarters as safe as we could. The powder and shells were put away into cellars and out-of-the-way places, while what powder was lying loosely about was deluged with water; and, all smoking having been stopped, we considered ourselves pretty safe from a blow-up, an experience which some of us had undergone a few days previously in the Moree Bastion, and had no desire to have repeated.

At last night came on, and with it a stillness to which we had long been unaccustomed; to the roar of the guns, the screaming and bursting of shells, and the ceaseless rattle of small arms succeeded a solemn silence. We were, some of us, occupants of a kind of mosque in rear of the battery which was in front of the Ajmere gate protecting the entrance, and, sitting on the steps, had chatted quietly until the talk lapsed into whispers, and a snore here and there announced that, worn-out by the day's work, more than one had sunk under the influence of the drowsy god. At last my chum, who had been sitting near me for some time in silence, got up, saying he could not remain any longer without a pipe, and proposed that we should take a stroll through the streets and enjoy a smoke before seeking rest on the hard stones of our tenement. No sooner said than done. I jumped to my feet, and having got a corporal and four men to accompany us with loaded arms in case any lurking traitors might have remained about, off we set on our ramble. The night was calm and still; and, though there was a perceptible smack of the approaching cold weather in the atmosphere, in the narrow lanes of the vast city the air was hot and stifling, and the smell of villainous saltpetre mingled with that from the festering corpses which lay about, some singly, some in little heaps, did not make our walk over-pleasant; so as soon as our pipes began to wax low we began to think of returning to headquarters. Though there was no moon, it was not what we in England would call a dark night; the stars shone brightly, and nights in the tropics are not so dusky as at home, so that we could see well eighty or one hundred yards around us, and on entering a fairly broad street leading towards the Ajmere gate we saw some little way on a pile of corpses where evidently there had been some hot contention during the street fighting. The stillness was somewhat uncanny, not a sound being heard but our own and the measured footfalls of our escort, when suddenly I felt my arm seized by my companion, who in an awed whisper said to me, 'My God, did you see that?' I, too, had seen what he referred to, and we all halted, gazing at it, and I could hear the click of the locks of the men's firearms as they made ready to fire if necessary.

From the summit of the pile of corpses rose a man's hand and arm; it beckoned to us, and then dropped down; again it rose, beckoning, and fell; and again it did the same. In the solemn, drear stillness of the night, with such ghastly surroundings, it was an awesome sight, and little wonder it caused our small party to halt and our pulses to beat faster, used as we were to fearful sights and to death in many dreadful shapes. It suddenly flashed upon my mind that some poor wretch in whom life yet remained lay amongst the dead, and that he wanted assistance to get away from his fearful position; so I said, 'Come on, men; it's some one wanting help,' and we all moved forward. As we did so, a large pariah dog sprang from the pile of corpses and made off down a by-lane, and an examination of the dead bodies showed how he had been employed, and what had caused our scare. He had been tearing at the body to which the beckoning hand belonged, and, tugging at the shoulder in the steady, persistent way I had often seen others of his species employed on the carcass of a defunct buffalo, had caused the arm to rise and move as if beckoning to us to come on. It was a gruesome sight, and we were none of us sorry to return to our stone couches for what remained of the night.

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SEVENTH SERIES

SOME MOROCCO COAST-TOWNS.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

MOROCCO—steadily falling into decay, and harassed by the thought that sooner or later it must pass under European influence—is at the present day one of the most fascinating studies for the European traveller. The last and greatest stronghold of barbaric Islamism, its power is but the shadow of that once wielded by those sultans whose empire extended from Spain to the Sudan and from the Upper Niger to the Balearic Islands.

Owing to the unsettled state of the country, travel by Europeans in the interior of the land of the Moors is now not only extremely difficult, but attended with considerable risk. Fez and Morocco City (Marakesh) are almost the only inland cities which can now be attained, and even to them the journey is not altogether without hazard. There remain, however, the Atlantic coast-towns, all of which are extremely interesting, and which can be visited without great difficulty by the wandering Briton desirous of traversing a somewhat less hackneyed route than is now to be found in crowded Europe. These towns lie in the following order upon the Moorish coast-line: Tangier, Larache, Rabat, Casablanca, Mazagan, Saffi, and Mogador. With the exception of Tangier—which from its proximity to Gibraltar (only about three and a half hours' steam) is within the last few years becoming certainly affected by European influences—in all these coast-towns the Moor is to be seen dressed in the same habit and pursuing exactly the same mode of life that has seemed good to him for the last thousand years. His towns, walled, gated, and marvellously picturesque, are never-failing objects of interest to the curious and inquiring mind. Here is to be seen the very life depicted in the *Arabian Nights*, untinged by modernity and untainted by those European influences which are so rapidly destroying the old and simple ways of life which obtained in more barbaric times. A visit to these ancient Moorish towns is a revelation indeed to the average traveller, jaded with the resources of civilisation and tired of wandering in the streets and galleries of European cities. It is worthy of note that in all Morocco, save for the railway between Melilla and the mines of Beni-Bou Ifrouk, mules, camels, and asses still convey to the coast and inland all the merchandise of the country. At Tangier several hotels are now to be found, one of them, the 'Cecil,' just outside the town, overlooking the bay, affording excellent modern accommodation; and on the hill behind the walls European houses are beginning to chequer the landscape.

Tangier itself is, however, still largely oriental. When the traveller lands at the jetty he is besieged by a fighting band of donkey-boys, all striving furiously for custom. A ride through the narrow streets will convince the spectator that here indeed is to be found the ancient Moorish life only just beginning to be awakened by the influences of Europe. The embattled walls and gateways are as picturesque as when the English garrison held the place in the days of Charles the Second. At the summit of the town, just before you enter upon the crowded *soko* or market-place, a one-eyed Sudanese snake-charmer will probably claim your attention. His exhibition is a somewhat horrible one, the writhing snakes being allowed to fix their fangs in his tongue and nose, often drawing blood in the operation. The same magician, by merely blowing upon a bundle of straw and shavings, quickly produces a quite respectable fire. This man would be, surely, an invaluable camp-servant when one was travelling inland!

Passing through the *soko* (a large open space, where crowds of people are buying and selling a wonderful variety of useful produce), the traveller goes out into the country, and passing the encampment of the Sultan's troops, and returning to another part of the town, presently rides through a grand old Moorish gateway and inspects the prison and the entrance to the Court, where the Kadi administers the thing which is so ridiculously called justice in Morocco. The prisoners are a piteous spectacle, fettered as they are with cruel chains and dependent for their subsistence, for the most part, on the alms of the charitable. A saunter through the town reveals narrow streets densely crowded with Moorish folk, and the passing traveller must needs be prepared to give way here, as in other towns of Morocco, to heavily laden mules and camels, and perspiring and excited drivers yelling '*Balak! balak!*' ('Have a care!') to all and sundry who may bar their progress. Bazaars in plenty are to be met with; but the English traveller may be warned that a good deal of

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rubbish is to be found in Tangier, and that farther down the coast genuine Moorish curios, such as knives, pottery, leather-work, jewellery, and costumes may be picked up at more reasonable prices than here. In normal times Tangier is no bad place to stop at; good riding-horses are to be procured, and the smooth sands of the bay and various pleasant rides to Cape Spartel and other places invite the traveller. But of late, it is to be remembered, things have been very unsettled, and a ride of more than a few miles beyond the walls is not always safe, unless, indeed, the European is accompanied by a soldier or two, for which luxury, of course, due payment has to be made. At Tangier, as in all the maritime regions of Morocco, the climate is magnificent; the wonderful sunshine is tempered by a clear, dry, bracing atmosphere, in which open-air life can be enjoyed, as in South Africa, to the utmost.

As you proceed south-westward down the Atlantic coast, the first port reached after Tangier is Larache—properly El Araish—a picturesque walled town lying about forty miles below Cape Spartel, and dominated by an ancient and frowning fortress. This place was once held by the Portuguese, and afterwards by the Spaniards, but has long since reverted to its original owners, the Moors. In 1830 the Austrians, having a quarrel with the Sultan of Morocco, landed a force from their naval squadron with the view of taking the town. Their troops were, however, very severely handled by the Moors, and scarcely a survivor escaped to tell the tale of disaster. Two other unsuccessful attempts have been made on Larache, one by the French in 1765, the other by the Spaniards in 1860. The river here, the Wad-el-koos (the Bow river), the Lixus of the Romans, has a formidable bar, and owing to the surf it is not always easy to land. For this reason Larache is not so often seen by Europeans as other coast-towns of Morocco. The roadstead is an open one, like nearly all the Atlantic towns of this country.

Rabat, about a hundred miles south of Larache, is an important city, well placed upon cliffs of gray and ruddy rocks above the Bou-Ragreg river. Across the river lies the sister-town, Sallee, once the very hornets' nest of all this coast, the haunt of the famous piratical rovers who scourged the seas as far even as Ireland. Robinson Crusoe, it will be remembered, was captured and made a slave by a Sallee rover. The Sallee inhabitants have still a somewhat sinister reputation. They do not invite the presence of Europeans, and the traveller thither is as likely as not to be stoned by children, if not by the grown-ups of the town. Even until the early part of the last century the Sallee pirates remained a terror to small merchantmen and to villages on the Spanish littoral; and the main business of our embassies to Morocco even so late as the year 1800 was the ransoming of hundreds of British captives taken prisoners by the infamous rovers of Sallee. Rabat is the headquarters of the manufacture of Moorish carpets, for which it has long been famous. Here also are buried most of the Morocco sultans, including Muley-al-Hassan, father of the last possessor of the title. Rabat is well worth a visit; it is a wonderfully picturesque place, and is quite one of the most famous of the ancient strongholds of Islam. The surf here, as at Larache, is, however, often formidable, and landing and returning to the ship is not always an easy matter.

Casablanca, which is usually the next stopping-place after Tangier, is better known in Morocco by its Moorish name, Dar-al-Baida. Both names have the same signification—'The White Houses' or 'The White Place.' Casablanca, viewed from the sea under the brilliant sunshine of Africa, its whitewashed houses and high walls offering glittering contrast to the blue of the sea and sky, is in truth a white place. The city was built by the Portuguese in the sixteenth century upon the ruins of a much more ancient town named Aufa. It lies on one of the flattest parts of the Moorish coast, a vast plain, much of it under cultivation, surrounding it on the north, east, and south. Abandoned by the Portuguese, the place was rebuilt and fortified by the Moors in the middle of the eighteenth century. Its walls are twenty feet high, and three gates—the Rabat, the Marakesh, and the Sea Gate—give access to its important trade. These gates, according to Moorish custom, are carefully closed at night, the governor, with whom the keys remain, being responsible for the safety of the inhabitants. Casablanca has a population of some twenty thousand, and is the busiest seaport in Morocco, being admirably situated for the growing trade of the central portion of the kingdom. Its narrow and crowded streets, as the European traveller wanders through them, are thronged with Moors conveying merchandise to and from the harbour. Like all the other parts of the Atlantic littoral of Morocco save Mogador, this is an open roadstead, and in a fresh westerly wind a good deal of difficulty is experienced in taking in and discharging cargo. There is a pleasant European club here, built in the Moorish style; and there are one or two hotels. At the British post-office in the middle of the town the young English post-mistress sits at her work protected by a sort of cage of large iron bars—a curious commentary on the normal insecurity to be found in Morocco at the present day. Outside the walls is a busy market-place, crowded with tribesmen from the interior, vending their wares of grain, cummin, and other seeds; and beans, wax, fruit, forage, and other commodities. Here you may see the professional story-teller, accompanied by a musician, amusing a good-humoured and deeply interested audience. Camels, mules, and asses are plentiful everywhere. Now and again a cavalier, on a well-caparisoned horse, carrying a long native gun or

a modern rifle, is to be noticed. Beyond the market-place are one or two pleasant houses belonging to Europeans, set amid beautiful gardens. To one of these gardens the white traveller is very courteously granted access. Altogether, Casablanca, as one of the busiest emporiums of the Moorish empire, is well worth a visit. Some very good shooting is to be had not far from the town, chiefly among wild-fowl, snipe, and partridge, the latter being the beautiful Barbary partridge, one of the handsomest of all the family. Casablanca has during the last three years been rather prominently before the public owing to the French and Spanish occupation and the fighting around the city. It has, in consequence of these events, lost something of its pristine native Moorish characteristics.

Azimoor, one of the most picturesque and most typically Moorish towns on the Atlantic coast-line, lies about ten miles north-west of Mazagan, and is well worth a visit. It is not, however, included by the Sultan as one of the ports at which Europeans can trade, and no vessels call there. To reach Azimoor one lands at Mazagan, and there procuring a horse or mule or camel, makes one's way overland. It is a pleasant ride, the fresh Atlantic bounding the view westward; and the few Europeans who make their way to Azimoor seldom find reason to regret the journey. Here is to be found the shrine of the patron saint of Azimoor, Moulai-ben-Shaib, 'curer of ills.'

Mazagan, built by the Portuguese in the early years of the sixteenth century, still shows in its massive, embattled stone walls and frowning forts what a strong place of arms the Lusitanians of that period made for themselves. But in truth, as the history of our own troublous occupation of Tangier in Charles the Second's reign shows, the strongest walls and the stoutest hearts and arms were required in those days to keep the fierce and untamable Moors at bay. By the middle of the eighteenth century the Portuguese had had enough of Mazagan; and on their abandoning it to its fate in 1769, the Moors took possession. Here, as you land, still stand, grim and inexpugnable, the great walls of rich, red-brown stone and an ancient mole to testify to the works of these ever-famous colonisers. All this coast from Cape Spartel to Mogador is extremely fertile; and at Mazagan, if you happen to land towards the end of the rainy season—say in March—you will find magnificent crops flourishing outside the town, and acres of wild flowers, of which a lovely purple iris carpeting the red soil for miles is one of the most striking. From Mazagan a very pleasant ride can be taken outside the town, and horses and mules, or camels if required, can be obtained without great difficulty. There is a quiet hotel here maintained by a Frenchwoman, who keeps the place beautifully clean, and furnishes a quite respectable lunch at a reasonable price, with some sound Bordeaux wine thrown in. Mazagan is thoroughly Moorish, quite unspoiled by European influences, and the markets, bazaars, and streets are well worth visiting. Tourists will scarcely need reminding that in Morocco, where the Moslems are the most fanatical in the world, the mosques are absolutely closed to Europeans. The presence of the hated Nazarene—for after all the Moors only tolerate us in their country—in one of these edifices would be an insult which would require a good deal of expiating. The troubles at Marakesh some three years since, and the expulsion of all Europeans from that city, remind us that these people are easily roused, and that they desire nothing more fervently than to see the detested white man out of their country. The fear of retribution alone prevents this consummation. In the coast-towns, where a considerable portion of the Moorish population is engaged in a lucrative trade, this sentiment is a good deal tempered by personal and selfish considerations; and no doubt, as Morocco becomes slowly opened up, the inhabitants of the interior will gradually become habituated to the presence of Europeans. But the opening up of Morocco can scarcely be effected without much bloodshed, and it is to be feared that the 'pacific penetration' of the French into this perturbed and harassed land is at present but an idle dream.

The great Atlas mountain-range, inhabited chiefly by the Berbers, the aboriginal denizens of this country, is to this day almost unexplored by Europeans. Here and there small pieces of this mighty range have been visited; but the Berbers are extremely jealous, and resist the advance of the white man into their territory *vi et armis*. In the same way all mineral exploration in Morocco is absolutely taboo, and the mining-engineer or prospector daring to open up ground does so at real peril of his life or liberty.

Saffi—next along the coast-line, a few hours' steam from Mazagan—another strong-walled town perched upon a steep hillside, is, viewed from the sea, marvellously beautiful. There is an air of delightful mystery about this ancient place, founded, historians say, either by the Phœnicians, Carthaginians, or the masterful Goths. This air of mystery is somewhat heightened by the fact that, owing to the strong surf at the roadstead, landing is not always feasible. Nevertheless, I strongly advise the traveller to make the attempt. Saffi repays exploration, and if a sovereign or two is taken, even if return by boat to the ship is impossible, the journey to Mogador can be made by road on horseback or on a good mule, and the ship can be met on the following day. Saffi, also, is the nearest port for Marakesh (Morocco City), and the journey to that famous and ancient city, about ninety miles, can best be made from this place. Like all the walled towns along this coast-line, Saffi was once taken and held by the acquisitive Portuguese. This

happened in 1507; but some three-and-twenty years later the garrison had to be withdrawn for the defence of Mazagan, and the town seems to have been thenceforth abandoned to the Moors. At the top of the town stands the citadel, while somewhat to the right is a strong and picturesque castellated palace—strong, that is to say, according to the ideas of three centuries since. A modern ship of war would batter any of these Moorish coast-towns to fragments without any difficulty. This palace, known as Dar Sultan, now partly in ruins, has a rather curious history. It was built, says an authority, Mr R. L. N. Johnston, 'according to tradition to gratify an Irish or Scotch girl who for many years occupied the post of favourite sultana at the Moorish court.' To the north lies the striking headland of Cape Saffi; and upon the green of the cliff, verdant when I last saw it by reason of a most bountiful season of rains, stands a glittering white shrine, the tomb of some holy man much venerated of the Moors. Saffi is always beautiful, and always seems to be guarded by a heavy surf. Even on the calmest day, when the lazy Atlantic scarcely responds to the faintest breath of wind, the long, smooth rollers still break magnificently on the yellow sands, and fret and spume with milk-white sheets of foam against the rock masses below the palace walls of Dar Sultan.

Five and a half hours' steaming southward from Saffi brings one to Mogador, the most southerly, and to my mind by far the most interesting, of all the Moorish coast-towns. Mogador, whether viewed from the sea or land, is a most striking and picturesque city. It lies upon a flat, rock-guarded promontory, against which the furious Atlantic rollers break in heavy weather with magnificent effect, and is surrounded by high, crenellated walls, guarded by obsolete guns, many of them mouldering into real Moorish decay. Its minarets and towers and flat-topped houses, all spotlessly white under the hot sunshine, fairly dazzle the eye. The anchorage lies in a little bay, guarded by a rocky island, and in rough weather the passage between this island and the promontory on which Mogador stands is perilously narrow. To the right of the town rise immense dunes of blown sand; behind these are low hills clothed with dwarf forest, tamarisk, and other shrubs; and behind these again, some forty miles away, appear, in wonderful grandeur, the snow-clad peaks of the towering chain of Atlas.

Mogador, known to the Moors as Souirah, or 'The Picture,' is a big city, having a population of some twenty thousand inhabitants. It possesses a very considerable trade of its own with Marakesh, Soos, the Sahara, and even the far-distant Sudan. Hither, striding patiently along the flat, sandy shore-line to the south of the town, come long strings of camels laden with all sorts of produce from some of the wildest and remotest parts of Africa. Here, too, in the markets and streets, you may see, in addition to Moors and Berbers, wild tribesmen from many other regions of Africa—native traders from Timbuctoo, wild-looking fellows from Soos, negroes from the Sudan and even from distant Senegal. It is a strange mingling of races. Moorish Jews are, of course, always in evidence, as they are at all the Morocco coast-towns; down-trodden and oppressed as they ever have been, and still are, their marvellous instinct for money-making enables them to evade and defeat the hearty detestation and the repressive measures even of such hard masters as the Moors. Mogador is one of the pleasantest and most healthy spots, and has one of the most perfect climates in Africa; and some day, when Morocco settles down to a calmer existence and a more stable government, I believe it will attract many visitors from Europe as a pleasure and health resort.

Excellent shooting is to be got no great way from the town among wild-fowl, partridge, quail, snipe, woodcock, bustard, and wild-pigeon; and the sea-fishing is excellent. Mr Ratto, a well-known resident and keen sportsman, has opened capital sporting headquarters, the Palm-Tree House Hotel, a few miles out towards the hills, where in reasonably settled times good sport is to be had with wild boar and feathered game of all kinds. In fine, Mogador is the pleasantest and probably one of the safest halting-places for the traveller on the Moorish coast. All the towns that I have mentioned are as accessible to English ladies as they are to men.

The best way to see this part of Morocco is by the Royal Mail steamers, which make the voyage once a fortnight, calling at Gibraltar and Tangier, and thence steaming south, they stop usually for a day at most of the five Moorish ports. On leaving Mogador these vessels return to England by way of Las Palmas, Teneriffe, and Madeira, the round trip occupying some twenty-four days. Occasional vessels trading down the Moorish coast may be picked up at Gibraltar, Las Palmas, or Teneriffe; but these are very uncertain, and they are usually of foreign nationality. The Royal Mail boats will be found far preferable in every way; on them the comforts of the traveller are carefully catered for, and every facility is offered for visiting the ancient and most fascinating towns that lie along the Moorish coast-line from Tangier to Mogador.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER XV.

THEY carried Toffy home in the evening, when the sun had set; and on the day following, according to the custom of the country, they buried him. Some peons dug the grave in a corner of the little estate, and sawed some planks and made a railing round it; and Ross read the burial-service over him from Toffy's own Prayer-Book, and Peter kept the well-worn Bible for Kitty Sherard.

Peter sought solitude where he could. His grief was of the kind which can only be borne in solitude. The love of David and Jonathan had not been deeper than the affection he and his friend had had for one another. The small *estancia* house became intolerable, with its sense of void and the feeling that at any moment Toffy might appear, always with some new project in hand, always gravely hopeful about everything he undertook, always doing his best to risk his life in absurd ventures such as no one else would have attempted. It was only the other day that Peter had seen him trying to break a horse which even a gaucho felt shy of riding, and he loved to be in the thick of the herd swinging a lasso with that air of imperturbable gravity always about him. Or Peter pictured him in the long chair, where during a feverish attack he had lain so often, ruffling up his hair and puzzling his head over problems of Hebrew theology. Every corner seemed to be full of him, and yet no one had ever seemed to have a less assertive personality than he, or a lighter hold on worldly possessions. Peter thought of how he himself had always gone to Toffy's dressing-table to borrow anything he might require—the boy was so much accustomed to have his things appropriated by other people! And then, again, he saw him in the big, ugly drawing-room at Hulworth, nursing one of his appalling colds or looking with grave resentment at his priceless collection of vases in the glass cases in the hall. He remembered him riding in the steeplechase at Sedgwick, and quite suddenly he recollected how sick and faint Kitty Sherard had become when Toffy fell at the last jump. He thought of the silver box Toffy had bought for her at Bahia, and he wondered how it was that he had been so blind as not to see how much the two had cared for each other. His feeling of loss amounted almost to an agony; and once, when he had ridden alone far out on the camp, he shouted his dead friend's name aloud many times, and felt baffled and disappointed when there was no response.

Good heavens! was it only two nights ago that he was picking out hymn-tunes with his finger on the piano? At dinner-time they had been teasing him about the Prophet Elijah, Toffy having calculated the exact distance that the prophet must have run in front of Ahab's chariot. 'It was a fearful long sprint,' Toffy had said in a certain quaint way he had. And now Toffy lay in his long, narrow grave under the mimosa-tree, and the world seemed to lack something which had formerly helped to make it charitable, simple-hearted, and kindly.

No one asked after Purvis; no one had seen him. He had disappeared in the mysterious way in which he usually came and went; but his little boy was still at the *estancia*, and his bitter crying for the friend who was dead added to the unhappiness of the day. He was a child not easily given to tears, and his efforts at controlling his sobs were as pathetic as his weeping. Peter found him, the morning after Toffy's death, curled up behind some firewood in an outhouse, where he had gone so that his tears should not be seen. Peter comforted him as well as he knew how, and wished that Jane were there, and thought how well she could console the little fellow; and he said to himself, with an upward stretch of his arms which relieved the ache of his heart for a moment, 'Oh, if women only knew how much a man wants them when he is down on his luck!' He thought he could have told Jane everything, and he could have talked to her about Toffy as he could talk to no one else about him; and he wished with all his heart that he could climb up there behind the stack of wood and give way to tears as this poor little chap had done. He wondered what they were to do with him, suppose Purvis never came back again.

But Purvis came back. Men often said of him that he had a genius for doing the unexpected thing; but no one could have expected even of him that he would venture to a place so near his own estate and the men who had attempted his life. He travelled by night of course. His cat-like eyes seemed capable of seeing in the dark, and even his horse's footfalls had something soft and feline about them.

The other men were sleeping as men do after two long, sleepless nights and a day of stress and exertion. Even grief could not keep away a feeling of exhaustion, and Purvis could hear their deep breathing in the corridor when, having tethered his horse to a distant *paraiso* tree, he stole softly up to the door.

His boy's room was at the back of the house, and Purvis crept round to it, and called him softly by name. Dick's short life had been full of adventure and surprises, and he never uttered a sound when his father's light touch awakened him from sleep and his voice told him softly to get up. Purvis dressed the child with something of a woman's skill, and then he bade him remain

where he was while he (Purvis) crept softly into the drawing-room of the house.

He came back presently as noiselessly as he had left the room, and whispered, 'I am looking for a tin box; is it anywhere about?'

'They opened it to-day, and took some papers out,' said Dick.

Purvis drew one short, quick breath. 'Then let us be off at once,' he said.

He crossed the room once more in his stealthy fashion, and took from the mantelpiece a small bottle of nerve-tabloids which he had forgotten, and slipped them into his pocket, and then went out into the dark again. Once he paused at the entrance of the corridor and listened attentively, and then crept down the garden path, and found the horses tethered to the *paraiso* trees. They led them softly through the *monte*, and there Dick paused.

'I am going to say good-bye to him,' he said. 'I don't care what you say!'

He went to the grave under the mimosa-trees, and with a queer, elfin gesture he stooped down and kissed the lately disturbed sods, and made the sign of the cross upon his narrow little chest, as he had seen his Spanish mother do. The dignity of the action, with its unconscious touch of foreign grace, and the boy's pathetic attempt to keep back his tears as he stood by the grave in the darkness, at an hour when any other boy of his age would have been safely tucked up in bed, might well touch the heart of any one who stood beside him.

'I didn't know he was hit,' said Purvis suddenly; and probably he spoke the truth for one of the rare times in his life. Toffy was one of the few men who in many years had trusted him, and he had been a good friend to Dick. 'Well, the game's up,' said Purvis. And he and his son mounted their horses and rode off into the blackness of the night together.

Ross had rescued the black japanned box from the boat, and had kept it under his care until such time as he should have an opportunity of giving it to Peter. It was a wish to provide some sort of distraction to a man almost dazed with grief that made him bring it into the drawing-room the evening of the day Toffy was buried, and suggest that perhaps Peter had better open it and see what was in it. The key was gone of course; but they prised it open with some tools, and at the top of the box there was a letter which made Peter lay his hand over his pocket for a moment. It was as though by some sleight-of-hand the packet which lay there had been transferred to the interior of a black japanned box discovered upon a river steamer in the Argentine Republic. The cover was a duplicate of the one he himself held, and was addressed in his mother's writing: 'To my son, to be given to him at my death.'

Peter could not see quite straight for a moment. The finding of the packet seemed to establish his brother's identity conclusively; and he took out the folded sheets which lay inside the cover with hands that were not steady.

The very words in the opening sentences were the same as in his own letter, and written in the clear, strong handwriting which he knew so well.

'When you get this letter I shall be dead,' he read in the words which were already painfully familiar to him, 'and before I die there is something which I think I had better tell you. I am not haunted by remorse nor indulging in deathbed repentance, and I shall merely ask you not to hate me more than you can help when you have finished reading this letter.

'You must have often heard of your elder brother who died when I was in Spain, the year of your father's death. He did not die'——

So far Peter knew the letter by heart, but there seemed to be many pages of writing to follow.

'And as far as I am aware he may be living now.'

'If it is anything bad,' said Ross kindly, 'why not put it off until to-morrow? You are about used up to-day, Peter, and whatever there is in that box can wait.'

'I am all right, thanks,' said Peter without looking up. And Ross went out to the *patio* and left him alone.

'I must go a long way back to make myself intelligible,' the letter went on. 'I suppose people of Spanish descent are generally credited with an unforgiving spirit. I have never forgiven my sister-in-law. I did not at first attempt revenge; possibly because there was only one way in which I could deprive her and her children of their inheritance. That way was denied me. My eldest boy died at his birth, and the girl only lived a few weeks. After that I had no other children. I think the grief this caused us entered into both our lives with a bitterness which is unusual, and which I shall not attempt to recall. I shall only say we both mourned it, and that Lionel Ogilvie and his wife, by their conduct, made what might have been merely a sorrow a matter also of almost unbearable disappointment. I mention this regrettable emotional feeling in order to make my subsequent conduct intelligible to you. In the course of years, during which your father hardly attended to any matters concerning the property, because to do so would seem to be benefiting his legal successors, I urged him to go abroad on an exploring expedition such as he loved, hoping in some way to mitigate his disappointment or keep him from dwelling upon it. I have probably not conveyed to you how deep the quarrel was between him and his brother; but if I have not done so it is not of any great importance.

'When your father had sailed for Central Africa I went out to Spain to visit my property there, and I took a sea voyage to Lisbon for the benefit of my health. There was a young couple in the steerage of the boat, going out to settle in Argentina. They were people of the working-

class, and very poor; and before we reached Lisbon, on the night of a storm, the woman gave birth to a child and died, and the father was left to start life in an unknown country with a helpless infant dependent upon him. Some kind-hearted people on board the steamer made up a subscription for him, with the English people's quaint notion that all grief can be assuaged with food or money; and one night, when I was on deck alone, the stewardess brought me the baby to see.

'When we got into Lisbon the following day I made an offer to the man to adopt the child; and when my maid returned to England I got a Spanish woman for him, and took him with me to my own estate. He was greeted everywhere as my son, and, allowing myself the luxury of the deception, I pretended to myself that he really was mine; but weeks passed before I ever dreamed of deceiving anybody else on the subject. It was a letter which my sister-in-law wrote to me which decided me to stay out in Granada during my husband's two years' absence, and to announce in course of time that I was the mother of a son. The plan was quite stupidly easy, and everything lent itself to the deception. The child was fair and not unlike the Ogilvies, and his father had given him up entirely to me on the understanding that he was never to claim him again. It may seem strange to you, but it is a fact that after I returned to England there was not the vaguest suspicion in any one's mind that he was not my own child. When my husband returned from abroad I was convinced, if I had ever doubted it, that I had acted wisely. Under the circumstances I should act in the same way again.

'Of course events proved that I had made a mistake; but I had in the meantime made my husband perfectly happy and my sister-in-law perfectly miserable, and that was what I desired.

'You were born a year after your father's return home, and when the other child was two years old. To say that I then found myself in an intolerable position would not be to overstate the case. If your father had lived, my difficulties would have been greater than they actually were, and it was during his lifetime and after your birth that I suffered most. I suppose only a woman, and one, moreover, who has longed for children, would be able to realise what my feelings were, and I shall not urge your compassion by dwelling upon that time. I have never accepted pity, and I should prefer not to have it bestowed upon me when I am dead.

'It was only after your father's death that I saw a way of escape out of the intolerable position in which I had placed myself. I was in very bad health for a time, and my husband's affection for the alien child was more than I was able to bear. There is always a touch of the savage in motherhood, and I am naturally jealous.

'After my husband's death I went out to my own property in Spain, and by judiciously moving about there from one place to another and changing my personal servants frequently, it was a comparatively easy matter to say that the child had died, without exactly specifying where his death had taken place.

'It was absolutely necessary that he should be got rid of. A common emigrant's boy was taking the place of my son in everything. The very tenants about the place treated him differently from the way in which they treated you. My husband had decided that the bulk of his property was to go to him; and all the time I knew that his father was of the class from which perhaps navvies are drawn, and that his mother was some girl from Whitechapel or Mile End.

'He had to go; but I treated him fairly. I took him down to Lisbon myself, and sent him back to his father, with a trustworthy couple who were going out to Argentina. From my own private fortune I bestowed upon him a sum sufficient to educate him and to place him in the world.

'I think I never breathed freely or had one undisturbed moment from the time you were born until he had gone to Argentina.

'The people to whom I entrusted him both died of fever in Rosario, and from that day to this I have never heard of the boy who was called Edward Ogilvie. The money which I had bestowed upon him had proved too tempting to some one. The child disappeared, and so far as I am concerned he was never heard of again.

'For four years he had lived as my own son, and it was I who took him away from his father and from his natural surroundings. I want you to find him if you can. If he has been brought up vilely or treated brutally by strangers, the fault of course lies with me; this will probably distress you, but I think it will be an incentive also to you to try to find the man.'

The letter was signed in Mrs Ogilvie's name, and it finished as abruptly as it had begun.

(To be continued.)

THE BACILLUS OF LONG LIFE.

By Loudon M. Douglas, F.R.S.E.

AMONGST the Eastern nations it has been the custom from time immemorial to consume milk in the soured state; indeed, in the East the drinking of milk in the fresh condition is hardly known. In ancient times soured milk formed one of the principal articles of dietary, and a well-known incident in connection with its use is the tragic scene between Jael and

Sisera described in the Book of Judges. The fugitive Sisera, on the defeat and annihilation of his followers, fled to the tent of Jael, the Bedouin woman, and begged for a little water to drink; but, as the tale is told, she opened a bottle of soured milk and gave him that, and afterwards assassinated him. The story is interesting as showing that in biblical times soured milk was well known, and its use under different names from then till now has been common in Egypt, Turkey, Bulgaria, and many other Eastern countries, not so much as a beverage, but as an article of food. It was found then, as now, that during the warm weather it was impossible to keep milk fresh for any length of time, and the custom was to add the fresh milk to a vessel or a skin sewed up so as to form a receptacle, in which the previous supply of milk had been kept in the soured state; this ensured the souring process taking place immediately, so that there was no question at any time about milk being consumed in the fresh state. It must be remembered that milk in Eastern countries did not necessarily mean the milk from cows, as that of camels, buffaloes, sheep, and goats was used as well; and at the present day such milk is in common use throughout the East. In Russia, soured milk of mares, under the name of *koumiss*, is largely consumed on the steppes, and is not only considered to be nourishing and wholesome, but is also regarded as a cure for pulmonary diseases; and it is also looked upon as the principal agent in the prolongation of existence. In India the soured milk is termed *dadhi;* in Egypt it is called *leben;* and in the Balkan Peninsula, where it is most commonly used, it is known under the name of *yoghourt*.

It is curious to find, in connection with the history of this wonderful preparation, that its use has been confined principally to the Eastern nations, and that it is only during recent years that it has come to be known in Western countries. There is little doubt but that the value of soured milk in the prolongation of life was known in ancient times, and if the apparently impossible ages which are credited to the patriarchs are reduced to the denomination of the present day, they will be found to be quite in accord with very ordinary phenomena in the Balkan states. In these countries thousands of centenarians are alive to-day, and many men and women live until they are one hundred and twenty years of age, not because of their hygienic surroundings, which are not always of a satisfactory character, but because their principal article of diet is soured milk.

Some years ago the fact that so many people lived so long in Bulgaria attracted the attention of a number of investigators, who proceeded to study the life-history of some of these centenarians, with the result that they found that the sole cause of the abnormal prolongation of life seemed to be the daily use of soured milk. The principal amongst these investigators was Professor Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute of Paris, and he conducted researches into the whole subject with the same thoroughness that has characterised his other investigations, and with the result that he has found conclusively that, provided the milk is treated in a certain way, and soured by means of a particular organism, it will have a beneficial effect on the human system. Metchnikoff studied the matter from beginning to end, and eliminated from the innumerable micro-organisms which find a lodgment in milk one which predominated over them all, and is now known to science as the *bacillus Bulgaricus*, and which, if added in the pure state to milk which has been boiled, will produce souring of a particular character. The milk thus inoculated becomes a valuable article of diet and a health-giving food.

It will be remembered that throughout the alimentary tract there are countless organisms present, and in the large intestine these seem to predominate more than anywhere else. As a consequence many diseases, including senility and the gradual breaking-up of the human system, are traceable to poisons which originate from the putrefactive organisms which congregate in the large intestine. It was found that, while such was the case, there were no agents of a harmless character known to science which would overcome these putrefactive organisms; and it is only within recent years that it has been shown that the particular souring agent referred to, the *bacillus Bulgaricus*, is in reality the one master-bacillus which will pass through the alimentary tract uninjured, and finally predominate over the putrefactive organisms referred to. It will thus be seen that the *bacillus Bulgaricus* is well entitled to be called 'the bacillus of long life,' which is the name I have given it, and which, if it appeals to the imagination, is also strictly true.*

'The bacillus of long life' is, therefore, a useful organism, and belongs to that category of bacteria which are in daily use for the souring of cream, the ripening of cheese, the making of vinegar, and similar operations. There are other bacteria of a putrefactive character which decompose foods and cause ptomaine poisoning, or they may produce disease. There are others again which are of an indifferent character, and do not affect the human economy either one way or another. Any one of these organisms, however, can be cultivated artificially; that is to say, they can be isolated from their surroundings and made to propagate alone on certain media, and by this means we are enabled to utilise such artificially cultivated organisms in any way that may be desirable. That is how it comes about that we can now procure a perfectly pure culture

* *The Bacillus of Long Life* (T. C. & E. C. Jack, Edinburgh).

of 'the bacillus of long life;' and, that having been done, the preparation of soured milk in the home becomes a comparatively easy matter.

It is desirable to take certain precautions in dealing with milk in the house, as it must always be remembered that it contains overwhelming numbers of different kinds of bacteria which have been taken up from the atmosphere of the byre, or in the passage between the dairy and the house, or which may have been taken up in the house itself. These organisms multiply enormously in a very short time, and the familiar souring of milk in hot weather is due to their presence. Such milk, it may be said in passing, is not fit for human consumption.

The best thing to do when fresh milk is received into the house is to boil it for about five minutes. The milk should then be allowed to cool for some little time, and should be poured into bottles, which, by the way, must be scrupulously clean, and which have been washed with scalding water and allowed to drain in the inverted position. A little tube of the pure culture to which we have referred is poured into the bottles containing the cooling milk, and a clean cloth should then be put over them so as to keep out the dust. The temperature should be maintained at about a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, which can easily be done by keeping the bottles in a warm place. One or two trials, and the use of a clinical thermometer so as to ascertain the temperature, will make any one quite an expert at this simple business. What happens is that the bacillus which has been introduced from the tube begins to multiply in the milk at once, and it does so because the temperature of about a hundred degrees Fahrenheit is suitable for its propagation, and as a consequence the milk assumes in four or five hours a thickish consistency. In this condition, and at the end of this time, it is in the best possible form for giving to children or to any one who does not care for the acid taste which develops later on. For the use of adults, the milk is kept in the warm state for from eight to ten hours from the time it was first inoculated, and by the end of that time it will present a cheesy texture and have an acid taste. The soured milk may then be taken either after stirring it up briskly, or it may be spread on bread, and a pleasing addition to many palates is a little fine sugar and just a sprinkling of cinnamon. Another pleasant way to take the soured milk is to mix it with scalded fresh milk and sip it slowly.

I have entered into the preparation of this wonderful article in detail in order to show that there is no difficulty in its preparation in the home, and also that the use of soured milk, far from being merely a medicinal one, can be made very agreeable and pleasant; and I feel sure that in a few years' time its use will become universal amongst all Western nations.

THE WHITE APRONS.

CHAPTER III.

WITHOUT a second's hesitation I turned aside on to one of the steamboat-piers moored alongside the bridge, and thus avoided detection. It at once occurred to me that Bloch would most certainly be staying at the Pera Palace, the big hotel where I had put up. So I hired a cab, and driving direct to the hotel, paid my bill and removed my traps to the Embassy, where I knew there was always a room for me, especially as his Excellency and the staff were moving on the morrow to Therapia, their summer palace on the Bosphorus.

Next day, and the next, Verney and I watched Bloch's movements. He seemed to be dancing attendance upon the two fair strangers—a Madame Fournier and her daughter—but with what object was a mystery.

I left the observation to Verney, with whom the sharp-eyed Belgian was not so well acquainted, and then turned my attention into a different channel. Employed in the Sublime Porte as translator was a middle-aged Frenchman named Gustave Nathan, with whom I was acquainted during my period of service in the Turkish capital. I knew that he, like most other Turkish employés, was not averse to receiving palm-oil. Indeed, under the régime of Abdul Hamid money accomplished everything in Constantinople. The palace spies were everywhere, and by paying one of them you could denounce your enemy to the Yildiz, so that he would either disappear and never be heard of again, or else be ordered to quit the country at a few hours' notice. In business, as in private life, this unscrupulous mode of dealing with one's opponents was constantly resorted to, and the palace spies even had a tariff for certain denunciations.

In such fear of assassination did the ex-Sultan live that it was sufficient for one of his personal attendants only to whisper a name into his ear to bring upon the unfortunate victim disaster and probably death. As proof of this I may add that the secret reports of spies found in the Yildiz after the deposition of the Sultan weighed over five tons, and contained revelations so shocking and unheard of that the Young Turks decided to destroy them, fearing lest they should ever come to the knowledge of the public. Truly, the secrets of the marvellous and beautiful Yildiz Kiosk will never be revealed.

I made an appointment with Nathan, and he

met me one night down near the Sweet Waters of the Bosphorus. I wore the frock-coat and fez of the Turk in order to avoid being conspicuous as a European; while he, of course, was dressed in similar garb. In the bright moonlight—that white, clear moon of the East—we strolled together, smoking cigarettes and chatting.

'It certainly is true that there has of late been a quantity of diplomatic correspondence with Sassonia, the nature of which is remarkably mysterious,' replied the Frenchman in a low voice. 'It has been given me to translate, but only in small portions, in order that I may not know the drift of the negotiations.'

'You have not suspected what I have just told you—a Balkania-Sassonia agreement?'

'There has been nothing to show that it refers to any such proposal,' replied the Frenchman. 'A good deal of it seems to refer to some present which the Emperor of Sassonia desired to make to His Majesty.'

'The return of the lost provinces, I expect,' I answered quickly. 'But cannot you discover the truth for me?' I went on. 'You recollect that you assisted me with information regarding the Bagdad railway a few years ago. Will you help me now—for a consideration? England is a good paymaster when necessary, as you know,' I laughed. 'Your two daughters—how are they?' I asked. 'I believe you want to send them to school in Paris. That was your ambition when we last met.'

'It still is, M'sieur Morrice,' he said with a slight sigh. 'But how can I afford it? My pay as translator is not at all a handsome one.'

'Try to obtain for me details of the negotiations in progress between our friends the enemy, and your daughters shall be sent to school in Paris, and all expenses paid—say for five years. Remember you are French. You are not betraying your own country, but will be assisting it by exposing the Sassonian intrigue against France and England.'

He nodded, but no words escaped his lips. My argument had convinced him. I knew that, as translator, he had access to much of the diplomatic correspondence. Though the secret of the negotiations would be concealed from the staff at the Sublime Porte, yet there was just a chance of his being able to secure what I so urgently desired.

We spent an hour together, walking in unfrequented ways and earnestly discussing the situation. I pointed out the extreme gravity of the affair, and ere we parted he had promised to assist me in every manner possible.

Just as I was shaking his hand at the corner of an ill-lit street, where a herd of gray pariah dogs were howling, as they do each night in the Turkish capital, a tall, thin Turk glided past us and was lost instantly in the darkness. So silently did he appear and disappear that he caused me to start. I said nothing to my friend, fearing to alarm him, for in Constantinople at that time alarm was quickly aroused in the breast of every man. The silent passer-by apparently wore rubber-soled boots, and was probably only a police-spy, of whom there was no cause for fear.

Every stranger who enters Constantinople is watched by the police just as closely as he is in Russia or in Servia, and a full report of his doings is docketed at the Central Police Bureau day by day. I was, however, known as a foreign diplomat, and therefore exempt from this perpetual espionage. So I reassured myself that, if the silent-treading police-spy had picked me up, he would very soon drop me when he learnt my identity.

Nathan, making an appointment for the following evening, turned on his heel and left me, while I continued my way up the hill toward the British Embassy. Twice on my way I turned, and on each occasion found that the slim, silent Turk was closely following me.

Over a whisky-and-soda in the Embassy I sat with my old friend Harry Chichester, the military attaché, and told him how I had been followed.

'My dear chap, we are followed and spied upon every day. The city literally swarms with spies just now. The Sultan's pet astrologer has told him that if he isn't careful he 'll come to some bad end this month. So you may imagine how nervous the old boy is! He hardly gives audience to ambassadors nowadays.'

To avoid meeting Bloch I remained in the Embassy all next day. His Excellency and the staff had left for Therapia, and Verney, myself, and Colonel Chichester were left alone in the huge gray mansion, the headquarters of British diplomacy in the Near East.

Towards six o'clock I received from Nathan a scribbled note expressing his inability to meet me as arranged that evening, but promising to communicate later. Thus was I kept in suspense for two whole days, fearing to put my head outside the great gate of the Embassy.

From the Chief at home I received a cipher message suggesting that I should return to Sassonia forthwith, and endeavour to obtain information through a certain official whom he named, and who, on more than one occasion, had sold us secrets; but I disregarded this suggestion, feeling that it were best I should conclude the inquiry I had instituted.

Teddy was all impatience, fretting, fuming, and consuming dozens of cigarettes. Bloch's movements were quite unsuspicious. As far as we could make out, he had come to Constantinople with his two lady friends upon a pleasure-trip, to show them the sights of the Ottoman capital. He had not been near the Sassonian Embassy, and, further, he was unaccompanied by his factotum and constant companion, Jules Vandam.

On the next evening, in consequence of a message from Nathan, I donned my frock-coat

and fez, and met him at the entrance to the Grand Bazaar, afterwards walking with him through that maze of stalls, which is one of the wonders of the Turkish capital. Amid that jostling crowd of all nationalities we were unnoticed, and what he told me was of interest.

'To-night the Sassonian ambassador has audience with His Majesty at the Yildiz. The Grand Vizier is ordered to be present; therefore it would seem as though some important decision is to be given,' he told me.

'I must know of that decision,' I said quickly. 'You must discover it for me; surely there is some way by which you can ascertain the truth. Have you thought it all over?'

'I have never ceased thinking, M'sieur Morrice,' he replied. 'I fully realise the grave peril in which both our nations are now placed. Any means to avert that peril are, I consider, quite justifiable.'

'Exactly. Then continue to work in the direction I have indicated.'

Hardly had the words fallen from his lips when, on turning, I recognised a man talking to the keeper of one of the stalls and idly smoking a cigarette—the thin, hard face of that tall Turk who had passed us so silently and had so quickly disappeared. I pointed him out to my friend, inquiring if he knew him.

'No,' he responded in French; 'he is a stranger. I do not know him.'

The knowledge that I was being spied upon caused me at once to alter my plans. In this most serious matter I could not afford to court failure. If the truth were discovered by that lean, sinister-faced spy, then it would fare badly for both my friend the Frenchman and myself. So on my return that night to the Embassy I transformed myself into a wharf-labourer, there being many foreigners following that humble calling, and passed out of the big gates unrecognised by our uniformed porter. At midnight I found quarters down by the wharf at Galata, where the Alexandria steamers come alongside, quarters that were horribly dirty and where half-drunken scoundrels quarrelled and fought the whole night through. I wished to efface my identity, and this was the only means by which to evade espionage.

I had made a rendezvous with Nathan for the following night near the Custom House, and had told him that I should, in all probability, appear in the guise of a labourer.

I think I must have presented a curious sight in the torn trousers and shirt, the turned-up Albanian shoes of string, and the greasy old fez; for both Verney and Chichester, with whom I had had a parting drink before leaving the Embassy, declared that I presented an excellent picture of unwholesome humanity.

I paid a Turkish equivalent of fourpence for my night's lodging, and idled away next day stretched lazily upon the quay in the shadow, eating figs, smoking cigarettes, and watching the shipping. At four o'clock I went to the bridge, and there met Teddy. But he had nothing to report. Bloch had left by the two-twenty train, bound for either Budapest or Vienna.

Now that I was freed from the attentions of the lean police-spy I felt at liberty to call at Nathan's house, which I did that evening, and there renewed my acquaintance with his two pretty, dark-eyed girls—Lucie, aged fifteen, and Julie, a year older. They were quite children when I was attaché, yet they remembered me, and I spent a very pleasant evening in the family circle, notwithstanding my ragged dress. Nathan had explained to his wife—a well-preserved Jewess from Caen, in Normandy—that I had adopted that guise in order to avoid undue attention from police-spies; while the two girls appeared highly amused at entertaining a dock-labourer in their pretty *salon*.

Nathan took me aside, and, having closed the door, said in a low voice, 'Something serious is in the wind.' Then from his pocket he took a sheet of thin ruled paper, which he handed to me. 'I translated this despatch from Turkish into French this afternoon, and it has been sent by special courier to Balkania by way of Constanza and Bucharest.'

I took it, and in eagerness read it through. It was an official despatch, signed by the Minister of Foreign Affairs, acknowledging a copy of a certain draft agreement, and stating that the Imperial Ottoman Government would agree to the suggested terms, providing that the Balkanian occupation of Bosnia be withdrawn, and that the Turkish occupation of Montenegro be allowed.

The despatch concluded with the following words: 'The whole matter has been thoroughly considered by His Imperial Majesty the Sultan, who orders me to convey to your Excellency his warm appreciation of the spirit of friendliness in which you have approached him, and to say that he heartily endorses the general principle of the proposed secret agreement between your Excellency's Government and the Empire of Sassonia.'

This showed that the intrigue, which had for its object the overthrow of England, was on the very eve of completion. The royal princess who had first given us warning had made no mistake! The peril was both real and imminent.

'Well,' I said, 'it only now remains for us to learn the actual clauses of the secret understanding. They must be in the Sublime Porte somewhere.'

'Of course they are,' replied the translator. 'But where? Locked in that big safe in his Excellency the Minister's private room, I believe.'

'Do you never go to that safe?'

'Never. Only Noury Bey, the Secretary-General, is entrusted with the key. He has, as

you know, dictated all diplomatic correspondence with the Powers for the past sixteen years.'

'He is my friend,' I replied, 'and one of the cleverest and most charming diplomats that Turkey possesses. He does not agree with the old-fashioned ideas of his countrymen. He connived last year at the elopement of his two young daughters in order that they should go to a finishing school in France.'

'Yes,' laughed my friend. 'A good story is told of that affair. As soon as His Majesty heard that the two young ladies had eloped he sent for Noury, and told him angrily that he must at once follow them and bring them back to Turkey. The Bey was about to pass out of the audience-chamber in disgrace, when the Sultan called him back, and, with a laugh, added, "You need not go farther than the frontier." This implied that His Majesty granted the girls their liberty, for he knew well that, even while they were speaking, the Orient express had already passed into Bulgaria.'

I laughed. It was a story that is often told in diplomatic circles in Constantinople to-day, even though poor Noury is, alas! now dead, and the mighty Sultan Abdul Hamid is a prisoner at Salonica.

'I wish you to do nothing that might injure or place suspicion upon a friend,' I said. 'Remember, whatever is done, no suspicion must be allowed to fall upon Noury Bey.'

The Frenchman's face fell slightly. It seemed to me much as though he had conceived a plan to implicate his master, the Secretary-General.

'I have tried each day to get sight or knowledge of the proposed conditions, but the secret is far too well kept. The despatch I have given you is the first complete document placed in my hands to translate.'

'There will be others,' I said. 'Take careful copies of them.'

He made me a faithful promise, whereupon we rose and passed back to where Lucie was playing patience, and Julie, seated at the piano, was singing a pretty melody in the soft *patois* of the Nord.

At midnight I went back to my evil-smelling lodging in the wharfside slum, and for a long time sat by the light of the flickering candle in the wretched, tumble-down, carpetless room, where the straw-bed was unwholesome and the plaster had parted from the walls.

At least I had gained knowledge that the Sultan was agreeable to the crushing of Great Britain under certain conditions—conditions that were now made plain. Therefore at dawn I went to the Embassy, and, still unrecognised as I passed the porter's lodge, sent from there a cipher message home, reporting what I had learned.

Next day, when I met Verney on the Galata Bridge as usual, he slipped into my hand a telegram which, when unobserved, I opened and read. It had been forwarded by my man in London, and was from dainty little Françoise, in Paris, urging me to see her without delay.

I at once wired to her inquiring the reason, whereupon she sent in reply a message: 'Come quickly. I must see you—or it will be too late.'

Again I wired to her, but her response was a strange one: 'Have a care of yourself in Constantinople. Your enemies are plotting against you. Come and see me.'

(To be continued.)

HALLEY'S COMET.

SECOND ARTICLE.

By ALEXANDER W. ROBERTS, D.Sc., Lovedale, South Africa.

WHEN a former article on Halley's Comet was written for this *Journal* (vol. xii. p. 710), the whole scientific world was waiting for the approach of the comet.

There was something very impressive about this expectancy. A generation had come and gone since the day when it had last shone out in terrestrial skies. For full seventy years no eye had seen it; for over half-a-century its way lay in the outer spaces of our solar system. Its sweep was a circuit of a little more than seven thousand million miles, and its period seventy-six years. There was, we say, something impressive about men thus waiting for the advent of a star that had wandered so far afield, that had circled in a course so spacious.

Regarding this attitude of expectancy there was in many minds a feeling of wonder almost akin to awe. It seemed so strange to not a few that though the path of Halley's Comet was so far-flung, its journey so long, yet it was within the province and the powers of men to chart that journey, to determine that path, to trace its track from year to year—nay, from day to day. And to the expectancy and the wonder was added the romance of story. For the history of this remarkable comet has been intimately associated with the achievements of some of the greatest astronomers, and its coming has marked epochs along the way progress lies.

Although the movements of Halley's Comet have never been outside the range of exact inquiry since its last appearance, it was not till about four years ago that astronomers and mathematicians took up with vigour the date and position of the return in 1910. Of all those

who dealt with the problem, the most laborious and involved probably in the whole range of astronomical research, two, by common consent, Dr Crommelin and Dr Cowell of Greenwich, achieved complete success. Through their skill, patience, and outlook, the part of the sky where the approaching comet would steal into the ken of our larger telescopes was determined with an accuracy never before attained. Thus astronomers knew exactly where to look for the first faint trace of the coming visitor.

In the article already referred to in the opening paragraph of this paper, it was said that either in August or September 1909 some of the larger telescopes would assuredly pick up the comet; it was suggested, also, that as the star would be exceedingly faint, the discovery would be made by the aid of photography. Photography has this advantage over the human eye, that its power is accumulative. Looking long for an object that is too faint to be seen will not bring the object into vision; rather the eye grows tired and insensitive with prolonged strain. It is otherwise with the photographic plate; the longer it is exposed the more is impressed upon it. Hence the great value in astronomical research of long-exposure photography.

On the night of September 11, 1909, Dr Max Wolf of Heidelberg found the expected comet on a plate which had been exposed under perfect conditions. It was almost exactly in the position predicted by Dr Crommelin and Dr Cowell—surely a remarkable triumph of human prevision. The next day the news was flashed to the farthest corners of the globe that Halley's Comet had once more come sailing into our midnight skies.

On further search being made by Dr Wolf, he found the very faintest impression of the comet that could be certified to on a plate taken by him on August 28th; while it was subsequently proved that the observers at the Helwân Observatory, Cairo, had obtained photographic evidence of the comet as early as August 24, 1909. The honour of discovery, however, remains with Dr Wolf, as he was the first authoritatively to declare that the comet had been seen; while to the Greenwich observers is the still greater merit of declaring where it would be seen.

It was not till October 16th of the same year that the comet was seen visually, and only then in the great Lick telescope of thirty-six inches aperture.

When first photographed by Dr Wolf it was three hundred million miles away from the earth, and was between the sixteenth and seventeenth magnitude of brightness. To the unscientific reader this latter statement conveys no meaning. We may, therefore, put the fact thus: On a dark, starlit night, at a distance of a little over three-quarters of a mile, a lighted candle is just seen, and no more. It is at that distance of the same brightness as a star of the sixth magnitude. Now, how far should we have to place the candle away till its light would be equal to that of a star of the *seventeenth* magnitude—the faintest light yet discerned? We should require to place the candle at a distance of over a hundred miles! This was the problem before astronomers in the autumn of 1909, to detect a light as faint as that of a candle a hundred and twenty miles away; and it was this task that Dr Wolf, with his patience, his skill, and his supersensitive plates, accomplished. We need not wonder why the comet could not be seen visually till October, even in the mammoth telescopes of the Lick and Yerkes Observatories.

When first seen it was in no way different from an ordinary star, but as it drew nearer to the earth, with the passage of the days, its hazy corona appeared, which as 1910 opened developed into a rudimentary tail. But at no period of its early career was there evidence of the magnificent object that later on was to surprise and hold, and in some cases appal, millions of folk all over the earth.

True, there were not wanting the predictions of astronomers as to the exact path the comet was pursuing, which path in the later days of May would bring it right across the earth's track, a condition fulfilled but rarely in the comet's history. And there were not wanting foolish writers in papers and magazines who interpreted these predictions into words of doom and death for our poor earth, thus unkindly and ungenerously bringing fear into the hearts of timid and ignorant folk.

In the beginning of January 1910 the comet was still about one hundred and fifty million miles remote from the earth, and was of the twelfth magnitude in brightness. It was, however, bright enough to be continuously watched at all the great observatories of the world, and thus the predicted path determined by Crommelin and Cowell was corrected by the rapidly aggregating observations.

It was evident by this time that during May the comet would be an object of surpassing splendour and of exceptional interest. It was found that the path it was following would bring it nearest to the sun, to perihelion, as this position is technically called, on the night of April 19th; a distance of fifty-five million miles would then separate sun and comet. In the early hours of May 19th the comet would approach nearest to the earth, being then only fourteen million miles away—a hand's-breath in astronomical reckoning.

Further, as the comet would on that day come directly between the sun and the earth, it was just possible that it might be seen in transit across the sun's disc; while what was of far more importance to the lay mind than this matter of transit was the fact that if the

tail of the comet was longer than fourteen million miles, then it would envelop the earth as it passed. All of these facts were yielded by the earlier observations of 1910, and men acted differently with regard to them. The chief scientific societies sent out astronomers to the Pacific to watch for the transit of the comet across the sun; while the ordinary man set himself to wait for the transit of the earth through the comet's tail, vaguely wondering what would happen.

Until the end of March, Halley's Comet was an evening star. In the early days of April it became a morning star. It was then well situated for observers in the southern hemisphere. Indeed, dwellers under northern skies can have no idea of the supreme, stately beauty, the impressive, inspiring splendour, of the comet when at its highest brilliance. Those whose years gather in their folds many memorable sights aver that they have never seen anything to equal the spectacle it presented on the mornings of 16th, 17th, and 18th May.

But to go back in time, the writer first saw the comet on April 14th—that is, saw it without instrumental aid. It was then a fluffy ball of light, with a short, slightly fan-shaped tail pointing directly away from the sun. As the days passed the tail grew longer, divided into great rays, and the nucleus increased in brightness. Viewed in the telescope it seemed as if this nucleus was shedding a nebulous substance which forthwith became swept away behind as though a great wind were playing upon it. This exhaled phosphorescence found its way along the tail in sinuous streamers, all making a picture of striking beauty.

In the early days of May the nearness of Halley's Comet to Venus made the morning sky a theatre of unforgettable wonder and glory; and when to the comet and Venus there was added the crescented morning moon there were few in South Africa who lingered in bed, and there were none of those who rose betimes but wished that the dawn would tarry so that the view standing peerless at the gates of day might abide. The writer has been beside those who, he is abundantly sure, were never before awed into silence; but speech before the marvel that swept majestic across the sky seemed out of place even to the most thoughtless and undevout.

On May 3rd the comet was seventy million miles distant from the earth, but coming sweeping down upon it at a speed of over three million miles a day. Its tail was then about twenty degrees in length, and as straight as a spear-shaft. It was evident that the tail would be long enough to envelop the earth on May 19th unless something unforeseen happened. It is usually the unforeseen that does happen, even in nature. Still, the certainty that the tail was at least twenty million miles in length, and that the distance of the earth from the comet would be only fourteen million miles on May 19th, was sufficient to rouse interest—and other feelings—in the minds of most. In this connection it may be noted that a good deal has been written about the fear the comet begot in the minds of native people east and west and south. As far as the native people of this southern land is concerned, there was little fear and no panic; they viewed the spectacle, even the most unlettered, with equanimity, asked sane questions, and listened calmly to sane explanations.

By May 14th the tail was at least sixty degrees in length, and stood out along the dome of night like some vast searchlight.

On May 17th the tail reached from the horizon to the zenith. Of it, on this date, Mr Innes, the director of the Johannesburg Observatory, writes: 'It would require much imagination to desire a more impressive and brilliant spectacle than that presented by Halley's Comet on the morning of 17th May. It was indeed a "great comet," such as the writer had never seen before and can hardly expect to see again.'

And now we come to what must be regarded as the mystery of Halley's Comet, and it will make for understanding if we relate the circumstances and events simply and in order.

On the morning of May 18th the nucleus was invisible, being below the horizon; but the tail rose in a broad band of light right up to and across the zenith. It must have been at least one hundred and thirty degrees in length. It was evident, also, that we were approaching it, for it was in some parts twenty degrees broad.

On the night of the fateful 19th a slightly luminous mist swept up over the face of the land, hiding star and distant hill from view. It was apparent that if the comet meant to end the earth it would do so unseen. This dense cloud or mist was almost universal, and thus practically no observations of the comet were made on this date. Those which were made —in Jamaica, for instance—speak of the tail as ill-defined, tenuous, more like the zodiacal light than the clear, well-defined rays which observers had been acquainted with in the early days of the month. Then there was the marvel that the tail should be seen at all on the morning of the 19th. If the comet passed the sun on this date—and all calculations pointed in this direction—then the comet should have been an evening phenomenon on the 19th. This mystery was only intensified on the 20th, when in the early morning hours a beam of light was seen in the eastern sky, and in the evening the *whole* comet, nucleus and shortened tail, was visible in the western sky.

The beam of light seen in the east on the

20th was also seen on the 21st and 22nd, and by that time the comet was so high in the west that it could have no connection with this eastern appearance. After this date this strange and almost inexplicable phenomenon died away.

Before we consider the explanations offered by outstanding astronomers of this very remarkable occurrence, one or two allied or related circumstances call for note.

We have already referred to the dense mist which apparently covered the better part of the globe on the morning of the 19th and through most of the following day. This mist is described by some observers as slightly luminous; then a few speak of a distinct difficulty in breathing during the night, but this may have arisen from many causes. The very definite halo seen round the moon is not uncommon; most observers of repute refer to it, but connect the phenomenon with the misty state of the atmosphere.

Meteorological observations taken at high altitudes on the 19th reveal nothing remarkable, while the electrical and magnetic conditions were normal. As the comet drew near to the 19th many observers noticed a distinct curvature in the tail, and not a few have urged that this curvature would carry the tail to the north of the earth, and thus there would be no contact or collision.

Although the most careful preparations had been made in India and elsewhere in the East to observe visually and photographically the transit of the comet across the sun's disc, no trace of any such occurrence has been witnessed, if we make exception of one doubtful case. But this is perfectly understandable if we regard the nucleus of the comet as being extremely tenuous. We know how rare in density the tail is; one distinguished astronomer, in a moment of exalted humour, assures us that we could pack the whole structure into a Gladstone bag! There is much truth in this intentional exaggeration.

Put succinctly, the facts of the 18th, 19th, 20th and 21st May as regards Halley's Comet are as follows: On the morning of 18th May the head of the comet was below the horizon. The tail reached right up to and beyond the zenith; there was evidence that we were rapidly nearing it, and would pass through it within the next twenty-four hours. On the morning of the 19th the tail of the comet was still visible in the east, but fainter and much more indistinct. It was impossible to say if the tail was also visible in the west, as clouds and mist prevented observations; curious halo round the moon. On the morning of the 20th the eastern ray still visible; comet clearly seen in the west in the evening, but with much-diminished tail. On the morning of the 21st the eastern ray very faint; in the evening the comet high up, very clearly defined, and completely detached from eastern ray; tail slightly fan-shaped, and only a fourth the size and brightness of what it was on the 17th and 18th May.

Mr Innes, director of the Johannesburg Observatory, offers as an explanation of the separate rays, east and west, that the earth and the comet are similarly charged electrically, and that when the comet drew near the earth its filmy tail was disrupted; part, the greater part, remaining in the eastern sky till it dispersed; the other portion, and the smaller, clinging to the nucleus, and forming a fan-shaped appendage. Mr Innes follows up this idea by the assurance that it is practically impossible for a body such as a comet to harm the earth. The repulsion between the two would prove an impenetrable shield.

Whatever be the explanation of what happened on 18th to 20th May—whether we passed through the tail, or did not; whether the tail was disrupted, or was not; whether the unseasonable weather was due to Halley's Comet, or was not—this we know, that a very much beshortened and bedimmed comet went sailing out into the west, out into the darkness from which it came.

Halley's Comet is now (January 1911) nearly four hundred million miles distant from us, a speck on the brow of night, visible only in the most powerful telescopes. Soon it will have vanished completely into the spaces from which it emerged eighteen months ago.

And so, in due time, it came, long expected by some of us who looked forward for years to its coming, and who are glad to have seen it, and to have been helped by its pure, serene, and tranquil beauty! Now it is gone on its long, long journey into the cold of sun-shadowed space. Seventy-four years will pass before our race will see it again, a new generation will have arisen, a new day will have dawned upon the world's history; but so long as men delight in things beautiful and orderly, so long will our race welcome into our skies this rare visitor.

Between the times of its last two appearances, 1835 and 1910, many notable discoveries have been made in astronomy—for instance, photography and spectroscopy, to mention only two. Yet, although astronomy is vastly richer in equipment, in outlook, in possibilities in 1910 compared with 1835, it cannot be said that we have added much to our knowledge of Halley's Comet. We are, no doubt, considerably better acquainted with its movements; but that is no new discovery. We are simply working on the lines laid down by Halley and Newton, only with the advantage of more accurate data. No doubt the astronomers of 1980–86 will be able to foretell its movements with yet more marvellous accuracy than we have been able to do, simply because they will have more accurate values of the masses and motions of the planets to aid them.

Then, as regards the constitution of Halley's

Comet, we are truly a little wiser than we were in 1835, yet not much wiser. We are still in profound ignorance as to why the tail should be directed away from the sun, or why, for that matter, comets should have any tail at all. An interesting subject for future inquiry, also, will be the relation that exists between comets and eccentricity of orbit. All comets move in elongated orbits, while planets and satellites move practically in circles. Why should a comet move along an ellipse?

To return to the constitution of such bodies, it is certain that the tail is composed of gas at a very low pressure and of very tenuous density. And it is abundantly certain that one of the constituents of Halley's Comet is cyanogen gas —hence the scare when it was known that our world would pass through or near the tail —and also olefiant gas, one of the carbon compounds so common in cometary bodies. Then both sodium and iodine have also been found in the nucleus. While the nucleus shines mainly with its own light, the tail shines partly by borrowed and partly by its own light. So much we are able to say regarding the constitution of the comet. As regards its temperature we are quite in ignorance. The nucleus, no doubt, is at a white heat; but there is no need to demand a high temperature for the tail. It is well known that gases will glow at a low temperature under certain conditions of electrical or even mechanical tension. Then its weight is known to be a negligible quantity, taking astronomical weights and densities as our standard. If the comet had any appreciable mass it would have disturbed to a measurable degree the earth's path; but, so far as has yet been ascertained, there has been no displacement due to this cause.

With regard to the existence of a planet exterior to Neptune, a question referred to in the previous article on Halley's Comet, the results may be read either way according to the temperament of the reader. For our own part, we would say that the balance of evidence turns to the negative side; but this view also may be due to temperament.

Whether the comet has fallen off in brightness during the space of time that men have observed it is a question often raised. Yet here, too, we are on very uncertain ground. Imagination comes a great deal into play in the description of any occurrence, and the personal equation of the beholder also is a governing factor. I have met men in South Africa, men of great intellectual gifts, who did not consider Halley's Comet worth an hour's lack of sleep; yet some of us would have crawled all night on our hands and knees, were that necessary, to gain one glimpse of it. Thus it is difficult to compare the mental vision of one man, finding expression in words, with that of another, likewise expressed in language; and how much the more when centuries in time and continents in space separate the two men! Then at each return the comet is differently situated with regard to the sun and earth, so that here also we have a disturbing element.

If my own view be worth anything, it is this, that the comet has not changed within the short period of years that men have viewed it with intelligent eyes and understanding minds. I could not conceive it more wonderful than I saw it on the morning of 19th May, when it rose a perfect shaft of silver from out the shadowy, distant hills.

Whether it will fade away in the lapse of countless æons is another matter, and one on which inquiry is useless. We know not what resources nature has for repairing and restoring old garments. The same force that sustains may also renew; and if there be any fact in nature more wonderful than another, it is the unseen energies which are ever making old things new.

And so we part with Halley's Comet. It linked us for a time with those men in the past who laboured and strove so that other generations, ours among them, might have more knowledge of the way of a star through the sea of space; it brought to our thoughts long-gone tragedies, wars and famine, fire and sword—one saw great Cæsar bleed, Jerusalem in all the horror of its awful siege, William the Conqueror, the Turkish invasion, and all the pomp and circumstance, sad and otherwise, that the comet had looked down upon; and in imagination one can picture other days down the centuries when the comet shall rise on a world happier and more contented than any we wot of.

CHANGE.

I LOV'D a pure white cloud!
It melted quite away
In lines of red, in lines of pink,
Along that lonely way.
But sometimes, as I see
White clouds arising there,
I think they are the souls of clouds
I viewed when life was fair.

I loved a maiden sweet,
All rapture and surprise;
She faded in the bleak, cold March,
And winged her to the skies.
I cannot love again,
But sometimes think I see
Her beauty in a little child
That prattles unto me!

O dear lost love! lost cloud
Of whiteness fine and rare!
There is no death, for Beauty lives
In love and hope fore'er.
Transmuted in the sun,
The cloud may merge and pass;
Its sweetness in the mind abides,
A lasting mirror-glass!

W. J. GALLAGHER.

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SEVENTH SERIES

FUNERAL EFFIGIES OF OUR KINGS AND QUEENS.

By Mrs SARAH WILSON.

IN a small upper chamber in the Islip Chapel in Westminster Abbey were put by and locked up some of the figures that were laid upon the coffins of former kings and queens in the ceremonies attending their funerals. As these presentments or likenesses were of no particular use after the occasion for which they were made, it is not singular that many have disappeared; but it is a matter for congratulation that some have been preserved. Before their use was prevalent the faces and forms of personages of high degree were left exposed to view; after it was discontinued these figures were exhibited, with additions of later date, as a means of raising remuneration for the choir. For many years they were withdrawn from public gaze and carefully guarded from destruction or removal; but they are now removed to the Norman undercroft. A short time ago a committee of the Society of Antiquaries was allowed to make a close examination of them, and the secretary, Mr St John Hope, was enabled to draw up a precise record of their present number and condition, to which Lord Dillon contributes descriptive notes, and Dr Robinson, Dean of Westminster, adds information concerning their identification. The result of this union of scholarship, observation, and research has now been issued in the most recent of the publications of the society, illustrated with photographs of the relics.

Some of these images or representations or pictures, as they are variously called in old documents, are stripped of the robes and appurtenances with which they were once provided; others have fragments and items adhering to them. The earliest are made entirely of wood; those of later date have wooden cores or framework covered with canvas padded with hay, on which in some instances a coating of plaster was laid. The latter have jointed limbs. And there are a few loose items not yet assigned to their original owners. Readers of Pepys will remember he wrote in his *Diary*, February 23, 1669, that he kissed the mouth of Queen Katherine de Valois when he was shown her parched remains in a chest as a particular favour when viewing the Abbey on the day he was thirty-six years old. Among the effigies still left to us is that of this queen. It is carved out of a block of wood hollowed at the back. We learn from it that she was five feet four inches in height, and wore a tightly fitting dress cut square at the neck, and shoes enriched with gold and colour. The earliest of these relics is considered to represent Edward the Third. It is in one block of hard oak, five feet ten and a half inches in height. The hands are gone and the feet broken off, yet it is not without an expression of kingliness. The latest is that of James the First. The other royalties represent Philippa, wife of Edward the Third; Anne of Bohemia, wife of Richard the Second (of which the body has disappeared, leaving only the head, covered with paint and gesso); Elizabeth of York, wife of Henry the Seventh; her husband (the height of the latter is six feet one inch); Queen Elizabeth; Henry, Prince of Wales, and his mother and father (Anne of Denmark and James the First). The feet and hands of some are missing. The Prince of Wales and his father are both headless. On account of its more modern make, the figure traditionally known as Queen Philippa is thought more likely to have originally represented Queen Mary in 1558. The body is of oak, the legs of pine or deal, and the limbs are jointed to admit of being moved. A double chin is clearly indicated, though the features are somewhat damaged. There are two sets of accounts extant relating to the funeral of this 'most excellent princess Queen Mary.' They state that Nicholas Lisarde made her presentment, and furnished the numerous items required for it.

In turning from these figures so fraught with pathos and so touching in their contrast to the pearl-gray splendour and serenity of the surrounding masonry, it is pleasant and of possible interest to numerous descendants to find ample mention in the public records of the clever carvers, joiners, and painters who made and embellished them. Edward the Third's similitude or image was made by Stephen Hadley, who was paid twenty-two pounds four shillings and elevenpence for it. The name of the artist who made the figure of Henry the Seventh has not been ascertained; but Thomas Mountey was paid six guineas for satin to put on it, and Stephen Jasp six shillings and eightpence for making it up. Three persons were engaged upon the effigy of his wife, Elizabeth of York:

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Item, to Mr Lawrence for kerving of the hedde with Fredrick his mate . . . xiij *s.*
Item, to Wechon kerver and hans van hoof for kerving of the twoo haunds . . iiij *s.*
Item, for ij joyners on friday at night to frame the body . . . . . xvj *d.*

The figure of Queen Elizabeth, the fair virgin throned in the west, was made by John Colte, who was paid ten pounds for it; her robe was made by William Jones, and her sabbatons and coif by William Marshall. These articles may have been renewed when James the First brought the King of Denmark to see the Abbey, as there is a note that he gave Dean Neale fifty pounds to have the clothing of the figures renewed; and in 1760 another renewal was recorded.

The face and hands of the representation of the son of King James, 'being very curiously wrought,' were the work of Abraham Vanderdort, and the rest of it was made by Richard Norris. A State paper dated April 9, 1616, records that this figure was robbed of its rich robes when it had been in the Abbey but three years and a half. The image of Anne of Denmark was made by Maximillian Coulte, a relative, it is presumed, of the John Colte who made the effigy of Queen Elizabeth. King James's effigy was also made by Maximillian Coulte. It is five feet seven inches in height.

The Dean quotes a work by Henry Keepe, published in 1682, in which ten of the curiosities in question are catalogued. It is entitled, *Statues of our Kings, Queens, and Princes of the Blood Royal which lay on their cenotaphs when their exequies were celebrated in this church, being here preserved in the Robes of Estate with their Royal Habiliments and other Ensigns of Majesty, in the Presses of Wainscote—viz. Edward III., King of England, and Philippa his Queen; Henry V. and Queen Katherine; Henry VII., with Elizabeth his Queen, and Henry Frederick, Prince of Wales, in one Press; with Queen Elizabeth, King James, and Queen Anne his wife, in the other.* He points out another testimony as to their history in a work by Dort, forty years later, who says, in relation to their condition at that date, 'the ancientest have escaped best.' He described the crimson velvet robe of Edward the Third as looking like leather, and doubted whether the wooden presentment of Henry the Fifth was the original one, which was made of tanned leather. He mentioned that Queen Elizabeth was entirely stripped; and that, with the exception of James the First, the rest of the figures were past identification. In Horace Walpole's day they were 'a ragged regiment.'

Of the figures in these lists, that of Henry the Fifth is the only one not now in evidence. But there is the testimony of Thomas of Walsingham that when the body of that king was brought from France there was an image of him upon the chest containing it, arrayed in purple furred with ermine, with a sceptre in one hand, and a round gold ball with a cross infixed in it in the other. There is documentary evidence, too, of several more of these royal images than have been preserved. We learn from accounts of payments that the mother of Henry the Eighth had one; his queen Jane Seymour had another. Mary Queen of Scots had one when her remains were removed from Fotheringhay to Peterborough (the head resting on a pillow of purple velvet fringed with gold). The widow of Charles the First was also represented in this way, and is thought likely to have been the last of the queens so honoured. Curiously there does not appear to have been an effigy of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward the First, though her funeral was conducted with so much ceremony in the long journey from Harby to Westminster. There was 'a personage lyke to the symilitude of ye kinge' above the coffin containing the remains of Edward the Fourth in the journey to Windsor.

The association of ideas called forth by these relics of departed kings and queens, as to their joys and sorrows, aims and ends, the long past and the hereafter, seems to make the vistas of the magnificent Abbey more glorious, the long lines of uplifting arches more aspiring, the lights and shadows more delicate, and the deep silence more fraught with reverence.

PETER AND JANE.

CHAPTER XV.—*continued.*

THE first thing that roused Peter from the sense of bewilderment and almost of stupor which beset him was Dunbar's arrival at the *estancia*.

'Purvis has given us the slip again!' said the detective. 'The man has as many lives as he has names! He has disappeared more than once before, and he has even died, to my certain knowledge, two or three times, in order to get out of a tight place.'

'Oh, Purvis—yes,' said Peter absently; and then he pulled himself together and briefly told Dunbar the whole story.

'It doesn't alter the fact,' said Dunbar, 'that I have got to find him if I can.'

'No,' said Peter stupidly. 'No, I suppose it would not;' and he added in a heavy voice, 'I believe Toffy would like me to look after the boy.'

'The mystery to me is,' said Dunbar, 'how Purvis, as you call him (to me of course he is E. W. Smith), could have got hold of this box

of papers. It may be a fraud yet,' he said truculently, 'and it will require investigation.'

'I know my mother's writing,' said Peter; 'and Purvis was in the act of trying to burn the box before we took him off the steamer. It is the last thing in the world that it would suit him to have about him if he meant to establish his claim to be the heir.'

'That 's so,' said Dunbar thoughtfully.

'The box could not have come out with him when he sailed to Argentina as a child,' said Peter, 'because the letter is dated long after that.'

'And you say you never saw the man until you met him out here?' Dunbar went on. He brought out a note-book from his pocket and began to jot down Peter's replies.

'No,' said Peter; 'or if I did, I can't recall where it was. At first when I saw him he reminded me of some one whom I had met; but afterwards, when it seemed pretty well established that he was my brother, both Christopherson and I thought that this vague recollection of the man, which I mentioned to him, might be based on the fact that there was some sort of likeness between him and some members of my family.'

Dunbar jotted this down also. 'And you positively have no recollection of having seen him,' he said as he fastened a band of elastic round the book. 'If that is so, he must have had accomplices in England who stole the box for him. I shall have to find out where these boxes were kept at your home, and as nearly as possible I must discover who Purvis was in communication with in England. Or he may have gone there himself. I know that he went home in one of Lamport & Holt's boats only a few months ago—that was after the wreck of the *Rosana*, you understand—and it was while he was in England that I saw him, and knew for certain that he had not gone down in the wreck. My warrant against him is for a common hotel robbery. It was when he came back to Argentina that he began this river-trading, which was in the hands of a better man till he took it.'

'The plan will be for you and my lawyer to work together,' said Peter; 'but at present I can't furnish you with the smallest clue as to how these papers came into his possession. I know the look of the box quite well. There were several of them in my mother's writing-room, which was in the oldest part of the house. They were all destroyed one night last autumn when we had rather a serious fire there.'

Dunbar began to write in his note-book.

'*By Jove!*' exclaimed Peter, suddenly starting from his seat. He saw it all in a flash: the burning tower, with volumes of smoke rising from it; the line of men, with hose and buckets, pouring water on the connecting bridge of the tower; the groups of frightened guests on the terrace, and his mother standing unmoved amongst them in her sumptuous purple dress and with the diamonds in her hair. He remembered the arrival of the fire-engine from Sedgwick; and then, almost at the same moment, the figure of a man appearing on the bridge with a cloak wound round his head, and dashing into the doorway through which the smoke was issuing in great waves; and then Jane, at his elbow, clasping his arm and saying in a terrified tone, 'Oh Peter, for a moment I thought it was you!'

Dunbar was scribbling rapidly in his note-book. 'It is as clear as mud,' he said at last. 'Purvis, after the *Rosana* incident, was missing for a considerable time, and it is believed that his English wife at Rosario hid him somewhere. There he probably heard the story of his adoption, and determined to prove himself the eldest son.'

The Scot was very seldom excited; but he got up from his chair and began to walk rapidly up and down the room, his under-lip stuck out and his tough fair hair thrown back from his forehead. 'The whole thing depended upon his getting what direct information he could about the property, and he must have worked this thing well. The fire, I take it, was accidental?'

'Oh, the fire was accidental enough,' said Peter, 'and was found to be due to some electric lighting which was put into the tower.'

'Purvis's visit to England must have been to ascertain if Mrs Ogilvie were still alive, and in the first instance he probably meant to levy blackmail upon her; he must have discovered where she kept her papers, and have tried to effect an entrance on the night of the ball when many strangers were about.'

'I believe,' exclaimed Peter, 'we saw him in one of the corridors of the house during the dance, and decided that he must be one of the guests, unknown to us, who had come with some country neighbour, and that he had lost his way amongst the almost interminable passages of the place.'

He saw himself and Jane making for the leather-covered door which led to the bridge, and the shrinking stranger, with his hopelessly timid manner, drawing back at their approach, and he thought he heard himself saying, 'Shall I get him some partners, or leave the people who brought him to the dance to look after him?' It was only a fleeting look that he had caught of the man's face, and he recalled it with difficulty now; but it was not a far-fetched conclusion to decide that the two were one and the same man.

Dunbar was in a sort of transport. 'It 's the best case I ever had,' he said; 'and we only want the man himself to make the thing complete! Purvis has played some pretty clever and some pretty deep games in his time; but this is about the coolest thing he ever tried to pull off, and he has as nearly as possible won through with it.'

Mr Dunbar always relapsed into a strong Scotch accent in moments of excitement, and he became almost unintelligible at last, as he rolled forth his r's and gave it as his opinion that the man was a worthless scoundrel.

'I can't think,' said Peter, 'why Purvis did

not claim the inheritance sooner. He had the whole thing in his hands.'

'Yes; but Purvis did not know that!' exclaimed Dunbar. 'I'll take my oath he's been pumping you about how much old servants knew, and the like; and there are men working the business in England, judging by the number of telegrams he has had. He would have been over in London before many months were past, or I am very much mistaken, and as soon as the train was laid; but it would have been a fatal thing for him to have attempted a case before he knew how much was known. Your arrival in Argentina probably precipitated the very thing he was working for.'

'He remarkably nearly succeeded,' said Peter.

'There ought to be a training home for criminals,' Dunbar exclaimed, 'to teach them once and for all to destroy all evidence, rather than keep that which incriminates, alongside of that which may be useful. A man will sometimes keep a bundle of letters which will bring him to the gallows, together with information which might make his fortune.'

Peter described how he had found the tin case on the top of a bundle of shavings in the cabin of the river steamer. 'He was in a tight place there, and must have known it,' said Peter. 'Why not have burned the letters before our boat got up?'

Dunbar laughed. 'You can't very well make a fire on a small steamer on a dark night without showing where you are, for one thing,' he replied; 'nor can you overturn a paraffin-lamp on the top of a bundle of shavings without a possibility of burning yourself up at the same time. There was a love of sensationalism, too, about the man. He would like his steamer to flame away at the right moment, and disappoint the men who meant to board her; or, what is still more likely, there was a considerable amount of gunpowder on board the boat, and a boarding-party arriving at the right moment would have been blown sky-high.'

'He never showed mercy,' said Peter.

'The Lord will need to have mercy upon him if he gets into my hands,' quoth Dunbar, 'for I have none to spare for him.'

'But I,' said Peter, 'have got to remember that my mother charges me to befriend the man.'

'But then,' said Dunbar tersely, 'your mother never knew what sort of man you would have to deal with.'

'God knows,' said Peter, 'things are a bit difficult sometimes.'

'Well, it's a hanging matter if we get him,' said Dunbar cheerfully. He and the *comisario* had their orders, and they would be obliged to execute them. The results must be left for a court of justice to decide.

They rode away the following morning, and there seemed nothing for it but to wait at the *estancia* until more news was forthcoming. For Peter, the days were the saddest of his life, and left an impression upon him which nothing ever quite removed afterwards. He became older suddenly, and a certain boyishness which was characteristic of him was gone, and never returned again. Life, which had once seemed so simple to him and so easily lived, so full of pleasures and of good times and of good comrades, had suddenly become complex and filled with difficulties, and made up of grave decisions, and shadowed by a sorrow which would probably be felt as long as he lived. Ross would not let him stay indoors, and mercifully gave him a double share of work to do. The weather was cooler now, and the days could be filled with outdoor occupations from morning till night. There were no siestas in the afternoon or lazy dawdling over coffee in the heat of the day to remind him of long gossips with Toffy, and the evenings were shorter and not so difficult to fill.

'I'm an awful bore, Ross,' said Peter, having sat silent from dinner-time until he went to bed one night; 'but I can't help it.'

'I know you can't,' said Ross kindly.

The big man, who was a poor player of cards at the best of times, became seized with a desire to learn picquet; and, strange as his method of consolation may have been, Peter knew what the good fellow meant by it, and taught him the game and got through the time somehow.

There was still no news of Purvis; the man seemed to have vanished in his own mysterious way, and nothing could be heard of him. It was ascertained that he was well supplied with money, and it was thought that, as his child would be incapable of any very long journeys or unusual hardships, the discovery of his whereabouts near home might lead to the discovery of his father. But the thing remained a mystery. Dunbar's long, lean frame grew leaner than ever as he searched and journeyed and telegraphed without obtaining any results.

It was the boy who appeared first, and then without his father. Perhaps Purvis discovered that escape would be easier without the burden of the child, or it may have been that his queer affection for the boy had determined Purvis to seek safety for him somewhere. But it was part of the man's extraordinary coolness that he should send him to Peter Ogilvie to look after.

The boy arrived at the *estancia* one night, a poor, tired little object, with a letter from his father in his pocket. The two had made their way as far as the province of Salta, and from there the boy had been sent to Taco, where, unaided, he had found a horse and had ridden over to the *estancia*. He was thin and weak-looking, and had evidently suffered a good deal from his many journeyings. Ross took him and looked after him, and gave him some light work on the farm to do, and there he remained while Dunbar journeyed to Salta, to find that Purvis had left the place long before he arrived. Only a woman at Rosario knew where he was, and

this woman had learned not to tell. She had married Purvis years ago, soon after she arrived in Argentina to be governess to some English children. Her employers had not been kind to her, and in a country where comforts were few she had had less than her share of them. She was a girl of twenty then, and very pretty, and hers was a faithful heart. Cynical as the expression may sound, she had had its faithfulness forced upon her by the fact that she was utterly friendless in the world. When Purvis married her she went to him gladly. When he deserted her she even pretended to believe in him for the pitiful reason that there was no one else in the whole of that strange land to whom she could turn. She was a woman whom the easy excuse of 'business' could always silence, for she had been brought up to believe that that very comprehensive word signified something almost as mysterious as affairs of the spirit. It was not safe to predict of those who were engaged in business whence they would come or whither they would go. Sometimes she did not see her husband for months or even for a year at a time; he did not always share his abundant days with her, but he had nearly always come back to her when he was in trouble.

He arrived one night in Rosario without disguise of any sort, and knocked at her humble door in one of the meanest parts of the town. He was never beaten for long, and he announced to her that he wanted her help in a new scheme that he had planned. His fortune was to be made once more, but the scheme itself must remain hidden for a time. His wife upon this occasion was to help him by acting as cat's-paw.

'It's a big thing,' Purvis said, 'and will require all my strength;' and he announced his intention of remaining hidden in Rosario for a few weeks while he rested completely. But his chronic inability to sleep made rest impossible. He was calculating and adding up figures during the watches of the night, and his strange, light-coloured eyes, with the constant tear in them, became paler in colour and more suggestive of bad nerves. He began to find his calculations difficult to balance, and he even made some mistakes in his long rows of figures. The thing worried him, and he began to wonder if his head were going. He had always overcome difficulties and fought dangers with an absolute belief in his own success. He was unscrupulous and cunning, but he had never been beaten yet. It was horrible that sleep was the thing that he could not command; but, alas! the exercise of will-power is not the force by which sleep can be induced, and a placid or submissive mind was unknown to Purvis. His wife watched him anxiously. She would go for long walks with him in the early dawn or after it was dark, hoping that the fresh air and the cooler weather might bring some sort of repose to the wide-open, pale eyes; but no sleep came, and Purvis took to swallowing more tabloids, and planning and contriving his rows of figures in a nervous way, while his hand trembled and his plaintive voice became irritable and his eyes watered more than they were wont to do.

He had money in hand, and it was some sort of comfort to his wife to be able to purchase for him the nourishing food which he required. She had often been in sore straits for money herself; but she believed with pathetic conviction that a woman can do with fewer comforts than a man, and she had never felt deprivations for herself as much as she would have felt them for her husband. She cooked tempting dishes for him, and enjoyed his companionship, and asked no questions. She even allowed herself the purchase of a few new clothes now that money was plentiful again; and these days, even with the anxiety of her husband's ill-health hanging over her, were not by any means the unhappiest of her life.

'I sha'n't be able to pull this business through,' said Purvis one night, 'unless I sleep, and I can't live unless I succeed with it.'

He made his wife write innumerable letters for him in her own handwriting, and signed with an entirely new name. But it made business affairs more difficult to do them through another person; and even his meek wife might some day ask questions!

If only he could pull himself together and get a firmer grasp of things than he had at present! The commercial instinct was strong within him, and he had a genius for figures, but the state of his nerves and insomnia seemed to have deprived him of half his powers. He envied his wife her gentle breathing and her deep sleep; and he would often wake her in the night when he was most restless, and demand something at her hands—a very weak cup of tea, or a little milk and hot water—in order to hear the restoring sound of a human voice.

Lately, however, he had purchased a new sort of tabloid, which he used sparingly according to the chemist's directions, but at which he often looked longingly, believing that a little sleep lay within the tiny glass bottle.

He had lain awake for hours this night, noting the ticking of his watch, counting the hours as they struck on the neighbouring clock, falling sometimes into an uneasy slumber which lasted only a few minutes, and then waking at the sound of his own voice calling aloud in his sleep. He tried every plan and contrivance, however childish, by which men have sometimes courted slumber; and through the nights, while other men rested, he was walking up and down, or brushing his hair, bathing his face in cold water, smoking cigarettes, rubbing himself with a towel, and going through strange acrobatic efforts by which wearied men hope to tire themselves into sleeping.

He lay in bed very still to-night, his wide-staring eyes looking into the darkness. He

heard every hour as it struck, and his active brain refused to be quiet for a moment. Difficult things looked gigantic in the darkness, and everything upon which his thoughts dwelt became hopelessly exaggerated in his mind. Brandy and other stimulants had never been a temptation to him; his life had too often depended upon his head for him to risk a muddled brain. But he still believed in tabloids; and as the day dawned, and light crept through the window, he looked longingly at the little glass phial lying on the dressing-table. It was three o'clock, and if only he could get a couple of hours' deep rest before the noise of the city began, he might yet be able to pull himself together and take his affairs in hand.

He rose from the bed and went with unfaltering steps to the dressing-table and shook the tiny discs into the palm of his hand, and then he counted them deliberately.

'It's kill or cure!' he said with that queer courage which never deserted him, even if it was based entirely upon self-seeking and self-interest. He threw his head back with the characteristic action with which he always swallowed his medicine, and went back to bed again.

Purvis slept; and it may have been that he was glad to sleep on for ever, for he was tired through and through, and the only way to escape failure was by death.

His wife mourned for him deeply and sincerely as many better men have not been mourned. There was only one thing she dreaded in the whole world, and that was loneliness. She had endured much of it in her lifetime, and now that her husband, whom as a matter of necessity she had believed in, was gone, she was quite alone. She knew nothing of business, and it never struck her as being strange that there should be money amounting to quite a little fortune in a box in the house. With the fear of want removed, the poor creature blossomed into youthfulness again, and she married an engineer on a new railway line, who was very good to her, and to whom she ever held up the late lamented Purvis as one of the best of husbands, and one, too, who had left her well provided for.

CHAPTER XVI.

PETER and Jane were married the following autumn with the ring which Toffy had kept wrapped up in a piece of tissue-paper in his waistcoat-pocket. For an account of the rejoicings the Culversham local paper must be consulted. It devoted columns to accounts of feastings and fireworks, tenants' dinners, and school children's teas.

Mrs Avory, dressed in black, went very quietly to the wedding, with her little girl beside her. She wept sadly during the service, but she looked stronger now, and seemed to be suffering less than she had been wont to do. A niche seemed to have been found for her in the village of Culversham, where she loved the poor people, and went about amongst the cottages, and read to sick people, and was happier perhaps than she quite knew, in her own pathetic little way.

Kitty Sherard was bride's-maid, and never cried at all. She wore rose-colour, and carried Jane's bouquet, and during the whole of the long day she laughed and was admired and behaved as a bride's-maid in rose-colour should. It is a comforting supposition which many people hold as a belief, that there are guardian angels, or spirits, who watch round the beds of those who weep. Such a spirit keeping watch at Kitty Sherard's bed that night, and hearing her sobbing, may have known something of her sorrow. Soldiers, men tell us who have seen many battlefields, cover their faces when they are wounded, so that their comrades may not see their drawn features and their pain. So Kitty waited until the lights were out before she began to cry. Perhaps a certain joy of living will come back to her some day when hounds are running and a good horse carries her well. To-night, in the dark, she felt nothing but an intolerable sense of loneliness and a longing which seemed as if it never would be lessened. Probably in a sorrow of this sort the ache of it consists in a curious longing to get up and go at once somewhere, anywhere, to the one who is loved; who is gone, and the blankness and the pity of it all centre round the fact that this is impossible. The impotence of the feeling increases as means of communication in this life are made easier. It seems absurd that whereas we may actually speak, and hear the voices in reply of those who are hundreds of miles apart from us, there yet should be an insuperable barrier between those who, for aught we know, may be quite near us. Almost it seems as if we are under a spell which prevents the communication which we long for, and as though any day we may wake up to find how unreal the separation is. Kitty buried her face in the pillow and called Toffy's name, and—who knows?—perhaps he heard her.

In saying good-bye to our friends at Culversham one may be allowed to wonder what their futures will be. Sometimes I think Mrs Avory may marry again. But I never think of Kitty Sherard as caring for any one else except the boy who, whatever his faults may have been, had never an unkind or ungentle thought of any one, and who played the game as honourably as he knew it, and then laid down his life in the simple manner of a gentleman.

Peter will never forget him. When he has boys of his own he will call them after his dead friend, and will tell them absurd stories about him, for even when his name has become a memory only, it will be surrounded with something whimsical. Toffy's old jokes and stories are much more a reality than his death. He often risked his life for a really good sporting race;

and he did not grudge giving it up during that last lap on the Argentine river when day was breaking. He was trying to help a friend to do the right sort of thing at considerable cost to them both; and when all is said and done, none of us can do much better than that.

Miss Abingdon will probably be a despotic grand-aunt, and we shall continue to hear much of her own maidenhood, and all the virtues and discipline which surrounded it.

Well, good-luck and long life to bride and bridegroom! They love each other in a manner refreshingly whole-hearted and delightful, and we will, if you please, ring down the curtain upon them in orthodox fashion to the sound of wedding-bells. Good-luck to Kitty, who will never tell her mad little stories again, or enjoy herself as she used to do when she goes to race-meetings or drives her horses tandem through the lanes. Good-luck to Mrs Avory, with her pathetic brown eyes, doing her daily work amongst the poor; and good-luck to the genial vicar and his wife, whose soul has always been free in the midst of a rather narrow life. Good-luck to all our friends in this book, and to you, dear reader, who have followed them so far.

And so, good-bye.

THE END.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE THIN RED LINE.

By E. Bruce Low, M.A.

WHEN, at Balaklava, Sir Colin Campbell rode down the line of waving plumes and tartans of the gallant Ninety-third (the second battalion of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders), then drawn up, five hundred strong, in two-deep line, with bayonets fixed, prepared to receive the attack of nine hundred Russian cavalry,* he proudly addressed them. 'Highlanders,' he said, 'remember there is no retreat from here; you must die where you stand.' And the men replied cheerily, 'Ay, ay, Sir Colin, we'll do that.'

The scene has become impressed upon the memory and imagination of our nation as the realisation of the high ideal of soldierly conduct in the presence of the enemy. Literature and art have vied with each other in depicting this incident of the Thin Red Line tipped with steel, when the two battalions of Turks posted on the flank of the kilted regiment turned tail and fled, and left as the sole defenders of the strategic base of the British army this handful of firm and resolute men.† Lord Raglan and his staff, who were spectators of the dramatic incident from the ridge, could see, as the combatants could not, that behind this swift attack of raiding Cossacks there was a full division of three thousand Russian cavalry moving up the Causeway Heights, and that behind these again were heavy columns of infantry and artillery bent, it seemed, on reaching the same objective—the key, in truth, of the whole position of the Allies. As the horsemen approached, the Scarlet Thread, hitherto stretched behind a rocky knoll, swept forward to crown the crest, and instantly came under the fire of the Russian artillery, directed from the series of redoubts which had formed the first line of defence, and from which the Turks had fled in dismay before the overwhelming number of the assailants. On that moment depended not only the fate of the base of supplies, but probably the result of the war itself; for, with Balaklava taken, the Allies could not have remained a day longer before Sebastopol.

To seek the genesis of this great development in tactics we must cast our survey back to June 1808, when one evening, after dinner, in his house in Harley Street, Wellington sat with his friend Croker, and fell into a deep reverie. Croker rallied him on his silence, and Sir Arthur (as he then was) replied, 'To say the truth, I was thinking of the French I am going to fight. I have not seen them since the campaign in Flanders [1794–95], when they were capital soldiers, and a dozen years of victory under Bonaparte must have made them better still. They have, besides, a new system of strategy which has outmanœuvred and overwhelmed all the armies of Europe. 'Tis enough to make one thoughtful; but, no matter, the die is cast. They may overwhelm me, but I don't think they will outmanœuvre me; first, because I am not afraid of them, as everybody else seems to be; and, secondly, because if all I hear of their system be true, I think it is a false system against troops steady enough to receive them with the bayonet. I suspect all the Continental armies are half-beaten before the battle begins. I, at least, will not be frightened beforehand' (Croker's *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 12).

This conversation took place on the night before Sir Arthur left London to take command of the first British expedition to the Peninsula. But even before 'this General of Sepoys,' as Napoleon was pleased to call him in derision, had closed his fighting career in India, he had remarked to his confidants that the French were sweeping everything before them in Europe by the use of the formation in column, but that he was fully convinced that the column could and would be beaten by the line.

The great intellect which was to prick the

* General Todleben's Russian official account.

† The reader will recall the famous painting of the 'Thin Red Line,' by Robert Gibb, R.S.A., His Majesty's Limner and Painter for Scotland.

bubble of Bonaparte's reputation as the greatest soldier in Europe had already weighed the worth of those dense French columns which had well-nigh conquered the Continent, and had found them wanting.

What, then, was the new system which Wellington put to the test at the epoch-making battle of Vimeiro?

The answer to this question is probably found by considering the formations of the French army which it was intended to oppose.

The French military schools where Napoleon himself was educated adopted the system of Mesnil Durand, which from 1774 influenced the tactics of all French armies. During the Consulate and Empire battalions were formed in close columns of double companies, with two of the ten companies thrown out as skirmishers. Several battalions acting in concert were formed in line of double companies, the flank companies being used as skirmishers. The object of this company formation was to allow the free movement of cavalry and artillery through the intervals.

The objection of Durand to the line formation arose from the fact that it produced an inclination among the men to halt and fire. The column, on the other hand, was, he thought, the better formation for a rapid advance. We conclude, therefore, that the basis of Durand's tactics lay in the small battalion columns, covered by strong lines of skirmishers. Regiments did not exist in the French army till Napoleon formed the camp at Boulogne for the invasion of England. Till then battalions were combined in demi-brigades of three battalions. The new formation in regiments was first tried in battle at Austerlitz (1805).

At Jena, in 1806, the old column formation of Frederick the Great, which consisted of open columns of companies marching in two or more lines, but which made no provision for supplying skirmishers in front, was opposed to the formation of Napoleon. The contest ended in the victory of the new column formation owing to its combination of rapidity in deployment and in forming square to receive cavalry, which the company column of the Prussians could not form so effectually. The French had also the advantage of the fire of their strong skirmishing-line. In this way the French secured superiority in both 'fire' and 'shock' tactics. The result was the overthrow of the Prussian and Austrian armies whenever the French forces were under the command of competent leaders.

Napoleon also introduced the system of concentrating great forces of artillery to prepare the way for the advance of his heavy attacking columns, formed out of entire divisions, which he used first at Eylau (1807).

After this period the great Continental armies —Russian, Prussian, and Austrian—adopted the French formation of close columns, and later (July 1809) they also introduced the firing-line of skirmishers. It was, then, to meet the ever-victorious column formation of Napoleon that Wellington had to devise his new system.

Selecting a good position, with cover for his men, Sir Arthur (as he was in 1808) sought protection for his infantry behind the crest of a hill, and proceeded to deploy his regiments into line, with bayonets fixed, and there calmly watched the approaching columns. The enemy, covering his front with skirmishers, advanced in solid masses, often consisting of a whole division, and were received by the fire of artillery securely posted on the ridge and by innumerable skirmishers firing from cover. As these unwieldy columns approached, the British line, only two-deep, moved up steadily over the crest and waited the attack without firing till the enemy had come within close range, when a tremendous volley from the front rank, followed immediately by another from the rear rank, invariably destroyed the head of the column and spread consternation into the swaying mass behind. The widely extended British line of fire outflanked the narrow front of the column, and carried death and demoralisation along the flanks also. At the next moment the whole red line advanced at the double, and with loud cheers and vigorous bayonet-thrusts completed the destruction of the column. Such, in a few words, was the oft-repeated result of the fights in the Peninsula and during the Hundred Days, when the Thin Red Line met the column in action.

Here is a description by Marshal Bugeaud, who had felt the tremendous moral force of the silent line which awaited calmly the approach of overwhelming numbers without flinching, and at the word of command dealt out a tornado of shot, followed by the flash of the terror-striking bayonet: 'The British generally occupied well-chosen defensive positions, having a certain command, and they showed only a portion of their force. The usual artillery action first took place; soon, in great haste, without taking time to examine if there were means to make a flank attack, we marched straight on, taking the bull by the horns. About one thousand yards from the British line the men became excited, spoke to one another, and hurried their march; the column began to be a little confused.

'The British remained quite silent, with ordered arms, and from their steadiness appeared to be a long red wall. This steadiness invariably produced an effect on the young soldiers.

'Very soon we got nearer, shouting, "*Vive l'Empereur! En avant! à la baionette!*" Shakos were raised on the muzzles of the muskets; the column began to double; the ranks got into confusion; the agitation produced a tumult; shots were fired as we advanced.

'The British line remained still, silent, and immovable, with ordered arms, even when we were only three hundred paces distant, and it appeared to ignore the storm about to break.

'The contrast was striking. In our inmost

thoughts each felt that the enemy was a long time in firing, and that this fire, reserved for so long, would be very unpleasant when it did come. Our ardour cooled. The moral power of steadiness, which nothing shakes, . . . over disorder, which stupefies itself with noise, overcame our minds. At this moment of intense excitement the British wall shouldered arms. An indescribable feeling rooted many of our men to the spot; they began to fire. The enemy's steady, concentrated volleys swept our ranks. Decimated, we turned round, seeking to regain our ranks, recover our equilibrium; then three deafening cheers broke the silence of our opponents; at the third they were on us, pushing our disorganised flight. But, to our great surprise, they did not push their advantage beyond a hundred yards, retiring calmly to their line to await another attack.'

The groundwork of Wellington's tactics was based upon his confidence that the British troops in line could always be relied on to defeat the column both in offensive and defensive operations.

At Vimeiro and Talavera, where his men stood on their defence, the test was first applied; and at Salamanca he proved, by his magnificent advance in line, that the new formation was equally effective for the attack.

At Vimeiro the enemy came on in two powerful columns, supported and flanked by weaker bodies; the right, which consisted of about six thousand men, moving upon the Lourinho road; the left, of about five thousand, directing its efforts against the tableland. The first onset of both was, as the first onset of French troops always is, extremely impetuous; insomuch that on the left of the tableland the skirmishers were fairly driven in, and the head of the advancing column presented itself, almost without a check, in front of the Fiftieth Regiment. The Fiftieth, which was drawn up in line, permitted the enemy to approach till scarcely twenty yards divided them, and then, pouring in a well-directed volley, made ready to charge. The enemy stood for a moment, as if determined to await the shock; but the bayonets of the British corps were hardly crossed when they began to waver, and before the rush was made they broke and fled.

At Talavera, on 28th July 1809, the French, under King Joseph and Marshal Victor, attacked Wellington, who commanded an inferior force. The principal fight took place on a hill on the left of the British position. It is well described in the hitherto unpublished journal of a sergeant of the Gordon Highlanders, a company of whom formed part of the regiment of detachments engaged in the fight. He says: 'As daylight appeared each army gazed on the other. The French fired one gun from the centre as a signal for their line to commence action. Their guns began to pour grape-shot and shell into our lines, and three columns came bearing for the hill. We were ordered to lie close to the ground; but when the enemy was about fifty yards from us we started to our feet and poured in a volley, then charged with the bayonet, and ran down into the valley, cheering and firing upon them, for they proved better runners than we.'

General Jomini, who served as chief of the staff of Marshal Ney, records that in conversation Wellington told him that he was convinced that the manner of the attack of the French upon him in column more or less deep was very hazardous for them against a solid, well-armed infantry having confidence in its fire and well supported by artillery and cavalry. Jomini then asked the Duke if he had not formed the foreign troops under his command in columns at Waterloo. He said, 'Yes, because I could not depend upon them so well as upon the British.'

The terrible fight at Albuera (1811), the bloodiest battle of the Peninsular war, supplies us with an even more startling example of the overpowering strength of a steady, deployed line when opposed to a solid column of great size. After the defeat of the Spanish troops and the charge of the French cavalry on the flank of the Fifty-second (under Sir John Colborne), two French divisions were formed in close columns of double companies, with a front of only two companies. They ascended the hill in this formation, and were on the point of reaching the crest, covered by clouds of skirmishers, when the long British line, composed of three battalions, deployed, suddenly opened fire, and threw these great masses into disorder. The ranks got broken and mixed, and they became a mob, which all attempts failed to restore to discipline. The British in line, with bayonets fixed, attacked the columns on the hill and dispersed them. The French commander, Marshal Soult, afterwards said of the conduct of the British infantry on this occasion: 'There is no beating these troops. For I turned their right and pierced their centre; the day was mine, yet *they did not know it, and would not run.*'*

At Waterloo the same formations were adopted by the French and British commanders respectively, with exactly the same results. About one o'clock Marshal Ney led four great masses in columns of double companies against the British left. The advance was covered, as usual, by clouds of skirmishers and supported by the divisional artillery, which followed close in the rear. The British awaited the attack in deployed line, screened by a beech and holly hedge, then opened fire suddenly on the front and flanks of the columns. The Forty-second and Ninety-second Highlanders charged in line, and the French masses, shaken by the heavy fire and unable to

* At Quatre Bras the Forty-fourth and Ninety-second Regiments received the French cavalry in deployed line, two-deep, and defeated them.

open out their front, wavered, became broken, and fell an easy prey to the charge of the Household Cavalry Brigade, and the Greys, Royals, and Inniskillings of the Union Brigade. Three thousand prisoners, two colours, and fifteen guns were the fruits of this famous charge, which Sir Evelyn Wood has described as 'one of the most brilliant charges ever achieved by horsemen.'

But by far the grandest exposition of the Thin Red Line at Waterloo occurred later in the day, when Bonaparte, having destroyed his magnificent squadrons by futile charges upon the solid infantry squares of the Allies, determined to stake his fortune on the last cast, and ordered his veteran Guard to attack the British right wing, and to seize, if possible, the crest of the position, between the outworks formed by the farms of La Haye Sainte and Hougomont.

Advancing as usual in close column, the eight battalions drawn from the Old and Middle Guard, saluted their beloved 'Petit Caporal' for the last time. As they did so they took their leave of history. Covered by dense clouds of skirmishers, they marched in double-company formation towards the ridge, where only the death-dealing guns and a few mounted officers were visible.

'When the tall caps of the Grenadiers of the Guards, with their large plaques bearing the Eagle, appeared, symmetrical in line, tranquil in the midst of that combat, the enemy felt a respect for France; they beheld twenty victories entering the field of battle.

'The red regiment of the British Guards lying flat behind the hedge sprang up, a cloud of shot riddled the tricolour flag and whistled round the Eagles, all hurled themselves forward, and the final carnage began. In the falling darkness the Imperial Guard felt the army losing ground around it. Ney, bewildered, great, with the grandeur of accepted death, offered himself to all blows in that tempest. He had his fifth horse killed under him there. Perspiring, his eyes aflame, foaming at the mouth, with uniform unbuttoned, one of his epaulets half cut off by the sword-stroke from a Horse Guardsman, his plaque with the great Eagle of the Empire dented by a bullet, bleeding, bemired, magnificent, a broken sword in his hand, he cried, "Come and see how a Marshal of France dies on a field of battle!" But in vain.'

The French in their advance at first saw only the empty ridge before them, only the cocked hats of the few mounted officers—one of them Wellington himself—being dimly distinguishable.

Suddenly the Iron Duke called up his Guards; and in a moment the smoke-wreaths resolved into a Thin Red Line of British Guardsmen, with bayonets fixed, silently waiting the fateful command. Both sides gazed for an instant into the eyes of their enemy. To the British, the tall Frenchmen with their high bearskins seemed like 'a corps of giants' rising out of the smoke. To the Frenchmen, this unexpected array of bristling steel appeared to leap out of the earth by some miraculous power; and hesitation, mixed with the sense of impending calamity, spread through the ranks. An instant later a blaze of flame blinded the combatants, and the head of the French column had disappeared, blasted irremediably by that storm of hail.

> Have you seen the tall trees swaying
> When the blast is sounding shrill,
> And the whirlwind reels in fury
> Down the gorges of the hill;
> How they toss their mighty branches
> Struggling with the tempest shock,
> How they keep their place of vantage
> Cleaving firmly to the rock?—AYTOUN.

Even so the proud veterans of the Bridge of Lodi and Arcola, of the Pyramids and Mount Tabor, of the Passes of St Bernard, of Marengo and Hohenlinden, Ulm and Austerlitz, Jena and Auerstadt, of Eylau and Friedland, Aspern and Wagram, of Borodino and Beresina, Lützen and Bautzen, of Dresden and Leipzig, struggled manfully, with set faces and eyes flaming, to maintain their foothold on that fateful ridge. It was not to be. In this final struggle for the Empire of the World, the British Guards, by dint of their steady discipline, with one titanic effort were to overthrow these victors of a hundred fights, and end for ever the legend of the Man of Destiny. The Old Guard, unable to deploy, refused to retire, and were slain where they stood. When Lord Wellington ordered the charge, the wave of British valour burst like an inundation from its pent-up lines, and swept over the crest. The veteran column broke, and the whole shaken fabric dissolved into tossing wreckage borne by the tide to the plain beneath.

Some minutes later a similar fate awaited the second column of Napoleon's Guards, which advanced in echelon behind the first column against the position held by the British Guards, and dared to expose its flank to the fire of the Fifty-second, then one thousand strong, and fresh upon the scene. This gallant regiment, supported by the Seventy-first Highlanders and the Ninety-fifth Rifles (which with the Fifty-second formed Adam's Brigade), with the long line of bayonets fell fiercely upon the bewildered Frenchmen, and, four to one though the Frenchmen were, with loud cheers drove them headlong across the British front in a confused and broken mass. Packs, belts, and weapons were thrown down, and all semblance of discipline disappeared.

While success does not always follow the big battalion, it always comes to the disciplined force which aims calmly and straight; and Wellington the great mathematician had discovered that a force with a firing-line of seventy muskets, even though supported by forty files in column, is no match for a firing-line of seven hundred men supported only by a single rear rank. A deeper secret, however, lay in recognising and using the self-confidence and discipline of his men.

'Wellington was tenacious, but the least of his foot-soldiers and of his cavalry were as tenacious as he. The iron soldier is worth as much as the Iron Duke. As for us, all our glorification goes to the British soldiers, to the British army, to the British people.' Such is the verdict of the greatest French writer of the nineteenth century, Victor Hugo. Napoleon himself, after Waterloo, wrote that his defeat was solely owing to the invincible courage of the British infantry.

The Crimean war again opened the eyes of European strategists, who might have forgotten the lessons of Waterloo, to the superiority of the line-formation for attack as well as for defence; and at Alma (where rifles were first employed in European warfare), Balaklava, and Inkermann the test was again applied. All Europe was surprised to find that a two-deep line of Highlanders dared to withstand a charge of cavalry at Balaklava, and with the Guards ventured, at the attack on the hill-batteries across the Alma, to assault a strongly fortified series of redoubts supported by massive columns of infantry.

'We were all astonished,' says a Russian writer in describing the advance at the Alma, 'at the extraordinary firmness with which the red jackets, having crossed the river, opened a heavy fire in line upon the redoubt. This was the most extraordinary thing to us, as we had never seen troops fight in lines two-deep; nor did we think it possible for men to be found with sufficient firmness of morale to be able to attack, in this apparently weak formation, our massive columns.'

Von Moltke, when reviewing the campaign in Russia, remarked that at the Alma the Russians, occupying a purely defensive position, had formed all their battalions into deep columns of attack. The British adopted that line formation in which they had fought in the Peninsula, and in which they had withstood the shock of Ney's veteran columns at Waterloo. In this formation they had to cross a river with steep banks and to ascend a rocky slope in close proximity to a burning village and among enclosed vineyards. Opposed to the British stood at least two-thirds of the Russian force. The Russians felt confident of breaking this line at any point with their massive columns; but the same results were obtained everywhere. The Russian army, formed into column, composed of several battalions one behind the other, advanced with a resolute and imposing bearing; and the thin, weak-looking line of the British held its ground, and directed its fire on this dense mass at a range at which bullets could not fail to take effect. Still, for a short time, the column stood firm; soon, however, it lost its wall-like appearance, and, becoming more of the form of an irregular cloud, at length gave way. The British, advancing in line and keeping up their fire, twice broke into the principal Russian entrenchment, which was defended by sixteen guns.

At Inkermann, while the heavy mist enabled the massive columns of the enemy to surprise the British in their cantonments totally unprepared, the steady fire of the line formation again proved superior to overwhelming numbers.

It is instructive to note that throughout the long period of the Peninsular campaign the British relied upon the bayonet as their surest ally when the fortunes of the day appeared hopeless; and one need only recall the desperate plight of our troops at Albuera to convince one's self that in war it is the sterling quality of the men, armed with this weapon, and not the number engaged, which is the decisive factor.

It is also gratifying to remember that the formation which Wellington introduced, and to which the British soldier is by his steadfast nature peculiarly well suited, must in the future become the system of tactics best adapted to the requirements of our age, and that in the coming Continental wars the principle of the Thin Red Line must necessarily be adopted; so that the British troops will enter the field better equipped by their nature and training to face (as did the stalwart Japanese in the last campaign) the terrible strain to which all troops must be subjected on the battlefield where quick-firing-guns and magazine-rifles are in universal use.

In the recent Boer war there were cases innumerable where the deployed line, sweeping round the flanks of the Boer position, strongly placed, as it might be, on an impregnable kopje, compelled victory to descend on the side of our troops (see Scobell's *Lessons of the War*); and in many cases it was the use of the bayonet which extricated our men from what appeared to be hopeless defeat. As Colonel Caldwell remarks: 'The great success which attended bayonet-charges during the South African war and in Manchuria has drawn very general attention to the use of cold steel by infantry. . . . When our men got to close quarters . . . the bayonet proved perfectly invaluable to our side' (*Tactics of To-day*, second edition, pp. 87, 88). The fight at Thaba Mountain (May 1, 1900) must occur to all who have made themselves familiar with the details of the campaign. A party of Gordons, commanded by Captain Towse, V.C., were completely surrounded; and, acting on the principle which distinguished this regiment throughout the years of the war, they refused to surrender. Ammunition was running short, and certain defeat faced the men, when their brave commander gave the order to form line, fix bayonets, and charge the enemy. The result is well known. Their leader, suffering from a painful wound which permanently destroyed the sight of both eyes, was gallantly supported, and the little party—the latest exponents of the Thin Red Line—fought their way, by the free use of the bayonet, back to the main body, though with their number sadly diminished. While the maxim of the great Russian General Suwarrow is still true, 'The bullet is a fool; only the bayonet

is wise,' much of its point is lost in encounters where an adversary knows how to get full value out of the capabilities of improved firearms.

The main lesson learned by us in South Africa has been to rely less upon the forms and more upon the innate common-sense of our intelligent soldiers; and in this respect the enormous improvement in the education of the recruits now drawn to our regular army and also to the ranks of the Territorial Force must have a decisive influence in our future campaigns. The benefit of education was clearly proved in the campaigns of 1866 and 1870, when the Prussian troops always felt the consciousness of possessing superior knowledge over their adversaries. '"When," said the Prussian officers, "our men came in contact with the Austrian prisoners, and on speaking to them found that they hardly knew their right hand from their left, there was not one who did not look on himself as a god in comparison with such ignorant beings, and this conviction increased our force tenfold"' (STOFFEL).

Devotion to duty, high courage, and intelligence are to-day the distinguishing qualities of the British soldier.

After detailing how our men, in the later stages of the campaign, gave up the cast-iron rules hitherto in use, and applied their common-sense to the tactics employed against the Boers, the German *Official Account of the War in South Africa* proceeds: 'Justice demands the acknowledgment of the fact that the British soldier, if only he is well and skilfully led, does not fail in the devoted and thorough performance of his duty, and that he understands how to make a forward movement. . . . Fortunate is that army whose ranks, released from the burden of dead forms, are controlled by natural, untrammelled, quickening common-sense.'

To-day, the armies of Europe have adopted to a greater or less extent the tactics of Wellington, and the present system of attack in extended line formation, with its frequent supply of reinforcements feeding the firing-line, is simply the Evolution of the Thin Red Line adapted to meet the altered conditions produced by the rapid fire of modern breech-loaders and maxims.

THE WHITE APRONS.

CHAPTER IV.

MUCH puzzled, I left the Turkish capital next morning, and three days later, in the afternoon, entered Françoise's pretty flat in the Avenue Kléber.

'Ah, my dear Hugh,' she cried, rising from the tea-table to greet me as I entered, 'how glad I am to see you here, safe and sound!'

'Why?' I asked, laughing. 'What do you mean? What do you fear?'

'I fear for your life, my dear friend,' she answered in deep earnestness. 'Sit down, and I will tell you. You look tired. Have you only just arrived?'

'I have driven straight from the station,' was my reply. Truth to tell, I was much fagged by the constant apprehension and the long journey. 'I shall leave again at three o'clock to-morrow morning for Turkey. I have only come here at your request, because you wish to see me.'

'Then listen for a moment,' she said, seating herself in her low chair and gazing straight into my face. She looked inexpressibly charming in a pale-gray tea-gown with a bunch of crimson roses at the girdle. 'I have heard something—something of which I must warn you.'

'I am listening,' I said. I was wondering if my sweet-faced little friend had at last discovered that, in addition to being a diplomat, I was a secret-service agent!

'Do you know a certain Adolphe Bloch?' she asked, her splendid eyes still fixed upon mine.

'Certainly. He is my enemy—the man you know as Herr Siegel.'

'Herr Siegel!' she gasped, staring at me. 'Is he really the German spy and criminal, Adolphe Bloch?'

'The same,' I replied quietly. 'As he and you were friends I did not tell you this before.'

'Ah!' she cried excitedly, 'it is indeed well that I know the truth. I never suspected that this man, who is your fierce and bitterest enemy, is actually Herr Siegel.'

'He is,' I said. 'And your friend Madame Martin is also a spy, whose real name is Freda Marcus.'

'Are you quite certain of that?' she cried. 'I really can't believe it.'

'I have proof. That woman collects official information here in Paris on Bloch's behalf. Does she not move in the highest official circles, and does she not entertain on a large scale? Though Martin is in ignorance, the cost of entertaining is paid for by Sassonian gold.'

'Well,' she declared, 'you have utterly astounded me; and yet'——

'Go on,' I said.

'Well, what you have told me throws an entirely new light upon certain recent events. I see now how I have been duped and misled. But if what you say be true, then I will assist you, Hugh; I will help you to secure a just and terrible revenge.'

'You have not yet told me the reason you have recalled me to Paris,' I said, a little impatiently.

'Briefly this,' she answered. 'I had in my service, until a year ago, a maid whom you have seen, a girl named Suzette Dupuy. She was a

most excellent maid; but one day I suspected her of stealing a hundred-franc note, and dismissed her. She afterwards confessed; but as she pleaded that she had stolen it in order to pay a fine for her vagabond brother and prevent his imprisonment, I did not hand her over to the police. From that moment she became very warmly attached to me—so much so that when she entered a new situation I omitted to state the reason why she had left my service. For this she was undoubtedly grateful.'

'Rather unfair to her new mistress,' I remarked. 'I recollect Suzette—a rather tall, smart girl, with good eyes.'

'It may have been unfair, but I resolved to give her another chance,' replied Françoise. 'What she had told me was perfectly correct. She stole the money so as to extricate her young brother from trouble. Perhaps if I had been a maid I might have done the same. Well, Suzette has had two situations since then, and I had lost sight of her until two or three days ago, when she called here, and asked whether I had seen you of late. Naturally I inquired the reason of her sudden interest in you; whereupon, after some hesitation, she told me a very curious story—that she knew of a certain man named Bloch who had followed you to Constantinople with a sinister object.'

'How did she know that?' I asked in surprise.

'She is in the service of a lady named Hauptmann, who is apparently a friend of this man Bloch. According to her story, she one evening overheard her mistress and her visitor planning a plot against you in Turkey—a plot in which some woman named Nathan is to take part. Do you know any woman of that name?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I certainly know a Madame Nathan in Constantinople, the wife of an intimate friend of mine.'

'Well, it is somewhat peculiar, is it not? I thought you certainly ought to know of what is in progress.'

'Did this girl Suzette learn from the conversation of the pair anything concerning myself?' I asked with some hesitation.

'She said that Bloch had declared you to be a secret agent working against Sassonia, and that it was in the interest of their diplomacy that your accidental death should occur.'

I smiled grimly, and by that smile I knew that my little friend fully realised the truth. 'Did she learn any details of how the attempt upon me was to be made?'

'Only that you were friendly with Madame Nathan, and that they intended that your friendship should cost you your life,' she replied.

'Was nothing said concerning madame's husband, or the reason why I had gone to Constantinople?'

'They were evidently not quite certain of the reason of your visit to Turkey. I do not think that madame's husband was mentioned.'

I reflected for a few seconds. Was this Madame Hauptmann one of those ladies who had been in Constantinople with Bloch? One fact was plain—namely, that while I had been in utter ignorance, every movement of mine had been noted. Truly, Adolphe Bloch was a man of marvellous cunning.

'The girl's story is certainly a curious one,' I exclaimed. 'Did she explain how she came to overhear the conversation?'

'Not exactly. Her object in calling upon me was to warn you. She wishes to see you personally, she says. Here is the address she gave;' and my friend handed me a plain card with the name Suzette Dupuy and an address in an obscure street off the Boulevard Montmartre. 'That, of course, is not her mistress's address,' she added. 'She asked that you would make an appointment to meet her at that address. If I were you I would go there quickly. You might learn something more. I had, of course, no idea that the man she described as Adolphe Bloch was actually Herr Siegel.'

I then explained frankly the situation, whereat she sat amazed. She had never suspected that her friend Madame Martin was the notorious Freda Marcus, the spy of Sassonia.

'But if this was known at the Prefecture of Police they would at once be arrested!' she cried. 'Surely they ought to be denounced!'

'To denounce them would be to denounce myself,' I said. 'At present it will be sufficient for me to see Suzette, and thus become forearmed.'

The reference to Madame Nathan had both alarmed and puzzled me. It seemed impossible that she should be my enemy. There could be no motive, as Nathan had told his wife nothing regarding our confidential transactions.

That evening I sent a *petit-bleu* to the address which the lady's-maid had given, and impatiently awaited a reply all next day. I had put up at the Grand Hotel, and a dozen times had I gone to the bureau for a note, but in vain.

A response came about six o'clock, a neatly written letter saying that she would willingly meet me at the address in the Rue Arnay at ten o'clock that night, she being unable to get away from her mistress before that hour. Therefore at the time appointed I alighted from a cab in the long, narrow street of high, dingy houses, and subsequently knocked at the door indicated in her note. The neighbourhood was a low one, so I was not surprised when my summons was answered by a thickset, beetle-browed fellow, who gruffly admitted me when I told him I had called to see Mademoiselle Dupuy.

He showed me along a dark, ill-lit passage into a frowsy sitting-room at the rear. The place was filled with the vile fumes of a smoking lamp, the windows and shutters being hermetically sealed. I had been there only a few moments when the door opened, and another man, a younger fellow of the Apache type, came

in, and explained that mademoiselle had not arrived. She had sent a message asking me to await her for twenty minutes or so.

Then he went out, and shut the door behind him. I took out a cigarette and lit it. The room was oppressive, stifling. Yet I possessed myself in patience, anxious to see madame's maid, who had overheard that strange conversation concerning myself. I chuckled at my own good fortune to be thus forewarned against disaster. And yet was I not wasting valuable time in Paris when duty was calling me elsewhere? In a sense I regretted that my curiosity had induced me to leave the Bosphorus instead of remaining vigilant and active. Yet was it not strange that Madame Nathan herself had been named as my enemy? That point I desired to clear up more perhaps than anything else.

The room in which I stood was the reverse of inviting; the old carpet was threadbare, the cheap furniture, with the exception of a very heavy arm-chair, rickety and dusty, while the atmosphere was that of a chamber long closed and neglected. Why did Suzette make an appointment in such a place? Perhaps it was because she feared to be spied upon by one or other of Bloch's agents.

I suppose I must have been there ten minutes or more, standing with my eyes fixed upon the cheap bronze paraffin-lamp burning upon the table, when the door suddenly reopened, and both the scowling man who had admitted me and the low-looking scoundrel who had informed me of mademoiselle's non-arrival entered.

'I'm sorry she hasn't come yet,' the latter remarked in French with a grin, 'but of course you will wait a little longer. I expect she is detained this evening. Take a seat;' and he indicated the heavy arm-chair, at the same time taking a cigarette from his pocket and lighting it.

'I'm in no hurry,' I assured the fellow, and sank into the big chair; but scarce had I touched the seat when, of its own accord, it tipped backward, and my legs went high into the air. It seemed set upon a pivot, so that any one seating himself in it would be thrown entirely off his balance. I grasped the air in wild indignity, but ere I could realise what had happened the two ruffians had slipped cords upon my wrists and ankles, and a minute later I found myself bound to the seat hand and foot.

'What do you mean by this, you scoundrels?' I shouted in wild anger.

But the pair only laughed at my helplessness.

'What have I done that you should hold me thus?' I demanded, in an instant realising that I had fallen into a trap.

'Look sharp!' cried the man who had admitted me. 'See that he is secure. We must run while there is still time!'

'Time for what?' I asked.

'Time for us to escape,' replied the man with the beetling brows. Then he added quickly, with a sinister laugh, 'See that lamp upon the table? Well, within is a powerful explosive. Three minutes from now the oil will be exhausted, and then it will explode, and you, together with this house, will be blown to atoms.'

'You fiends!' I shrieked, glancing at the innocent-looking table-lamp. 'Then you intend that I shall die! This is a dastardly plot of your employer, Adolphe Bloch, who put up Suzette Dupuy to tell the fictitious story to Mademoiselle Orliac in order that I should be enticed here to my death! By Heaven!' I cried, 'the ingenuity of it is essentially Bloch's; I know too well the bitterness of his hatred towards me;' and I struggled frantically to free myself. The chair had not, however, recovered its proper position, and my legs being up in the air rendered me entirely helpless. I lay like a trussed fowl while the two hired assassins laughed in my face.

'Quick,' cried the beetle-browed man to his companion; 'let us get out of here!' And they both hurriedly left, locking the door behind them —left me there to my terrible fate!

I was horrified. I shouted for help, but to my appeal came no response. My eyes were fixed upon that fatal lamp. It seemed to possess a weird fascination. Only a few moments remained, and I should be hurled into eternity.

A wave of recollection swept through my brain, frozen as it was by terror of instant death. I remember reflecting upon the ingenuity displayed by my enemy in employing the maid Suzette to pretend to give information against himself, and at the same time to denounce Madame Nathan as his accomplice. I reproached myself for leaving the Bosphorus before my mission was accomplished. I longed to communicate with my chief, to tell him the truth about the infernal conspiracy against me, to——

Of a sudden, before I was aware of it, there was a bright, blinding flash, followed by a deafening concussion which hurled both chair and myself among the débris of falling walls and ceilings, a noise as though the very earth itself were rent in twain. I remember a feeling of being crushed by an enormous weight encumbering me, and then I suppose I must have lapsed into unconsciousness.

When I recovered I found myself lying on the sanded floor of a small café. A group of excited people were about me, and my head was being supported by two policemen, while a man, evidently a doctor, was in attendance.

'*Dieu!*' exclaimed the latter, 'you have had a narrow escape, monsieur. Such an explosion, and not even a bone broken!'

At first I looked around me in amazement; but, finding myself free, and hearing the doctor's report, I struggled to sit up and rubbed my eyes, greatly to the amusement of the curious onlookers. They evidently put me down as one of the *drôle Anglais*.

Later, after a glass of cognac, I went in a cab

to the nearest commissary of police, and there related what had occurred, whereupon the machinery of the detective service was at once placed in motion. The house, which I subsequently revisited, had been utterly wrecked, together with the two adjoining houses wherein three people had been injured by falling débris.

At two o'clock that morning I called upon Françoise, and related to her the story of my night's adventure, while at the same hour two detectives went to the house of Madame Hauptmann in search of Suzette; but, to their disappointment, they found she had disappeared.

Soon after dawn a stout brigadier of the Sûreté was ushered into my room in the hotel, and producing a photograph of Suzette Dupuy which he had found among her effects, asked me what I knew of her. I replied that I had only seen her on two occasions.

'Well, monsieur,' explained the detective, 'we have been anxious to arrest this girl for the past couple of years. Her right name is Marie Lacroix, and she is head of a remarkable band of thieves, numbering nearly a hundred, whom we call the White Aprons, and who act as ladies'-maids and domestic servants. We have recently discovered that, when not in service, she lives in an expensive flat out at La Muette, and actually entertains guests there! The place has been watched for the past three months, but she has not yet returned. The White Aprons seldom commit thefts themselves, but give information to other members of the band, male and female, who visit houses in various disguises, and take away whatever is indicated. Some of the greatest burglaries of recent years have thus been effected. We have always kept their existence a secret for fear of alarming unsuspecting householders.'

Such then, it seemed, was the ingenious accomplice of the unscrupulous Adolphe Bloch!

(To be concluded.)

COUNTING THE AMERICAN PEOPLE BY MACHINERY.

By Day Allen Willey.

TAKING the American census means counting the people of the United States every ten years. When the census of 1910 was computed nearly ninety million people were counted by the Government agents. But this is not all of the census statistics. Information is obtained as to the occupation, sex, age, and other matters, so that a miniature biography of each man and woman is obtained and recorded; but to read this record, as it is preserved in Washington, is impossible unless one knows how to decipher it, for each record is no more than a pasteboard card or tag punched full of holes. When it is explained that each hole stands for some answer, the enormous saving in time in writing all the data with the pen can be realised. Think of a city directory with nearly a hundred million names, each name merely a hole on a card instead of written in a book. Yet all the cards are put in boxes and filed at Washington, so if one wants to know if Uncle John, who went to Kankakee or Kokomo to live, has a mother-in-law or a wife, the file-clerk can tell by merely turning to John's town box and selecting the tag that stands for him. The bit of pasteboard looks like a potato-barrel label which has been fastened to a barn door and perforated with a charge of buckshot; but when the clerk begins to tell what the holes stand for you would be pardoned for believing he is a sorcerer. The record he reads is of so many things that the inquirer cannot think of anything else he wants to know after all the holes have been 'translated.'

The card is a cipher, as they say in a stock-broker's office when the broker's messenger throws down a slip of paper which says: 'Buy ten fast horses when easy.' Yes, it is a cipher language that is supposed to save the people a hundred thousand pounds sterling every time the census is taken, in contrast with the old method when the typewriter and the pen put the record in plain English. So the census-recorders punch the nation on paper. The statistics needed for the census are mostly obtained from these riddled tags; and not only are the old-time data, such as age, sex, who was your father, where you were born, what you are doing or not doing, 'holed' into the card, but whether you are married or single, widow or widower, your 'schooling,' and other facts your inquisitive neighbour would like to know but can never find out because Uncle Sam won't allow them to be put in print. He has his reasons.

The American people are of all kinds—the Belgian, the Bohemian, the Sicilian, the Herzegovinian, and other people from abroad, who, coming by liner-loads over the sea to the nation's welcoming arms, help to render the task of the census-taker harder. But with the dozen or more children the would-be citizen brings with him, fifty families are enough to create a town that will support a school, church, 'racket store,' butcher's shop, blacksmith, and town tavern. The census-man, however, takes no chances, and for the thirteenth count of the people has calculated to tag them to the number of at least one hundred millions, so as not to be short of the total number.

It is a task to get the facts and figures for the punching. An army of sixty-eight thousand enumerators, as they are called, are paid most of the fourteen million dollars the Government

must expend to learn something about who Americans are and why they are Americans, and to count them. Now it might be thought to be easy to go around town with a badge on the coat and a leather record-book under the arm, and say, 'I am the Government census-taker;' but it isn't like turning a faucet and causing the water to flow. The bell may bring no answer; everybody is down town or visiting mother's. This means a hunt to find out when they will be home. After a little experience the census-taker would rather talk with a woman than a man. The female of the household finds answering questions a break in the routine of dish-washing and floor-scrubbing. It raises her ideas. Here is the Government wanting to know about her and her family. In imagination she grows an inch or two taller, and if the man with the fountain pen has the tact, he can get what information he wants from her in a fourth of the time it would take if he had to ask the head of the house; for it is a curious fact that the average man regards such inquiries as prying, and may tell the questioner it is none of his business. This may mean a policeman on the scene. The effect of the brass and blue uniformed officer generally opens the man's mouth.

In the rural districts the enumerators visit every house, even those on the mountain-top and in the desert, to fill their schedules or records. Then all this mass of material is returned to the district headquarters, assorted, and sent to the Census Bureau, sometimes by railway-car loads, such is the number of schedules. Here the information of the census-taker is put into—not on—the cards by the punching-machines, which have keys working like a type-writer, but making holes instead of words. The card is ruled off into sections, and in some are single letters or single figures, sometimes two letters or two figures. There are as many spaces or sections on the card as words on the schedule. It is a form on which every item of information on the record is 'copied,' merely by punching a hole in the space on the card which corresponds to the space wherein is filled the item on the schedule. One key of the machine is provided for every section ruled on the card. Thus the arrangement of these punch-holes allows the recorder to note all the data on the record to which it corresponds. There must not be a word printed on the card, for the symbols, as the figures and letters are called, express everything reported.

But this is not all machinery does in the census. In another apartment one sees a row of 'tabulators.' They may remind you of the room-calls in the hotel office that fall down when you press the button, and tell the night-clerk whether you want iced water or another blanket. This register stands at the back of what looks like an ordinary flat-top desk. At one end of the desk is a trough in which moves an endless belt. Into the trough the cards that have been punched are fed just as a farmer feeds his corn into the husking-machine. The female operator puts them in one by one as fast as she can move her fingers. Then something happens that reminds one of magic. One of the dials on the register begins showing figures in rapid succession—one, two, three—just as a taximeter adds up every mile the motor runs whether the cab is standing still or moving. On another dial appear such combinations as 'col,' 'sg,' 'N.S.,' and others that are indicated on the punch-card. At the end of the register-board are reels of stock 'ticker' paper tape like the security recorders in security-brokers' offices. In this machine the data 'holed' in every tag can be all or partly recorded on another form. As it is recorded, each item, such as birth, marriage, death, is counted, and the figures that stand for the total are shown on the dial. As the counting is performed the results are noted on the tape. Merely the pressure of an electric button, and the ticker-wheel stops, the total number of cards recorded being printed on the tape. It is an automatic recording and printing system, on the plan of the familiar stock 'ticker' that is connected with each dial. When the operator wishes to make a reading of the dials a button is pressed with the left hand, and the figures on the dials are printed on the ticker paper, from which they can be read. The dials reset themselves. In the machines used in former census work the dials had to be read and the results recorded by hand, a proceeding productive of many errors; and all the dials had to be reset by hand, a time-consuming operation. The daily output of the old machines averaged eighteen thousand cards per day, while that of the new machines is twenty-eight thousand cards.

When the hundred tabulators get into action they can overtake the daily output of tags from the three hundred punching-machines. So much for the discovery of James Powers, an employé of the American Census Bureau, who designed this remarkable mechanism.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

THOUGH great thy sorrow, lift thy troubled eyes,
The glory of the sun still fills the skies.
What though a hush has fallen on thy song?
'Tis in the silence that the soul grows strong.

The rainbow paints itself upon the cloud!
Know this, what time thy heart and head are bowed,
A golden thread runs through the grayest years,
And there is healing for the heart in tears.

Thy cross will shape itself into a crown!
Look up and find that God is looking down;
And thou wilt see at last, with unveiled eyes,
'Twas *Love* that walked in Sorrow's dark disguise.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

It will be a Coronation in superlatives. Nothing like it will ever have been known. Vast and magnificent as were the expenditure and festivities attendant upon the Coronation of King Edward, they will not equal those to take place in the coming month of June, when George the Fifth will be crowned in Westminster Abbey. For several weeks past it has been the chief topic of conversation. Hardly had we turned into the new year than the great ceremony and all that would go with it began to press themselves forward upon the attention, and by the end of February they had the mastery. From that time it was seen that the extent and magnitude of the proceedings would be such that the Coronation would impress its mark upon almost all that was done in the middle of the summer, whether of a public or private character and upon whatever scale. All business and social engagements were to be made with regard to the Coronation. In no detail of one's private schemes was it to be ignored. The Coronation was coming, the Coronation would come, the Coronation would be everything, and nothing else would be anything. It was a prospect that was at once exciting and disturbing, gladdening and, in a certain sense, oppressing. Of course all this was only to be expected; but in London the Coronation period really began in March, and this early start was the sign of the greatness and grandness and the intensity of what was to come. Before the end of the month we had begun to reckon most things in millions that would bear such a reckoning; we put the tens and the hundreds up to thousands; we made up our minds to increase the numbers and the price and the cost of everything beyond the point which had at first been most considered. Why should any one frown and murmur that even the very greatest of occasions could hardly justify such an upheaval of all things, including the lives of millions, the capital of the country and the empire, and also the country and the empire? The occasion is unique; it must be made the most of. This is an age of luxury and extravagance, and people wish to spend and be festive. But it is not that, or only partly that. Imperial considerations are important—more important now than perhaps they have ever been. They will be well served by the greatness of the Coronation. The British Empire will be shown at the height of its power as it has never been shown to the world before. It is the intention that there shall be a great display of our richness, and all the people, from the highest to the lowest, are entering into the spirit of that intention. Their Majesties are foremost in encouragement of the display, and when the Coronation is over they will set a unique precedent by going to India.

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As yet nobody in London can realise what the Coronation will mean to the biggest city in the world. It is such a mighty city, so vast in extent and so thickly populated, that it takes an enormous influx of people from outside to make any real difference to it. Here and there on great occasions there may be crowds. At the time of the last Coronation, and of the Royal funeral which preceded it, and of the other event of the same sad kind last year, a little pressure was put on the capacity of London in certain parts. But according to all the best estimates it is to be different in June. In the first place, the influx of people from the country will certainly be the record. So too probably from the Continent, for despite all that the statesmen and newspapers tell us about jealousies, hatreds, and looming wars—all of which may be quite true—England is far more popular with the Continental peoples as a holiday ground now than ever she was before. This has been very marked during the last two or three years. The French come among us in very large numbers because they like us better than they did before *l'entente cordiale* was effected through the beneficent and highly diplomatic endeavours of the late King; and the Germans are coming now, not for any reason of that kind, but chiefly because quite recently they have set themselves up as travelling holiday-makers on the British system. It really seems to be that they suddenly discovered an inclination in this direction only last year, for it was then that they swooped down in thousands on the French Riviera, and they have been there again in more thousands this year. It was a sudden inspiration to begin to spend money abroad in this way, instead of not spending it at all, or only in the Fatherland. They thought

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they would copy the English example, and they seem to like it, and are extending their operations. Then the contribution of visitors from the Colonies will be enormous. It is semi-officially calculated that there will be ten thousand guests from Australia, and eight thousand from Canada. But all these will be as hardly anything compared to the addition that the United States will make to the temporary population of London. The great country which has no coronations, not even any coronets, no orders, not even any grand ceremonies, but insists always on a very formal plainness, loves to see them elsewhere; and the Americans, always numerous in London in the summer-time, will be specially so in June. At the American Embassy in London they say that they quite believe there will be a hundred thousand of them. One great ship will be coming across filled, as it is said, with millionaires. They are calling it the 'millionaires' ship.' Another, the fastest boat on the Atlantic service, will leave New York at the very last moment that will permit of its arrival on this side in time for its passengers to see the great processions. This is the 'busy men's ship,' the one that will convey the business men who cannot spare a moment of their most valuable time, but who still feel that they must see the Coronation, as it is likely they will never be able to see another. This thronging of London will be a most wonderful thing.

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It follows from the circumstances and the general disposition of everybody that money will be spent in London this summer as it has never been spent in any city before. Never at any time will so much money have been spent in any one place as it will be in London next June; and, with all that is left behind by the guests, the capital will be very well paid for the inconvenience she will be put to—as the grumblers will call it. Londoners themselves will be spending freely, but not so freely as their guests. Millions and millions and millions will be spent in all. It is reckoned that the average American will spend not less than fifty pounds in London. There are many who will spend five hundred or more, but on the fifty-pounds-average basis, and reckoning upon the hundred thousand Americans who, we are told, are certain to come, there will be five millions spent by the Americans. And London will be a terribly expensive place at the time of the Coronation. Higher prices are being charged for most things than were charged at the time of the last one. It is stated that a thousand guineas is being paid for the use of one flat in Pall Mall on June 22, and five hundred for the day of the Royal progress through London, June 23. A good window anywhere from which a view of the procession may be gained is worth from fifty to a hundred guineas, and some have been let for six times that sum. Another aspect of the Coronation expenditure is the official one. It is likely that the Royal and Government expenditure will reach three hundred thousand pounds, of which that from His Majesty's privy purse will be, it is estimated, as much as a hundred thousand. All that money and many people, and the desire for splendour and magnificence, for display and imposing spectacles, for great festivities, can accomplish will be fully accomplished in June. Surely then the sun will shine.

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Special arrangements and special fashions are being set in all matters for this most wonderful Coronation. In so far as it is possible to prevent it, nothing will be as it generally is at the time of this amazing festival of the greatest empire. There will be Coronation clothes, Coronation decorations; there may even be Coronation manners. Orders to those who should be ordered, and hints to those who should not, are given from high places as to what will be right and proper. All will be so very different from the normal, so much so that for my own part I cannot resist an idle and quite useless speculation as to what London will feel like in August when she is clearing up and trying to get back to herself again. Amid so much ordained fashion and so much special arrangement, there is one little detail that has some pathos attached to it. Coronations after all, even the very finest of them, are purely artificial functions. They are not a part of the process of Nature. Man makes them as he likes. Reflecting in this way, when we think of all the gorgeous robes, the magnificent processions, the splendid decorations, the feasts, the fêtes, the fireworks, all the money that will be spent, we see everywhere how purely artificial is it all; and of course when we ponder to such effect it is not in any sense derogatory, for how could it be otherwise than artificial? But when we get this fancy, we search all through the scheme of this grand business, trying to find some way in which Nature inanimate is officially represented as it were, and at last we find it. For there is a Coronation flower. Queen Mary has given word to the Worshipful Company of Gardeners that the bouquet they are to offer her in honour of the Coronation is to be made of carnations, and so the carnation becomes the Coronation flower. Never before in England has it risen to such distinction. It is not so new to England as some may fancy who are familiar with the glorious blooms that are grown in the south of France in the middle of the winter and sent here when we are short of flowers. The poets from the days of Chaucer have made mention of it. But it was beloved in other countries long before that, and in some of the facts of carnation history we may suspect a reason for Her Majesty's selection beyond the leading one that it is her favourite flower. We have it on the authority of Theophrastus that the ancient Greeks cultivated the

flower to a good perfection, and that they called it Dianthus, 'the flower of the gods.' These Greeks and the Romans also showed the keenest appreciation of it, and they used it for chaplets, and so it came to be called the Coronation flower. Possibly 'carnation' is but a corruption of 'coronation.' Some of our own earlier poets have indicated their knowledge of this circumstance, and it seems strange that it has been so generally overlooked in the comments on the choice by the Queen of the flowers for the bouquet of all bouquets. But of course our own early carnations were simpler things than most of those we know to-day, and carnation cultivation was carried to a fine point in other countries before it was here. Many years ago in America a grower achieved a great success by producing the vivid pink 'Mrs Lawson,' which he sold for no less a sum than ten thousand dollars. The French have produced many and most wonderful varieties, and no person who has not been in the flower-markets at Nice and Cannes, or where the blooms are grown at Hyères, can fully appreciate the beauty of those varieties. It was about seventeen or eighteen years ago that the first real advances were made in carnation cultivation in this country, the late Mr Martin Smith being an earnest pioneer; but really little was known of the flower and its possibilities, and its recognition might have been delayed for many years beyond 1889 if it had not happened to be the favourite of the Duchess of Portland, and when she was married in that year her wedding was a carnation wedding. There are stories told of how the Duke gave orders for the greenhouses of England and France to be scoured in order to obtain sufficient to make the bridesmaids' bouquets of it. The flower was not plentiful at that time. Henceforth it will have a more frequent and more honoured place in British vases than ever before, and it is worthy of being studied and understood. It is the Coronation flower once again.

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Of all important matters that are connected with the great ceremony and festivals that are coming on, we seem for the time being to hear least and to think least of one small item which stands for the emblem of it all, and which will be the most indispensable at the grand climax to the ceremony in the Abbey, the literally crowning moment. We have heard so much of the splendorous decorations and precedents for them, of the magnificent attire and the manner in which it is justified in general and in detail, of many ceremonies, privileges, and customs that are being ordered and settled with the finest exactness; but, while the proper authorities are attending to their duties in the matter, and will duly see that there is no hitch or slip, no others seem in any measure to be inquisitive in regard to the crown. True, it is but an emblem; but then the crown of King George is the greatest of all emblems concerned with earthly matters, and it is the central feature of this great Coronation which, as we shall see it, is after all but an emblem of the greatness of Britain, the unity of her empire, and the loyalty of the subjects to the throne. But at a certain second on Coronation Day a message will go forth from the Abbey, will be printed in all the newspapers, and will be the signal for the pealing of bells from thousands of towers, 'The King is crowned,' and then at the climax, and with some reaction from the previous suspense, with the knowledge that all the formalities belonging to the full and complete establishment of a new king on the throne are at last completed, there may be talk of crowns. One only suggests this possibility, or rather probability, because it is well remembered that at the time of the Coronation of King Edward one hardly saw or heard mentioned a word about the crown until it came to be needed. Allowing for the difference in scale, one might suggest some analogy between the crown and the wedding-ring were it not for one's reassurance on what should be a vital point in any such analogy, that there is no danger of the crown ever being forgotten and not produced, as paragraphs in newspapers frequently inform us is a distressing accident that sometimes occurs to the little emblem of the marriage. But crowns are very interesting things. I have been examining the facts concerning many of them, of different ages and different nations, and their various peculiarities make a somewhat entertaining study. There are very considerable diversities in cost. One is inclined to the belief that the cheapest emblem of its kind used for the crowning of a king, and yet, though cheap, of a special value in a peculiar way, was that used for the crowning of King Carol at Bucharest in 1881. A little while since the Queen of Roumania told us how her husband had been strongly averse to any new emblem of the kind, but, in deference to the popular wish, consented; at the same time stipulating that no expense in the matter of gold or gems should be lavished upon it. 'We will send to the arsenal for a piece of one of the captured cannon,' he said, 'and it shall be melted down, and out of that very steel, that once cost so many Roumanian lives, our crown shall be made, in token of its having been won upon the field of battle, and bought and paid for with our own blood.' And that is what was done. Those who have read or heard anything whatever about crowns and crowning may have been disposed ere this to offer a reminder that this iron crown of Roumania is not the only iron crown in Europe, nor the most celebrated. In the correction that they would make they would be both wrong and right. They would be thinking of what is known as the 'Iron Crown of Lombardy.' Perhaps this is the most famous of all the circlets that have ever been laid upon the heads of

monarchs, and now, kept as it is generally in the Cathedral of Monza, on the mountain heights above Milan, it is about fifteen hundred years old. Beginning about the end of the sixth century, it was used at the coronations of the Lombard kings. Long years afterwards other monarchs who had little enough to do with old Lombardy had it poised upon their heads. Napoleon Bonaparte was one of them. In 1805 the senators of the Italian Republic petitioned him to become king and be crowned at Milan Cathedral, and in May of that year Napoleon went to Milan for the purpose, occupying the palace of Monza. The old crown was brought out from the dust in which it was buried, and Napoleon, receiving it from the hands of the Archbishop of Milan, placed it on his own head, at the same time uttering the traditionary words, '*Dieu me l'a donnée; gare à qui la touche*' ('God has given it to me; beware who touches it'). To commemorate his coronation as King of Italy Napoleon subsequently founded an Order of the Iron Crown, of which this naturally became the motto. When King Victor Emmanuel was lying in state this crown was at his head, and at his feet there was another and handsomer one that had been given to him by a rich friend, the King requesting that it should be buried with him. What would be wrong in the correction that was suggested a moment since would be the implied confidence that this 'Iron Crown of Lombardy' is really an iron crown; for it is not. It is much of an impostor. It is said of it, for one thing, that it was made out of the nails used in the Crucifixion. Leaving aside that point, however, we may state that all the iron there is in it is a little band three-eighths of an inch broad and a tenth of an inch thick, and this is embodied in an external circlet of beaten gold in six sections, held together by hinges and set with gems of great value.

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But considering economy in crowns and the case of the King of Roumania's disinclination towards any needless expense being incurred in the matter of his Coronation, there was an almost exact counterpart in the case of our own King William IV., our previous Sailor King, whose Coronation did not cost any more than forty thousand pounds all told. If the sensitive economist should be disposed at this moment to make comparison of this inconsiderable sum—a little item that perhaps a thousand men in the City could each individually pay without being seriously inconvenienced—with what is to be spent at the Coronation of the second of the Sailor Kings, he should be reminded that times have changed, that this is the age of opulence and display, and, above all, that empires have their needs in splendour. William, in a veritable madness of economy, actually petitioned that he should merely take the oath before Parliament in the House of Lords, and that the whole business of his accession should begin and end at that, with no coronation ceremony whatever, which he considered to be 'a useless and ill-considered expense.' But even the lesser England that was then could not countenance such an unconventional omission of the rarest of national ceremonies, and King William was told in effect that he must go through a coronation whether he liked it or not; but, being thus coerced, His Majesty held firmly to a determination that the business should be carried through on the smallest possible scale.

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But it may be possible that King William's own personal tastes in the matter of simplicity in ceremony were encouraged and stimulated by the knowledge of what his predecessor had accomplished at his Coronation and a suspicion that something very different would be pleasing to the people. In one way and another the value of the crown of George IV. and all the expenses attached to its preparation amounted to a cool quarter of a million of money. His Majesty determined he must have something exceptionally wonderful. The value of the crown itself when completed is said to have been a hundred and fifty thousand pounds; although it is only fair to the memory of the monarch, whose faults need not be exaggerated, to state that it was partly made up of old crowns and partly from gems borrowed from Rundell & Bridge, the Court jewellers. Still, that was the value for all that, and according to the accounts some fifty or sixty thousand pounds was disbursed in expenses attendant upon the preparation. One of the many odd and amusing tales that hung upon this Coronation of George IV. has a special interest for us now in view of an announcement that our present King at his Coronation may wear the robes that were worn by his predecessor of the same name, said robes having cost originally some twenty-five thousand pounds. One thing to be said for this idea, no doubt, is that tradition is thereby served and a kind of Georgian succession in costume is maintained; while it is possible that a reason for the selection is the special magnificence of the robes, magnificence being the set feature of the coming Coronation; and then, again, an expenditure of another twenty or thirty thousand pounds on a new costume of equal splendour for the one wearing only would not be expedient at a time when expenses are high enough already. However that may be, it is desirable to state, before relating the incidents that follow, that these old robes will be modified somewhat for the new occasion, and we may take it that they will be considerably reduced in weight, although if they were not his present Majesty is not physically so constituted that he would suffer like his predecessor. The plain fact is that, as it would be colloquially put in these days and probably was in the old ones,

these Coronation robes that may probably be worn (modified) at Westminster Abbey in June nearly killed the last King who wore them. It was an exceedingly hot day on that occasion, and Georgius Quartus not being in such good condition as was desirable in the circumstances, the result may be guessed. If the King could have been permitted to take the mantle off during the ceremony he would certainly have done so. The robes were so long and so heavy that by the time the King had reached the altar in his walk from Westminster Hall he was in a half-fainting condition. As to what took place afterwards Dean Stanley wrote: 'The heat of the day and the fatigue of the ceremony almost exhausted the somewhat portly Prince, who was found cooling himself, stripped of all his robes, in the Confessor's Chapel, and at another part of the service was only relieved by smelling-salts accidentally provided by the Archbishop's secretary. During the long ceremony of the homage, which he received with visible expressions of disgust or satisfaction as the peers of the contending parties came up, he was perpetually wiping his streaming face with innumerable handkerchiefs, which he handed in rapid succession to the Primate, who stood beside him.' And the Lord Salisbury of the period, who was one of the train-bearers on the occasion, said in conversation a long time afterwards that 'the King had an hour's rest and freedom from his robes; for after the Coronation he retired for a time before he left the Abbey, and Lord ——, going into the room which had been fitted up as a dressing-room, found the King walking up and down in a state of nudity, but with the crown on his head!' There are several pictures in existence of George the Fourth in Coronation robes, mostly painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who assisted in designing them. The mantle is neo-classical, of blue velvet, embroidered in gold and lined with ermine. And now we may just round off this gossip on crowns and crowning with two facts which may be considered apposite. When Queen Victoria was crowned, the crown that was set upon her head at Westminster Abbey, with the jewels and gems with which it was adorned, was said to be worth over three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In the setting were eleven emeralds, seventeen sapphires, four rubies, two hundred and seventy-seven pearls, and no fewer than two thousand seven hundred and eighty-three diamonds. One of the rubies was that to obtain which Pedro the Cruel murdered his guest, the Red King of Granada—which ruby he afterwards gave to the Black Prince. And the other fact is just this, that as we began with some statements concerning crowns that were cheap, we may end with mention of that which is esteemed as the most valuable, though whether it is really worth what it is estimated at is a little doubtful. That estimate is one million six hundred thousand pounds. For one crown! And, alas! there is no monarch at the present time who may wear it, for it is the crown of Portugal.

THE WHITE APRONS.

CHAPTER V.

MUCH gratified at my escape from the hands of the White Apron and her blackguardly accomplices, I again left at noon for Constantinople. I wondered where Bloch might be. Certainly he would not be again in the Turkish capital; but if he were, then I would face him boldly and accuse him of this attempt on my life.

In due course I arrived in Constantinople, and there again met Nathan. He had news for me. According to a despatch he had translated two days previously, Balkania had declined to allow the Sultan to rule over Bosnia. They granted to him the occupation of Montenegro and its absorption into Albania, but they claimed that Bosnia was Balkanian territory. To this no reply had yet been sent. Both the Sassonian and Balkanian ambassadors had had long audiences at the Yildiz, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs had held long conferences with his imperial master.

An hour later I sent home a cipher message stating that Turkey was proving a stumbling-block in the way of Sassonia. Then I waited to detect some evidence of reprisal. At that moment it did not appear. Yet when, six months later, Abdul Hamid fell foul of the Young Turk party, did not the Emperor of Sassonia, to the surprise of all, withhold the protection he had promised, and allow the Sultan to be deposed and sent to banishment?

That Bloch was aware of my friendship with Nathan was certain, yet my friend Gustave assured me that neither he nor his wife had ever met the keen-eyed little Belgian—an assurance which I had no cause to doubt. The denunciation of Madame Nathan had, no doubt, been made with the object of enticing me to that house with the fatal lamp.

I had again resumed my guise as dock-labourer, and in ragged clothes and greasy fez had returned to my sordid lodgings in Galata, feeling that in such disguise I should be safer from the attentions of Bloch or his friends. They might, of course, denounce me as a secret agent, but by doing so they would only expose themselves. Hence I did not fear they would adopt a course so entirely suicidal. But it was a weary time of idleness, waiting for what information Nathan might gather.

Letters from Sir Charles in London showed plainly in what constant apprehension the Cabinet remained. Neither Press nor public dreamed of the acute crisis which had arisen; but the war-cloud hovers over Europe when to the world the horizon appears entirely unflecked. The screeching section of the Press is the bugbear of the diplomat, for a single expression of what the Powers call their 'policy' is too often the wrecking of all the long-cherished plans of skilled diplomats.

This intrigue on the part of two of the Great Powers against British supremacy which was being kept such a strict secret would, if accomplished, mean the greatest combination of power against us since the days of the Norman Conquest. It meant, as I well knew, the invasion of England within a year. With such knowledge, little wonder was it that I strained every nerve to get at the truth; and yet I was compelled to idle along those hot, dusty quays by the Bosphorus, idle amid all the squalor and the hordes of gray wolf-like dogs, waiting—daily waiting—for Nathan to send me word of success.

In accordance with the chief's suggestion, I had sent Verney to Sassonia; but I felt the utter hopelessness of obtaining any tangible information in that quarter. Our ambassador was down at Therapia, and would, of course, be the last person to know what was being kept a secret from his Government.

A week of enforced laziness upon those sun-baked quays, smoking cigarettes eternally or doing the round of the mosques as a means of killing time, almost drove me to distraction. Yet if I lived at the Pera Palace or at the Embassy, I feared that Bloch or his spies might get wind of my return, and that another plot like that of the White Apron be formed against me. It troubled me when I reflected that Bloch, being aware of my friendliness with Nathan, had, of course, guessed its motive, and might at any time denounce my French friend to the Sublime Porte. His fate as a traitor I shuddered to contemplate.

The week passed uneventfully, and I began to console myself that I had at last escaped the vigilance of my arch-enemy. Yet one evening, three days later, while idling along the Grande Rue, in Pera, I discovered to my chagrin that I was once more being followed by that tall, lean Turk, that same man who had watched me take leave of Nathan. This unwelcome fact caused my heart to sink. I had again been betrayed! Was Nathan really suspected?

I pretended ignorance of the fact that I was being watched, and, buying a handful of dates, sat down in a doorway and ate them. But the spy lounged in the vicinity, and refused to leave me, even though I gave him a long walk through the night. At dawn I took the steamer across to Scutari, the crooked streets of which I knew well, and there, by dint of some sharp manœuvring, managed to slip through that maze of narrow alleys until he lost track of me. Then I walked through the wonderful cemetery, and over the hill-tops to Haidar Pasha, at the head of the Bagdad railway, whence I took steamer again across the Bosphorus to the Galata Bridge. My fear was that the spy might be aware of my hiding-place; therefore I went to the Embassy, and again changed into decent clothes, remaining within the high walls, but fearing to go forth again.

Never shall I forget those hot, fevered days, when each hour of our ignorance brought the nation nearer disaster and ruin.

One afternoon, however, while chatting with my old friend Dick Carmichael, whose fine steam-yacht the *Atalanta* had come in that morning, a servant entered saying that a young lady had called to see me. I immediately crossed the big marble hall to the waiting-room, and there found Julie Nathan, a slim little figure in a well-made summer gown.

'Father is most anxious to see you,' she explained. 'He has sent me to ask whether you will meet him at nine o'clock to-night, down by the Porte Egri [the Crooked Gate]. He has something most important to tell you.'

'Certainly I will be there,' I replied, prepared for any emergency. 'Is your father at home?'

'No; he is at his office. He sent me word to find you and deliver the message at once.'

Then I asked after her sister and mother, and, thanking her, showed her out.

I returned to my friend Dick, whose father, the great sugar-refiner of Glasgow, had died three years before, leaving him a million and a half sterling. He and I had been great friends in Paris years ago; and, hearing that I was in Constantinople, he had come ashore to find me. I had pleaded duty; therefore it had not surprised him that I could not go on board the *Atalanta* and spend the afternoon. He was a tall, fair-haired, merry-eyed man, in a well-worn serge suit and yachting-cap—a man who had not a care in the world.

For a couple of hours we smoked and chatted in the half-darkened room, for the heat outside was terrific.

'I 've kept steam up,' Dick told me. 'I shall leave for Malta about ten to-night, I think. You really ought to come for a cruise with me, old chap. I've only two pals on board—Sturmey, who crossed from the Niger to the Nile last year; and Thomasson, whom you met with me at the club a little time ago. Can't I persuade you to come?'

'I only wish I could!' I sighed. 'But I'm a fixture here for the present. I'll come some other time—if I may.'

'Come, my dear chap, whenever you like,' he urged. 'We 'll go up to Spitzbergen, or somewhere fresh, eh?' And then he rose, adding, 'I may look in again this evening, just to say good-bye.'

Then I walked with him as far as the big gates, and he went forth into the city.

Just before nine, wearing some clothes I borrowed from one of the Embassy servants, I set out down the hill, past the long, white Artillery Barracks until I came to the dark, secluded spot beside the Bosphorus known as the Crooked Gate, which Nathan had named as our meeting-place. Hardly had I approached when his dark figure loomed up out of the shadow.

'I have been successful—at last!' he whispered. 'But we are watched, I fear.'

'How far successful?' I inquired breathlessly. 'What have you discovered?'

'Everything. I have a complete copy here—in my pocket. But evil eyes may be watching;' and he glanced furtively around.

No one was in the vicinity, a fact which I pointed out to him. Yet he seemed highly nervous and excited.

'To-day at noon,' he explained, 'I found a document lying upon his Excellency's table, he having been called out suddenly to consult with the Grand Vizier. It was not a long one, so I succeeded in scribbling a copy in pencil.'

'Does it give everything?' I asked in quick eagerness.

'Yes, it is complete—a draft of the proposed agreement—and exposes the whole intrigue against Great Britain.'

'Then give it to me, and let me get away with it at once,' I urged. 'Your recompense for this service shall be made immediately I return to London, I promise you.'

With some reluctance he drew from his pocket a small square envelope and handed it to me in such a manner as to avoid observation. Yet ere I could transfer it to my own pocket we were pounced upon suddenly by three Turks, one of whom was the thin spy who had kept me for so long under observation. With them was a short, rather stout man in European dress, whose face I could not well distinguish in the darkness.

'We are police-officers,' said the latter gruffly in French, 'and we arrest you both as spies.' Then, to me, he commanded, 'Give me that paper!'

I stood speechless. I was foiled at the very moment of my success! It was evident that they had no knowledge of what was contained therein, for if Nathan had really been suspected by the Turkish authorities he would not have been allowed sight of any confidential document.

'I flatly refuse to give up anything to you,' I replied with an affectation of dignity; 'not before you prove yourselves agents of police.'

'Come, give it to me,' commanded the man. 'Give it to me, with a little backsheesh for my men, and we will say nothing further about the matter. Otherwise—well, we shall do our duty and take you to prison,' he added, with a short, dry laugh.

It was that laugh which attracted me, a laugh curiously triumphant.

I again defied him, but ere I could define their intention all three men set upon me, their revolvers pointed at my head, and forcibly took from me the precious copy of the official document—evidence sufficient to send us both to prison for life!

When I found myself thus deprived of the envelope I fought with all my might, being aided by Nathan, who was broad-shouldered and pretty powerful. The tussle was a severe one. I remember planting the European police-officer a blow full in the face, whereupon his fair beard fell from his chin, disclosing the countenance of none other than my enemy, Adolphe Bloch! He had regained possession of the Sassonian secret!

'Ah,' I cried, 'I recognise you as my would-be murderer!' And I dealt him another blow.

At this he fired his revolver, but happily missed me. Then our assailants raised the alarm for the police.

'Quick! Let's fly! A boat!' I cried to Nathan, and both of us sped as fast as our legs could carry us down to where several caïques were moored. I dashed across from one to another until I reached the outside boat, and just as my friend Gustave gained my side I drew off and began to pull with all my might.

The others naturally rushed after us, and for a few minutes Nathan and I rowed wildly across the dark waters of the Bosphorus. It was an exciting race for life.

Suddenly, as I glanced ahead, I saw a row of lights. My heart beat quickly. It was, I knew, the *Atalanta*. Loudly I yelled out Dick's name as I approached. Thrice I shouted it, when at last I heard an assuring voice—for he was smoking on deck—asking, 'Hallo, who's there?'

'Hugh Morrice!' I cried. 'Some fellows yonder are following me. Keep them off. I'm coming on board.'

In a moment my friend had alarmed his crew, and, pulling hard, I soon found myself dragged by a dozen strong arms on to the clean deck of the yacht, while Nathan followed.

The anchor had fortunately been already weighed; therefore, as soon as I explained the situation in a few breathless sentences, the propeller began to revolve and we moved away.

Our pursuers, however, were not to be baffled. They were quickly upon us, for scarcely had the engine-room telegraph sounded when Bloch, accompanied by the thin-faced Turk, came alongside and shouted authoritatively to the captain to stop.

'You have on board an escaping thief!' he cried. 'See, the police pinnace is just putting out! I command you to stop!'

Dick Carmichael, looking over the side, replied in French, 'You won't command me, my dear friend. Take care, or we shall swamp you.'

The rower turned the caïque toward the side of the yacht in order to allow Bloch to scramble on board, but next moment its bows were stove in, and both the Belgian and the thin Turk found themselves struggling in the swift-flowing stream.

'Shall we stop, sir?' asked the captain.

'No. Go on,' replied Dick. 'They must take their chance. We don't want to court trouble.'

I strained my eyes out upon the black waters behind, but saw my enemy no more.

We watched the green light of the police-pinnace put forth from the quay; but we quickly drew away, and, rounding Seraglio Point at full steam, soon left in the distance the thousand lights of the Golden Horn.

'Well,' I said, turning to Nathan in despair, 'we were outwitted by that scoundrel after all, even though he has lost his life by his own foolishness.'

'No,' replied the Frenchman; 'it is we who have outwitted him. The envelope he secured only contained an ordinary letter, one that I had prepared, fearing a *contretemps*. The actual copy of the draft Balkania-Sassonia agreement, as submitted by Sassonia to Turkey, is here.' And he took from his pocket another envelope, which he handed to me.

I carried it into the saloon, and, opening it eagerly, read the pencilled transcript of the six amazing clauses of the proposed secret treaty, whereby Sassonia secured Balkania's assistance and Turkey's connivance at the breaking up of British supremacy at sea, and consequently the power of the British Empire. The document was an utterly astounding one. Its clauses showed plainly Sassonia's hostile intention toward us; but now that the plot was exposed, I knew British diplomacy would be instantly set to work to combat and defy the enemy's intentions.

When I had told Dick of the urgency of getting to a telegraph-office, he ordered all steam to be kept up until at last we arrived at Volo, in Greece, whence I telegraphed in cipher to Whitehall the full text of the draft, receiving in reply a few words of sincere thanks from the chief himself.

Dick then took us round to Trieste, whence I made all haste home by train. Ere I reached London, however, the perilous intrigue had been already exposed to France and crushed out, for British diplomacy works quickly, and is defiant when defiance is needed and the security of the nation is at stake.

How near our country was to disaster will never be known outside Downing Street and our own Nameless Department; nevertheless, I may as well add that Sir Charles, our chief, declared to me that never in the history of England was such a powerful combination or so ingenious an intrigue instituted against her. By prompt and firm action His Majesty's Foreign Minister was able to turn the tide of affairs in our country's favour, and at the same time to show a bold front to our friends the enemy in a manner in which the Foreign Office of Sassonia will not easily forget. The exposure of the plot no doubt averted invasion, otherwise we might have been attacked and conquered in the year of the lamentable death of His Majesty King Edward of blessed memory. Yet the Press and public have been in ignorance of it until to-day.

For his services, my friend Gustave Nathan was well rewarded out of the Secret Service Fund, and given a lucrative post as a translator at the Foreign Office, which he still retains, living happily at Norwood with his family.

Of Adolphe Bloch, I afterwards learnt that his body was picked up beyond Seraglio Point by some fishermen a week after our departure.

My own recompense was far greater than my service merited, for after the war-cloud had been dispersed I had a royal command to audience, and there received the thanks of the sovereign, together with the insignia of the commandership of a certain Order, my pride in which may perhaps, in the circumstances, be forgiven.

As for Suzette Dupuy, I was present two months ago with Monsieur Lépine, the prefect of the Paris police, when he interrogated her at the Prefecture, and she admitted receiving payment from Adolphe Bloch for my betrayal. I was also present another evening when Monsieur Hamard, with a body of detectives, raided a certain house not far from the Rue Arnay, and there made eighteen arrests of her accomplices, all of them 'White Aprons.' Therefore I think you will agree with me in expecting some very interesting revelations at their forthcoming trial at the next session of the Assize Court of the Seine. So if you watch the newspapers, you will probably read something further concerning them.

THE END.

BRIDGING TIME (1745–1910).

IT is a far cry from the chivalry and romance that cling to the memory of the lost cause of the Stewarts to the wordy warfare of Veto and Referendum of our prosaic days; from the last struggle for the divine right of kings to the triumph of the will of the people. We look back on the good old days, it may be, with a sigh of regret for the glories that are departed, but too often with the detached interest of the student of history unable to realise the conditions of life under which those ancestors of ours wrought out the strenuous issues of their times.

Yet for all our advance in science and the art of government, a century and a half is no great matter in the lapse of time. Two lives will bridge it over comfortably; but it is surely exceedingly rare for two memories to stretch back across five generations. Such an instance has lately been brought to notice by the death, on the 10th October 1910, of Colonel John Bower, of Studwell Lodge, Droxford, at the age of one hundred and one years.

In a letter to the *Standard* on this subject of memory, four years before his death, Colonel Bower wrote: 'In my boyhood I knew a man called Sandy Both, who hailed from Douglas Town (a village in Forfarshire), and when between nine and ten years old was an eye-witness of some of the tragic events at my paternal home (Kincaldrum), in the cause of Prince Charles Edward in 1745,* and in after years he often recurred to the subject. . . . He was born in 1737.'

Here we have an instance of two lives bridging over one hundred and seventy-three years, and of two memories which extend to one hundred and sixty-five years between them. It is a still more remarkable fact that one of the actors in the tragic events at Kincaldrum referred to in the above letter was actually the grandfather of the writer, Colonel John Bower. Thus we find three generations of one family extending from 1738† to 1910.

That the 'tragic events' were likely to live long in the memory of all who had the misfortune to be at Kincaldrum on the occasion is not remarkable, for they were of a nature to brand themselves indelibly on the minds of the most callous; and in an age when the mere suggestion of a possible foreign invasion of our shores is ridiculed by the vast majority of the people, it is not inopportune to recall what happened in the middle of the eighteenth century, when Great Britain was looked upon by her foreign king as merely an appanage of his native kingdom of Hanover.

The story is told in a pamphlet issued by the late Colonel John Bower, and also in a memorandum by his father, Mr Graham Bower, who died in 1844. The two accounts differ in some of their details, and it was the intention of Colonel Bower to revise his pamphlet. In fact, as lately as the 26th September last he wrote a letter on the subject; but he did not live to carry out his intention. The following account is taken from both sources of information, due weight being given to the fact that Colonel Bower himself considered that, where differences exist, the memorandum written by his father is probably the more accurate.

In 1746 Culloden was fought and lost, and the last of the Scottish chivalry who were to draw sword in defence of the Stewart cause were dispersed over mountain and glen, whilst the Butcher Cumberland harried their homes in search of them. George the Second could not find soldiers enough in Great Britain to hunt down these rebellious subjects in the far north of the kingdom; but in his own country there were men who could be trusted to carry out the task without remorse, and Hanoverian troops were extensively engaged upon this congenial duty. They had not distinguished themselves in the earlier battles of the campaign; and the hunting down of the scattered remnant of the defeated army was infinitely more to their liking than the charge of the Highlanders at Prestonpans.

Among those who took to the heather to avoid capture was Alexander Bower, the laird of Kincaldrum and Meathie, in Forfarshire. Mr Bower had returned from Spain in 1744, partly to look after his estates and partly to watch in secret for the landing of Prince Charles Edward. After Culloden he retired to Kincaldrum with his cousin, Colonel Ker of Graden. Colonel Ker, who was an officer in the Spanish service, had received a commission as a colonel in Prince Charles Edward's army; and it was he who led the Highlanders to the attack over the marsh at Prestonpans.

In the daytime Mr Bower and Colonel Ker lay in hiding among the hills, and at night they returned to Kincaldrum, where Mrs Bower (Margaret St Clair of Roslin) had supper and provisions for the following day ready for them. It must have been a time of tense anxiety for the family at Kincaldrum. The household consisted of Mrs Bower and her sister, Miss Sarah St Clair, the Bowers' little son, a boy of eight years old, with his nurse, Betty Maxwell, and other servants. There appears to have been also another lady in the house, whose death took place in the midst of the disasters which befell the unhappy household; but her name is not given in Mr Graham Bower's memorandum, and in Colonel Bower's account there is no mention of her.

One night when the laird and his cousin were in the house a patrol of English dragoons rode up to Kincaldrum. The fugitives were hastily secreted, and when the officer in command of the patrol, who is described in Mr Graham Bower's account as 'a most gentlemanly young officer,' made his entry, no one was to be found but the ladies of the house. The young officer disclaimed any intention of making a search of the premises, but he gave the ladies to understand that he was aware that Mr Bower and Colonel Ker were hidden in the house. On their part the ladies begged the officer to remain to supper, and entertained him to the best of their ability. On taking his leave the friendly officer gave a word of warning. The Hanoverian troops, he informed them, were also scouring the country, and he would not answer for their

* The date apparently should be 1746.
† The colonel's grandfather was eight years old in 1746.

conduct should they find Mr Bower and his cousin about the place.

Incidents of this character were no doubt of frequent occurrence when English gentlemen were despatched on the odious duty of hunting down their Scottish fellow-countrymen, and in a great measure account for George the Second's preference for his own Hanoverians for the work. In the case under notice, Mrs Bower seems to have taken the hint; for without delay she started for Traquair House in Peeblesshire to intercede for her husband with the Duke of Cumberland. The only charge that could be brought against him was that he had worn a white cockade in his bonnet, and had been seen shaking hands with Prince Charles Edward at the Salutation Inn in Perth.

During the absence of Mrs Bower a party of Hanoverian dragoons paid a visit to Kincaldrum. The laird and the colonel, thinking themselves secure, had not paid sufficient heed to the friendly warning they had received, and once more were forced to hide themselves in the house, with their enemies at the gate. Here is Mr Graham Bower's description of what took place:

'A few days afterwards a party of Hanoverian or Hessian dragoons came up. The first of their operations was to hamstring all the cows, cattle, and horses they could lay their hands upon; even the little Shetland pony kept for my father's use did not escape. On entering the house they amused themselves slashing the family pictures with their sabres [these pictures are still in my possession]. All the windows of the lower story had what they call upright iron stanchions. Colonel Ker, hearing the uproar, betook himself for escaping from one of the windows where he knew there was a false stanchion. On getting out he found two soldiers placed, who immediately made him a prisoner. The sergeant of the party went into a bedroom. On removing an old black cabinet they found a hole where my poor old grandfather was concealed [this cabinet is also in my possession]. On the officer commanding the party demanding fifty pounds from my grandfather to let him off, he told him he had no money, on which the officer struck Mr Bower a blow on the back with the flat of his sword, which was returned by Mr Bower taking up a poker and knocking down the officer and two or three of his men. However, he was soon overpowered by numbers, and his hands tied behind his back. Having a fine head of hair, they knotted it to one of their horses' tails, and dragged him in this way for about two miles to a place called Cothiewards near Fendrick, where a poor man of the name of Saunders Kinair was holling broom, who on his bended knees interceded for his master, saying, "If you will only put the gentleman on a horse I will gi'e you a' the siller I ha'e," which amounted to ten pounds. The relief seems to have come too late, however. He was mounted behind a trooper, carried to Dundee, from there to Perth prison, where it soon pleased God to relieve him from his tormentors, having expired from the brutal treatment he had received.'

As for Colonel Ker, on his producing his commission as an officer in the Spanish service the Hanoverian officer did not think it prudent to keep him a prisoner, and he was released.

Mr Graham Bower's narrative proceeds:

'While all this business was going on there was a lady's corpse laid out in one of the bedrooms. Betty Maxwell, who kept my father (then a little boy), got him in her arms and secreted herself—with her charge—behind the bed containing the dead body to prevent his being taken hold of by the Hessian soldiers.'

The faithful nurse's ruse was successful; and though the Hessians appear to have entered the death-chamber, they did not discover Betty Maxwell and her charge. But after the soldiers had decamped, Miss St Clair did not think it prudent to allow her little nephew to remain at Kincaldrum. Mrs Bower had not returned from Traquair, and the responsibility for the safety of the child must have weighed heavily upon her. A few days after the raid she took the child and started for the coast. The first night of their wanderings was spent at the house of Graham of Fintry, whose daughter Margaret was about the same age as the boy. The children played together, and Betty Maxwell made so bold as to suggest that some day, when the trouble had passed away, the little lairdie would return and marry his playmate. And in after-years Betty Maxwell was justified; for when young Bower returned from France he became the husband of Margaret Graham.

Thereafter Sarah St Clair and her charge wandered over the Scadly Hills, and came at last to Borrasteness,* where she found a small sloop on the point of sailing for Hull. Eventually they made their way to Holland, and thence journeyed to Paris, where, on the advice of Lord Ogilvy—then a colonel in the French service—young Bower was placed in the Scotch College. Miss St Clair started to return home; but in the Forest of Cressy the diligence in which she travelled is supposed to have been attacked by robbers. Miss St Clair was never heard of again.

The last act of this tragedy is best told in the words of Mr Graham Bower:

'My grandmother, finding she could make nothing in favour of her husband from the Duke of Cumberland, returned home. On her arrival in Dundee she, of course, asked the news. On being informed of her husband's fate and the disasters at Kincaldrum—her boy being obliged

* In Colonel Bower's account the seaport is given as Broughty Ferry, which seems more probable than Bo'ness.

to fly with his aunt—on entering the Red Lion Inn she requested the landlady to show her into a bedroom; the moment after entering it she complained of being a little sick, dropped down, and never spoke more. The hearse that brought the remains of my grandfather from Perth took up the body of my grandmother in Dundee, carrying them to the family burying-ground at Meathie, where they were laid side by side.'

The sequel to the story concerns the restoration of young Bower to his family estates. Through the kindness of the French king and many friends, the boy received the best instruction that Paris could afford, and was then attached to the Court as page of honour to Louis the Fifteenth. Whilst acting in this capacity 'he took the natural smallpox'—a disease that proved fatal to Louis the Fifteenth some years later—and his features were much marked by the scourge. About the year 1764 young Bower returned to Scotland, the Government having agreed to restore the confiscated properties to the heirs of the attainted lairds provided they were of tender years when the rising took place. He arrived home, to find his estates in the possession of a kinsman, James Bower, who claimed to be the next heir, and stoutly maintained that the newcomer from France was an impostor and not the son of the late Alexander Bower and Margaret St Clair. Identification was a difficult matter, for young Bower had grown to manhood in a foreign country, and he was much disfigured by the smallpox. None of the witnesses called in the court at Forfar could identify the stranger as the son of the late laird and his lady. But his counsel had another way of settling the matter. If the witnesses could not recognise the claimant, the claimant could recognise the witnesses.

'On a man being brought into court, Percy [Wedderburn of Percy] asked my father if he knew who that person was. "Yes," answered my father; "it is William Maxwell, the miller of Kincaldrum." The next person brought in—about his own age—my father went up to him saying (and taking him by the hand), "Jamie, man, dinna you mind when you and I langsyne took puddocks wi' a girn in the Barn Hill Dub?" Percy rose, saying, "Gentlemen, I fancy you are a' satisfied noo."'

So the laird came to his own again. And he married Margaret Graham of Fintry. Their son, Mr Graham Bower, the author of the memorandum from which the greater part of this narrative is taken, lost the estate of Kincaldrum in 1817 through misplaced confidence in a friend. He died in 1844; and the last of his children, Colonel John Bower, died, as already stated, on the 10th October 1910.

It would be interesting to know whether this record for three generations of one family can be surpassed, and whether there yet lives a man whose grandfather played a part in the turbulent days of the 'Forty-five.'

JOTTINGS FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A TRAMP.

THE CASUAL WARD.

By the Author of *Leaves from the Diary of a Tramp.*

A STONE wall stretched frowningly along one side of the road, a very high wall, that somehow made one tread quietly as one went along, and listen for the clinking of chains on the other side. At one end there was a gateway, and by the side of the gateway there was a small door; and leaning against the wall was a long line of men, with here and there a woman, the units of the line seeming curiously small and insignificant, overshadowed as they were by that prison-like wall. It was the thin line of hunger, for hidden behind was the workhouse, and we were waiting for a pauper's uncomfortable shelter and a pauper's most miserable dole.

Well-fed, prosperous-looking men passed along on their way from business; but they scarcely glanced at us as they passed. They were accustomed to the sight; the line would always seem the same to them, and every evening it was there. Yet it was a sight calculated to fill them with a sense of humbleness and shame, for not all in that line were tramps. Some had once been industrious, skilled workmen for whose labour there was now no market. Unable to find a buyer for their labour, they had had to find a buyer for their homes. What hopes had they planted as they gathered those homes together stick by stick, and to what a harvest had they ripened! Near me stood a gray-haired old woman with her husband. They were both very neat and clean, though their clothes were shabby and old. Both had an air of respectability that spoke of better days, I thought as I looked at them.

Just then the door rattled. Those who had been dozing against the wall became alert; then the line moved up as we were slowly admitted. I had to undergo an inquisition at the hands of an official, to give up all my valuables (a halfpenny and a broken-bladed knife); then I received from another a piece of bread and a tin of skilly, and was permitted to enter a long room furnished with tables and seats. The bread was brick-like and the skilly detestable; but, helped by the salt placed in heaps on the table, it at last disappeared. One poor fellow who sat near me,

knowing what to expect in the way of food, had brought in with him a bloater; this he had placed within his vest, next to the skin, hoping thus to smuggle it in undetected. Alas, he failed, and the luxury was confiscated!

On the other side of me sat a man about thirty years of age. He was an iron-turner, he said, and had left Newcastle six weeks before in search of work.

'I've stood it long enough,' he told me. 'If I can't get nothin' honest, I'll have from them as has plenty, or I'll know the reason why. If I couldn't get a job when I started off, smart-lookin', what chance have I now—my boots burst, my togs creased an' dirty, an' a fortnight's whiskers on my chin? I've slept out once, an' I'm not havin' any again. An' I'm sick of walkin' ten miles from spike to spike, when I've no chance of gettin' a job.'

It was all quite true. When a man's shoes begin to gape, and his clothes to crease and fray, and he cannot shave, and his linen from doubtful becomes disreputable, and people begin to look askance at him for fear he should ask alms, the accumulated effect of it all makes him feel like turning round on society and wringing from it the living it denies him, or saying, 'You won't find me work so that I can keep myself; therefore you must keep me, for I'll hunger and tramp no longer.'

Of the thirty men in that casual ward I would say that more than half were, or had been, thoroughly respectable unemployed. Two of them were from Oldham. One had left a wife and family behind him. 'Two o' t' lads are workin',' he said. 'They'll piece out enough for th' owd woman, if they an to hauve clem theirsel's;' and as he could not get work at home, he had started off on the long road, content to rough it so long as 'th' owd woman' was looked after.

Yes, I know that labour exchanges are supposed to do away with the need of tramping; but I cannot understand the attitude of mind of the people who think so. I registered at three exchanges. But when I received my card, did I then not need food and bed? Without money, could I stay in a town? On the road there is always the chance of picking up an odd job here and there. A man earns, say, twenty-five shillings per week. He is thrown out of work. The little money he has saved soon goes if the period of unemployment is prolonged. Then, when all is gone, what can he do, even if his name is on the register? He can do one of two things. He can sponge on his friends and relations, who probably are not in a very secure position themselves, and let them keep him until something turns up, or he can go farther afield in search of work, in the hope of picking up enough odd jobs as he goes along to keep body and soul together.

My conversation with the 'Owdhamers' was interrupted by an official who not very politely ordered us to get a move on. We had to strip; our clothes were gathered together anyhow, and tied up in bundles—what a state mine were in the next morning!—then each one had to have a bath—in pea-soup. At least that's what it looked like before the last man was reached. Then we were given a night-shirt each, evil-smelling and certainly far from clean, and a couple of blankets, and marched off to bed. In other places I have had to take the bath before the supper. Twenty-five of us slept in the same room, and before midnight the atmosphere was horrible. The beds were, I should think, specially designed as sleep-preventers; they were all swung at the foot on one bar which ran down the centre of the room, and if one man moved uneasily the whole of the other hammocks moved in sympathy. I was by no means sorry when six o'clock came and we were given our clothes, smelling strongly of some fumigating agent, and then supplied with 'breakfast'—bread and skilly. After that came the task. I had to chop wood; and, thinking that the sooner the wood was chopped the sooner would I be out, I set to work with a will, and by half-past nine the task was ended. Then the official brought me another pile. It didn't matter, I was told, how much or how little work was done. We must stop in the labour-yard until the official hour of dismissal, and then, whether we had skulked or worked, we could go.

Until eleven I skulked.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NOVEL SUN-CLOCK.

DURING recent years the sundial has undergone many interesting developments, the scope of which has been to render it more useful. Though it was extensively used up to the eighteenth century, the difference between sun-time and mechanical clock-time caused it to fall into desuetude as a timepiece when standard mean time was adopted. The result was that the sundial fell from its proud position and became a mere ornament of the garden. It is obvious, however, that if the sundial could be caused to show the correct mean time—that is, the hour and minute which your watch ought to show according to Greenwich—and that infallibly, then the sundial would usurp the place of the mechanical clock, especially in those countries and places where the conveniences for adjusting the watch and clock

are scanty. A Scottish inventor, after several years of patient investigation and experiment, has devised a sundial which at all times of the year shows absolutely dead correct clock-time, and when once set correctly it can never gain or lose. Consequently it is really more reliable than the finest type of clock that has yet been devised. Moreover, the system has been worked out so simply that any one can set and use the instrument. The device consists of a hemispherical bowl of copper about thirteen inches in diameter, supported on a base of the same metal by a single screw which facilitates the setting of the bowl in the correct position, the base being rigidly clamped to a suitable pedestal. The bowl is spanned vertically by a thin metal rod which throws a shadow across a band placed at right angles centrally round the inside of the bowl. This band is the time-scale. The instrument is made in two forms—a sun-clock and a solar chronometer. The first-named shows standard sun-time, which, as is known, differs from clock-time. To bring about the requisite correction, and to ascertain quickly the absolute time your watch should indicate, there is a table by means of which equation is secured. In this arrangement there are no moving parts, which in some cases is an advantage if it is liable to be tampered with after erection. In the solar chronometer standard mean time or clock-time is shown. Here the time-scale has a moving band slipping slightly right or left. The fixed part of the scale is divided into the months of the year and their days. The upper part of the moving scale is similarly subdivided, but the lower half is divided into hours between 6 A.M. and 6 P.M., with each hour split into minutes and periods of ten minutes plainly marked. All that one has to do in this case is to bring the day of the month on the sliding scale opposite the corresponding date on the fixed scale. In the bottom of the bowl is a small map, and in setting up the device it is only necessary to bring a plummet depending from the centre of the shadow-rod over the country in which the instrument is being set up. This secured, the bowl is then simply turned sideways until the time thrown by the shadow on the time-scale coincides with that shown by your watch to the very minute. It is only necessary in the first place to make sure your watch is correct. The chronometer is then fixed in that position, and ever after the sundial will show Greenwich time for the twelve hours between six in the morning and six at night, irrespective of season. The instrument is the most simple of its type that has ever been evolved, and in isolated districts and countries such as India, Australia, Canada, where it is difficult to correct a timepiece periodically, it will be found eminently valuable. In price it compares with the ordinary mechanical timepiece, and can be adapted for use in any part of the world.

PORK AND BEANS A RATIONAL DIET.

Recently attention has been conspicuously drawn to the nourishing potentialities of a humble class of food—pork and beans. In this country the dietetic value of this food is ignored; but in other parts of the world, especially in Canada and the United States, it is of pre-eminent importance, large establishments being devoted to the canning of this commodity. Yet it is a dish which can be prepared cheaply and easily, though an air of mystery has been given to the art of preparation. The bean advocated in Britain is the small white haricot, which can be purchased for about twopence per pint. In Canada, however, outside the large towns of which pork and beans are considered a staple food, the brown kidney-bean is preferred. From personal experience the writer can affirm that the latter bean is sweeter, more tasty, and filling. Cooking is very simple. All that is necessary is to place the beans in a saucepan with an adequate supply of cold water. A small piece of bacon, say two streaky rashers to one pint of beans, is then put in—more can be added if it is desired to make the meat a dish as well; and, if preferred, the meat can be added in chunks instead of thin slices. The contents are then brought to the boil quickly, and kept so for an hour or two until the beans become softened and the meat has shredded somewhat. It will be requisite to add water from time to time to compensate for that lost by evaporation, and for this purpose a kettle should be kept boiling beside the saucepan, care being taken to add only boiling water. The preparation is extremely simple, and so long as an adequate charge of water is kept in the saucepan, burning of the contents will be avoided. When the dish is cooked it is only necessary to add pepper and salt to taste, though it can be rendered more appetising by the use of a little tomato sauce. The liquid is as nourishing as the solid vegetable. The writer can testify to the staying-powers of such a dish, as well as to its body-building powers, for during a hard journey of twelve hundred miles over the Canadian north-west trail last year pork and beans figured in one or more meals nearly every day—for over a week it formed the staple dish three times a day; and after a good matutinal charge of this commodity one could face with equanimity an eight or ten hours' journey without food through the tumbled wilderness and mountain fastnesses. For the trail no more sustaining dish has yet been found; and as a body-building medium for the humble home or a simple diet for the epicurean suffering from gastronomic troubles it will be difficult to excel.

THE 'SPRING' THE WORLD'S FRIEND.

It would be interesting to know authoritatively how important a part the simple mechanical device known as the spring in one or more of its

different forms plays in our everyday life. It is omnipotent and ubiquitous. Moreover, it has been harnessed in many ingenious ways with a view to removing the little worries of life. Recently a whole collection of insignificant though utilitarian novelties working on this principle have been evolved by an English firm. For instance, a bodkin which will take any width of tape, which is easy to thread and simple to work, and from which the tape cannot slip out when in use will appeal to the housewife. It is quite distinct from the usual type of article for this purpose, being a solid little rod of metal slit almost from end to end, which has the action of a flat spring upon the inserted tape, gripping it tightly. The amateur gardener and his professional colleague also have often been worried in the nailing of trees to walls. This is now rendered an absurdly simple task by a patent wall-clip, in which the branch is held loosely yet firmly by a spring at one end, while the other is secured to the fencing by mere tacks. The clip is made from specially prepared steel which cannot rust, and which cannot inflict any injury upon the most tender plants, while it can be moved from place to place as desired and attached firmly to any class of fencing or wall. Then who has not indulged in wrestling with a tie under a double collar, and more often than not ruined the appearance of the latter in the ordeal? But there need be no further trouble in this direction. The tie can be tied in a sailor-knot or bow over the side of a spring adjuster, and the latter slipped under the collar in an instant. Nothing short of a sharp tug will remove the device after it has once been set in position. This device also enables a fresh part of the surface of the tie to be brought into the essential position every day. The man who prefers to work in his shirt-sleeves, or my lady accustomed to gauntlets, experiences trouble in keeping the cuffs well above the wrist, and endeavours to meet the difficulty by using elastic bands which cut into the flesh. This end can now be more conveniently and painlessly achieved by means of flat spiral spring armlets or bracelets which will fit the slimmest or thickest limb with the greatest ease, and, what is more, keep the offending attire firmly in position. He of immaculate dress who devotes especial and unremitting care to the crease in his nether garments will find the 'avecta' trouser-presser of incalculable use, especially as it can be packed in a hand-bag and taken about with one. It consists of two flat pieces of wood about two inches in width, between which the folded garment is laid, and then gripped by three powerful spring clips which are slipped over the edge in an instant. This device will give a crease superior to that produced by the ordinary cumbersome presser, while the fact that it will slip into an ordinary hand-bag is a decided advantage. One well-known inventor expressed the opinion that a device which would slip into the waistcoat-pocket would be of the greatest value to mankind, and certainly the foregoing examples of the application of the simple spring fulfil that requirement with complete success.

DICKENS IN POTTERY.

One of the sanest hobbies of the present day—and this is an age of crazes—is the collection of china in one or more of its various forms, from the hoarding of rare specimens of Dresden, Wedgwood, and Royal Worcester to heraldic miniature china. The spirit is laudable, since, unlike some collecting manias, it provides a means of beautifying a room. The latest development in this direction is one of the most enterprising, and one which will make a world-wide appeal. This is the manufacture of specimens of pottery of all descriptions and in a wide variety of forms, from plates to mugs, vases to bowls, embellished with characters of Dickens, especially when it is carried out in such famous ware as that issuing from the ovens of the Doulton establishment. 'Dickens "Doultonised"' has become a colloquialism, and it is a development which will be keenly appreciated by all lovers of the novelist who taught us to laugh. The pottery will be prized, apart from its technical excellence, for the faithful portrayal of the various characters as they have been presented to us through the creations of 'Phiz.' Mr Pickwick is depicted just as he has been immortalised by the Dickensian artist, for no one could conceive a different characterisation. The pottery artist, Mr Charles J. Noke, has achieved his difficult task with conspicuous success, and he has kept uppermost the popular conceptions of the persons moving through the novels. The execution of the work is in the famous Doulton manner, and the colouring is delicate and beautiful. In transferring the *dramatis personæ* to pottery the artist has been careful to preserve the atmosphere of the surroundings. Americans, who are among the keenest admirers of Dickens, have extended an enthusiastic welcome to this movement in pottery, and are developing an acute rivalry in the acquisition of specimens of the ware embellished with characters from their favourite author. In this country, too, the collection of such promises to develop into just as keen a hobby, which is additionally interesting owing to the variety of the articles. You can secure railplates for the decoration of the dining-room walls, bowls for the embellishment of the table-centre, quaint tankards and jugs for the side-board, or vases for the mantelshelf; while the fact that they are the creations of the Doulton works is sufficient guarantee of their perfection.

SOLID PETROL.

Considerable interest has been created by the announcement that a German scientist, Dr V. Rosculetz, has succeeded in perfecting a method

for solidifying volatile liquids such as petrol, ether, and so forth. The extremely evaporative character of petrol has rendered its use somewhat dangerous, and inasmuch as the perfection of the internal-combustion engine, more particularly typified by the petrol-motor, has resulted in the widespread utilisation of this fuel, efforts have been made to render its handling less dangerous. But solidified petrol is by no means new. About five years ago, in a laboratory, the writer saw small blocks of petrol which emitted gas as they were 'thawed.' Half a century has been devoted to experiments in this direction, but their commercial value is somewhat difficult to comprehend. For instance, the chemist of one of our leading refineries expressed his readiness to prepare the product if requested, and the process is quite devoid of mystery. All that is required is a little soap prepared in a certain manner, and this will solidify petrol or any other volatile liquid. If stearic acid, which can be obtained easily, is boiled with hydrochloric acid for some hours, it becomes non-crystalline, amorphous, or colloidal. On its then being dissolved in petrol or petroleum, a permanent jelly is formed when it cools. In some parts of the world petroleum can be drawn from the borehole in a form like red-currant jelly, and this under natural conditions. The German invention is by no means new, though the method adopted for solidifying the fuel may be so. Moreover, solid petrol is just as dangerous to handle as the liquid form, for Dr Rosculetz depends upon the gasification of the substance under currents of air; and the danger of combustion is quite as great. The fact is that petrol, like gunpowder or coal-gas, is not dangerous if handled properly. No sane person would think of looking for a gas-leak with a lighted match, or sample gunpowder while smoking. Then why attempt to take such liberties with petrol? The danger in handling this liquid is caused purely by carelessness or crass ignorance.

LUCYTE.

A new material which, from its character, should be certain of a great future is that to which the generic name of 'lucyte' has been given. In appearance it resembles celluloid, but differs therefrom in that it is non-inflammable. The distinctive feature of this substance, apart from its transparency when desired, is that it is waterproof and washable. For advertising purposes it appears useful, inasmuch as it carries colours brilliantly and permanently, and can be put to any use that may be imagined. It can be made to any size, shape, and thickness with equal facility, from a thin strip more like a shaving to a thick pane resembling glass, and either opaque or transparent. It is eminently adapted, owing to its sheen, for Christmas cards, box-tops, and even book-bindings, where beautiful effects are desired. It is offered as a substitute for glass, and, its general characteristics being borne in mind, should be useful for glazing. It is possible that it may be applied to photographic purposes, especially in connection with kinematography. The films of the latter, for the most part, being made of celluloid, are highly combustible. Recently, however, the non-inflammable film, so called, has been used in this connection; but its claims to non-combustibility are in fact more imaginary than real, for the substance, as a rule, when subjected to heat melts or boils away, and in so doing emits copious clouds of smoke, which, from the point of view of frightening the public, is almost as bad as bursting into explosive flame.

A BUTTER MIXER AND MOULDER.

The necessity for packing articles attractively in order to catch the customer's eye and enlist his interest has been driven home to British firms very strongly during recent years. This is a field in which the Americans excel, inasmuch as they have learned that the pleasing external appearance of an article generally doubles its sale. British merchants have followed their example, and to-day the majority of articles can be purchased in a tastefully packed manner. But if there is one commodity more than another in which there is great scope for improvement, it is butter. The shopkeeper invariably gives the customer a depressing-looking mass which no self-respecting housewife would think of putting on the table. Many a shopkeeper selling an inferior article has secured greater trade than a colleague vending the best produce just because he knows how 'to put it up' in an attractive manner. A machine has now been placed on the market whereby butter can be moulded and weighed in the form of a circular drum, a rectangular brick, or a roll, cleanly and appetisingly, and in any desired quantity, from a small pat of half-a-pound weight to a chunk of two pounds. The machine can be used by hand or power according to the requirements of the vendor, and will turn out the weighed and moulded article at the rate of from four hundred to seven hundred and twenty pounds per hour, according as to whether the drive is manual or mechanical. It should be a useful machine for dairies, and appreciably increase the demand for an article of local production. It can be applied similarly to margarine and lard.

THE LUMINATOR AND PERMUTIT WATER-SOFTENING PROCESSES.

The formation of scale in boilers is one of the greatest enemies against which the steam user has to contend. Softening of water is of vital importance also to the domestic user, inasmuch as thereby the consumption of soap is reduced to the minimum, and no injury is inflicted upon the most delicate fabrics, as is often the case when the water used is hard. Processes of foreign origin for achieving these desired ends have recently

been introduced into this country. The first is the 'luminator' system, which is designed solely for the treatment of boiler feed-water. The water before entering the storage-tanks passes over a corrugated plate of aluminium, whereby a physical change is effected, the result of which is that the calcium and magnesium salts conducive to scale are deposited in the boiler in a slime which can be easily removed. No chemicals whatever are used, the improvement being brought about purely by physical means. Many of our leading railways have adopted the system, the Great Northern having an installation at Peterborough capable of treating thirty thousand gallons per hour. The 'permutit' softening system is one of chemical application, and has proved highly successful in Germany. In this instance the water to be softened is filtered through a manufactured substance known as sodium permutit. The idea is strikingly elastic, and can be applied to a small domestic supply for treatment of only a few gallons, or to one in a large manufactory where thousands of gallons are required. In this process the calcium and magnesium salts are withdrawn from the water to combine with the sodium permutit, and are retained by the filter, while the sodium originally combined with the permutit is released and passed through the water. By this means the elements contributing to the hardness of the water are entirely eliminated. A feature of this system is that when the sodium of the permutit has become exhausted in the course of time, it can be regenerated by passing a solution of common salt through the filter. For the removal of iron and manganese and for the destruction of germ-life, manganese permutit is used in place of the sodium permutit. The regeneration in this instance is accomplished by a solution of permanganate of potash. Over two hundred of these installations are in use in industrial establishments in Germany, and the process appears to have been a complete success, especially in establishments devoted to wool-washing, cotton-bleaching, laundry-work, dyeing, papermaking, and so on. Hotels, offices, and private dwellings have adopted the small permutit installation, and in this field there appears to be considerable scope, since pure, soft, palatable water for domestic and drinking purposes is a great desideratum. Hospitals should also find the process of distinct service.

THE NEW WIRELESS TORPEDO AND AERIEL WIRELESS TORPEDO.

In our Christmas Number we referred to the invention of a wireless torpedo controlled by Hertzian waves as being that of two Australians, Messrs F. J. Healey and A. J. Roberts, and also to an aerial wireless torpedo as having been invented by Mr F. J. Healey and as being known by his name. These statements having been brought to the notice of Mr A. J. Roberts, he has informed us that we were entirely misinformed in attributing the invention of these to Mr Healey, and that they are the sole invention of Mr A. J. Roberts, Mr F. J. Healey having only a business connection with them. We regret that we unwittingly deprived Mr Roberts of all or part of the merit of these interesting inventions.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A DREAM.

I WENT last week in a railway train—
Whiz, and a roar, and away;
I thought we flew like a swift-winged bird,
Off, on a blue-skied day.
But, fast though we went, I also saw
There was something faster far;
For the houses spun as we rushed along
Till they looked like a twinkling star.

All day, when I'm old, I'll ride in a train,
In summer or winter, in fine or rain;
Houses and hedges and stations shall fly,
Running in terror when I whiz by.

I woke last night, in the midst of a dream,
All hot and trembling and cold;
I thought I could hear an engine scream,
I thought I was gray and old.
I'd turned to a man, and I sat in a train
That whizzed and whistled and roared.
Though I tried my hardest I couldn't get off;
'Sit still!' cried the guard. 'All aboard.'

Then away we went at a lightning pace,
As if we were running a fearsome race;
I longed to become just a boy again,
But I'd turned to a man, and I wished in vain.

EDITH L. ELIAS.

The June Part of *Chambers's Journal* will contain the opening chapters of a novel of powerful interest, entitled

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS,

being a page from the History of a Notable House,

By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE,

Author of *The Lost Cause*, *The Rebel Commodore*, &c.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS:

BEING A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF A NOTABLE HOUSE.

By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE, Author of *The Lost Cause*, *The Rebel Commodore*, &c.

FOREWORD.

FOR close upon fifty years there had been war—bitter, unrelenting, unscrupulous—between the houses of Heathcote and St Aubyn, albeit they had long been neighbours and were near akin in blood. The great feud had its beginnings when the eighteenth century was still young and Queen Anne was keeping the triple throne warm for the little Hanoverian whom she hated. It was in 1710 that Sir Simon Brayden died, full of years and ill-gotten riches. Mr Sam Pepys has it that the worshipful knight started life as a sutler's boy in the army of the Parliament; and the Clerk of the Acts, having been associated with him at one time in the mismanagement of Tangiers affairs, was not unlikely to be well informed. During the three reigns which followed the Restoration, and through all the mutations of the sordid politics of Stuart and Dutchman, Sir Simon had pursued two objects with unswerving fidelity and a rare dexterity—firstly, to keep place whatever befell, and therewith the power to dip deeply and at will into the public purse; and, secondly, to get together a vast landed estate. Perhaps he was fortunate in the times. His success, at least, was the envy of two generations of placemen; and when he passed peacefully to his account he left possessions—in half-a-dozen counties and on both sides of the Irish Sea—such as were then the heritage of only a few of the greatest nobles. No fortune so made, said the moralists, could fail to carry a curse. Sir Simon had evaded retribution; it fell upon his descendants. To them, in truth, the inheritance proved an inheritance of hate. For he had no son to succeed him. His single aim was to preserve intact that which he had built up so laboriously, and to that end he had devised the will which involved his grandchildren—the sons of his two daughters—in a lifelong struggle for mastery. They were boys when it began, and for half a century the fight had been waged with ruthless persistence, carrying with it the memories of irreparable injuries, of insults and mortifications beyond forgiveness; on one side of acts that were almost crimes, and on the other of ruin and expatriation. And the issue was in the hands of neither; for to neither, while the other lived, was complete victory possible.

How, in the year 1759—that ever-memorable year so big with fate for the Empire to be—the feud came to an end is here set down.

CHAPTER I.—MINDEN—THE CAVALIER WITH THE CANE.

CALL it Providence or Chance as you will, there is no gainsaying the consequences of the accident that flung young Lord St Aubyn into the fighting-line of the Twelfth Foot, where he had no right to be. It all happened in the few breathless minutes between the first and second charges of Contades' cavalry. To the end his lordship could never quite explain it. Somehow, his horse had gone down under him. The next moment, as it seemed to him, he was taking snuff with an old acquaintance.

Suddenly the major snapped the lid of his box, and, with a bow to the hatless aide-de-camp, returned it to his pocket.

'They are coming on again,' he remarked quietly. 'Will you take a hand with us, my lord?'

'With pleasure, sir,' answered St Aubyn. He could not get back to headquarters just then; and, besides, he desired nothing better. 'Consider me a volunteer with the Twelfth; it will always be an honour to have served with them.'

'Unless our friends break us,' said the major with a grim nod towards the enemy.

St Aubyn stepped into place by his side. 'Then it will be my epitaph, major,' he said.

There was no time for further words. Through the swirling smoke of the artillery, twenty ordered squadrons of the finest cavalry in Europe, superbly horsed, magnificent in breastplates and waving plumes, were sweeping down upon them. The first charge had been smitten into utter ruin. Now the second had been launched.

'Ready, Twelfth!'

The line seemed to stiffen as the word ran along. St Aubyn's pulses quickened; his new

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comrades, to all appearance, might have been on parade in Hyde Park. Yet theirs was no light task. It looked as if no obstacle could survive the impact of the tremendous force that came on with ever-gathering impetus, gallantly led, fired with the zeal and discipline of their race. Then the signal was given; and, midway in their course, the thundering squadrons of Gray and Red Mousquetaires met the torrent of lead that broke from end to end of the slim, long-extended line of scarlet-clad foot. It was an inferno of flying bullets, through which no troops in the world could force a passage. In a moment all was over; the second charge, like the first, was shattered and hurled back by that hail of deadly and incessant fire; and in front nothing remained but a wild, confused, struggling mass of men and horses—the stricken remnants of a splendid column.

'Our trick again, egad!' remarked the major in St Aubyn's ear. 'Look at that, my lord! It's a Fontenoy—for them.'

St Aubyn scarcely heard him. In battle it often happens that a single incident will engage and engross the attention of the individual soldier to the exclusion of what is passing around him. So it was with St Aubyn. It was at the height of the enemy's charge, just before the British front broke into flame, that he first noticed the Cavalier with the Cane. He was riding at the head of a squadron of Red Mousquetaires straight towards the Twelfth—a slight, erect figure on a gray horse, conspicuous in that he wore no breastplate or helmet, but was dressed in a plain blue uniform and plumed hat, and (above all) that he carried a cane instead of a sword. It was this fact, indeed, which caught his lordship's regard. He saw also that, with an officer of the Mousquetaires for company, he was leading his men by a couple of lengths; no more, and yet in the few short seconds that preceded the catastrophe he had eyes for him alone. Then for a minute the scene was blotted out by the musket-smoke.

St Aubyn was conscious of one feeling only. Confronted by the tragedy of a great carnage, he was strangely anxious regarding this one man. It was as if he were personally interested in his fate.

He saw him again as soon as the pall of smoke lifted a little. The gray horse had carried him well beyond his comrades, and had then fallen within seventy or eighty paces of the Twelfth. The cavalier himself was on his feet, apparently unhurt. He was walking back to the broken line of Mousquetaires, quietly and with no sign of hurry, until, as St Aubyn watched, he sprang suddenly at the bridle of a riderless horse galloping past, and with surprising agility for a man of his years (for he was evidently beyond middle-age) caught and mounted the animal. It was bravely done, and a low cheer from the ranks of the Twelfth told St Aubyn that others beside himself were interested spectators. Nevertheless, glancing round, he perceived several muskets being pointed at the cavalier.

'Don't fire! Give him another chance, lads!' he cried in sudden impulse.

'Right, sir!' said an old sergeant on his left. 'He deserves it, to be sure. He's good enough to be English, which—begging your honour's pardon,' he added—'I believe he is, with that there rose in his hat for token.'

For, as if aware of their courtesy, the cavalier had half-turned in his saddle and doffed his hat in salute. It was as he did so that they observed the red rose.

'English!' repeated St Aubyn.

'Or Scots perhaps,' put in the major, who was again taking snuff; ''45 man, you understand, my lord?'

'And the cane?'

'Oh, one cannot say! But I'll wager there are scores of them over there with something sharper.'

He of the cane, meanwhile, had rejoined the wreck of his squadron. English or not, he was plainly a man of note; his appearance had its effect at once; and it was round him, encouraged by his voice, that the disordered survivors strove to rally. They had their last glimpse of him for the time being as these fell back, which they did with some precipitancy when they realised that the British line was once more in motion. After dressing its front it had resumed the steady and inexorable march against the enemy's centre.

St Aubyn moved forward with the Twelfth. He had little choice, and he was enjoying himself too much to wish it otherwise.

It was a new experience for George Courtenay St Aubyn, by courtesy Earl of St Aubyn, only son and heir of the Marquis of Thanet, a captain in the Blues, and at present on the staff of his Serene Highness Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, commander-in-chief of the allied armies. Ordinarily he was quiet, reserved, more unsociable than his twenty-five years warranted. People said that he was weighed down by the sins of his notorious father; and, in truth, my Lord Thanet was the last man to carry them himself if a substitute offered. To-day, however, St Aubyn was all cheerfulness and bonhomie. The blood of twenty generations of fighting ancestors was stirring within him; he forgot his friendless boyhood and youth and the shame and humiliations that had since been his, and he threw himself into the fray with whole heart and blithe spirit. A good fight acts differently on different men. St Aubyn was one of those on whom it acts like old wine; and a new and fuller life seemed to have opened before him since the dawn of that eventful morning—the morning of August 1, 1759.

Minden was his first taste of war on the grand scale. Here one cannot describe with sufficient

fullness how Prince Ferdinand, defending Hanover with a mixed force of British and Germans and Austrians, drew Marshal Contades, by a skilful and daring piece of tactics, from his strong positions between the Weser and the Bastau, and lured him out to meet him in the open; how, as the day broke, the two armies found themselves confronting each other across a narrow stretch of heath; and how, having still the advantage in numbers, the Frenchmen promptly took up the challenge of battle. Nor are we concerned with the earlier stages of the encounter—the feints and *ripostes* of two great generals, ending in a hot artillery duel. It was between eight and nine o'clock when the real attack began. Suddenly Prince Ferdinand's centre, composed of six regiments of British foot, extended in three lines, was seen to be advancing against the enemy, with flags uncased and drums sounding. Opposite was the full strength of Contades' cavalry, ten thousand strong—seventy-five magnificent squadrons in all. To send six thousand infantry in line against such a force looked like sheer madness. Certainly it was contrary to all the rules of war. According to some, indeed, the movement was due to a mistaken order. But the soldiers were British; and the blunder, if such it were, was amply justified by one of the finest feats in the annals of our army. The French, on their part, were quick to grasp the chance that offered so temptingly. You know the result. Twice already had they swept down on the exposed, slowly moving ranks of scarlet; and twice had they been stopped and flung back in disorder by the steadiness and valour and terrible fire of the islanders.

Throughout the long morning Lord St Aubyn had borne himself as became one of his name. Fortune had been kind to him. Two horses had been shot under him; he had lost hat and wig, but never his head; and now, in the very thick of the fighting, he was doing duty as a willing volunteer with the gallant Twelfth.

And the end was not yet. Again and again, with unbated courage, the squadrons of King Louis spent themselves in the vain attempt to reach and overwhelm the British line. Only once did a section, some sixty or seventy in number, manage to pass through the zone of fire. They came upon the Twelfth with all the suddenness of a surprise; and the leader, as chance would have it, was none other than the Cavalier with the Cane. St Aubyn caught sight of him, well in front and conspicuous as before, as the horsemen emerged from the smoke. It was the impression of a moment, but face and figure stamped themselves upon his memory as those of the born captain, filled with the joy of bringing his men into actual contact with a worthy foe. For that is what he did—he alone, of all the commanders of Contades' cavalry. The Twelfth were taken entirely unawares. But the major, as beseemed a veteran of Dettingen, was a man of coolness and resource. Following his quick command, the line swung back on either side; and then, as the Frenchmen dashed cheering through the gap—the cavalier first, with no weapon save his cane—it poured a close and deadly volley into their flanks. The effect at such close quarters was crushing. The few survivors charged on, to encounter the fire of the second line of foot. Let it suffice to say here that not a single man or horse returned.

Of this, however, St Aubyn saw nothing. The Twelfth had not escaped scatheless; for it was only the leader of the attack, as many of them found to their cost, who carried a cane. His lordship was among the first to go down, and if it had not been that the blow was given with the flat and not with the edge of his assailant's sword—probably it had turned in the man's hand as he struck—there would have been an ending to a hopeful career. Even as it was, the stroke was shrewd enough to stun him for a minute or two. Recovering, he was helped to his feet by the grizzled sergeant, to find that (short as the interval had been) the episode was over, and the line forming up again at the double. He was just in time to reach his old place.

The major nodded welcome. 'Never go into a fight bareheaded, my lord,' he remarked, laughing. 'None the worse, I hope?'

'Not a whit! All that I need is an inch of plaster, and, as you say, a hat. And the enemy, major?'

'Well—not one came back.'

'Not even our friend with the cane?'

'Oh, for him,' he replied, 'he got through *us* all right, and then I lost him. Down, I take it. The Twentieth were just behind, you know. After all, 'tis the luck of the game.'

There, for the present, St Aubyn had perforce to leave the matter. In the crowded half-hour that ensued he had scanty leisure for idle speculations concerning the fate of another. It was the crisis of the battle; and slowly, but not the less surely, the long line of British foot pressed onward, galled by a cross-fire and losing heavily, but smiting with volley after volley of destructive musketry all who dared to oppose it; until at length (in the Marshal's own words) it tumbled Contades' centre into ruin, and drove the remains of his seventy-five squadrons back to the Bastau in disorderly rout. Nothing, it seemed, could arrest it. Two brigades of Swiss infantry were hastily brought up to essay the task, but in a few brief minutes they had shared the doom of the horse. It meant defeat for the gallant Frenchman; and only a general charge of the allied cavalry was wanted to make the defeat absolute and irretrievable. Repeated orders to that effect were sent by Prince Ferdinand to Lord George Sackville, who commanded the combined force of British and Hanoverian cavalry stationed on the right. They were straining to be off, and it appears incredible that such a chance should

have been refused by any sane general; but the shameful fact remains. Sackville, incensed by some fancied slight, evaded the commands of the Prince, and refused to budge until it was too late. He was court-martialled and broken for his conduct; and thus it is that the glory of Minden is the glory of the six regiments of foot alone.

Meanwhile the work of the Twelfth was done. There was a slight mêlée at the last, in which they got home with the cold steel among a crowd of fugitives who had rallied, and St Aubyn had a stiff wrestle on his own account for possession of a tattered flag—the flag of the *mestre-de-camp*, as it turned out. When it ended it would have been difficult to recognise the trim, sedate Guardsman of the morning in the dirty and smoke-blackened soldier, with torn uniform and a blood-stained kerchief round his head. But the flag was his, with its embroidered lilies and the cipher of Louis the Well-beloved, and he was happy.

Presently he heard a voice at his ear. Turning, he saw his orderly waiting with a horse.

'Begging your pardon, my lord, I've been looking for you,' the man explained. 'Caught this horse a minute ago. And General Pole's compliments, and would your lordship take a message to the Prince?'

There was a lusty cheer from the ranks as St Aubyn shook hands with the major and mounted.

'My thanks, lads!' he cried. 'It has been a good fight, and I am proud to have gone through it with the Twelfth. And send the sergeant to-morrow to remind me that I owe you all a big drink for letting me serve with you!'

. . . . . .

It was many hours later, and indeed day was waning, before Lord St Aubyn found the opportunity to retrace his steps across the field. He had a self-imposed mission to fulfil.

The battle was lost and won. Contades was in full retreat to the Rhine, pursued by the cavalry and fresher Prussian and Hanoverian regiments. He had left thirty guns, thirteen flags, and many hundreds of prisoners in the victors' hands. As to his loss in men, the heath bore sickening testimony to the carnage. St Aubyn, as he rode slowly past the heaps of slain, began to realise for the first time the other and grimmer aspects of war.

The horror was not lessened by the sight of the hordes of miserable creatures who were already gathering like vultures to prey upon the dead. More than one party, interrupted in their ghastly work, glanced at the passing officer with unfriendly eyes. His orderly, who was riding behind, drew nearer.

'Get your pistol out, Peter,' he said, 'and be ready to use it. Somehow I mislike the looks of these ghouls.'

Peter willingly complied; and, perhaps because he did so, they met with no interference in the search which presently began.

St Aubyn's task proved to be less easy than he imagined. He had been too busily engaged in the morning to notice landmarks, and now one stark group was very like another. Yet he persevered with dogged will. In the end, it was by the simplest chance that he recognised a plumed hat decorated with a Lancashire rose; and then, lying at a little distance, the blue-uniformed figure of the cavalier, the cane still gripped firmly in his right hand. Jumping down, he ran to examine the body.

A few seconds were enough.

'Quick, Peter! the brandy!' he cried eagerly. 'Yes, I believe he is alive after all! There now, hold his head up. That will do, man! Ah, he's coming to!'

It was speedily done, and as gently as might be the cavalier was laid in a more comfortable position, and the brandy forced between his lips; and before long they had the satisfaction of seeing by the flickering of his eyelids that their efforts were not in vain. It was some time, however, before he came fully to himself. Lying there, he seemed to St Aubyn a man of fifty-five years or more, and one who had been eminently handsome in his day.

His eyes opened at last, and he tried to speak. St Aubyn had to bend low to catch the words. He was asking in English where he was.

'With good friends,' he assured him.

'It is not that—it matters little—there are two bullets in my body, and 'tis useless to trouble.' Then his voice strengthened, and the home-accent was not to be mistaken. 'But if you are my countryman, sir, I have a favour to beg of you,' he said.

'Then you are English?' asked St Aubyn.

'Why, of course!'

'But, you will pardon me, you were fighting against us?'

'The blood on my cane is my own, sir,' he replied with just the suspicion of a smile. 'And you will not refuse even an enemy when he asks that you will see him buried like a gentleman, and that he is not left to the prowlers of the night?'

St Aubyn gave him his promise at once. 'You are not going to die, nevertheless,' he said cheerfully. 'If we had only a surgeon here! But if you will tell me where you are wounded, sir, perhaps I can do something for you in the meanwhile.'

'You are very kind, sir, but I fear it would be time wasted. By all the rules, I should have been dead hours ago; only, an old campaigner is so confoundly hard to kill!' Then, as if to add point to his words, he slipped down in St Aubyn's arms; the exertion of speaking had been too much for him.

What was to be done? St Aubyn did not hesitate. An hour later, after infinite trouble and care, the cavalier—still nameless and unknown, and still unconscious—was safely installed in the aide-de-camp's quarters.

(To be continued.)

A HOBBY OF KINGS.

By Edward Vivian.

THERE is some mysterious attraction to almost every one in things of unusual size. The primitive mind revels in tales of monsters and giants, the most modern delights in stupendous exhibitions and mammoth ships. Yet weapons (no doubt greatly to the regret of their makers) have had limitations necessarily imposed upon them regarding their size, for no ordinary soldier would have enjoyed a prospect of cumbrous swords or pikes and spears big as weavers' beams.

It was only with engines of war—the catapults, battering-rams, and ballistas of antiquity—that military engineers could revel in hugeness. These, however, could be taken apart for transport, which greatly simplified matters. When cannon superseded the older engines ambitious monarchs increased the size of their guns till they became positively unwieldy and almost useless, so considerable were the difficulties attending their movement from place to place. But so great was the awe and respect inspired by these giant cannon that they became the prized or coveted possession of nearly every prince and general of the Middle Ages.

Particularly among the potentates of India and the East was the desire for great guns carried to a mania paralleled by that of the father of Frederick the Great for giant grenadiers. Like everything else in medieval ages, the use of cannon came from the East, and as early as the thirteenth century they were used in a naval engagement between the princes of Tunis and Seville. Even Bacon assures us that 'it is well known that the use of ordnance hath been in China above two thousand years.' So cumbrous were the guns and slow the artillerists of the fourteenth century that in many instances they could be fired only twice in the same battle.

The Indian princes nevertheless delighted in large trains of artillery, and one of the most famous generals of the Emperor Aurungzebe, Mir Jumla, the conqueror of Assam, captured as many as one hundred and fourteen pieces of cannon in a single victory near Allahabad. Mir Jumla took two large guns to Dacca, in Eastern Bengal, and placed them one on each side of the steps of the palace of Sultan Mohammed Shujah, on the bank of the Buriganga. In time the neglected embankment crumbled and the mighty guns fell into the river. The larger gun disappeared altogether; but some eighty years ago the smaller one, with the aid of elephants, was secured, fished up, and dragged to the centre of the market square, where it stands, one of the many similar giant memorials with which India is dotted. The gun, once elaborately adorned with designs in hammered metal, is now so worn that inscriptions and adornments are practically obliterated. The more superstitious natives from the surrounding villages bring it offerings of garlands, place pice and cowries in its bore, and smear its muzzle with red paint. It stands on a massive carriage of solid masonry, and weighs sixty-four thousand eight hundred and fourteen pounds, or nearly thirty tons. The Dhool Dhanee, or Great Gun of Agra, also weighed thirty tons, and had a bore of 23 inches. It was cast in 1628, and broken up two centuries later, in 1832.

Yet this hobby of Oriental monarchs led to the casting of still more colossal cannon. One of these was the Malik-i-Maidan, or Lord of the Plains, cast at Ahmednuggur in 1548. A monster of forty tons, that in its day cast a ball of one thousand pounds, it still lies on the ground amid the ruins of decayed Bijapur, in the Bombay Presidency. The giant, within whose muzzle a man may easily recline, was revered by the natives, who made it offerings of money and garlands of flowers.

In Europe, also, guns of large size were highly prized, though few were made approaching these Indian monsters in dimensions. In 1380, during the great struggle between Venice and Genoa, Pisani, the Venetian admiral, planted two cannon, which for the period were huge indeed, in his redoubt on the promontory of Fossone. One of these bombards cast a stone weighing one hundred and fifty pounds, the other threw stones of one hundred and eighty pounds, and these were fired off each morning, being loaded again at night. 'They could be fired only once a day,' writes the historian Sismondi, 'and more often missed than hit; but when they struck the mark their effect was serious.' Admiral Pietro Doria, the Genoese commander, was killed by one of the shots, and the next day twenty-two men were killed by another.

Forty-three years later the English left two great bombards at Mont St Michel in Normandy, which still remain. The larger one weighs about five and a half tons, and according to Colonel Chesney would throw a granite ball 19 inches in diameter and weighing about three hundred pounds.

Large-sized guns began chiefly to be cast in England under Henry VIII. Stow in his *Chronicle* says: 'One Peter Baud, a Frenchman born, and another alien, called Peter Van Collen, a gunsmith, both the King's feed-men, conferring together, devised and caused to be made certain mortar-pieces, being at the mouth from eleven inches unto nineteen inches wide, for the use whereof they caused to be made certain hollow shot of cast-iron, to be stuffed with firework or wildfire.'

Aware of Henry VIII.'s interest in ordnance, the Emperor Charles V. presented him with a gun which still exists, and has given rise to a multitude of errors. Standing in Dover Castle, it has been commonly known as Queen Elizabeth's Pocket-Pistol, and reputed to have been presented to that celebrated monarch by the Low Countries in recognition of her favour and assistance in their struggle for liberty. It was cast at Utrecht in 1544, and has a length of 24½ feet, with a calibre of 4¾ inches.

A chronicler of the sixteenth century, visiting the court of the Czar of Russia—or Muscovy, as it was then called—relates that among 'the ordinance that is in the citie of Mosco . . . they have sixe great pieces whose shot is a yard of height, which shot a man may easily discerne as they flee.' The great gun of the Kremlin, 18 feet long, of ninety-seven thousand five hundred pounds weight and 36 inches calibre, which bears the date of 1586, still exists as a witness to the substantial accuracy of the old traveller's statement.

A century later, Oliver Cromwell, writing from Edinburgh on 24th December 1650, said that 'all Scotland hath not in it so much brass ordnance as this place. I send you here enclosed a List thereof;' and among the other guns is 'the great iron murderer called Muckle Meg.' This great Scottish gun, about which as Mons Meg so many apocryphal stories have been told, is made of hooped staves, and is 16 feet long, and its charge is said to have been 'a peck of powder and a granite ball nearly as big as a Galloway cow.' It is reported to have been made in 1455, has a 20-inch bore, and weighs some five and three-quarter tons. This antique weapon was used at the siege of Dumbarton in 1489 and at Norham in 1497; whilst, according to tradition, a ball fired from it went through Threave Castle. Evelyn, in his *Diary* for 1645, mentions seeing in the Venetian Arsenal a cannon weighing sixteen thousand five hundred and seventy-three pounds, cast while Henry III., King of France, dined; and in the arsenal at Florence 'lusty pieces of ordnance, whereof one is for a ball of three hundred pounds weight, and another for one hundred and sixty, which weighs seventy-two thousand five hundred pounds.' This was more than twice as heavy as the great gun of Ghent known as Marguerite Enragée, or Raging Meg, which weighs thirteen tons. Evelyn calls this once famous weapon, which dates from 1430, a 'basilisco.'

In 1802 a Turkish gun, originally 20 feet long, taken at the battle of Alexandria, was placed on the parade-ground of the Horse Guards.

The Turks, coming as they did from the East, had all the Oriental appreciation of heavy artillery. Sultan Mohammed II., with the aid of a European, established a foundry at Adrianople, and there, among others, cast an enormous gun of brass. 'A measure of twelve palms is assigned to the bore,' says Gibbon, 'and the stone bullet weighed above six hundred pounds.' This projectile was thrown above a mile, and buried itself deep in the ground. After the cannon was made, the problem was how to move it. Thirty wagons were linked together, to which an immense team of oxen was harnessed; two hundred and fifty men marched in front to prepare the road, and nearly as many more were employed in keeping the gun in position on its carriage. Even so it required two months to transport the ponderous weapon one hundred and fifty miles. After such particulars it is hardly surprising to hear that one gun like this sank a Venetian vessel in the Bosphorus with a single shot. So expert did Turkish gunners become that in 1470, at the siege of Negropont, their artillery fired fifty-five cannon-shot a day, a remarkable number for the age.

Mohammed II., who made giant guns so ardent and terrible a hobby, employed fourteen of them at the siege of Scutari, in Albania, in 1478. The smallest of these huge bombards threw a stone shot of three hundred and seventy pounds weight; the largest cast a ball 32 inches in diameter and weighing one thousand six hundred and forty pounds. Five others threw stone projectiles of one thousand five hundred pounds weight each. The same sultan, in his siege of Rhodes, caused sixteen basilisks to be cast on the spot that would throw shot from two to three feet in diameter. The great sultan imbued his successors with the same propensity for monstrous cannon, and grim memorials still exist of the skill and energy of their gunfounders. Guarding the Dardanelles are series of these gigantic old weapons, their dates ranging onward from 1458 to the end of the first quarter of the sixteenth century. Travellers have described these guns with astonishment. Thevenot viewed them at a distance in 1655; a century later Pococke said there were about a score on each side of the strait; and Von Hammer, who saw them and measured the shot, said a tailor who had fled from his creditors concealed himself in the muzzle of one for several days. Baron de Tott, who fortified the Dardanelles for the Turks against the Russians about 1770, declared the discharge of a gun that fired an eleven-hundred-pound shot gave a shock like an earthquake to one standing behind. The great Von Moltke, who was engaged to remodel the Turkish army, said there were sixty-three of these bombards, but many have since been broken up; and Wrench, forty years afterwards, enumerated only twenty-one. Two of these hurled shot one thousand two hundred and forty-five pounds in weight, and three others of as much as one thousand pounds.

In modern times this once formidable artillery has been in action with serious consequences to a British squadron. During the rupture with Turkey in 1807 an English squadron under Vice-Admiral Sir John Duckworth made the pas-

sage of the Dardanelles, and on their return on the 3rd of March its batteries opened fire upon the ships. The *Repulse*, a seventy-four gun ship, had her wheel carried away, ten men killed, and ten wounded by a single shot. An eight hundred pound stone shot cut the mainmast of the *Windsor Castle*, of ninety-eight guns, three-quarters through; another of seven hundred and seventy pounds, 6 feet 8 inches in circumference and 2 feet 2 inches in diameter, led to the death of eight men and wounded forty-seven on the *Standard*, of sixty-four guns; whilst the other ships were badly damaged. It is interesting to remark that the heaviest gun in use in the British navy at that time was the 68-pounder carronade. As a matter of fact, the brief repassing of the Dardanelles under the fire of these obsolete batteries cost the English squadron one hundred and sixty-seven men killed and wounded.

These giant bombards have long ago been dwarfed by modern weapons. The 110-ton gun, which, though now obsolete, was once the wonder of the English navy, threw a projectile 9 feet long, 17·72 inches in diameter, and weighing one thousand eight hundred pounds.

The largest gun in the world is said to be one guarding New York Harbour, a colossal piece of artillery, 50 feet long, weighing over one hundred and twenty tons, and hurling a two thousand three hundred and fifty pound projectile a distance of sixteen miles. Yet its calibre is only some 16 inches—less than half that of the old bombards.

There is preserved at Woolwich Arsenal one of the famous 'Mallet mortars,' which weighs forty tons, the second of a pair made for use against the Russian fortifications in the Crimean war. It was never fired, for its companion burst at the nineteenth trial-round; besides, the war was over before they were finished. Some of its huge round shells are near it, each 36 inches in diameter, with a weight of more than a ton and a quarter, and able to hold a bursting-charge of four hundred and eighty-seven pounds of gunpowder.

It is doubtful if cannon will increase beyond these dimensions, for more and more attention is being directed to the speed of its projectile rather than to its immense size. Moreover, as a hobby of kings, the forging of giant cannon has had to give place to the creation of great navies and the building of stupendous battleships.

THE LAST SHOT AT BODH GAYA.*

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

A GREAT man has written that the East will never meet the West; that the day will never come when the two great races, the black and the white, shall lay down their mutual animosity.

It was in the summer of 191–. The discontent which had been seething throughout India for years was threatening every hour to come to a crisis. Daily messages were passing between the Viceroy and those at home. A dozen transports lay ready to start within twenty hours should a sudden necessity for the troops arise.

While all Europe looked on, those who stood with their handfuls of men representing England waited at their various posts, from Madura to Peshawar, wondering where the first blow would be struck—men who had spent their whole lives in India, and others who had yet to receive their baptism of fire. It is a glorious heritage the British army, and it is in such moments that the true character of every man is shown. The wastrel at home has his chance, and becomes the hero.

In Bodh Gaya, the sacred city, surrounded by the jungle of Bengal, the streets were deserted. A hot sun poured mercilessly down upon the dusty roads. On the veranda of the club, beneath the shelter of the sacred tree, a few officers were sitting smoking. The weather was too hot almost for speech, and a silence had fallen upon them, broken only by the soft sighing of the punkah.

Suddenly one put down his glass with a laugh. 'Yes,' he said, following the train of his own thoughts, 'a queer fellow Denvers. I knew his people in England very well. He was always getting into trouble over there. He once nearly killed a fellow who had insulted a girl in the street. You know what his fist is like.'

A smile went round those present. Lieutenant Denvers was an enigma, and, since he was all that a man should be in respect of courage, a universal favourite. He had left England as 'Dare-devil Denvers,' and the name had followed him to India. A second Lumsden, the natives looked upon him as a demi-god.

Colonel Taylor, an Indian veteran, was seated at the club. 'It is men such as Denvers that we want in India just now.' He rose. 'I am going home. I do not expect I shall be wanted. If I am, you will know where to find me.' He walked leisurely into the compound, where a native servant held his horse. The next moment he was riding through the sun-baked streets. There was a silence in Bodh Gaya, and he—who

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knew India so well—turned his gray eyes towards the jungle and the hills. There was a look of weariness in them, the weariness of a man who is for ever waiting for the long-delayed but inevitable. Colonel Taylor was a bachelor. It was his belief that no soldier should marry.

When he reached his bungalow he dismounted, and called for the native boy who should have come to take his horse. He waited a moment, then tied the reins to the wooden post of the door and entered. Commencing with the dining-room, he passed from room to room. The bungalow was empty.

There was no sign of surprise visible upon his countenance. As a matter of fact he did not experience any. A long sojourn in India had made him wiser.

He walked quickly back to the door and untied his horse. Then he mounted again, and rode towards a long, white one-storied building which showed amidst a plantation of trees to the north of the town. The building was Bodh Gaya barracks.

Entering the gates, he acknowledged the salute of the sentry, and gave his horse to an orderly.

His spurs clanked as he walked down the stone passage to a door marked 'Private.' On the way he encountered a youthful subaltern. 'Lomax, I want you to go to the club and tell the officers to come here at once.'

Then he entered his private room, and went to a safe which stood in a corner. Taking some keys from his pocket, he opened it, and drew from it some papers. He was looking through them when there came a knock at the door.

'Come in,' he said.

The door opened, and there stood on the threshold Lieutenant Denvers, Devil-may-care Denvers. He was a man of medium height, well knit, with the sloping physique which tells of strength. His face was clean-cut, and a pair of light-blue eyes surveyed the world with an unceasing twinkle.

'You have heard, sir, that the native servants have nearly all left the town?'

'Yes,' said Colonel Taylor.

'And that there is a big force between us and Behar?'

'Yes,' said the colonel again.

'Things may go hard with us if we are beaten—for the women-folk.'

Colonel Taylor ground his teeth. 'Things may,' was all he permitted himself to say. 'Why are you asking this?'

'Because I propose, with your permission, to try to get through to Behar in disguise, and bring back some soldiers with me. They can easily spare them, and a rear-attack may make all the difference.'

Colonel Taylor looked at the figure before him, and there came to his mind his words of little more than an hour before.

'Do you realise what it means: that for four days and nights you will carry your life in your hands?'

'And every soldier will do the same in Bodh Gaya.'

'You know what your end will be if they capture you?'

Denvers tapped the revolver at his side. 'They will never take me alive,' he responded.

Colonel Taylor surveyed him. He was a brave man, and he admired courage in others. 'An hour ago I said we had need of men such as you in India. I never made a truer speech in my life. How will you disguise yourself?'

'As a fakir. I've studied their ways a bit since I've been out here.'

Colonel Taylor walked along the passage with Denvers. 'When do you start?'

'As soon as it is dark, so that no one will see me leave.'

By the door which led out of the barracks Denvers stopped. 'I have left my gloves in your room,' he said.

Colonel Taylor smiled. The thought was so typical of the man! It was like the Denvers he had learned to love almost as a son to remember such a thing at such a moment.

A couple of minutes and Denvers rejoined him. The two men mounted their horses.

'Which way are you going?' asked the colonel.

'I am going up to the Levesons' just to say good-bye. One never knows!'

'Ah!' said the colonel; and he understood at that moment what had prompted the action which might save Bodh Gaya, or send a man to his death—an action which, if it succeeded, would add yet another name to the long list of heroes whose names are bound indissolubly with that of India.

Outside the gate of the Levesons' bungalow they parted. Colonel Taylor held out his hand. 'Good-luck to you, my boy,' he said.

'Good-bye,' said Denvers. He hesitated. 'If anything happens I'd like my people to know how it occurred. I've been a bit of a rotter up to now.'

'I'll see to that,' said the colonel. Through one of the windows of the Levesons' house he had caught sight of a woman's face, and had seen the smile which had passed over it when she saw Denvers. Then he rode up the road.

As Denvers entered the compound a figure came to the door to meet him.

Sibyl Leveson was a tall, slight girl, fair as Denvers himself. There were not many English women in Bodh Gaya, and she was the recognised beauty.

'Dicky,' she said, 'I thought I saw you with the colonel. You are coming in?'

'Only for a few minutes. I have to go up-country for a few days, and I thought I would come and say *au revoir*.'

He was steeling himself for the part he had to

play, fearing it more than the unknown dangers which lay ahead.

They were standing in the dining-room, and she was facing him.

'Where are you going?'

'To Behar.'

She understood what the journey meant, perhaps none better.

'That is the nearest large garrison,' she said, 'and you are going to bring back troops to save Bodh Gaya?'

She waited for his reply. For a moment he hesitated; then she saved him from the lie which he would have spoken to spare her pain.

'I know,' she said. 'There is danger for us here. The servants have all left, and you have volunteered to go to Behar.' A look of pride came into her eyes. 'That is like you, Dick,' she said.

Hot words rose to Denvers's lips, but he checked them. A man who may be going to his death within a few hours has no right to speak to any woman of love, and he knew it.

A silence fell between them; then he walked to the door.

'I must be going,' he said. 'I shall leave as soon as it is dark, and I have heaps of things to do.'

'When do you expect to be back?' she asked.

'In about a week, if I am not delayed.' He held out his hand. 'Good-bye, Sibyl.'

Sibyl Leveson came of good stock, and, although her heart was nearly breaking, she smiled upon the man she loved. 'Good-bye, Dick,' she said.

For a moment their hands lingered together, and though no word was spoken they both understood.

Then he left her.

With dry eyes she saw him mount and ride away. She watched him until the trees hid him from view. Then she turned from the window. 'God grant you may come back safely, dear!' she said brokenly.

She sat on the couch near to where he had so lately stood. Though it was still early, the room seemed suddenly to have darkened, to be full of shadows. As she sat there, alone with her thoughts, she remembered how he had stood before her, with one hand resting upon the table. It is so with women when they love.

By the time Denvers reached his quarters Colonel Taylor had returned to barracks. In the mess-room a small group of officers awaited him. There were not a dozen, but they represented the British army in Bodh Gaya.

He bowed gravely. 'You have heard the news, gentlemen. All the native servants have left us, an action to which we can only give one interpretation. There may be a rising at any moment.'

His words were received in silence. One and all knew the dangers which lay around them on every side.

'Between us and Behar there may be ten thousand men, and there may be two hundred thousand. You may have noticed there is one man absent from amongst us—Lieutenant Denvers. He has volunteered to go through the rebel lines and bring back reinforcements from Behar.'

A murmur of admiration rose from those present.

Colonel Taylor waited for silence. 'We can only hope for his safety. In the meantime we must take every precaution.'

Following this he gave some orders for the safeguarding of the town during the night. Darkness had fallen as a company of soldiers were marched out of barracks to reinforce those already guarding the walls and gates.

As the steady tramp of their feet died away, Colonel Taylor left the now deserted mess-room and went to his own private room. On entering the first thing that met his eye was the safe wide open. He frowned. Carelessness he deprecated in all, most especially in himself.

He went over to it, and drew the keys from his pocket. Before locking the door he glanced through the few papers it contained. His face turned white, and he made a careful search. The plans of the mines which safeguarded Bodh Gaya were missing.

'My God!' he said. Like a flash he realised that the most important weapon in the scheme of the defence of the town committed to his charge had been lost through his own folly. If the town fell it would be as the result of his negligence.

Then he remembered more: the last time he had been in the room, and how Lieutenant Denvers had left him at the door to return presumably for his gloves. 'He can't have taken them,' he said.

He rang the bell lying by his table, and an orderly appeared.

'Stanger,' he said, 'you have been on guard here all the afternoon?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Has any one entered my room?'

'No, sir.'

Colonel Taylor's brain was working quickly. 'Then you will go round to Lieutenant Denvers's quarters and see if he has left. If he has not, tell him I must see him here at once.'

The man saluted and withdrew.

Colonel Taylor sank down in his chair and buried his face in his hands. A new difficulty had arisen—one of his own creating.

In half-an-hour the orderly returned. 'Lieutenant Denvers had been gone nearly an hour when I reached there,' he said.

'Thank you,' said Colonel Taylor. 'I can't believe he has taken them,' he said when he was alone. 'I can't believe it.'

(To be continued.)

THE WILD RED-DEER OF DEVON.

NOT very long ago, in the swale of a July evening, the writer was picking his way on horseback down the northern slope of Dunkery Beacon, on Exmoor, looking for a path to take him across a deep ravine studded with trees in their soft green dress. At the head of the goyal a little stream rippled its young song as the horse's feet splashed through it to a track higher up on the rising ground. Oaks spread their boughs overhead and shaded the turf on the right-hand side where the land fell suddenly to a little glade such as King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table knew. There was no sound of human voice, the night-jar had not begun its tireless whir, and the silence was intense. A break in the trees gave a wide and fairly open view of the little park, but it was not the play of light and shade nor gleam of gold on leaf and bark that caused the sudden halt. For, look! Brow, bay, and trey! The heaviest, tallest antlers a full-grown stag may bear! Hush!

The horse has caught the excitement of the time. He stands with pricking ears and startled gaze, ready for action at the word.

The antlers move. Slowly the great red body on its slender legs and well-shaped feet emerges from the shelter, and but a few yards away one of the wild red-deer of Devon browses peacefully. The silence becomes oppressive. Wait! A rustle of the branches brings relief. Another set of antlers, but far smaller, announces the approach of the great stag's squire. He is keeping guard, and looks our way; but the horse stands motionless and the wide branches of a tree help to obscure the rider. The sentinel is reassured, and begins to graze like his master.

This is a sight which will remain in the memory while life shall last. Many a man has seen it, certainly. To 'the harbourer' it is a frequent experience; but of the hundreds who will flock to the meets on Exmoor for the summer hunting in August, how many will have so much as heard of the knightly service which young stags are taught to render to their lords? Even of those who love the wild red-deer as the most beautiful as well as the most interesting of the few survivals of a time when this land of ours gave sanctuary to other game, none may see this sight too often.

This is the month of all the year in which to find the perfect setting of the forest scene; the month when all the moor is quiet and the dreadful music of the great hounds has ceased long enough to kill the wild deer's fear; the month when lord and squire have their best companionship.

That evening, of deer and 'calves' the writer counted seven; but all were in the distance, and, excepting one which was lying down, were alert and nervous. But here behind the leafy screen it was possible to watch at close and convenient range the natural, undismayed, unfettered movements of the wild things of earth and sky, as in the days of William the Hunter, who made a New Forest for the chase, and gave the *coup de grâce* to the beautiful ancestors of these red stags more than eight centuries ago.

How silently they move! It is almost uncanny to watch them; not because they are strange, but because we civilised beings who live in a world where men delight to make hard roads, and trim the fences, and cut down the hedges, are far more out of touch with the spirit of the forest than we are aware of until we are brought close up to it in the presence of her own native-born children. One has only to consider the preparations people think necessary for a picnic and compare with them the hunter's fire, and the freshly killed food cooking before it on a spit of wood or in the gipsies' oven of hot stones in a hole in the ground, to find a ready illustration of the gulf that lies between us when we are trying to be primitive and the real thing.

So when we find ourselves watching some wild creature in its natural home amid the surroundings which really belong to it, we need time before we can fit in with our new environment. Perhaps one of the first things that strike the man who surprises a wild red-stag in his native haunts is the kingliness of the creature. He moves as moves the master in his own house, calmly, quietly, but with an assurance of demeanour which proclaims him what he is. One is impressed by the consciousness of power which marks a full-grown stag. He has no fear. It is true he prefers to graze where he will be undisturbed, and the associations of centuries of hunting have bred in him a natural instinct to retire from the presence of man; but who, having seen a stag disturbed by hounds, and marked the casual manner he adopts as he stands and looks about him while he calmly makes up his mind whither to betake himself, can truthfully say that he is afraid? One thing is certain: once a stag has made up his mind to take a certain course, neither horse nor man may safely block his path.

This consciousness of power is due, perhaps, to more than one cause—his indomitable courage proved in many a fight with other lordlings of his kind, his wonderful speed and power of leaping fence or wall by which he trusts to shake off all pursuers, and the pride and strength of antlers in their prime.

Whatever be the cause, the stag in his own domain moves like the aristocrat he is.

One does not often see the red-deer in the daytime unless flies or other pests have driven them from covert. Many districts of Exmoor

carry enormous quantities of bracken and are prolific breeding-grounds for the winged insects which hover in clouds about one's horse's head. But the bracken, with all its faults, is the natural habitat of the royal beast, whose antlers grow at much the same rate as, and with, the ferns. The colour of the heather may help to absorb the red-brown skin at a distance, but the fern hides him completely from his foes. Here the hinds seek shelter for their calves—there are no fawns on Exmoor; they belong to the small park or fallow deer, not worthy of comparison with ours—and the stags sleep out the summer days. But the bracken is not up when he would shed his antlers in April or early May, so he retreats to secret places in the woods where he may tide over the days of shame and degradation, as a soldier deprived of his sword, until he feels the embryo horns begin to sprout, and with recovered spirits betakes himself to the open moors again.

For until they are firmly established, the new antlers are very tender, and on the hills he has no fear of striking them against the branches of a tree.

Now he is 'in velvet,' which is by no means the same thing as 'in clover,' for his fresh horns are covered with a vascular substance like velvet, and are very sensitive until the bone is thoroughly hardened, about the 10th September, when it peels and is rubbed off against the bark of trees which frequently do not survive the ordeal. However, he is fit to be hunted by the first week of August, when the stag-hunting season begins, and the dark line of carriages stretches for a mile along the road from Cloutsham Ball, where the opening meet is held.

But before that day brings 'the harbourer' upon the slot of our hart, and the huntsman puts 'the tufters' on, and the deep-throated warning of the pack bids him rouse from his bed and choose a line across hill and vale in the sweltering heat, he will have done more damage than a dozen foxes. For some reason his lady-wife and daughters are much less harmful. Whereas our hart will slip into a field of oats and nibble a bit here and a bit there, leaving the injured ears to die, the hinds will bite off a whole ear at a time; so, too, in a field of turnips the farmer may tell whether the visitant of the night before was male or female. 'You may judge the hind by her feed, because she croppeth the springs round like an ox, and feedeth greedily; and, contrarily, the hart of ten doth take it delicately, breaking it off endways, to have the liquor as sweetly and tenderly as he may.' Thus the book of *The Art of Venery*.

But on this particular evening, when the lord of the forest, with his attendant squire, was grazing on the soft sweet grass, it was beyond the invention of man to make any accusation against him. There he stood in the forest glade with the tumbling hills of Exmoor on every side, and the gray clouds of advancing night above his head, asking nothing, taking nothing, that man could claim as his.

As one rides over Exmoor it is noticeable that near the coverts where the red-deer are accustomed to lie by day are broad, shallow depressions with, it may be, a little stagnant water in the deepest part. These are the 'soiling pits,' where the creatures roll in the hot summer months in order to get rid of the flies, and also to secure a mud-bath by which their coats may be caked sufficiently to protect them afterwards from the bites of maddening insects.

The older stags are acquainted with various private hiding-places in the combes and cliffs; but they do not always show them to their squires, for whom they appear to have no affection at all. Their object in keeping a retainer is twofold. In the quiet, peaceful days when hounds are not thought of, and the long hours are spent in leisure, it is companionship that the elder values. When the close season has ended, and the eager pack are pressing hard upon his track, and the breath in his body comes shorter with every hill, he remembers his young friend, and making for the bed where the latter lies, turns him out of it on peril of a thrust with the mighty antlers. The frightened squire may resent but cannot resist the command, and, leaving his hiding-place to the intruder, flees away to his favourite wood or stream, with the hounds in full pursuit. If he escapes them it is the end of his probation. Henceforth he will grow to his full strength without feeling it necessary to lean upon the experience of his elders, and at a later day will summon a young pricket to his side to treat him exactly as he himself had been treated.

The horse moved. The squire looked up and noticed something unusual on the track among the trees above him. The hart is browsing, head down and unobservant, in the bushes. The squire goes up to him and whispers what he fears. The mighty animal in the pride of weight and antlers steps out into the open and gazes upward. It is enough. Silently, so silently that it is hard to realise their speed, they move away. Now the trees hide them. There is a gap a yard or two ahead of horse and man, but when they reach it the wild red-deer have gone. Soon they emerge upon the distant upland, and stand at gaze once more. A moment later they have disappeared.

AN AIRWOMAN'S ROMANCE.

By Frank M. Dudeney.

SHE was the queen of the day. All conspired to emphasise the fact—all, that is, except Paul Rodney, and even his silent disapproval was a kind of homage. Already the crowds were collecting at the barriers of the great aerodrome to see the first English airwoman make her widely advertised attempt on the height-record. True, she was to have competitors, men who bore names that were famous in the flying-world; but it was her feminine daring of which every one was talking, and which promised to draw an exceptional crowd of sightseers.

She was enjoying her triumph. Good wishes and anticipatory congratulations were showered on her by the other pupils of the school in which she had learnt her craft. To a girl of her character it was a keen delight thus to be the centre of public enthusiasm and applause, to be the recipient of flattering compliments and attentions, a heroine to her fellow-pupils and to the public outside. And it was not all vanity, for she was sure of herself and her ability, and in her mood there was much of masculine glory in bold action and achievement.

Very fair and very feminine she looked as she stood at the door of her hangar, watching the mechanics giving a final overhaul to her monoplane, and listening with pleased satisfaction to the steady roar of the powerful engine under test. She was not of the fragile type of womanhood, but possessed a robust grace of outline and boldly cut features radiant with that bloom of health which is essential to all physical perfection. It was easy to foresee that maturity would make her handsome and stately rather than beautiful. Very apparent, too, were the characteristics of sex in her glittering eyes and sweeping movements, while her mobile expression leapt eagerly to serve every wave of thought or feeling stimulated by the conditions of the moment. In a man such nervous activity would have been ominous of danger in the forthcoming exploit; in a woman—well, she knew Paul Rodney's opinion, and laughed softly at his ignorance of her sex.

After all, if she succeeded in breaking the record he would have his share of her triumph, for she was using one of the new engines which he had invented, and she was unaccountably pleased at the thought. But for her entry, the competition would have been a mere battle of engines, Rodney's and the design introduced by the Austrian Count von Rombach. Neither had hitherto been submitted to a crucial test in public, and it was the opportunity afforded by the height competition which had brought Rodney to France, and induced him to enter his own name for the event. She knew that he disapproved of the spectacular flying-meetings which were producing such a series of disasters, and was more concerned to develop the aeroplane on practical commercial lines; but the advantages of a public triumph for his engine called for this departure from his usual policy, so he was among the competitors. But for that fact, she reflected, they might never have met—nor quarrelled.

It had happened the day before. He had sought her out, and spoken plainly of her adventure. They had parted with anger on his side and resentment on hers.

'Why are you doing this, Miss Belmont?' he had asked.

'Why should I not?' was her feminine reply. 'Besides, I have a good chance of success; you see, I have perfect faith in the Rodney engine, and it is largely a question of engine-power.'

'You should never have had an engine of mine if I had known what its possession would lead you to.'

'I believe you had my cheque for it.' Instantly she regretted the retort, and added, 'Why should a woman be debarred from flying? Have we less courage or less ability than men?'

'That is not the point,' he began, eagerly seizing the opening for argument.

'That is the point which interests me,' she interrupted, quite aware of the objection he was about to put into words. 'You are the only competitor I fear; and'—she laughed mischievously—'I do not fear you because of your superior skill, but merely owing to your more powerful engine.'

'The engine you have now can develop too much power for your light monoplane,' he urged.

'Yes,' she agreed, 'it is no use envying you your bigger machine, and I'll promise not to if you will admit that I am a more expert aeroplanist than yourself, and that there is consequently no possible objection to my flying.'

'Oh, I will admit your superior skill,' he replied; and then, his tone changing, 'I admit your superiority to me in more important things than that. Won't you understand that it is a deeper feeling than petty prejudice or jealousy which makes me urge you to give up this project? Haven't you seen'——

'Oh!' she exclaimed, breathlessly checking the words on his lips, 'if you admit so much, why not withdraw from the competition and let me use your machine? It is the triumph of your engine you desire, and if my greater skill may assist in securing that'——

'No, never,' came his deep-toned refusal.

'You force me to put the truth brutally. I will not help a woman whom I love and admire to make an unwomanly exhibition of herself in public. I would rather see you turning somersaults on horseback or giving a display of high diving for a living than unnecessarily seeking the plaudits of the crowd here.'

'How petty! How unjust!' She could find no other retort, and so she had left him.

Now that the morning had arrived, and already she was enjoying a foretaste of the popular plaudits he despised, she could think more kindly of him again. For the moment she was alone with her mechanics, the score of club members and officials who had besieged her with complimentary expressions of goodwill having dispersed, and she found herself wondering if Paul would seek her out before the day's programme of flying commenced. Even as the thought framed itself she heard footsteps, and, glancing up, saw emerge from behind the projecting corner of the hangar—not Paul, but Count von Rombach.

'Well,' he said, studying her face with careful scrutiny, 'and the nerves are quite steady—firm-as-a-rock you call it?'

'Quite,' she answered with a smile.

'And the new engine?'

'See for yourself;' and with a touch of a lever she started the motor.

He stood hand to chin, watching the flying pistons and listening to their rhythmic beat.

'It is a great invention,' he presently said; 'but so is mine. It will be a duel; but, *ach!* my engine will conquer. I say it. Haf I not spent money—much money—and years of labour in its creation? I haf lived for nodings else, and, *mein Gott!* the world shall acknowledge that it has no rival.'

She watched him with curiosity, and suddenly his manner changed.

'*Ach!*' he exclaimed, 'I forget to be polite. I come to wish you success, and instead I talk of my own engine.'

'I prefer sincerity,' she said lightly. 'Neither of us can wish the other success.'

'But we could if'—— He hesitated, choosing his words with care. 'I come to you, mademoiselle—mees—with a proposal. I haf shown you my engine, and you haf studied it and called it—g-r-reat, is it not? Yes! And you haf not asked for my reason for thus showing you my beautiful invention? *Nein! Ach!* but you must haf asked yourself. All my life I haf not loved a woman—I haf felt no interest. I loved my work. Always I haf had much money and friends, but my pleasure I haf taken in my workshop. I am an engineer, and not a rich idler. So my engine haf been my wife. Then I meet you, and I find the woman I did not believe could exist. Perhaps if you had been nodings more than a beautiful woman I would haf conquered my feeling. I will tell you now—I was jealous for my engine; but, *ach!* you held me with your dear ways and your—what is the word?—genius. Yes, yes! I know it when I see it in you. You haf the genius for flying. Not one man of them all can equal you if you keep your nerve. Joost as a lady will ride a horse with more perfect touch than any man if she haf genius for it, so you can drive and steer and balance an aeroplane so cleverly—*ach!* so dainty and clever. I say to myself, "Here is the true partner with the inventor of the Rombach engine." And so I do myself the proudness—the honour, to ask you to become my wife.

'*Nein, nein,*' he continued hastily, as he saw the astonished refusal which had been gathering in her face. 'Think of what I offer. I ask you to be the Countess von Rombach, to be mistress of the Rombach engine and its inventor, to drive the Rombach engine for always. Yes, yes! You desire so much to win the competition to-day. Well, I out-back from it and ask you to accept my machine. With it you can do anydings; with your own little machine you will pull it to pieces if you try to make power enough to beat me. Even Rodney will win over you if he is not clumsy. You cannot refuse such a chance. You will make the Rombach engine famous.'

She had listened with amazement, but now the humour of the situation struck her, and she almost laughed in his face.

'No,' she said decidedly, 'I must decline the honour you wish to do me. I love another—engine.'

He took her whimsical reply seriously.

'Rodney's?' he snapped. '*Ach!* but you will regret it;' and there was a sullen menace in his words.

He did not linger, for the moment was rapidly approaching when the competitors were to make their great effort. The stands were filling with sightseers, and in every direction crowds of people were being ordered back to safety by perspiring officials. At last the broad bosom of the aerodrome was clear, and the machines were run out in full view of the public. They were to start at sufficient intervals of time to avoid all danger of collision, and it was arranged that the first to leave the ground should be Miss Belmont, followed by the count, and then two other competitors, with Paul Rodney last.

The noisy excitement of the spectators suddenly became stilled. An impressive silence fell on the crowds like a spell, and a word from the starter rang out sharply. The airwoman, on whom all eyes were centred, pulled a lever, and the rising song of her engine smote the air. Instantly her graceful monoplane glided forward; swiftly and more swiftly it moved over the level turf; the front planes tilted, and the machine seemed to leap upwards; next moment every eye was strained to follow the aeroplane's passage

in great sweeping circles skyward. Never a tremor of uncertainty affected the course of the beautiful craft as the wind-currents struck it in its spiral flight, and with a roar of delirious enthusiasm the great assemblage recognised the skill of the expert hand at the levers. With cheer after cheer they drowned the diminishing drone of the motor, the chivalrous Frenchmen, who predominated among the onlookers, rending their lungs and flinging dignity to the winds in their frantic endeavours to find adequate methods of expressing their admiration for the daring English girl.

Even when the other competitors started, one by one, in pursuit of her, they were allowed to do so almost unnoticed; but presently the five aeroplanes hung clearly outlined against the sky, and it was realised that the struggle for supremacy had commenced in earnest. Higher and higher they circled, and then the importance of engine-power began to make itself felt. The count's machine was steadily decreasing the distance which separated it from the light monoplane driven by the girl; while, far below, Rodney was as certainly overhauling the other two competitors, both of whom eventually retired from the contest owing to slight mishaps which rendered further effort dangerous. As the ground fell farther and farther away from him, Rodney needed all his iron nerve to persist in his upward flight. For all his skill as an engineer and designer, he knew that inexperience made of him a very mediocre airman, and time and again he only saved himself from the results of errors of judgment by his superb coolness and quick decision. Every curve was an ordeal, every gust of wind a deadly menace. Once his nerve nearly gave way as the machine reeled and staggered out of poise, but with a great effort he controlled himself and called out every reserve of stubborn pluck he possessed to enable him to accomplish the task which he had set for himself and his engine. He refused to think of risks and chances; he ceased to calculate heights and distances; he flooded his mind with the one all-pervading idea that he must go onward and upward—onward and upward—for ever if need be. He would not even glance above to see what had become of the count and the girl. He knew that they were battling for supremacy some hundreds of feet higher, but he also knew that, handled skilfully, his own magnificent engine would enable him to outdistance either, and with that he was content.

But from the ground the multitude of spectators, aided by the cloudless atmosphere, watched the struggle of the two leading competitors with breathless interest. Even when word went round that the previous record had been passed there was but a faint cheer, for almost simultaneously the Austrian, aided by the superior speed of his craft, was seen to have attained the same level as the English girl. Then commenced a Homeric battle between skill and strength. The great biplane, urged resistlessly on by its powerful motor, swept upward in wide circles; but the girl in the smaller monoplane met the challenge of the conquering armada of the air with new and daring tactics. More steeply she tilted her elevating planes; narrower and more precipitous grew her spiral path; she coaxed from her engine—Rodney's engine—its last ounce of power; with feminine sensitiveness she felt and judged the slightest air-currents, making every breeze give of its lifting-power. It was a superb display of aircraft, and for a time at least she held her own in the dizzy struggle.

But the daring of it awed the crowd below, and in place of rapturous cheers the only sounds were choking exclamations of wonder and quick catchings of the breath. They feared for their heroine. Some would have clamoured to her to give up the contest and return to earth. This was not sport, but stern warfare, and it seemed that feminine nerves could not stand the prolonged strain at such a height. They could not see the tightly compressed lips and glittering eyes of the girl; they could not realise that a woman's fighting instinct might equal that of any man.

Neither could the count as he drove remorselessly round in space-devouring circles. When he drew level with the girl he thought the battle was already won, and chuckled triumphantly. He saw the answering tilt of the monoplane, and laughed again at this outburst of womanish effort. As he came round once more in a wide curve he was already calculating how much higher it would be worth while to go beyond the record distance; but his smile became grimmer when he saw the monoplane still level with him. Another circle, with the same result, and he began to feel annoyance.

'*Ach!* she is persistent,' he muttered, and studied her tactics.

He dared not meet her with shorter tacks and a steeper ascent. He acknowledged her superior skill in aircraft. His trust was in his engine, and to that he turned his attention. Before another circle was completed he realised with satisfaction that his pace had increased, and—yes, he was above the monoplane now. It was but a matter of feet, but sufficient to demonstrate to her that she was beaten.

Round again, and his eyes told him that the two airships were once more level, though his reason was prepared to deny it. Twice and three times was this repeated, one circle offering him assurance of victory, and the next withdrawing it. What was the girl made of? Her pluck and skill seemed more than human. It began to shake his nerve. Desperately he ventured on a shorter turn; savagely he tilted his elevating planes to a more acute angle. It was a clumsy effort, and the great biplane staggered ominously, bringing him to his senses with a sudden shock. He realised for the first time

in the flight that his life hung by a thread, and the thought of the enormous height to which he had attained made him dizzy. A fit of air-sickness overwhelmed him, and he almost lost control of his craft. When he regained his equilibrium he saw the girl was once more above him, and this last disappointment seemed to open the floodgates of his fears. Such persistency was like a palpable menace, and his nerves gave way completely. In that moment he surrendered not only his chance of victory, but every vestige of manliness he possessed. His one thought was to regain solid ground as he reversed the elevating planes and stopped his engine; but even so he had not the courage for a swift and spectacular glissade. With trembling hands he steered a wavering course, making irregular circles, crouched low in his seat with bloodshot eyes and quivering lips. Something seemed to have snapped in his brain, and his face was that of a madman. As he swept down he passed Rodney's machine, almost oversetting it with the rush of his passage. The Englishman swore with vigorous brevity, and then, catching sight of the other's face as he flashed by, was startled by the look of something more than fear that he saw imprinted on it.

'That was not all accident,' he thought. 'The brute would not have been sorry if he had broken my neck.'

Then Rodney realised that Miss Belmont had won, unless he chose to pit his engine against her skill, as the Austrian had done. Strained as she must be by the struggle from which she had just emerged, he knew that he could probably defeat her, and for a while he held on grimly, boring his way upward.

Suddenly the cruelty of it dawned on him. He knew that she had set her mind on victory, and he knew, too, that nothing would break her will except physical collapse. He saw himself pushing her heartlessly to her death, for she would only give up the struggle when no longer able to drive her machine. Horror at the thought rushed over him, and without a moment's hesitation he flung back a lever and commenced to descend in the track of the Austrian.

The framework of her machine shut off her view downward, and at first she did not realise that all rivalry was abandoned and that her victory was secure; but presently a wider circling sweep gave her a glimpse of the two aeroplanes sinking earthward, and with a cry of mingled triumph and relief she greeted the knowledge of her success. In the exuberance of the moment she felt capable of any feat, and without a tremor started upon a magnificent series of glissades, sweeping downward at treble the speed of her defeated competitors.

Rodney watched her meteoric flight with nervous admiration. He conjured up a vision of her face as she sat in triumphant command of her bird-like craft, her whole soul in her eyes at such a moment. A rush of tenderness came over him, and he could have withdrawn every boorish criticism he had passed on her determination to fly in public. He called himself insular, brutish, when a roar of shouting from the spell-bound crowd below burst forth. It jarred on him, and his original jealousy of sharing her with the multitude returned. He thought they were applauding her victory, but a different note suddenly struck his ear. He was now barely one hundred feet above the ground, and skimming easily along the boundary of the aerodrome; while about the same height from the ground was the count's machine, moving steadily out toward the centre which the swiftly dropping monoplane would reach a moment later. Every faculty was paralysed with horror. He saw the girl's machine coming down with long gliding leaps, gracefully checking its flight at every hundred yards or so, its driver ignorant of the impending danger. He saw, too, the count's attitude, and understood. The people below probably thought the defeated airman was merely blundering unwittingly into danger; but Rodney saw the Austrian's upturned face, saw how he was checking his speed with careful judgment, and realised that the madman—mad with anger, fear, and disappointment—was guilty of a deliberate act of murderous vengeance at the cost of his own life. In his frenzy he was about to thrust his machine under that of the girl, and drag her with him to a frightful death.

On the impulse of the moment Rodney swung his unwieldly biplane round, putting his engine to the full extent of its tremendous capacity as he did so, and rushed full tilt at the count's machine. A crash, a chorus of agonised shrieks, a mound of débris on the ground—and less than twenty feet away the monoplane gracefully alighting.

. . . . . .

After they had withdrawn Rodney's mangled and scarcely breathing body from the wreckage, and moved the heavy engine which had crushed the life out of the Austrian, they found her unconscious, still in the driving-seat of her monoplane. Unable to realise what had happened, she had sat helplessly watching the salvage until she saw the Englishman placed on a stretcher, and then she had fainted.

Weeks later she saw him again in hospital, crippled, but fighting his way stubbornly back to life and health. She had come to surrender.

'It was all through my obstinacy,' she sobbed. 'How can I ever hope to repair the harm you have suffered?'

'By giving yourself to me,' he suggested, knowing that she was his already.

'But that is not enough,' she protested presently. 'In doing that I am only seeking my

own happiness. Nothing I can do will make up for this;' and she touched his bandages.

'Then give up flying—for my sake,' he asked.

She shuddered. 'I could never fly again after such an experience.'

And so the world lost—or saved—its greatest airwoman.

THE SEA AS A BATTLEFIELD.

By F. G. Aflalo.

OUR association of the sea with the clash of battle goes back to the rout of Xerxes at Salamis; and, after Salamis and Syracuse, the first great sea-fight that can be called decisive, in Creasy's sense, was that fought at Actium, where Antony, despite his numerically stronger fleet, lost the day through his infatuation for Cleopatra, who fled with sixty ships, only to be followed by her bemused admirer.

Perhaps, however, the first momentous battle on the water on comparatively modern lines was that of Lepanto, in which Don John of Austria broke the Moslem power; a day when, as Motley has it, 'personal audacity, not skilful tactics, was demanded, and the imperial bastard showed the metal he was made off. Every bullet of the Christians told on muslin turbans and embroidered tunics, while the arrows of the Moslems fell harmless on the casques and corslets of their foes.'

It is improbable that anterior to that period special vessels had been fitted out for fighting purposes. At Sluys, for instance, the ships which Philip fastened together to form a floating pier would, we may assume, have carried passengers or merchandise as occasion might require. The *Great Harry* and *Santissima Trinidad* stand in the Middle Ages for the English and Spanish ideals of fighting-ships, massive enough to resist all manner of attack in an age that knew not torpedoes.

As a theatre of duels between hostile nations, the sea has advantages over the land which it would be difficult to exaggerate. Issues fought out on the water avoid many of the worst consequences of war on land: the sufferings of non-combatants, outrage of women, burning of farms, ravage, rapine, loot—in short, all the excesses of an invading host and the reprisals of the defenders. Even in England, where no battle has been fought since Sedgemoor, and where no invader has set foot since the abortive descent on Fishguard more than a century ago, we are not blind to the charm of perspective in our campaigns. In continental Europe the horrors of war are much more present in men's mind, since its awful signmark is indelibly written even to-day on many a fair landscape and plainly graven on the memories of living men and women.

There is about the story of sea-fights, as described by writers of every land, from Æschylus to Southey, the peculiar glamour of old history which we seek in vain in the chronicle of land campaigns. Specialists like James and Mahan may no doubt draw useful lessons in tactics from those old engagements, but to the lay understanding the conditions of Trafalgar can never recur with modern artillery. The long-range duels of to-day between vessels, each representing a million of taxation, miles apart, must of necessity lack the hot romance of the old-time hand-to-hand affairs with cutlass and boarding-irons. No doubt something of the same change has come over the spirit of military warfare; yet neither heavy cannon nor light field-guns seem wholly to have superseded the brilliant cavalry charges with the 'white arm' or the dogged stand made by the thin red line or glittering square, which have always lent so much colour to the fierce clash of elemental passions. Only one master of war, the greatest, indeed, in all history, was always worsted on the sea, trusting to his admirals while he was busy elsewhere. Had the splendid genius of Napoleon Bonaparte been trained in a battleship the last hundred years of English history might have been very different.

SOFT WIND.

Soft wind that lifts, so fine and fair,
The radiant ripples of her hair,
That archly plays at hide-and-seek
With the rare dimples on her cheek,
And with audacious daring slips
So freely o'er her scarlet lips.

Ah that my eager, yearning hands
Might wander 'mong those golden strands!
I—loitering, happy wind, with thee
Where those bewitching dimples be—
Would claim thy privilege of bliss,
And snatch one rare, elusive kiss.

Soft wind, soft wind, I pray thee, sweet,
My lady's tender grace entreat;
Tell her when she withdraws her eyes
The sun is blotted from the skies,
And the sole light mine eyes behold
Is dim reflex of glimmered gold.

Take my soul's lute, and win from it
Such music low and exquisite
That all her slumbering soul may stir
And every pulse throb fast of her,
So her fair hands the bars remove
That hold me far from her and love.

Mary M. Curchod (Myra).

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THE BROWN RAT AND ITS DESTRUCTION.

OF late this destructive rodent has loomed largely in the public eye as a plague disseminator. The Local Government Board and the Board of Agriculture have formulated schemes and issued leaflets dealing with the ubiquitous plunderer, and it is hoped that local authorities and others will take steps to exterminate or greatly reduce the number of such pests. What is imperatively needed is joint action on the part of our citizens, proprietors, and farmers. Local authorities should see that slaughter-houses, granaries, &c. are kept clear of them as much as possible; a clause should be inserted in every tenant's lease binding him to keep his holding clear of rats, and every gamekeeper should be given to understand that the presence of many rats on his beat would be regarded as evidence of incompetency. Substantial reward should be paid for rat tails, not only to keepers, but also to farmhands; and each individual should be allowed to choose his own means of destruction, so long as poison is used only under well-defined conditions. The proprietor or tenant who allows subordinates to fail in their duty should be liable to prosecution, for if the rodents are allowed to multiply in one place, it becomes impossible to keep the surrounding areas quite clear.

When we consider the great destruction of eggs and young birds by rats during the nesting-season, it is astonishing to find that the main body of proprietors can scarcely be prevailed upon to declare a methodical war against the audacious freebooters. Vermin-money is cheerfully offered for the repression of weasels, cats, crows, falcons, ravens, and squirrels, but the estates are few indeed where any bounty is given for rat tails. Farmers are equally tolerant of rats, and they have had a bad time of it as a result of the general apathy and indifference.

In addition to the destruction of food-stuffs, &c., in our towns, it would be difficult to overestimate the enormous quantities of farm produce and the vast number of eggs and fowls which annually go to maintain the myriads of rats which infest farm-steadings and country lanes and hedges. An authority on the subject says: 'If we estimate that there is one rat for every human being in these islands, or less than one rat for every acre of ground, the number would be at least forty millions. It has been calculated that a rat does at least seven shillings and sixpence worth of damage during a year; and if this be true, the annual bill against these rodents in great Britain and Ireland exceeds ten million pounds.' In France rats and mice are estimated to be responsible for damage to the amount of over eight million pounds per year. A single rat will eat two ounces of corn a day, but destroys and spoils more than it eats. The greatest indictment against the animal, however, is that it is one of the most dangerous mediums for the dissemination of disease, due to the parasite with which its fur is thickly infested.

As regards the effects of the crusade against the brown rat, it may be mentioned that at a recent meeting of agriculturists and others comprising the East Lothian Farm Pests Committee, the chairman intimated that nine thousand four hundred and eighty-six rats had been killed in four months by means of dogs, traps, ferrets, &c., excluding those accounted for by virus. At a meeting the other week of the Rat Extermination Committee of a rural district council in Essex the chairman estimated that two hundred and fifty thousand rats had been destroyed since the campaign began against these pests. Taking the average cost at a penny per week for the keep of a rat, this worked out, he said, so far as the damage done by these rodents was concerned, at a saving of something like one thousand pounds per week. The question of exterminating the rat from the Isle of Man has also been discussed in the House of Keys.

The brown rat (*Mus decumanus*) seems to have come originally from Western China, having been conveyed to this country in ships about the middle of the eighteenth century. At the same time large numbers crossed the Volga and entered Russia. Prior to the immigration of the brown rat, the black rat was very common throughout the land, having travelled and been carried over England and the Continent before the thirteenth century. The brown rat has been successful to a large extent in exterminating its weaker ally. Its power of reproduction is extraordinary; several litters are produced annually, each containing from ten to fourteen young, which become capable of breeding when about three months old. If three litters of ten each are produced every year, a single pair, if permitted to breed unchecked, and no losses from death were experienced, would in three years have a

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progeny of ten generations, numbering twenty million one hundred and fifty-five thousand three hundred and ninety-two. When pressed by hunger they perform extensive migrations, which take place at night, and it is dangerous to encounter a swarm of them. They lead their blind by means of a straw or twig held between two other rats.

The various methods employed for the destruction of rats may be divided into three heads; first, by the aid of trained dogs and ferrets; second, by traps; and third, by poison. In 'running' a ditch or drain with a few good terriers, it is absolutely necessary that they work quietly and, as nearly as possible, together, each taking one side of the ditch, so that if one dog disturbs a rat and it takes to the water, the other can secure it before it escapes into one of the many holes that line the banks. Failing a ditch or drain, barns, stables, and other places where ground food is plentiful are good spots for the dogs. When ferrets are employed the rat-holes must be carefully located; and it is wise to place a dog at each end of the holes, and to watch that the ferret does not get away by some other exit. In hunting houses for rats, ferrets are necessary, and there must be a good supply, for they will soon tire on account of the many fights they will probably have. It is a good plan to renew the supply of ferrets directly they begin to show signs of fatigue.

The following is a good method for getting rid of rats in the ground-floor of a barn. It is necessary that there should be two or three men, each with a good stick, a dog or two if possible, and a bucket or two of limewash. Plug up some of the holes, and station a man at each hole that is, or appears to be, mostly used by the rats. Pour the limewash down the hole, and keep a sharp lookout for the pests. The rats are washed out by the lime-water, which gets into their eyes, and the first thing they do on coming out of the hole is to sit up and try to get it out. Then is the time to kill them.

When traps are employed against rats, the vermin must first be fed before you start to catch them; steel traps with four-inch jaws are the best to employ, although they may be supplemented by others to advantage. They must be quick to act, and not liable to stick, as the rat is a very light-footed creature at times. By feeding them at first you learn how numerous they are, and draw other rats which may not have come hitherto to the same feeding-place. It is essential that the traps should be set and covered properly, so the places chosen for them must be such as admit of easy and correct setting. When the traps are set, place a small heap of grain above the flap or tongue of the trap, with a few grains leading over the jaws and plate towards it. In this way the rats will be caught across the body and killed at once, without seriously alarming the others. It is also advisable to lure the rats for many yards to the traps with grain placed in quite thin lines about six inches apart. It is sometimes more advantageous to employ wire-cage traps indoors where steel traps cannot be used. It is necessary to put them down set, but tied up, for a few days, and to place food well round about them, so that the rodents may become accustomed to running over them before they are prepared for the actual catching.

The use of poison can never be confidently recommended, and great caution must be exercised in laying down any kind of virus. Poultry, dogs, and cats suffer frequently from poison put down for rats in an indiscreet manner. As in the case of traps, rats show considerable intelligence in avoiding poisoned foods, and they must first be fed for several days with food to which no poison has been added. Among the poisons, plaster of Paris mixed with meal is one of the most effective. The rat viruses, the Danysz and the Liverpool, now so largely and worthily advocated, are also very successful, but their employment must be wholesale and cover large areas. A new rat and rabbit exterminator is being tested in India and Australia. It consists of an outer and inner metal shell, like a small egg within a larger one. In the outer shell is sulphuric acid, while in the inner one is dry cyanide of potash. The outer shell is filled with the acid and placed in the rat-hole or burrow, and all rat-holes are tightly sealed. After an hour or so the acid eats into the cyanide, and sets free a lot of most deadly prussic-acid gas.

Another excellent method of getting rid of rats is by using an 'asphyxiator' which is made by Messrs J. Watts & Co. of Bristol. The machine may be used in any wall and bank with great success. A good plan is to blow in a quantity of smoke before closing the holes, so as to get the rats to bolt. Old manure-sacks, freely sprinkled with coal-tar or sulphur, make a perfect smoke, and the sacks should be cut into small pieces before the tar is used. Those who have tried this contrivance say the rats disappear in a marvellous way.

The presence of a few cats about farm and other buildings exercises a strong protective influence against invasion by rats and mice.

There can be little doubt that the increase of these pests is due, to a large extent, to the ruthless destruction of their natural enemies. The kestrel, owl, stoat, and weasel annually destroy a considerable number of rats; but owing to the prejudice that exists with reference to them among gamekeepers, they are killed in large numbers. It is very difficult to convince these men that owls are practically harmless to game, and that the rat does far more harm than kestrels, stoats, and weasels. In France and Germany these natural enemies of the rat are much more highly valued, and consequently protected, much to the advantage of the agriculturist and game-preserver.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER II.—THE INEVITABLE CALL.

DOUBTLESS it was one of Destiny's little ironies that while the battle-smoke was still hanging over Minden my Lord Thanet lay dying in his great house in St James's Square. In all the sixty-three years of his life there was no prospect that he had ever faced with less zest.

The world had many names for William Nassau, first Marquis of Thanet, and the best of them would have invited a sword-thrust from anybody indifferently honest. His public record may be summed up in the fact that without ostensible service to king or State he had climbed three steps in the peerage. For his private record, is it not set down in its naked blackness in the pages of Horace Walpole? Enough that there was none worse in a bad age. But the day comes when the luckiest gamester must throw a losing cast; and now that it had come to Lord Thanet, whom no man and few women (and these to their sorrow) had ever loved, it found him filled with a wild, unreasoning anger against the inevitable. He had been false to friends and implacable in enmity; he had broken his wife's heart, and driven his son from his doors; he had plumbed the depths of evil; and if he railed at fate, it was neither fear nor remorse—still less was it the desire of repentance—that impelled him. It was merely because his prime object in life, for which he had sacrificed reputation and honour, must needs remain unaccomplished.

The minutes ran on to noon. In the silent room, the doctor and lawyer were awaiting the lord with the half-veiled impatience of busy men whose interest is entirely professional. The only other watcher by the deathbed was my lord's valet.

Sir Hugh glanced at his patient. 'He is dying hard,' he remarked in a low tone.

'As he has lived.'

'It does not often follow, sir,' replied the doctor dryly.

There was another pause.

'How long, Sir Hugh?' asked the lawyer at last.

'Two hours at the most,' said Sir Hugh Biddulph with the precision expected of the king's physician. 'No, he cannot conceivably last longer, and it may be less. When it reaches the heart'——

A weak voice from the bed startled them both.

'Lies!—all lies, Biddulph! I'll wager you a hundred guineas against your fees that I see the night through—unless you poison me! Come, do you take me?'

'Done, my lord!'

For Sir Hugh, good man, was never averse to a modest bet, especially when he was sure of his ground.

'Montgomery!' Then, as the valet stepped noiselessly to the bedside, 'Not you, Roberts. Where the devil is Montgomery? Oh, I forgot! In Germany, looking for that young fool St Aubyn, is he? Well, book the wager, Roberts, and pray do not forget it if I win. Sir Hugh will attend to it otherwise.'

The man bowed.

'And, Roberts!'

'My lord?'

'Bring me a bottle of the '39 port—now, at once!'

Here the doctor tried to interpose. 'Let me beg of your lordship!' he expostulated. 'It will kill you, on my honour; it is sheer madness!'

'All the better for you, Biddulph,' his lordship retorted, with his wicked smile.—'You heard me, Roberts?'

Roberts bowed again, and went off incontinently on his errand. My Lord Thanet, well or ill, was not in the habit of repeating a command. The doctor, shrugging his shoulders, prepared to leave.

'I can be of no use here as things are,' he said in his most stately manner. 'With your lordship's permission, I will return in an hour or two. It will be over before then, thank Heaven!' he added under his breath as he passed the lawyer.

'Fool!' commented his lordship, with a lurid adjective.

No more was said until the wine had appeared and he had taken a generous draught. It brought a tinge of colour into the sunken cheeks and a flash of the old keenness into his eyes. Then, bidding Roberts give the lawyer a glass, he motioned him to draw closer.

'Is it not worth a slice of one's life—or what remains of it, Headlam?' he asked. 'At the least, it has rid us of Biddulph. And I wanted to speak with you alone, as long as I have breath.' Abruptly, 'Is there any news from Germany yet?'

The lawyer—he was a youngish, pleasant-featured man, whose father and grandfather before him had advised the house of St Aubyn—seemed a little surprised by the question. Hitherto the marquis had never inquired for his son even directly, although he was aware that Headlam, in the first stages of his seizure, had assumed the responsibility of sending his confidential servant to bring the heir home from Germany.

'None, my lord,' he replied. 'It is only six

days since Montgomery left; and, at the best, I fear we can scarcely expect Lord St Aubyn for another week. There is some word, too, of an expected battle.'

'A battle! Well?'

'In that case, his lordship might consider it his duty to stay with the army.'

'And, in any case, he will be too late for the paternal blessing, eh?' said the marquis, grinning. 'But if he has any filial love he can finish his father's life-work. Tell him that, Headlam—to clear out these d——d Heathcotes neck and crop, and leave them not a stone or an inch of ground. Gad! I wish I could do it myself! And, by the way, when does the mortgage fall in?'

'The money is due on September 15th, my lord.'

'So soon? 'Tis a cursed fate to miss it after all! But you must foreclose at once, and make an end of them for good. After fifty years! If I thought that son of mine would refuse—— But, pshaw! curses are out of fashion. The bargain is a good one, and that will be enough for St Aubyn.' He lay quiet for a while, thinking hard. Then, 'Have you heard anything of Gilbert Heathcote of late, Headlam?' he demanded.

'Nothing whatever,' said the lawyer. 'Neither has Mr Crooks. I met him the other day, and he had not heard of Sir Gilbert these six months past. He was in Paris then.'

A gleam of excitement came into Thanet's eyes. 'Six months!' he repeated. 'Then he must be dead; there is not a doubt of it, I tell you! How we have fought and schemed for that fortune of old Sir Simon's! But I'll back the luck of the St Aubyns. Perhaps, after all, it is mine now—forty thousand a year! Think what one could have done with forty thousand every year, Headlam! And now'——

He closed his eyes and lay back. Headlam watched him curiously, wondering what thoughts or recollections were his at that moment while the sands of his evil life were running out. In all likelihood they were not for edification.

It was nigh upon an hour before he spoke again.

'Still there, Headlam? Surely it is growing dark! Pray bid my man draw the curtains. I want to sleep.'

'Your lordship has no other commands for Lord St Aubyn?' asked the lawyer, rising.

'Let him seek out and exterminate the Heathcotes, show them no mercy, end the feud for ever. These are my last words to him! If he is a St Aubyn and a son of mine he will obey them. I think that is all, Headlam.'

There was one thing more, but it was with some natural diffidence and little expectation of success that Headlam ventured to suggest it.

'You will pardon me, but would your lordship not like to see anybody else—your cousin the Dean'——

The marquis broke into a cackle of laughter. 'People say I have every vice save one,' he returned. 'And, even to please you, I have no mind to die a hypocrite.'

He lived for more than six hours longer. To be exact, the clocks were striking seven that summer evening—the evening of August 1, and of the battle of Minden—when he died. Sir Hugh had won his wager, but the patient had falsified his prediction.

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The cavalier lay in one of the two little rooms of the mud hut which St Aubyn shared with half-a-dozen fellow-officers. The surgeon's examination had banished hope; the end was a matter of hours; and all that could be done was to make his passing easier. St Aubyn sat by the pallet through the long night, dozing sometimes, and again waking into watchfulness. So hour after hour sped, and still the wounded man remained insensible.

At last, in the early hours of daylight, the tired-out aide-de-camp fell fast asleep in his chair. When he awoke it was to find his guest conscious, and regarding him with an intent, rather puzzled look. Catching his eye, he smiled in greeting.

'I have it now!' he said. 'I was wondering where I had seen you before; and, faith! I have seen you twice. Once was in the charge, and once after you picked me up on the field; though why you did so much for a stranger,' he added, 'is, frankly, more than I can guess.'

'Frankly, you must thank your cane for my interest in you,' said St Aubyn. 'I am only sorry it is so little one can do, sir.'

The cavalier glanced up quickly. 'The surgeon has been here, then?' he inquired.

St Aubyn nodded gravely.

'My case was hopeless from the beginning—so much I knew. But, if I may, I should be glad to hear how long he gives me?'

'Not more than a few hours, I fear.'

'Well, it will serve. A soldier should always be ready for his call, and an oldster like me has no right to repine even when the call is unwelcome.' Breaking off, he stretched out a weak hand. 'But I am forgetting myself, sir. Your kindness taxes gratitude, and I do not even know whom I have to thank.'

'Let me introduce myself,' said the aide, bending down to take the proffered hand. 'I am George St Aubyn, at your service—more commonly called Lord St Aubyn.'

'Lord St Aubyn!' The cavalier's expression underwent an instant and surprising change, and there was quite another (and a less pleasing) tone in his voice as he asked, 'The son of my Lord Thanet, if I am not mistaken?'

Now it was no new experience for St Aubyn to feel a certain constraint when his father's name cropped up, and it cannot be said that he

had succeeded in accustoming himself to the discomfort. Sensitive to a degree, he was quick to notice the cavalier's perturbation. Insensibly his own manner stiffened.

'The same, sir,' he replied rather curtly.

The other muttered something under his breath. 'Here's a pretty coil, egad!' he added audibly.

'If you have my father's acquaintance, sir'——

'His acquaintance? Oh, I have known him —in past years. A very old acquaintance, if you like it so.'

His tone did not encourage St Aubyn to pursue the matter further, and for a time they fell upon silence. The cavalier, on his part, seemed to be thinking out some weighty problem. Plainly the revelation of his host's identity had summoned up ideas not altogether to his taste, and he did not seek to hide his concern. Presently, however, a humorous smile showed itself on his expressive countenance.

'On my life, sir, Fate plays us odd tricks now and then!' he cried.

St Aubyn looked at him interrogatively.

'Oh, there is no use ripping up old stories,' he went on. 'Yet that I should owe so much to the son of my Lord Thanet—faith! 'tis a strange thought for a dying man. You will forgive me, my lord, and believe that I am not ungrateful for all your kindness?'

'I hope your sense of obligation is not too great,' said St Aubyn. 'It has been a pleasure to me, and if I can serve you further—if I can send a message to your friends, or do anything more—pray command me.'

'A thousand thanks; but'—— The cavalier appeared to consider for a moment. Then, 'No, it is better not,' he said as if to himself. 'There is only one little fancy, my lord, if I may trouble you with it. I wonder if it is possible to see an English clergyman here?'

'Why, surely! There are a dozen chaplains with the army, and one is a friend of mine—Mr Fitzgerald of the Fusiliers. I will ask him to come at once.'

'If you will be so good. I have not too much time to spare, I fear.'

St Aubyn went off immediately, and having routed out Peter from his nest in the wooden lean-to that did duty for a stable, despatched him in search of the Reverend Denis Fitzgerald, the well-known fighting-parson of the Welsh Fusiliers, ordering Peter to bring him back with all speed, and, failing him, any other chaplain available. That done, he returned to the hut. The cavalier's strength was manifestly ebbing, and he only smiled his thanks as his host busied himself with various little offices to add to his comfort. St Aubyn did not choose to disturb him with conversation. There were several points, indeed, on which light was desirable. He cared little for the connection—evidently it had not been too friendly—between his father and him; but he remembered that he was still in ignorance of the cavalier's name and condition, and regarding these he had naturally some curiosity. But after what had passed it was not for him to force his confidence.

It was nearly an hour before the clatter of horses' feet outside took him quickly to the door, and the Reverend Denis Fitzgerald ran unceremoniously into his arms.

'I can give your friend five minutes, my boy —no more!' cried he; there was no busier man after a battle than the good-hearted divine. 'I am in time, I hope? And, by the way, there's a man out there asking for you. We picked him up on the road.'

'Will you go in, then? He is quite himself, I think.'

The chaplain nodded, and St Aubyn watched him disappear into the inner room. Then, repairing outside, he recognised with something of a shock who the stranger was. He had dismounted, and was standing by the horses' heads talking to Peter—a man who might have been any age between thirty-five and fifty, with the impassive face and suave, deferential manner of a confidential servant.

'You, Montgomery!'

The man doffed his hat. 'I have been searching for your lordship,' he said, 'ever since I arrived from Hanover four hours ago. I have travelled straight from London with a message from Mr Headlam. It's about—about your father, my lord.'

'What! he is not dead surely?'

'His lordship was alive when I left, but I am sorry to say he had a bad seizure last Monday, and Dr Biddulph gave no hopes.'

'Had he asked for me?'

'I am afraid not, my lord. It was Mr Headlam who sent me; he thought you should return, in case of the worst.'

St Aubyn deliberated for a moment. The news was utterly unexpected; but, little cause as he had to love or respect his father, there was no doubting where his duty lay. He turned to his orderly.

'Pack up my traps at once, Peter; we have no time to lose. I must see the Prince and get leave. He won't refuse me, now the battle is over. —And, Montgomery,' he proceeded, suddenly recollecting his patient, 'will you oblige me by attending to the gentleman in there? The chaplain is with him just now, but he cannot stay. Look after him until I come back.'

'Certainly, my lord,' responded Montgomery, bowing.

After making a hasty toilet at a convenient water-butt, St Aubyn set off hot-foot on his mission. But he had a long and weary ride before he found Prince Ferdinand, who had followed the enemy's track; and, although his request was granted readily enough, he was

ordered to wait until a supplementary despatch for Mr Pitt was ready, and to carry it to London. It was an honour, of course, with which he was duly gratified. Probably he would have been still more so if he had been aware that among the officers therein commended was 'Captain the Earl of St Aubyn, who showed notable zeal and capacity during the day, and distinguished himself by capturing the flag of the *mestre-de-camp* regiment of horse.' The notice gained him his step later.

Thus delayed, it was fully two hours after noon when he reached his quarters again. Montgomery was on the lookout at the hut-door, and ran forward to assist him and take his horse.

'Well?' he asked.

'If your lordship pleases, I obeyed your command regarding the gentleman inside—I am not sure that I heard his name'—— He pulled up, as if for an answer.

'Not from me,' said St Aubyn. 'I do not know it myself.'

'Indeed, my lord! Well, in that case, it is not likely to be known to anybody else—*now*.'

'Then he is'——

'He died at twenty minutes past eight. I thought it best to make a note of the exact time, my lord.'

'Why, in all the world? It does not seem to matter particularly.'

The man seemed to be somewhat disconcerted. 'Perhaps not; your lordship is the best judge, of course,' he said. 'He passed away quite peacefully. Nobody else saw him, and he never spoke after the clergyman left. I took it upon myself to lay him out, but there were no papers on his body, and only these few trinkets—nothing to distinguish him.'

St Aubyn glanced at the trinkets—a gold watch, a richly chased snuff-box, and a couple of rings, one of them with a crest which he examined cursorily, making out what looked like a hand gripping a bar—and then returned them to the servant. At present he had more pressing work in train.

'Put them together and keep them for me, Montgomery,' said he. 'There's a cane also you must not forget. Carefully, mind; they may help us to discover his relatives, or we may learn who he was by some other chance. Now I am going inside. As soon as he is buried—I promised him to see to that—we must be off. If Peter is about, tell him I want him.'

As he entered the hut to take a last glance at the man with whom for a brief hour or two he had been so strangely associated, Montgomery's eyes followed him, and that look was one in which admiration and cunning were curiously blended.

'So that's his lordship's game, is it?' he said to himself. 'Not know him—no trace of him—unless *he* likes! The old lord is deep, but this one—whew! Forty thousand a year, they say! Well, however it goes, it should be worth 10 per cent. to Mr James Montgomery! A nice little secret, by the Lord! Ay, and four thousand pounds a year to the man who has it!'

. . . . . .

The necessary arrangements were speedily made, and with little ceremony the cavalier was laid to rest in the churchyard of Minden, a file of the Twelfth (willingly impressed for the duty) firing the last salute over the grave of their nameless enemy. To Lord St Aubyn, knowing no better, it was the ending of the episode. Before evening he was on his way to Cuxhaven, bound for England.

(To be continued.)

DENTAL DECAY.

By A. Gilmour, M.D., D.P.H.

AMONG the many and profound changes witnessed in the science of medicine in recent years none is of more widespread interest than the change of attitude with regard to the care and condition of the teeth. Though some few individuals—perhaps termed faddists—had long preached the necessity of paying close attention to the teeth, the subject was generally disregarded, or was looked on as one of individual, rather than of national or racial, importance. If a tooth ached it was probably decayed; the remedy was obvious—the rich had the tooth stopped, the poor had it extracted.

Public attention may be said to have been first aroused by the numbers of recruits rejected, on the score of bad teeth, for service with the troops during the South African war. Recruits had been rejected previously on this account, but it was only when the rejections occurred among those in a higher social scale than the ordinary 'Tommy' that interest was awakened. More recently the reports of the school medical officers have revealed a state of matters which, while suspected, had never been properly realised. Though the percentage varies in different districts, all inspectors agree that it is the exception to meet with a child whose teeth are completely free from decay. In such places as Cambridge, where skilled dentists conduct the dental examinations, it is found that only 2 per cent. of the scholars have perfect teeth. Another computation places the number of decayed teeth in the British Isles at two hundred millions!

But any discovery of a defect is incomplete without its remedy, and before the remedy can be suggested the cause of the trouble must be

searched for. That the subject of dentistry is becoming more important is evidenced as well by the increasing recognition of the status and work of the dentist as by the fact that the British Medical Association has recently founded a Section of Odontology.

On the subject of dental decay medical men and dentists have not been idle. Many investigations have been made, theories have been advanced, and remedies suggested. The aid of bacteriology has been sought; the life-histories of the bacteria in the mouth have been studied; the evil effects of toxins, or bacterial poisons, on the body-tissues clearly demonstrated; and the condition of oral sepsis has been shown to produce severe disturbance of the body functions as well as predisposition to more grave diseases. That the mouth is an ideal nidus for bacterial growth is trite knowledge, for warmth, moisture, and a free supply of oxygen are always present, and the crevices of the teeth give easy lodgment to bacteria.

In a paper by Professor Underwood, of King's College, read in 1910 before a meeting of the British Medical Association, a brief résumé was given of the results of over two years' investigations on the skulls of different races in various museums. The teeth in the skulls of natives of Africa, India, Australia, and Greenland all showed a similar freedom from decay, though their habits as to personal cleanliness and the nature of their food varied as widely as the climates of their countries. In short, dental decay from this series of investigations appears to be of such a nature that climate, situation, food, race, poverty, or riches play small part; though an advance of the race in civilisation appears to be followed by a corresponding advance in dental decay. Man in his primitive state resembles the lower animal world in respect to his teeth, for dental caries is rarely found in animals except when they are subjected to unnatural conditions, such as confinement in captivity.

Pursuing an investigation on similar lines as to unnatural conditions, if any, prevailing in man, we find there can be no doubt that the diet of the present day is greatly altered from that of more remote periods. Food, while preserving its nutritive value, is now taken in forms from which much of the coarser fibre has been eliminated in order to render assimilation easy. Many of nature's laws have also been broken. Where mothers formerly nursed their offspring, the advance of civilisation has led to a neglect of this maternal duty; and even where she desires to nurse her child, the attendant evils of civilisation—luxury, strenuous life, worry, want, and poverty—have rendered the milk insufficient or even harmful. Artificial feeding has of necessity replaced the natural food of the child in many cases.

But, as we have already seen, food of itself is apparently incapable of producing dental decay, and consequently some other cause must be found, or some other condition must be present, to bring about this unfortunate condition. Here, again, the study of nature's methods is useful in bringing knowledge.

The natural cleanliness of the teeth appears to be due to a combination of factors. The hard, polished surfaces of the teeth are kept bright by the friction of the food in mastication; the teeth are so formed and arranged that no food can accumulate on or between their surfaces, and they are bathed in saliva which washes away any deleterious matter that might tend to accumulate. A fault in any one of these factors may throw this economy out of gear, and decay may result. But these factors will be shown to be predisposing only, and the determining or exciting cause is the presence of bacteria in the mouth.

Bacteria may get access to the oral cavity by ingestion with food and water, or from the air, or they may be present in large numbers from pathological conditions of the gums, tonsils, or throat. In healthy individuals, free from dental decay, the mouth possesses such cleansing properties that it is comparatively free from bacteria three hours after a meal. The dental decay that results from the presence of bacteria is the outcome of a vicious cycle. Irregularities of the teeth allow retention of the soft carbohydrates in food, there being no coarse fibres to brush them away; the bacteria acting on these carbohydrates produce fermentation, leading to the formation of lactic acid; this acid decalcifies the enamel, or natural armour-plate, of the tooth; the dentine, being thus directly exposed to bacterial action, undergoes consequent decay and death.

The question of a remedy for decay in teeth thus resolves itself into two sections, the remedy of the predisposing causes and the remedy of the exciting cause. It might be asked here why some individuals have perfect teeth, and others, living under precisely similar conditions, have few free from decay. Heredity has been blamed for a weakness in the teeth or an alteration of the salivary secretions. It is doubtful if it does either. The saliva, naturally faintly alkaline, is as frequently acid in persons with perfect teeth as in those with decaying stumps, and similarly the amount of saliva appears to have no relation to this immunity. The alkalinity of the saliva does undoubtedly aid in neutralising some of the acid formed, but investigation has shown that an alkaline saliva is not altogether a boon. Such a saliva contains a substance (mucin) on which bacteria can thrive and multiply, and the acid formed by this action precipitates the mucin on to the teeth, carrying the bacteria in its folds and consequently increasing decay. The probable explanation of the immunity of some individuals is that the molecular arrangement in the enamel differs with the individual.

Of the other predisposing causes, the arrange-

ment of the teeth is all-important. No crevices or irregularities should exist which might give lodgment to stagnating food. The natural irregularities of the teeth are thoroughly searched during mastication, and are smoothed by the harder particles in the food. Mastication further encourages a good salivary flow, cleaning the mouth and aiding digestion.

Such fermentative changes in food may occur at all ages, and the teeth are liable to attack from the moment they emerge from the gums. If decay occurs in a tooth it should be remedied at once, for the acidity which eats into the tooth is produced locally around the decaying member, and neighbouring teeth are liable to decay. The temporary or milk teeth of a child especially tend to easy decay as age increases, the rate being about three decaying teeth for every two years. This leads to a difficulty in remedy. The shedding or extraction of the temporary teeth before their time leads to an impairment of the dental arch, and this impairment tends to cause irregularity in the underlying permanent teeth, more especially in the upper jaw. A conservative stopping, on the other hand, may lead to too long retention of the tooth, and a similar resulting irregularity; while untended decay may affect the second teeth. It will, therefore, be seen that the temporary teeth not only require careful attention, but that the dental arch must also be preserved. The arrangement in good dentures is one of close contact, for spacing between the teeth and overcrowding alike tend to cause stagnation of fermentable food. The thorough remedy of dental decay on these lines must of necessity be expensive, and such attention could only be given by those well endowed with this world's goods. The establishment of dental clinics where school children would be examined and treated may do good, but the first seeds of decay are sown before school-age.

In looking for a remedy for dental decay, it will be admitted that prevention is better than cure. How is decay to be prevented? Nature's method, as has been seen, is by thorough mastication of food by teeth perfectly formed and arranged. The essential about the food is that it should contain coarse fibres, for in this case the juices are first expressed and swallowed, and the continued mastication of the coarser fibres brushes the teeth and prevents the stagnation of smaller particles. Soft food may be masticated thoroughly; but the want of coarse fibres always allows some retention, and therefore in such diets the natural process should be imitated by the use of the tooth-brush after a meal.

The simplest remedy would possibly be the return to a more fibrous diet than that of the present time, and advocates of this dietary are already numerous. The question of such a reformed dietary in childhood might appear a stumbling-block, for it is obvious that what is suitable for the digestive powers of an adult would be quite unsuited for those of a child. It is possible, however, to alter a child's diet to meet the requirements.* Without entering into a subject which, after all, is a medical one, it may be stated that it is doubtful if the horror with which some people, even medical men, observe a child chewing and sucking a crust of bread is correct. Provided the child has cut some teeth, the action is at once hardening to the gums and encouraging to the flow of saliva, and the harder particles polish the teeth. It would almost appear as if the children of a future generation would be encouraged to begin their meals with sweet cakes and finish with hard bread or toast! By such means, however, the dangers of fermentation would be reduced, for in infants deleterious matter tends to gather between each meal about the teeth in increasing quantities.

With regard to artificial means of cleaning the teeth, the best is the simplest. The tooth-brush should be used regularly after each meal, and more especially at bedtime. A simple paste of chalk-and-water is all that is necessary, and even rinsing the mouth with warm water alone is of value. As the teeth frequently decay without pain, a periodic examination should be made by a skilled dentist, and any evidence of decay should be met by active measures. The temporary teeth require as careful attention as the permanent teeth.

For those who form the great majority of our populace the question is a serious one. The seeds of decay may be sown early, but the after-effects may mean a lifetime of ill-health. Under the medical inspection of school children much may be accomplished, but the enormity of the subject is apt to appal. Germany and other countries have already done much to alleviate the disease. Tooth-brush drill is taught in schools, and at suitable centres dental clinics with skilled operators are being established. Though such measures are not preventive, the school dentist will shortly be as common as the school doctor.

But many of the poorer classes, even had they the will, have not the means to keep the tooth-brushes which may be provided as clean as is necessary. It is easy to advise chalk-and-water, but those who know the lives the poor live will appreciate their difficulties in carrying out such advice. In these cases a reformation of the existing dietary appears the most natural and simplest method, but it cannot be introduced by law. A simpler life, simpler health-rules, simpler habits and conditions, may all be taught in schools or brought to public notice by popular lectures; but the class which most requires to be stimulated out of its ignorance and apathy is difficult to reach and requires delicate handling. Practical means are hard to arrive at, and harder still to

* 'The Month: Science and Arts,' *Chambers's Journal*, October 1910.

enforce. One longs for the introduction of a natural tooth-brush which would be at once attractive to all—a fibrous chewing-gum or a root, similar to the liquorice-root of childhood, which could be chewed with relish and yet without the harmful effect of fermentable sugars.

An attack on the bacteria in the mouth might be made, but these bacteria are only harmful when the other conditions leading to decay are present. Bacteriologists may in the future do much good by 'setting a thief to catch a thief'—by producing some harmless germ, whose action, however, would be antagonistic to the acid-forming germs, and by inoculating the mouths of susceptibles with such cultures.

The question is a large one, but it is evident it must be dealt with at once. The septic conditions induced in the mouth by decaying teeth and fermenting foodstuffs result in changes which impair the physique of the individual and consequently of the race. Much is being done in preventive medicine to limit the spread of disease and to induce a healthier way of living. Good food, fresh air, shorter hours, and longer holidays —all may seem the natural methods to improve racial well-being; but as long as the mouth remains septic, so long will little good result from those excellent measures. The keynote of success must be a whole-hearted effort made against local and general conditions leading to dental decay, and probably the simplest and best is by returning once more to nature's own methods—a natural dietary.

THE LAST SHOT AT BODH GAYA.

CHAPTER II.

THERE are some men whose nature is such that they convey with them a sense of mistrust wherever they go. They are looked upon with suspicion by their fellow-creatures. In many cases it is deserved—a divine Providence working for the guidance of mankind.

Lieutenant Carluke was one of these. He had joined the Indian army, to make himself the most thoroughly distrusted soldier in Madras within six months. None of his fellow-officers knew aught against him, yet when his name was mentioned there followed a silence, an uncomfortable silence.

From Madras he had been drafted to Bodh Gaya. Bodh Gaya is a smaller town, and the officers knew more of one another. They fraternised to a greater extent, yet he moved amongst them as one apart.

It was the following morning. He had finished *tiffin*. Taking a cheroot from his pocket, he lighted it. There was a smile of satisfaction upon his face. Standing beside the table, he took from his pocket a bundle of letters. From amongst them he drew out one. It was written by a large firm of money-lenders in Madras, and reminded him that he had not yet repaid a certain loan made to him some months before. It was couched in terms the essence of polite servility; but, being a man of the world, one who had seen much of the seamy side, he read between the lines.

'I shall be able to pay the devils now,' he said, 'and make a fresh start. Forty per cent. interest, though; it's monstrous.'

Towards the northern end of the town, Bodh Gaya straggles to lose itself in the jungle. It was this point which was most carefully guarded after nightfall. During the daytime a couple of soldiers stood sentry.

Lieutenant Carluke rode slowly up to them.

'Do you think it is safe out there?' he said, pointing to the jungle.

One of the men shrugged his shoulders. 'We ain't seen or 'eard anything,' he said; 'but that means nothing out 'ere.' Years of India cannot rid a London soldier of his dialect. It remains with him, an imperishable birthright.

Carluke smiled. 'I'll take my chance,' he said, and rode on.

The soldier watched him. The lieutenant was no favourite with the Tommies in Bodh Gaya. 'Slimy sort of fellow!' he said to his companion.

When the trees had hidden him from view Carluke reined in. For a few minutes he sat in the saddle anathematising the delay. He was not a coward, but the Indian jungle has a silence of its own, one which can act in a strange way upon a man's nerves.

Presently the undergrowth parted almost by his side, so close, in fact, that his horse reared. A white-clad figure appeared. 'You have the papers?' he said.

Carluke drew them from his jacket. The man seized them eagerly and looked through them.

'And the money?' asked Carluke.

Something passed quickly between them, a something which crackled pleasantly in the lieutenant's hands. He counted the notes quickly, then slipped them into the pocket from which he had taken the papers.

'They are correct,' said the man in white.

'Quite!' Lieutenant Carluke spoke brusquely. The act was committed, and he wished to get away from the scene where it had taken place.

The figure bowed, and then the undergrowth hid him from sight again.

Carluke wheeled his horse round. As he did so he caught sight of another figure who

must have been a silent witness of all that had passed. He leapt from his horse, and the figure vanished. The crushing of the undergrowth told him in what direction the man had fled, and he followed.

For over a couple of hundred yards he pursued the flashing glimpse of white, leaping over fallen branches, crashing through bushes, waist-high. His hands were torn by brambles, his sun-helmet lost, when he caught him up. A quick movement, and he had seized the man round the waist. They fell on the ground together, the lieutenant uppermost.

Then Lieutenant Carluke saw the man's face for the first time. It was Rami Khan, a native well known in Bodh Gaya, one of the few who had remained in the town. His hands were upon the man's throat when an idea seized him. Near by was a deep, narrow ravine overhung with thick bushes. Rumour said it was the abode of the snakes which infested the locality.

Lieutenant Carluke rose, and, gathering the man in his arms, bore him to the edge.

'Not there, sahib!' screamed Rami Khan. 'Not there! I will say nothing.'

Lieutenant Carluke smiled grimly. 'No, you will say nothing,' he said. Then he lifted the man's body in his arms and cast it from him. There was a sickening crash as it fell upon the hard ground many feet beneath.

The perspiration stood out on Carluke's face as he knelt on the edge of the ravine, and saw far beneath him in the gloom the white-robed figure of Rami Khan. The figure moved, and he heard it groan.

By his hand lay a big stone, a piece of granite which had been dislodged from the edge of the ravine by some unknown force. Picking it up, he hurled it down upon the prostrate figure. Then with a shudder he rose to his feet again and hurried away.

Mounting, he spurred his horse into a gallop, which he did not check until he came in sight of the two sentries. He rode past them at a walking pace. 'It is quite quiet out there,' he said in passing.

The two men saluted in silence.

Carluke's quarters were in the same bungalow as were those of the absent Denvers.

He flung himself down in a chair and absent-mindedly lighted a cigarette. There was a frown upon his face. 'Yes,' he said, 'the chances of his getting through to Behar are about a thousand to one.' He drew from his pocket a piece of thin blue tracing-paper, a portion of which he had torn off the stolen plans of the Bodh Gaya fortifications. He looked at it for a moment. The frown had vanished from his face, and around his lips there played a smile, which had in it the cunning of a fox.

He rose and walked to the door. For a moment he listened, then crept across the passage to Denvers's rooms. The slip of paper was still in his hand as he entered and closed the door behind him.

Denvers's room spoke much for its owner's character. It stood as he had left it. A smell of stale tobacco filled the atmosphere. A couple of pipes lay on a table; by their side a newspaper and a tennis-racket.

Across a chair lay Denvers's tunic, where he had thrust it before he started on his perilous journey the night before. Carluke's eyes rested upon it. 'Ah!' he said. Gently he lifted it off the chair, and placed the slip of paper in the pocket.

The next moment he had left the room, crept stealthily across the passage, and regained his own sitting-room. The cigarette still smouldered where he had left it. He picked it up and inhaled the smoke. Then he dispersed it through his nose. 'Ah!' he said again as he saw it vanish in the air, and there was satisfaction in his voice. Then he called to his native servant, 'I will have lunch as soon as possible.'

At the moment that he sat down to it, Colonel Taylor was seated in his private room at the barracks. Before him stood his two senior officers.

'It was a terrible mistake on my part—a gross piece of carelessness,' said the colonel.

'And nobody entered this room in the two hours you were absent from it?' asked one of the officers.

'No one—except Denvers.'

'I cannot believe that he would prove such a traitor—cannot! Why, I would stake my life on his loyalty. Hot-headed and impetuous—yes! But a traitor—no!'

Colonel Taylor had risen to his feet. His eyes were haggard, but now they blazed with a fierce light. 'And I—I would as soon mistrust my own son, if I had one; and yet'—— He turned away. 'I am going to his quarters this afternoon. Not that I expect to find anything there.'

As soon as lunch was over Lieutenant Carluke rose. He had lunched well; care was driven from his mind, and he felt at peace with the world. Half-an-hour later he was riding along the sun-baked road which led to the Levesons' bungalow. On the way he encountered his superior officer.

Notwithstanding his scrupulous fairness, Colonel Taylor possessed an instinctive dislike of Carluke, so he gravely acknowledged the younger man's salutation, and continued on his way without stopping to exchange any words.

Through the windows of the drawing-room, Sibyl Leveson saw the lieutenant ride across the compound, and she frowned. Nevertheless when he entered the room she put on a polite smile of welcome.

'I am fortunate to find you at home,' he said.

'Few people are out at this hour, unless on business or duty.'

Carluke nodded gravely. He could not deny the truth of the remark, since it was knowledge of the fact which had made him choose the hour.

'Plucky thing that of Denvers!' he said a moment later. 'Hopeless, though—a mad piece of bravery.'

'Brave—yes!' said the girl. 'It is easy to criticise an action like that, but hard to emulate it—for some people.'

Lieutenant Carluke was a good judge of men of a certain class, but with women his judgment failed, and his egotism made him misconstrue the remark.

For nearly half-an-hour he sat and chatted, waiting for the opportunity which the girl, with the discernment and cunning of her sex, was determined should not be his.

Suddenly he leant forward. 'Sibyl,' he said, calling her by her Christian name for the first time, 'at any moment there may be fighting. To-morrow—to-night even—I may be killed. Before the fighting comes I should like to ask you a question: will you marry me?'

'It would not be much use if you were going to be killed to-morrow,' said the girl, choosing the most deadly of all woman's weapons.

Carluke ignored the warning. 'I am not much good to a girl'—— he began, when she rose.

'Mr Carluke,' she said, 'I am honoured—what woman would not be? But it is useless for you to say more. I could never marry you.'

The refusal struck Carluke dumb for a moment. He had not thought of failure. Amongst certain women in Madras he had been a favourite, and he had yet to learn that there are women who can probe beneath the surface of a man. 'There is some one else!' he said, when he could find his voice.

'You should not ask me that; but, since you have done so, yes.'

Then Carluke realised the significance of a remark she had made half-an-hour before. 'It is Denvers?' he said.

Sibyl Leveson drew herself up to her full height. 'Yes,' she said proudly, 'it is the man who is mad enough to make a last attempt for the women at Bodh Gaya at the risk of his own life.'

There was a sense of shame in Carluke as he rode back to his quarters; not the shame that should have been his at the part he had played, but shame that he had had to listen to a refusal from a woman's lips. Mr Leveson was a rich man, and one day his daughter would be a rich woman, the wife for whom Lieutenant Carluke was searching. Disappointment and mortification were his, until a thought flashed through his mind—one worthy of the man. It was connected with the slip of blue paper which he had placed in Denvers's jacket-pocket. 'It may serve a double purpose,' he said. 'If it fails upon the one hand, it must turn up trumps on the other.'

When he reached his quarters, some hours later, he went straight across to Denvers's room. It was as he had last seen it. Then he put his hand in the jacket-pocket. The slip of blue paper which he had placed there was gone.

Carluke raised his eyebrows, and a look of uneasiness came into his eyes. He crept slowly back into his own room, his hands in his pockets, a cheeroot between his lips. He stood at the long, open window looking out into the darkness of the night. His eyes were turned towards the jungle, the spot which had proved him a traitor, and where he had left the man whom he sent to death by his own hand. For the first time a feeling of uneasiness crept over him, a fear of discovery. He shivered and turned away. With a laugh at his own folly, he flung himself down in a chair, and picked up a book. But his thoughts wandered; and, drawn by some uncontrollable force, he rose and walked again to the window to look with straining eyes towards that spot limned out in deeper darkness.

At that moment the man whom he had thought to slay had risen, dizzy and faint. The blood was clotted upon his brow where the stone had struck and wounded him. A deep singing was in his ears, and even in the darkness the ground and the bushes far above swam before his eyes.

Rami Khan was a strong man, one who had spent his life in the open air, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow and the toil of his hands. For a moment he stood swaying; then he looked at the rock stretching above him. The next moment he had started his perilous climb. The loose earth fell away beneath his feet. The perspiration stood out on his forehead. His hands were torn and bleeding as he clung to each small piece of rock, to each bush which would bear his weight, and dragged himself up inch by inch. For nearly an hour he fought his way; then his head drew level with the summit, and a cool, unrestricted breeze gave him fresh life. Another moment and he stood on the spot from which Carluke had thrown him. He smiled grimly as he thought of it, for Rami Khan was one who paid his debts, and the creed of the gipsy was his. Then he curled himself up on the ground and slept the sleep of the weary.

He was awakened by the sound of firing, of which he knew too well the meaning. His brow was hot and feverish, his tongue parched and blistered. He rose, and, like a sick animal, dragged himself away to his lonely hut amidst the jungle.

(To be concluded.)

PROTECTION OF BIRD-LIFE.

IT is impossible to imagine our woodlands and hedgerows untenanted by bird-life. All our associations of spring and summer have memories of the birds; our very proverbs show how deep-rooted such thoughts are—as, for instance, 'One swallow does not make a summer,' and ''Tis the early bird that catches the first worm,' &c.

At the present period of the world's history civilisation is advancing by leaps and bounds. The glory of the twentieth century is her marvellous progress—a progress which extends into every branch of scientific thought; whilst with such increased knowledge there comes a higher state of culture, education every year assumes a more complicated nature, and specialisation is the keynote of the times. In medical and surgical science the value of human life is being more and more appreciated; the number of lives that are saved to-day from hitherto incurable diseases is beyond calculation. Surgery daily strives for the mastery over pain; whilst medicine is able utterly to refute the saying that 'the battle is to the strong.'

Added to this, however, there is another aspect of modern life for which civilisation is partly responsible, and that is the destruction of wild things. Of course, in part, this is an absolute necessity. The more dangerous wild beasts must be kept down; the encroachment of bricks and mortar upon open country, drainage, cultivation of land, the making of roads, and so forth drive away for good certain birds and beasts. And all this is right, for the end amply justifies the means. But there is a serious and crying evil in the wanton destruction of bird-life which at this present moment is being mercilessly carried on in civilised countries. Philosophers have taught that the evil done by one man may affect many; and undoubtedly the thoughtlessness and cruelty of some of the present generation will deprive generations yet unborn of one of the greatest of the charms of the country-side—namely, the delight of wild bird-life.

The root of the evil is difficult to find; in part it springs from 'collectors' greed,' in part from slavery to fashion, and often, especially in Southern climes, from a complete callousness as regards the life of the lower animals, for often to the southerner human life is the only life.

The first matter to be considered is the trade in birds' feathers which arises from the dictates of fashion. Probably most people have no conception of the utter and wholesale destruction of bird-life which goes on in order to supply the traffic in plumes. At one sale alone, held in London, over two thousand skins of birds of Paradise were put up for auction. Along with these were Argus and Impeyan pheasants, orioles, trogons, humming-birds, and others—the aggregate number of parrots alone once reaching 125,300. The milliner's 'osprey' is the most notorious of all feather-decorations, and those who wear these plumes are responsible for the most appalling destruction of bird-life. The 'osprey' of hat-shops is obtained from a heron or egret, and particularly from the great white heron and the little egret, who only develop these beautiful feathers during the breeding-season.

Mr Pearson has given a description of his visit to the breeding-colony of herons in Central Florida, whose nests had been harried by plume-hunters: 'I visited a large colony of herons on Horse Hummock, Central Florida, on 27th April 1888. Several hundred pairs were nesting there at the time. . . . While quite close to the breeding-grounds I climbed a tall gum-tree, and was able, unobserved by the birds, to survey the scene at leisure. . . . Three years later I again visited the heronry at Horse Hummock, found the old gum, and climbed among its branches; but the scene had changed. Not a heron was visible. The call had come from northern cities for greater quantities of heron-plumes for millinery. The plume-hunter had discovered the colony, and a few shattered nests were all that was left to tell of the once populous colony. The few surviving tenants, if there were any, had fled in terror to the recesses of wilder swamps. Wearily I descended from the tree, to find among the leaves and mould the crumbling bones of the slaughtered birds. A few miles north of Waldo, in the flat pine-region, our party came one day upon a little swamp where we had been told herons bred in numbers. Upon our approaching the place the screams of young birds reached our ears. The cause of this soon became apparent by the buzzing of green flies and the heaps of dead herons festering in the sun, with the back of each bird raw and bleeding. The smouldering embers of a camp-fire bore witness of the recent presence of the plume-hunter. Under a bunch of grass a dead heron was discovered, from whose back the plumes had been torn. The ground was still moist with its blood, showing that death had not long before taken place. The dirt had been beaten smooth with its wings, its neck was arched, the feathers on its head were raised, and its bill was buried in the blood-clotted feathers of its breast, where a gaping wound showed that the leaden missile had struck. It was an awful picture of pain. Sorely wounded, this heron had crawled away, and after enduring hours of agony had died the victim of a foolish fashion. Young herons had been left by scores in the nests to perish from exposure and starvation. These little sufferers, too weak to rise, reached their heads over the nest and faintly called for

the food which the dead mothers could never bring.'

Such a description turns one sick with disgust, and yet this is only one instance; the slaughter of the birds of Paradise in New Guinea and the adjacent islands being an equally hideous tale of wholesale destruction and cruelty.

In the year 1908 it was estimated that from Ciudad Bolivar there was an export of 31,983 ounces of egrets' feathers. In 1898 the late Professor Newton, in a letter to the *Times*, showed that 34,960 birds of Paradise had been sold in the London auction-rooms. In July 1899 the honorary secretary of the Royal Society for Protection of Birds estimated that '35,000,000 birds are annually imported into this country for trimmings and decorations.' These figures speak for themselves, and must leave food for reflection in the mind of every serious thinker. Unless this condition of things can be remedied there can only be one result—namely, the utter extermination of various families of the most beautiful of all tropical birds.

To leave the question of the feather-traffic, another vital point is the tremendous destruction of bird-life by the 'sportsmen' and pot-hunters of Southern Europe; and this is a deep-reaching and far-spreading evil; for, seeing that all summer migrants into Northern Europe pass these southern countries twice in the year, on their spring and autumn journeys, the havoc thus played by MM. les Chasseurs is incalculable. Yet the number of birds shot is nothing compared to the wholesale massacre of birds which is accomplished by netting. For instance, it was recorded from Les Bouches du Rhone that upwards of 326,000 song-thrushes were killed on their autumn migration; whilst in October 1890, 400,000 small birds were registered from the custom-house at Brescia. At every available point nets and other devices are arranged to ensnare the birds as they pass by, and the aggregate number of the slaughtered is beyond computation. In Italy an elaborate trap is prepared called the *roccolo*, while the *passata* is even more complicated. Besides these, springes, nooses, clap-nets, mirrors, limed twigs, and many other devices are employed. In France the same state of affairs exists, as may be seen from the following figures: in one season (1892) a total of 15,544 birds were captured in a certain area. These included warblers, robins, redstarts, wrens, goldcrests, tits, blackbirds, and thrushes. In both Turkey and Greece a wholesale and annual slaughter goes on; so that on reflection one wonders there are any birds left to visit our shores. What means should be adopted in order to prevent this awful destruction of bird-life is of course a most complicated question; but it is obvious that there must be some international co-operation.

Any one interested in the subject should read two most able essays, entitled the *Comparative Legislation for the Protection of Birds*, published by the Royal Society for Protection of Birds, Queen Anne's Gate, London. Many of the above records are quoted from Mr Holte Macpherson's and Colonel Momber's essays; and as these two writers have made a special study of bird-life, their papers on this important and difficult subject are full of most interesting suggestions and ideas.

It is time now to turn to our own country, and to see how birds fare with us. Certainly such wholesale slaughter does not exist, and protection to a certain extent is afforded to the birds; but there is still much to deplore, and, above all, the senseless killing of any rare or remarkable visitor to our shores is a practice which is slaughtering many birds. Take, for instance, the hoopoe. This is a bird which visits us annually, but is always welcomed by the 'collector' with a charge of powder and shot; whilst the bittern is another bird which shares this yearly fate, and frequently the golden oriole.

The indiscriminate taking of eggs and harrying of nests are also responsible for many lives. All these classes of plunder (for it really is little else) are generally the result of individual desire to possess something which some one else has not got, and consequently the commercial collector trades on this weak trait in human nature. To remedy all this, it would seem clear that every lover of birds should refuse to countenance in any way either the killing of rare birds or the taking of eggs for *private* collections, and an effort should be made in many cases to discourage private collections in favour of national and local ones.

Again, as an incident of the rearing of game, merciless war is often waged against all hawks, falcons, and owls, under the category of vermin. This in many cases is carried to a senseless pitch, and before any one of these birds is killed its case should be carefully considered.

There now remains another aspect of the question, and that is the economic value of birds. The incalculable amount of good done by them in devouring noxious insects and grubs is often overlooked until it is too late to realise their importance. Inquiries have been made into the food of birds by various agriculturists and ornithologists, and much valuable work on that point was done by the late Miss Omerod; but the most definite and able report was that issued as a supplement to the *Journal of the Board of Agriculture* in December 1908. This report was drawn up by Mr Newstead, of the School of Tropical Medicine, Liverpool. He has tabulated the exact diet found in the crop of each bird mentioned. The following reports are abstracted:

Blackbird—5 were found to have devoured insects of an injurious group; 2, insects of beneficial group; 2, insects of indifferent group; 4,

hawthorn-berries; 4, apple and pear; 4, molluscs; 1, worms; 1, grain; 1, garbage.

Song-Thrush—3 contained insects of injurious group; 1, insects of beneficial group; 3, molluscs; 4, worms; 1, hawthorn-berries; 2, apple.

Willow-Wren—9 contained insects of injurious group; 3, insects of indifferent group.

Blue Titmouse—31 contained insects of injurious group; 3, insects of beneficial group; 7, insects of indifferent group; 3, spiders; 10, wheat; 4, maize; 5, pear; 3, apple-rind; 11, bud-scales; 2, vegetable matter; 4, fungus.

Bullfinch—11 contained seeds of sycamore; 2, hawthorn-kernels; 1, seeds of elder; 9, seeds of blackberry; 2, seeds of self-heal; 11, seeds of dock; 3, seeds of charlock; 3, seeds of nettle; 2, seeds of hawkweed; 1, fruit-rind.

Starlings (from observations lasting seventeen hours)—269 contained insects of the injurious group; 4, insects of the beneficial group; 2, insects of the indifferent group; 30, earthworms; 14, slugs and snails; 1, centipede; 1, wood-louse; 2, harvest spiders; 19, lots of garbage; 10, lots of unidentified insects.

Now, on considering most of these figures, it will be found that the good far outweighs the evil; so that the lives of such birds ought from an economic standpoint to be spared.

In 1893 a report was made on the hawks and owls of the United States of America, with the result that of the 2700 stomachs examined only six were found to contain insects, &c., which would have aided the farmer.

Baron von Berlepsch makes the following statement: 'The Hainide Wood, south of Eisenach, which covers several square miles, was stripped entirely bare in the spring of 1905 by larvæ of a little moth.'

The wood of Baron von Berlepsch, in which there had long been nesting-boxes, of which there are now more than 2000, was untouched. It actually stood out among the remaining woods like a green oasis. At a distance of a little more than a quarter of a mile farther the first traces of the plague were apparent, and at the same distance farther on still it was in full force. It was a plain proof of the distance the tits and their companions had gone during the winter and after their breeding-season. The case was so plain that Baron von Berlepsch considered it of sufficient importance to send a report to the Prussian Board of Agriculture in order that it might be placed on record. Similar observations were made during a plague of *Tortrix viridana*, a small species of moth, last spring in the brown wood Harras, in the grand-duchy of Hesse, where the protection of birds has been carried on in a sensible and energetic fashion for the last six years. The abundant use of nesting-boxes in the Prussian woods has, during the last two years, brought about a sensible decrease in cockchafers, and of *Tortrix viridana* in some places, by means of starlings. If we turn from woods to agriculture and fruit-growing, the experimental station at Sebach again affords an eloquent and well-authenticated testimony. 'The same good fruit-crops have been obtained for many years in those places which have been longest and most abundantly provided with nesting-boxes, and where most of the trees have grown up with the protection of birds. Although the whole neighbourhood frequently suffered from caterpillars, those trees inhabited by tits and other birds nesting in the boxes have escaped.'

With such a wealth of accurate evidence before one, it seems impossible not to consider birds in the light of benefactors to agriculture in general.

The last aspect to consider is the æsthetic value of birds. St Thomas Aquinas wrote, '*Ubi aves ibi angeli*,' whilst Michelet said that 'man cannot live without the bird.' Certainly the birds add an immeasurable pleasure to the charms of country life; he who has visited 'the tideless sea and the birdless shore' recognises how much the feathered inhabitants are missed.

With the present generation lies the ultimate issue of the problem of the protection of bird-life.

THE CHACO.

LOOKING at the map of South America, one will see, right in the centre, a large blank space destitute of the little printed words and dots that bespeak towns or settlements. This is the Chaco, a vast region stretching from the twenty-second parallel of southern latitude to the thirtieth, with an average width of four hundred miles, the greater part of it belonging to the Argentine Republic, though some hundreds of square miles—for the most part unexplored—are in Paraguayan territory. In spite of its barren and empty look upon the map, this tract is not the desert it appears to be. A wilderness, perhaps, but not an irreclaimable one; for in the near future, when it is penetrated by the railroad—those two thin ribbons of steel without which no country can hope to call itself civilised—the enormous possibilities of the place will be recognised, and the richness of its soil, among other natural advantages, will do much to counterbalance the undoubted drawback of its distance from the coast.

The Chaco (or rather Chacos, for there are four: the Gran, the Central, the Boreal, and the Austral) is a tableland covered with thick bush, and, taken altogether, somewhat dry, though by no means destitute of water. Already some of the large land companies in the Argentine have

become alive to the possibilities of this locality, and have established sawmills, and in some parts sugar-plantations, on its boundaries. But the heart of the Chaco is yet untouched; and there are many virgin tracts not even explored. The premier commercial asset of the territory is timber, quebracho in particular. Though little known outside of South America, this wood has an assured future before it. Every decade the world's supply of timber becomes scarcer; in many things, such as telegraph-poles, fencing-posts, and the like, it has been found cheaper to replace them with iron or metal counterparts. In view of this, the knowledge that there are immense forests, as yet untapped, of quebracho-trees, furnishing one of the strongest and toughest of known woods, is reassuring. The great disadvantage of this timber, however, is its weight. It is heavier even than the Australian ironbark; a small stick placed in water will immediately sink to the bottom, and a four-inch circular post six feet in length will tax the strength of a strong man to lift it. As to its hardness, its name quebracho means literally in Spanish 'axe-breaker.' There are two varieties of this tree, the red and the white, the former being the more valuable. The bark is even of greater use than the timber, being exported largely to Europe, where it is used for tanning. The sap, blood-red in colour, is sometimes flavoured with alcohol and passed off on the unwary as the juice of the grape.

The aborigines of the Chaco are Indians of a very low type. Though there are several mission-stations scattered round the territory, they do not seem to have had much success in the way of making many converts. At Tucuman, the chief town of Northern Argentina, and in the sugar and lumber camps along the railway, there are plenty of Indians and half-breeds working for meagre wages during the respective seasons; but their veneer of civilisation is very thin, and it is not advisable for a stranger to have much commerce with them. Occasionally one reads in the Buenos Aires papers of a raid being made on some outlying settlement by a band of these Indians; and although a punitive expedition is generally sent after them, it is very seldom that it comes into contact with the raiders, as a guerilla campaign in the thick Chaco bush is not at all to the liking of the average Argentine military commander.

Besides the timber industry and sugar-growing, there are large areas of country in the Chaco taken up for grazing purposes. The natural pasture is, however, poor, and is not suitable for fattening cattle. No doubt in time it will be improved by sowing alfalfa and other artificial grasses, as has been done in the provinces of Buenos Aires and Santa Fé. Most of the large *estancias* are owned by foreign companies, who control vast tracts of land well fenced and watered by tanks or wells. The hands employed on these farms are chiefly Argentine natives of the gaucho class. They are wild and half-savage fellows, utterly unlike the inhabitants of the big towns near the coast. What their origin is it is hard to say at this distant date; but the high cheek-bones and the straight, lank hair, dead-black in hue, would seem to point to Indian ancestry. Broad-shouldered and muscular as they appear at first sight, they are singularly weak and lacking in stamina when it comes to hard work—the result, one may suppose, of being accustomed from childhood to do nothing that cannot be done on horseback. Their dress is decidedly novel and vaguely picturesque. Wide Turkish trousers buttoned at the ankle and pleated round the waist are universally worn, reminding one of the early 'bloomer' days or the divided skirts of modern ladies who ride astride. The feet are thrust sockless into hempen-soled canvas slippers, with huge rusty spurs jangling on the naked heels. The sombre effect of their black coats and wide-brimmed felt hats is often relieved by a bright-hued sash wound round the waist; though sometimes a broad leather belt full of bulky pockets and studded with silver coins takes its place. The *tout ensemble* is completed by a long, broad-bladed knife thrust crossways through the belt. One and all carry this; for it is the gaucho's *vade mecum*, and serves him variously as a weapon, a tool, and an eating-utensil. A peculiar garment worn by the natives of all the northern provinces of Argentina is a long leather apron fringed at the bottom, known as a *silipa*. A stranger arriving at an *estancia* might be pardoned for thinking that he had fallen among a tribe of blacksmiths. It gives the wearer an odd, ungainly appearance, and must, one would think, be very awkward when worn on horseback. Its use and origin no foreigner has ever been able to discover. Some say vaguely that it is a 'custom of the country;' while others explain that it is used to protect the leg from the friction of the lasso, though how one fails to understand.

The fauna of the Chaco is extremely varied. The jaguar, the tapir, several kinds of peccary, and the nutria (a kind of otter) are among the chief animals to be found in the dense brush and along the banks of the few rivers that water this wild country. The first-named is perhaps the fiercest carnivora in the New World, not even excepting the grizzly bear of North America. The tapir, generally associated with Brazil, is fairly common in the Pilcomayo River; as also is the nutria, which latter animal, by the way, possesses a most valuable skin. Snakes there are of many varieties, most of them venomous. But the real curse of the Chaco, and indeed of the whole of tropical South America, are the insects. There are countless different species, from the light and gossamer-winged mosquito to the loathsome-looking tarantula; but one and all they seem unanimous in preferring human

blood to any other kind of food. Perhaps the chief pest of all is an insignificant insect no larger than a pin's head, called by the natives *biche colorado*. This little creature burrows right under the skin, setting up an irritation that makes life almost intolerable. Not very long ago a whole gang of hardy Italian labourers sent up from Buenos Aires to work on a saw-mill threw up their jobs, forfeiting a month's pay and their railway fares rather than stay any longer at a camp that was infested by these microscopic demons.

Locusts are another of the evils that retard the progress of Northern Argentina. Perhaps some winter morning one may notice in as many hours two or three reddish grasshoppers fluttering aimlessly about. These innocent-looking insects are the vanguard of countless millions, and often the harbingers of poverty and starvation. A few hours after these solitary scouts have been sighted there appears on the northern horizon what at first sight looks like a dust-storm, and the dreaded word '*Langostas*' goes around. A little later, and the air hums with the noise made by myriads of these creatures, which, as the sun goes down, settle in thick clusters like some clinging creeper on the trees, fence-posts, sides of houses—everywhere. Then it is that the planter or *estancia* manager and his men must bestir themselves, and gather as much of this living fruit as they can before the morning heat warms the locusts sufficiently to enable them to continue their devastating march. A heavy fine is the result of neglecting this task; and though the farmer and his peons will not capture one in ten thousand, yet the idea is good. Sometimes whole tracts of treeless pasture are red with locusts, and a curious method of capture is used. A sort of trough-shaped scoop with a flat bottom about ten feet long is fastened by ropes to the cinches of two horses, which, ridden at a gallop, drag it quickly over the infested parts, sweeping up the insects, too numbed as yet by the last night's frost to stir. Large numbers are 'netted' in this fashion. Sometimes one will ride miles through thick clouds of these pests. As a matter of fact, the adult locusts do little harm to plant-growth, for they never rest more than one night at the same place. What they eat in that time is infinitesimal. But they have an unfortunate habit of laying their eggs in the ground; and these, forty days later, develop into *saltonas*, or grasshoppers, which, too young to fly, leap along the ground, leaving it bare behind them. However, the planter copes with this disadvantage by digging trenches and driving them forward like sheep into a corral.

The climate of the Chaco district is for the most part hot and moist. Yet, in spite of this, it is not unhealthy, provided one takes ordinary precautions. During the rainy reason certain low-lying areas are often entirely under water for weeks at a time, and consequently there is a good deal of fever and ague in certain parts. The most popular remedy amongst the inhabitants for this disease seems to be the copious drinking of *caña*, the fiery native rum. Along the banks of the big rivers, like the Pilcomayo, Saltado, and Bermejo, there are huge swamps, the haunt of crocodiles, serpents, and other noxious creatures; and it is doubtful whether such regions will ever be anything but malarial and fever-stricken.

It is impossible in the space of this brief article to do anything more than call attention to the most salient features of such an immense tract of land as the South American Chaco; yet it is hoped that enough has been said to show that the place is not entirely the howling wilderness it appears to be on the map. Even in these ultra-civilised days there are plenty of men imbued with the spirit of Columbus or Cortez whose only drawback is that they know of no more worlds to discover. In view of this, it is a pity that Englishmen should have overlooked the unmapped portions of South America, and allowed foreign, especially French and German, travellers to lead the way in exploration there.

DEVELOPING.

STRANGE to think that in the darkness of this
little, silent room,
Where the lantern's steady crimson gleams—a red
eye—in the gloom,
I can watch imprisoned sunbeams weaving pictures
in their loom.

Just one flash of Time's swift shuttle—so!—that
made them! There they creep
Slowly out upon the plate here, as a dream creeps
out on sleep
When the awakening soul remembers long-lost
thoughts from out the deep.

There they come then, streets and cities, fields
and orchards far away—
I can almost smell the blossom, hear the children
there at play—
I alone thus vainly watching the rebirth of yester-
day.

So sometimes, when I am weary, out upon my
mind's blank plate
Creep slow pictures that were graved there long
ago by careless Fate,
Hidden deep in Memory's dark-room they like
buried sunbeams wait—

Strange old pictures, long forgotten, left unrecked
of in my brain,
Till comes Memory with her lantern, pours some
scent, some old refrain,
Like a liquid spell upon them, and, behold, all's
clear again!

ISOBEL W. HUTCHISON.

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OF SCOTCH MINISTERS AND THEIR FLOCKS.

By Sir HENRY SMITH, K.C.B., Author of *From Constable to Commissioner.*

MY father was a minister—minister of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh. In his day vestries were not luxuriously furnished. A table, on which stood a carafe of water, with a couple of chairs, and a hand-glass on the chimneypiece, were generally all that met the eye. But there was in addition always a press containing a bottle of sherry or port, according to the taste of the incumbent, and occasionally the long black-leather case common to the profession, with a spare sermon therein. The press was pretty sure to be locked if the bottle had anything in it, as beadles are proverbially thirsty; but if it only contained the sermon-case, to lock it was unusual.

Exchanging pulpits used to be, and is still, I believe, customary among Presbyterian ministers. It is a clear gain to both parties, one sermon doing the work of two. About the year 1820 two ministers exchanged pulpits. When the Rev. Mr Blank arrived at his brother-clergyman's church, he—as any sensible man would do—took a survey of his surroundings, and finding the press open, soon made himself master of its contents; easily summed up, only the sermon-case. Inside he found a sermon, the text of which was: 'And Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents.' Having a quarter of an hour to spare before the service commenced, he sat down to read it. 'Why,' he said to himself, 'this is a splendid sermon; I will preach it instead of my own.' Hoping the congregation would credit him with the authorship, he ascended to the pulpit, was shut in by the beadle, and after the customary psalms and prayers gave out with confidence, 'And Jacob was a plain man dwelling in tents.' As he did so he could not help noticing signs of surprise. Mothers stopped the distribution of peppermints to look up at him, heads were solemnly shaken, and among the lads and lasses a half-suppressed giggle was plainly audible. Shocked at such irreverent behaviour—contrasting most unfavourably with that of his own congregation—he asked the beadle when he got back to the vestry what it portended. 'Weel, ye see,' was the reply, 'we dinna jist like the same discoorse twa Sundays rinnin', and we had that ane frae oor ain minister last Sunday. But'—noting the blush which mantled the cheek of the plagiarist—'never fash yer heid aboot that. It 's a wee thing awkward, but he 'll be real prood when I tell him ye thocht it sae muckle better than yer ain. I 'll pit the sermon back in the press where ye got it.'

Much relieved to find the beadle so amicably disposed towards him, the minister drove off to his own dominions, mentally resolving that he would never face that congregation again or preach any sermon but his own.

The author of the sermon which had excited such a commotion was to be home without fail on the Saturday following that eventful Sunday; but, being taken ill and unable to travel, he sent a note to the beadle that another minister, who, he knew, would be acceptable to his flock, had kindly consented to take the duty.

When Sunday—destined to be still more eventful than the preceding one—came, the Rev. Mr Blank the second arrived. He was taken up to the vestry, inspected the room, opened the press, found the sermon, read enough to convince him of its exceptional merit, and, coming to the same resolution as his predecessor, that it was infinitely better than his own, entered the pulpit and gave out—or, rather, was giving out—the text, 'And Jacob was'—— when the blacksmith, one of the elders and a man of mark in the parish, sprang to his feet with a half-smothered oath, and exclaiming, 'We 've had eneuch o' Jawcob!' walked out of the church, taking half the congregation with him.

The 'minister's man' in a Scotch church is in present times a functionary of no small importance. Punctuality is his distinguishing characteristic. At the last toll of the bell the eyes of the whole congregation are turned to the vestry-door as he emerges, carrying Bible and Psalm-books, walks with dignified mien upstairs to the pulpit, and turns on the electric light. A century ago he was of far greater importance. Second, in his own estimation, not even to the minister himself, the precentor required a very firm hand over him, or discipline would have gone by the board.

My grandfather, the minister of Galston, in Ayrshire, immortalised by Burns in the 'Holy Fair' and 'Kirk's Alarm,' had a typical specimen of the breed in his service for many years, answering to the name of 'Wulliam.' Wulliam had a surname as well as a Christian name, no

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doubt, but he was never called by it. 'Mr Wulliam o' the Manse' was his designation in the village. Wulliam had one failing—scarcely looked upon as a failing in those days, more especially in the Tam o' Shanter district. He used to 'break out' periodically, and would be 'fou for weeks thegither' with his cronies. At the end of a bout he was admonished by the minister—just as 'The Admiral' used to lecture 'old Mazey'*—severely harangued, threatened, and forgiven. But there was a wide difference between old Mazey and Wulliam. The former was always deeply penitent. 'It sha'n't happen again, your honour,' he used to promise as he tossed off his glass of port, the token of forgiveness. The latter never had a symptom of penitence about him, and never was at a loss for an excuse in palliation of his transgressions. On one occasion when he had been absent five or six days—a Sunday being included in the number—'You tell me,' said the minister, 'that you are constantly exposed to temptation in the village, constantly asked to "come in bye" and have a dram. I go about the village as much as you do, exposed to the same temptations, but no one offers me a dram.' 'Aye, that's jist it,' replied Wulliam; 'ye see, ye're no as poaplar as me.' On another occasion, after an unusually protracted debauch, Wulliam showed signs of delirium tremens, and the doctor was called in. 'This may be the means of making him pull up altogether,' said the minister hopefully. 'Give him a good fright, doctor.' But the doctor had no better success than the minister. Putting on his most serious professional look, he warned Wulliam that he was killing himself, and lectured him for a good quarter of an hour on his folly. 'You really have not the sense of the lower animals, William,' he said. 'Look at a horse when he is taken down to a river to slake his thirst; when he has had enough he stops.' 'Aye,' retorted Wulliam, 'but gin there was a horse on the ither side o' the water sayin' "*Here's tae ye*," he wad gang on.'

Many years ago I had a shooting in the lovely county of Buckingham—a long, narrow strip of good partridge ground, at the very extremity of which stood a church, and close by the church a labourer's cottage, where I and any friends shooting with me used to change our clothes, and occasionally have tea if we had time for it. I could only leave town on Saturdays, and, by arrangement with the farmer, Job—for that was the labourer's name—assisted us to the best of his ability, leading dogs, carrying cartridge-bags, &c. Job was a cheerful, contented chap, with whom I became great friends; but, like many labourers in the south of England, he was of very imperfect education. He knew I had a shooting in Scotland also, and was much interested in the descriptions I used to give him, as we sat down to lunch under a hedge, of the grouse and the purple heather, which gave them both food and shelter; but he had no idea where Scotland lay, how far it was off, or whether you got to it by land or water. In addition to his agricultural and sporting work, Job used to toll the bell at the pretty little church, and sleep soundly, as he confessed, during the service. Finding such to be the case—I mean the tolling, not the sleeping—I had a curiosity to know what interest he took in or what knowledge he had of things ecclesiastical, and put a few questions to him. I soon discovered that he was lamentably ignorant of everything connected with the church. He never read the newspapers; nor did what was going on in the world seem to interest him.

The shooting I had in Scotland that year belonged to a very impecunious laird, who for many years had lived abroad and let the place go to rack and ruin. Everything had a poverty-stricken look; and 'Roabert,' the keeper left in charge to see to the landlord's interests, was not even decently clad, and lived in a hovel somewhat similar to those one sees in the west of Ireland. Yet what a difference between him and Job! He was a man of excellent education, and wrote a capital hand; and the first favour he asked of me was that he might have a look at the *Scotsman* after we were done with it at the lodge. When I acceded to his request, and let him have the *St James's* as well, his gratitude was unbounded. He knew as much as I did about the Church of England—how some churches were 'high' and others 'low;' and dearly loved a talk about them. I remember on one occasion his saying, 'It's a bad business this "Rittleism"—they're some o' them nae better than Roman Catholics.'

Roabert was a very hard-working man, and served me faithfully from the 12th of August to the middle of October, when I had to return to London. I always paid him weekly, and settled his very moderate bill for various little necessaries purchased in the village. When the last week came I handed him his wages and some seven or eight shillings, the amount of his bill. I told him I was thoroughly satisfied with the way in which he had done his work, and taking five one-pound notes which I had lying on the table, and which for one reason, at any rate—the horrible stench† they had—I was eager to get quit of, I gave them to him, saying, 'That's for yourself.' Taking the notes, he looked earnestly at them, and then at me, turned them over in his hand, much as a London cabman does on receiving two shillings, his legal fare being one, and walked out of the room without saying a word. My temper—not a very good one—was fast getting the better of me, and

* Vide *No Name*, by Wilkie Collins.

† 'Now,' said a Sassenach to himself on being presented with some Clydesdale Bank notes, which he was averse even to touch—'now at last I understand the term *filthy lucre*.'

I was on the verge of telling him that he was an ungrateful brute, and that I had given him what nine gentlemen out of ten would consider enough for what he had done. How thankful I was afterwards that I restrained myself!

After leaving me Roabert went straight to his cottage, twenty minutes' walk; and about an hour afterwards I was told his wife wanted to see me. My back was still up, and I grudgingly consented to an interview. When she came in she stood at first as Roabert had stood, quite speechless for a second or two, and then recovering herself, began: 'Oh, sir, what can I say? When Roabert cam' hame he sterted greetin'! He pit his hand in his poaket, pooed oot the notes, and held them oot to me. "Did ever ye see the like o' that?" he said. At first I was feared. "Ye've never lifted them, Roabert?" I said. Then he tell't me. God bless you, sir!—he has nae had a new cott, nor flainells naither, for twunty years, and wi' a' the mendin' I can dae I have na been able to keep him dacent. Noo he'll hae everything he can want. Sic a praisent! Sic a praisent! God bless you, sir!' And Mrs Roabert, curtsying deeply, took her departure.

Robert Louis Stevenson writes in his own inimitable style of the old Scotch gardener, a retainer of his father's at Swanston Cottage, and of the old Scotch herd, the friend of his boyhood among the 'Pentlands;' but perhaps the most interesting of all his characters is the gravedigger of Monkton, who had 'laid three hunner and fower score in that kirkyard; an', had it been His wull, would ha'e likit weel to ha'e made it the fower hunner.'

Stevenson does not appear ever to have come across gamekeepers of the old school. Gardeners, herds, and sextons such as he describes are still to be found in out-of-the-way districts. The gamekeeper of sixty years ago is extinct as the dodo. One I knew who lived on the 'fringe of the moor.' His house, like Mr Wemmick's at Walworth, was approached by a plank, and was practically inaccessible when the burn was in spate. What would a sanitary inspector of the present day have said to the accommodation, I wonder?—one small room and an attic, access to which was gained by an almost perpendicular ladder. The inmates consisted of the keeper, his wife, their only child (a bright-eyed little girl), and a favourite spaniel. The rest of the dogs were outside. A couple of ferrets in a box and a big gray parrot completed the household, and did not conduce to its amenity.

The parrot had been brought home by a seafaring son, and, having had the whole crew of a man-of-war for his instructors, was quite at the top of the tree. He was exceedingly profane and very garrulous, and would talk away all day if incited thereto; but his masterpiece was an imitation of the little girl, who had a fearful cough. So excellently well did he 'take her off' that her mother, who spent a good deal of time in the attic, would call down, 'Eh, Jeenie, ye're awfy bad the day;' getting frequently for answer, 'It's no me noo, mither; it's the paurot.' Poor wee Jeenie! What chance had she amid such surroundings? She lived in an atmosphere of microbes and steaming clothes hung up to dry. Her little legs and feet were always wet, and red as John Ridd's when he met his Lorna on his first visit to 'The Valley.' Consumption soon claimed her. One lovely October evening, on calling at the cottage, I found the little maid had left, and father, mother, spaniel, ferrets, and parrot were inconsolable. Jeenie had crossed a wider river than that spanned by the plank—a river that some day all of us must cross. May we reach the other side of the ferry with as little to fear as poor, innocent wee Jeenie!

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER III.—OLD SIR SIMON'S FORTUNE.

LET it not be said that man is mutable. Yet the new Marquis of Thanet had only been ten days in London, and already he had been made to realise that he was quite a different person from Lord St Aubyn, the unknown son of a discredited peer. Truth to tell, the change was not an unpleasant one.

'And I am beginning to enjoy it, Headlam,' he admitted to his lawyer as they sat together in the library at St James's Square. 'After all, the world is wonderfully kind to me.'

'I am not surprised, my lord,' returned Headlam. 'To a man who is young, rich, a marquis, and a hero of Minden—well, it is the way of the world.'

'Despite the reasons contrariwise? Here, between ourselves, we need not try to hide them, even although everybody else seemed to have agreed to bury them last week with my father. Except the old king, perhaps,' he added, smiling at the recollection. 'His Majesty did not forget to remind me of them at the private audience this morning. "Be a goot boy, marquis," said he, "and nevare mind that your fader was—vot you call it?—yah, a black-faced sheep!" "I will only remember that he was honoured several times by your Majesty," said I. "Himmel! not by me," he cried out; "it was old Sir Robert who did it all!" But he, too, was very good, as everybody is, indeed, from Mr Pitt downwards.'

The lawyer swept his hand over the mass of

papers on the table before him. 'The reason is there, my lord!' he said, in his dry manner. 'A reputable character goes far—when there is a pretty fortune behind. Your father's estate, after many ups and downs, is much what it was when he became Lord St Aubyn; for his luck at the tables was a byword. There is this house as well, which he won in an evening's sitting at White's. Then your late mother's properties—they are wisely and securely tied up, and his lordship, to his vast annoyance, could only touch the income—these now fall to you also, and their value has not lessened with the years. Altogether a great and noble estate.'

'And a great trust,' put in the marquis.

'Beyond a doubt. A great estate, equal to your lordship's rank, and all in excellent order, if I may be pardoned saying it. And there is more behind,' the lawyer proceeded, warming to his work. 'When you add certain chances—a certain expectation, let us call it—why, 'tis not so amazing that the world should welcome to its bosom one who may yet be the wealthiest subject in England—nay, in Europe!'

'An enticing prospect, in faith!' laughed Lord Thanet. 'All the same, Headlam, I'm hanged if I take you.'

Headlam leaned forward, emphasising his words with a solemn finger. 'Your lordship has heard of the fortune of Sir Simon Brayden, your great-grandfather?' he asked.

'Often; but'——

'Wait, my lord! Now, what would you imagine was the present income of the great Brayden estates?'

'I have not an idea.'

Headlam's voice sank to an awe-stricken whisper. 'As I have it—'tis on the best authority—nearer fifty than forty thousand pounds! Think of it, my lord, fifty thousand per annum!'

'A goodly sum, sure enough! What I want to know, Headlam, is how on earth I am concerned in it? I thought the St Aubyn interest in Sir Simon's fortune ended with my father.'

'Only if his cousin, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, survived him; and that is just where the chance comes in,' said the lawyer. 'For I learn from Mr Crooks, the attorney for the Brayden trustees, that he has had no information of Sir Gilbert's whereabouts for more than six months, and fears the worst. Inquiries are now being made, and we shall soon learn the truth. If Sir Gilbert is alive—well, the St Aubyn interest certainly ceases. But if he died before his lordship, as Crooks seems to believe, the fortune is as certainly yours by right of succession. Your father, at least, had no doubts. He staked everything on the luck of the St Aubyns.'

Lord Thanet turned the matter over in his mind. 'Are you so sure it would be lucky to have this fortune?' he asked quietly.

'My lord! nearly fifty thousand a year?'

'Oh, pray, don't mistake me! If my right to it is proved I am not going to refuse it. All the same, one might be better without. Speak not evil of your forefathers; but, frankly, I like Sir Simon not overmuch, and the way he acquired his riches still less. Then the whole thing is so fantastic, Headlam! The old knight must have been crazy to leave such a will.'

'His sole aim was to ensure his estates being kept together; but whether he chose the best means is another story. Assuredly he did not foresee the consequences.'

'For myself, I confess I do not quite understand it all—will, and feud, and the rest of it. As a boy, it was bred in me to hate the Heathcotes worse than the devil, and to pray for the confusion of Sir Gilbert. The reasons mattered little then, and—well, I am not much the wiser now.'

Headlam settled himself in his chair. 'I can easily explain, if your lordship pleases,' said he. 'Beginning with Sir Simon's will, of which I have a copy here'——

'You need not read it, I hope?' interrupted the marquis, glancing with apprehension at the bulky roll of parchment.

'It *is* rather long-winded, and a summary may serve. Let us pass Sir Simon's own history. His ambition, as I understand, was to found a great family. He was survived by two daughters. Your lordship's grandmother, Lady St Aubyn, was the elder; the younger was married to Sir Charles Heathcote, father of Sir Gilbert. The St Aubyns and Heathcotes were neighbours in the country—their estates lay together, near the city of Warminster—and they had long been allied. Both your father and Gilbert Heathcote were children when their grandfather died. Now, his will, briefly put, directed that his immense property in England and Ireland should be held in trust as long as his daughters lived and until the death of one or other of his two grandsons, when the whole estate, undivided, was to go to the survivor, and be entailed on his male issue. In the meanwhile, an annuity of five thousand pounds was to be paid to each daughter for her lifetime, and thereafter to each grandson while both were alive. The residue of the income went to certain City companies in which Sir Simon had an interest, to be used for purposes specified; and for fifty years, in consequence, they have drawn a princely revenue. One condition there was: that the ultimate inheritor should assume and bear the name of Brayden.'

The marquis wagged his head. 'For my part, I like St Aubyn better,' said he.

'Better than fifty thousand a year, my lord?'

'Oh, 'twould make amends, no doubt!'

'Well, such was Sir Simon's will—a mad will, if you like—one, at the least, with immediate effects in wrong-doing and misery. How the dispute arose, and about what, I am not informed. But almost at once it was the cause of a quarrel

between Lord St Aubyn and Sir Charles Heathcote, ending in a duel and the slaying of your grandfather. And from that day to this the feud has gone on fiercely and without ceasing.'

Then, encouraged by his listener's eager interest, the lawyer proceeded to relate the story of the half-century's strife in all its sordid detail, and in particular the deadly, long-continued struggle between the late nobleman and his cousin Gilbert. In intellect the pair were well matched—there was little to choose betwixt them in bitterness and the desire to encompass the other's ruin; but Heathcote had one disadvantage—that, namely, he was a man of honour. It was fatal; for his adversary had no scruples, and at length obtained his chance. It was just after the affair of the '45. The Heathcotes had always been Jacobite; Sir Gilbert was involved in the conspiracy, and, although he had never actually taken up arms, ample proofs of his treason fell—by means which were scarcely less than criminal—into the hands of his rival. The rest was easy to Lord Thanet, as he was now; his influence was great with the Government of the day. Sir Gilbert barely saved his life by an escape to France; but he was attainted, his lands and honours were forfeited, and even his annuity from the Brayden trust was declared confiscated.

Considered in any light, it was not a pleasant story; to a man like the present Lord Thanet there were circumstances which hurt like a blow; and long before it was finished he had deserted his chair and was pacing the library in an agitation he tried hard to control. Only once, however, did he interpose a remark.

'Headlam, I hope to God Sir Gilbert is still alive!' he burst out. 'But, even then, would the evil be at an end? His attainder would affect the succession, would it not?'

'Possibly as regards himself,' said Headlam. 'In any case, however, I imagine it would not be difficult for Sir Gilbert to make his peace with the Government, as things now are.'

The remainder of the story was soon told. For a time Sir Gilbert Heathcote had held a command in the French army; but concerning his recent movements there was, as the lawyer had already indicated, no knowledge. The bulk of his forfeited estate had been bought by the late Lord Thanet at a price much below its value. One small portion of it, by some peculiarity of the title, had remained in the possession of the family; and this, it appeared, had devolved upon Sir Gilbert's son on his majority a year or two before; and shortly thereafter a mortgage of seven thousand pounds was raised upon it—doubtless to meet the exigencies of the exile. The ostensible lender, as it happened, was a creature of Lord Thanet's; for his lordship had sources of information peculiar to himself, and used them freely. In the same fashion he had learned that neither interest nor principal was likely to be forthcoming when due. Hence his deathbed injunctions, which the lawyer now proceeded to deliver to his son without gloss or comment.

'To end the feud!' repeated the marquis, pulling up in his promenade of the room. 'Well, Heaven be thanked! there are more ways than one of doing that.' Then he sat down, frowning in thought. 'Yes,' he said, half to himself, 'I hope I may be able, under Providence, to end the feud! And, by the bye, Headlam, do you know anything of Sir Gilbert's family?'

'Only that there are two—a son and a daughter. Both are younger than your lordship, I believe.'

'But where are they—in England or France?'

'That I cannot say, my lord.'

'Will you try to find out for me? Now, about this mortgage. Something must be done on September 15, I suppose?'

Headlam bowed assent.

'Well, there is time enough to decide. It struck me just now, Headlam, that I have never been home—to Kingswood St Aubyn—since I was a boy. Here's a plan for you, then,' said he. 'I have nearly a month before me, and little to do. Why should I not go down to Warminster and look into matters for myself—travelling not as the marquis, you'll understand, but as plain Major Courtenay? Nobody knows me there, and, at the least, 'twould be amusing. You must engage to meet me at Warminster before the 15th, of course; and thereafter—why, we shall see. Until then I have a wish to be my own man.'

'It can do no harm,' allowed the lawyer, after due reflection. 'Perhaps your lordship had better confide in Jackson, who has long been agent down there for the St Aubyns. He is an intelligent and honest man, and may safely be entrusted with the secret. And if I have news of Sir Gilbert I can write to you under his care.'

So it was ultimately settled; and, after some further discussion of business with which we are not concerned, Headlam gathered his papers together and rose to leave. Lord Thanet accompanied him to the door, and there detained him for a moment with a question.

'Oh, I had almost forgotten to ask if you have any notion where Montgomery is gone,' said he.

'I was not even aware of the fact, my lord,' was the reply.

'He took his discharge after the funeral, not altogether to my sorrow, for I began to mistake his manner. But he carried off—unwittingly, I dare say—a packet of mine containing some relics of Minden that I should be sorry to lose. If you chance to see him, will you remind him to send it back?'

Headlam promised, and so bowed himself out.

(To be continued.)

VICISSITUDES OF THE CROWN JEWELS.

NOW that the Coronation is in the air, and the hearts of the British people are stirred with ideas of precedence, of the divine right of sovereigns, and the majesty of our realm in general, the vicissitudes of the crown jewels and royal regalia must of necessity have a place in our minds. Not so very long since the crown jewels came into prominence by the announcement that new and special quarters had been prepared for them, so arranged as to defy the arts of the most subtle. And it will also be in the recollection of many that the Dublin crown jewels—or, at least, a valuable portion of them—were removed from Dublin Castle. Amongst other items a magnificent tiara disappeared. The resignation of the then custodian will also come to mind.

That was not by any means the first time in history that the crown jewels have been in jeopardy. The Scottish regalia disappeared under the very eyes of Cromwell's soldiers, and were smuggled into safe hiding. Eventually they were brought to light eight years afterwards, at the Restoration in 1660. They lay forgotten and unregarded in an oaken chest in the Crown Room of Edinburgh Castle from 1707 to 1818, when, on the solicitations of Sir Walter Scott and others, they were brought to light again. The Scottish crown was naturally very precious to the Scottish people. They would not allow it to be taken to England for the coronation of Charles I. He had to travel to the north to be invested with his insignia. The crown, sceptre, and sword of state were last used at a Scottish coronation on 1st January 1651, when Charles II., returning to Scotland from the Continent, promised to accept Presbyterianism. The rapid advance of the hosts of Cromwell, spreading destruction as they went, made it necessary that an eye should be kept on the Scottish regalia. Then they were taken from Edinburgh Castle on 6th June 1651, and conveyed, hidden in a sack of wool, by Mrs Drummond of Moneydie, attired as a market-woman, to Dunnottar Castle, and gallantly defended by George Ogilvy of Barras and his devoted wife. The story of the Scottish regalia, their vicissitudes, and the besieging of Dunnottar has been told in the article 'Dunnottar Castle' in this *Journal* for 1895, and very fully in the Rev. D. G. Barron's *In Defence of the Regalia, 1651–52* (1910). Lady Ogilvy had assisted in smuggling away the royal insignia, helped by Mrs Grainger of Kinneff and her servant. The story is told in many different ways; Mr Barron is inclined to accept the statement that Grainger's servant carried off the regalia in a creel, covered with dulse and tangle. The report was circulated that the jewels were safely sent abroad, and that the king of France had received them. This lulled suspicions; but it is said that the daring lady died as the result of the persecutions she had endured. Keith, son of the Earl Marischal, who was absent at the time, got a pension of four hundred pounds and a peerage, he and his mother declaring to the king that they, and they alone, 'were responsible for saving the Scottish regalia.'

The Plantagenets, the Lancasters, the Tudors, and the Stuarts all rejoiced in a rich array of valuables in the nature of crown jewels. When in other days demands were made upon the royal resources, kings and queens were not slow in finding a way to pay their debts of honour. They emptied their precious treasure-chests at their own will and pleasure.

The abbots and monks of Westminster had charge of the regalia and coronation robes under a charter of Edward the Confessor, but in the reign of Henry VIII. the regalia were finally placed in the Tower. Our early kings had a habit of carrying their regalia with them, and so Henry V. wore his crown at Agincourt, and it is said to have saved his life from the Duc d'Alençon, who, however, chipped part of it off. Richard III. wore his crown in 1485 at Bosworth Field, where it was hidden in a hawthorn-bush, and found by Sir Reginald Bray. It was used to crown the Earl of Richmond, who was proclaimed Henry VII. on the spot by Lord Stanley. One of Stanley's badges was afterwards a red-berried hawthorn-bush, sometimes with a crown on it.

When Henry III. had a quarrel with his nobles he provided against any possible contingencies by making over the royal jewels and plate to the Queen of France. This foresight had its reward. When the successful rebellion of the barons depleted his purse, the French merchants made no trouble in giving the king an advance upon his valuables. He left the debt of redemption to his royal successor!

Edward I. was never reduced to the extremity of pawning his crown jewels. He ordered his affairs much too well for such a contingency to take place. He had four crowns—one set with emeralds, rubies, and pearls; another with Indian pearls only; a third set with emeralds and rubies; and, most valuable of all, the gold crown used at his coronation. This was ornamented with emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, rubies, and large Eastern pearls. His more costly treasures he deposited in Westminster Abbey; but the authorities there seem to have been a little remiss in their vigilance, for, taking advantage of King Edward's departure for Scotland in 1303, certain monks conceived burglarious ideas, and their associates broke into the treasure-chamber and took away several of the most valuable things to be found there. They obtained ready customers for their plunder in London, Colchester, and Northampton. They very wisely left the

crowns alone, and threw the consecration ring and the secret seal of Henry III. on the floor. And how patiently and well planned all their actions had been! They actually sowed hempseed in the Abbey cemetery four months before the burglary, calculating, of course, that the growth would be sufficiently well advanced, and that it would be a hiding-place for their booty! The abbot of Westminster, the sacristan, and forty-eight monks were committed to the Tower on suspicion of having directly or indirectly assisted in this daring raid on the royal treasures.

But Edward III. actually pawned the royal jewels. He gave them in pawn to the Flemings. When his grandson got possession of them again he consigned them to the Bishop of London and the Earl of Arundel as security against a sum of ten thousand pounds which he had been obliged to borrow. In Shakespeare will be found an allusion to an incident such as this. He makes the adherents of Bolingbroke say that the royal rebel returned to England to redeem from 'pawn the blemished crown.' Henry IV. managed to keep clear of the pawnbroker. But Henry V. did actually pawn some of his jewels. Yet it was for a great object. When he resolved to make good his claims in France, and settle those claims by the sword, he raised the necessary funds by pawning his 'rich collar,' valued at about two thousand eight hundred pounds. This he gave over to the keeping of the Mayor and Commonalty of London. The first part of his pawn this worthy monarch redeemed the year following, but other portions of the regalia were still abroad when His Majesty, the victor of Agincourt, died. His more unwarlike son, thanks to civil strife, was obliged to raise money on the crown jewels again and again, borrowing in 1439 the sum of seven thousand marks from his rich uncle the Cardinal-Bishop of Winchester.

The monarchs succeeding Henry VI. managed to keep clear of pawning or putting away the royal ornaments. Elizabeth, instead of borrowing, inclined to lending, and left behind her a large cupboard full of plate belonging to the House of Burgundy, which she held as security against money lent to the states of Brabant; and one of the very first things which James I. did after his arrival in London was to have an inventory made of the jewels and valuables left by Elizabeth. The Earl of Suffolk in this regard was asked to replace a quarter of a million's worth. He did not replace them, however, putting in a plea of condonation. Many valuable crowns, gold and otherwise, were inventoried by James; for instance, 'a great and rich jewel of gold, called the "Mirror of Great Britain," containing one very fair table diamond, one very fair table ruby, and two other large diamonds, cut lozenge-wise, garnished with smaller stones of the same size.' A splendid enamelled gold cup of the fourteenth century belonged to our kings from the time of Henry VI. until James I., who gave it away. It is not now among the regalia, but in the 'gold room' of the British Museum.

In 1617 James was very much displeased with the aldermen of London because they refused to advance him a hundred thousand pounds upon the crown jewels, that sum being wanted to defray a moiety of the cost of his royal progress into Scotland. He contrived, however, to raise sixty thousand pounds upon them. Just two years afterwards complaints were again heard of the shortness of money; but great difficulty was at this time experienced in getting the sinews of war. Master Peter Van Lore at last advanced to Royalty the sum of eighteen thousand pounds on certain crown jewels.

In 1623, when Prince Charles went to Spain to woo the Infanta, it is said he took from the Tower treasure valued at six hundred thousand pounds. Charles I. followed the steps of James, borrowing and raising money on every conceivable insignia. He overhauled the Jewel-House in the first year of his reign. It was in vain that Sir Henry Mildmay said that the king should consult with his council on the advisability of this step. (Sir Henry Mildmay, we may mention, was Master of the Jewel-House.) But under a warrant of the Great Seal he authorised the pledging of the royal treasure on the ground that 'there were too many both in the court and the kingdom who looked upon the Duke's (Buckingham) proceedings with more than a curious eye.' His Majesty heeded no remonstrances from within or without, and pledged all the jewels in his care when occasion, or seeming occasion, arose.

In 1644 the Commons ordered the king's plate in the Tower to be melted down and coined, to which the Lords made strong remonstrance. It was ordered on 9th August 1649 that the regalia should be delivered to the 'trustees for the sale of the goods of the late king, who are to cause the same to be totally broken, and that they melt down all the gold and silver, and sell the jewels to the best advantage of the Commonwealth.' This included the crown of the king and queen, two coronation bracelets, and two sceptres. In the list of items destroyed was 'a gold wyer-work crown with little bells,' which is there said to have belonged to King Alfred, probably the first English king for whom the ceremony of coronation was used.

The story of Colonel Blood—rewarded, by the way, for stealing—is too long a tale, but we may give it shortly. The keeper of the regalia during the reign of Charles II. was an old and confidential servant of Sir Gilbert Talbot. His name was Talbot Edwards. Edwards, with his wife and daughter, dwelt in the domestic apartments adjoining the treasure-house. About three weeks before the attempt was made to steal the jewels, Blood came to the Tower of London

attired as a parson, bringing with him a woman whom he called his wife. This pretended wife desired to see the crown, and after she had seen it she appeared to be taken ill. Edwards the keeper sent for his wife, who invited the lady to rest in their private rooms. Blood, in gratitude, afterwards brought a present for Mrs Edwards; and on their becoming more friendly he proposed to bring a wealthy nephew to make a match between him and her pretty daughter. All was arranged. The nephew came at the appointed time, attended by his uncle and other friends. They left their horses at St Catherine's Gate, and walked through the Tower to the Jewel-House. The parson asked if his nephew could be shown the regalia, which Edwards consented to do. The door was hardly closed before a cloak was put over the keeper and a gag placed in his mouth, and then he was told the true position of affairs. The pretended parson was Colonel Blood, of Irish ancestry and turbulent disposition. Edwards resisted manfully, but the old man was beaten down, stabbed, and terribly hurt; and was only saved by the opportune arrival of his son from Flanders. Young Edwards and Captain Beckman pursued and captured Blood and his fellow-conspirator Parrot, and recovered the stolen jewels. Charles, rather sympathetic with boldness, laughed at the 'cheeky rascal,' and Colonel Blood made use of some pretty compliments which awoke the king's more merciful feelings. An epigram by a witty lord of Charles's court puts it thus:

> Blood that wears treason in his face,
> Villain complete in parson's gown,
> How much he is at court in grace,
> For stealing Ormond and the crown!
> Since loyalty does no man good,
> Let 's steal the king, and settle Blood!

Owing to the Commonwealth dealings with the regalia already alluded to, it was the new set of crown jewels Blood attempted to steal. There are few of these relics now in existence of an earlier date than the time of Charles II. The crown jewels in the Tower were removed from Martin Tower in 1867, and deposited in Wakefield Tower, now brilliantly illuminated with electric light. In November 1841 the great fire which had broken out in the Bowyer Tower destroyed the armoury and one hundred and fifty thousand stand of small arms. It raged up to the Martin Tower, and Pierce, a superintendent of police, with the aid of the keeper, Edward Leuthal Swifte, broke open the iron bars with a crowbar, and carried the jewels away to a place of safety.

THE LAST SHOT AT BODH GAYA.

CHAPTER III.

IN the barracks Colonel Taylor sat surrounded by the senior officers of the garrison. Though it was now twenty-four hours since the plans had been stolen, nothing had occurred to disturb the apparent serenity of the position. Calm reigned, a calm almost overcharged in its sense of peace. No sign had come from the thousands who were gathered in the jungle, determined that Bodh Gaya, the sacred city, should be the first to be recovered to the people of India, to the governance and religion of their forefathers.

Each of the officers present knew of the theft of the plans and upon whom suspicion rested. The intelligence had even leaked out, undenied and unconfirmed, amongst the civilians in Bodh Gaya. It spoke well for Lieutenant Denvers that, even with the evidence against him, his fellow-officers still believed in his honour.

'I made a careful survey of Denvers's rooms to-day.' Amid a tense silence Colonel Taylor fumbled in his coat-pocket, and drew from it a slip of blue paper. 'In the pocket of his service-jacket I found this.' He held it up for inspection. Every man present knew the paper, and to what it had belonged. There was a stain upon it which all remembered. From some one there escaped a heavy sigh.

Colonel Taylor slowly replaced it in his pocket-book. 'If it is true—and the evidence is damning—I could almost wish he may never leave the jungle alive.'

'He will not go to Behar,' said one.

'No, he will not go there,' assented the colonel.

That night the first shot was fired. At midnight a fusillade broke out upon the sentries who guarded the eastern side of the town.

Colonel Taylor had slept in the barracks for some nights. At the sound of the first shot he leapt to his feet. The hour had come. Within fifty minutes he had gathered his men, in the cold darkness of the barrack-square. Many were still heavy-eyed with the sleep from which they had been awakened. A few words to them, and he led them to the defence of the eastern walls.

All through the night the fighting continued. From the jungle there came the hoarse shouts of the natives. A volley of shots, and under cover of their smoke hundreds of white-robed figures threw themselves against the bayonets of the defenders.

An hour's fighting, and Colonel Taylor's last hope was exploded. The tactics of the mutineers told him only too plainly that the plans had fallen into their hands.

With the return of daylight the natives retired, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field.

Letting the soldiers snatch a few hours' sleep where they were, Colonel Taylor rode back to the barracks to get a short rest, the last he might be able to take for days. He entered his room, to find Mr Leveson awaiting him. The civilian shook hands with him gravely. He was a tall, handsome man, with a courage and capabilities which would have made a fine soldier had he not decided upon a civilian's life.

'This is bad news,' he said slowly; 'but we have weathered the first blow, struck in the dark. I called to see if we civilians couldn't help you in some way. There are three hundred of us here who are good shots. Surely we can do something for the women and children.'

'I shall be glad of the assistance of every man,' said the colonel.

'I'll see to it during the morning.' Mr Leveson hesitated. 'There is a rumour in the town. The plans of the fortifications are stolen.'

Colonel Taylor nodded in silence.

'And one officer's name is coupled with the treachery—Denvers! It isn't true?'

'If he comes back from Behar, he will have to stand his court-martial,' said the colonel wearily. He knew he could implicitly trust the man before him, so he told Mr Leveson of the piece of paper.

There was pain on Mr Leveson's face, and he used the words so many had uttered when they first heard: 'I can't believe it. I was so fond of the fellow. He was a trifle hot-headed, but so open and honest. He used to come to our house a lot. I thought he and Sibyl were rather fond of one another, and I used to let him come, knowing it. Now!'

'If he comes back he will have to answer for his life. There can only be one penalty.'

Mr Leveson walked to the door. 'I'll leave you now. You want some sleep. You can rest assured that as soon as it is light I shall start inaugurating the Bodh Gaya Volunteers. They'll be an enthusiastic lot of men, if no more.'

In the corner of Colonel Taylor's room stood a couch. As soon as his visitor had left, the colonel flung himself down upon it. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

He was awakened by an orderly, who brought him a cup of coffee and a roll. 'There is no news, Turner?' he said.

'No, sir,' replied the man, with a smile; 'the lesson we gave them was enough for one night.'

Colonel Taylor motioned the man to withdraw.

In a few minutes he returned. 'Miss Leveson wants to know if she may speak to you for a moment, sir.'

'Ah!' Colonel Taylor hesitated. He feared women as he feared nothing else, and he instinctively knew the reason why she had called to see him. 'Yes,' he said after a pause, 'you can show her in.'

A few seconds and she entered. There was a look of sorrow on her face. 'I must apologise for troubling you, Colonel Taylor,' she said; 'but I have heard the news, and I felt I must come and see you. Dick hasn't done this thing?'

The colonel paused, trying to frame an answer which should be both truthful and satisfactory to her.

'You don't believe it,' she said.

'My dear Miss Leveson,' said the colonel, choosing his words carefully, 'we must believe him innocent until his guilt has been proved. It's the least we can do for a man who has shown himself the soul of honour.'

The girl took comfort from the words. 'Thank you,' she said; 'it will make no difference to me. I shall believe in him until the end, because'——

The colonel laid a fatherly hand upon her shoulder. 'Because you are a woman, my dear. It is women such as you who find the best there is in us poor frail men.' He led her to the door, and walked down the passage with her. 'We must remember,' he said, 'that although every one else may think he is guilty, there are two people who believe in his innocence.'

'You do not think he did this thing, then?' she asked eagerly.

'I shall believe in his innocence as I should believe in that of my son or my brother. But that is for your own ears, and yours only. As colonel of the regiment I must have an unbiassed mind when the time comes.'

'Thank you,' said Sibyl Leveson. 'I feel now that I can go back and face the world.'

The colonel walked slowly back to his room. 'Poor girl!' he murmured to himself.

All through the day peace reigned around Bodh Gaya. The sun shone down upon a jungle beautiful in its majesty, in its blending of shades and colours. The day might have followed any night had it not been for the white-robed figures which lay still and motionless outside the walls and the stretchers hurrying with their burdens to the improvised hospital.

Sibyl Leveson was amongst those of the women who had enrolled themselves as nurses at a moment's notice. The sight of suffering had brought to the surface all that was most womanly in her character. It shone in her eyes, that inherent sympathy which is the most precious attribute of the feminine nature, and it showed in every action.

Accompanying a stretcher-party, Carluke met her. The sight of her in a plain gray dress, with the badge of mercy upon her arm, raised in his heart the nearest approach to love that such a man could feel. A wild longing to possess her surged through him, and he controlled himself with difficulty. 'Yes, a bad

case!' he said. 'The poor fellow's shot through both legs.'

The girl motioned the men to carry their burden into the ward, where three young surgeons, clad in long white coats, their arms bare to the elbow, were working unceasingly.

One of the wounded man's hands was hanging down below the covering which hid the mangled body from view.

Sibyl Leveson looked at it. 'War is a terrible thing,' she said. She was thinking of the man who was fighting his way to Behar, carrying his life in his hands, so that she and those who were with her might be saved.

'Yes,' said Carluke; 'but it is then that men such as I can be of use.' He spoilt the good impression he might have made by a straining after effect. 'And we may have more fighting at any moment. I must go back.'

Sibyl Leveson said nothing; she let him go without a word, for she knew there would be no fighting that day; and she mentally compared the man who had just spoken with the one who had gone to Behar.

With darkness the firing recommenced, and the intervening space between the jungle and the town became alive with figures. Out of the darkness their shadows came like an irrepressible wave, while the air was hideous with their cries.

Quietly encouraging, commanding, Colonel Taylor rushed everywhere; wherever the fight was thickest stood his gray-haired figure.

With daylight there came another lull, and he stood by the eastern gate. By his side was Mr Leveson. The Bodh Gaya Volunteers had done good service during the night.

'Leveson,' said the colonel, 'I will have some rooms got ready in the barracks for the women at once. It will be safer.'

Mr Leveson nodded. 'Thank you,' he said. He was thinking of his own child.

For four nights the fight continued, while the garrison at Bodh Gaya was slowly but fearfully depleted. The hospital was filled to overflowing. In the shade of the walls stood a row of stretchers bearing those patiently waiting their turn for attention.

It had been four nights of anxiety for all. For forty-eight hours Colonel Taylor, like many another, had not closed his eyes.

On the fifth morning dawn came to show a wild, fanatical army, thousands strong, before the walls. Tired and worn, the soldiers were fighting almost mechanically. The rifles were hot in their hands. The maxims, spitting forth their message, appeared to make no impression upon the hordes at which they were directed. Whenever a man fell a dozen rushed into his place. The most fearless were already scaling the walls, pushed forward by those behind.

Colonel Taylor watched it all. 'My God!' he said, 'how much longer can it last?'

At any moment the wall might be stormed. At last there was a wild rush, and a hundred white-robed figures were over, dealing death to those around them.

Gathering together a few men, the Colonel rushed to meet them. He knew the end was near, for the defence had been broken. A despair was in the colonel's heart. He fought like a man possessed, but for the first time in his long career like a man without hope.

Suddenly the crowd before the walls wavered. Their shots grew fewer, and a silence had taken the place of their wild cries. A last hope came to Colonel Taylor. If Denvers had gone to Behar, his return might be expected at any moment. It was apparent that a hesitation, amounting almost to fear, had taken possession of the natives. Through his glasses he could see the leaders gathered together.

Suddenly he realised the cause. Where the jungle was lightest, and it was easiest for a horse to pick its way, there poured forth a small force of cavalry—a handful of men compared to the hordes against which they were pitted—but amongst them, in the foremost rank, there rode five hundred of the soldiers most feared in India, that regiment which has carved for itself a name which no other regiment has ever earned—the Guides. At their head he saw the close-cropped, curly head of Denvers. He was an ideal leader for such as followed him. They rode at the natives at a hard gallop, driving them before their swords like chaff before the wind.

For a moment they were lost in the vast hordes. Then the colonel saw them emerge triumphant, saw Denvers wheel his horse round, lead them back, and through the white, seething mass again.

The natives wavered, then broke, scattering and flying in all directions. With a ringing British cheer the Guides followed them.

Then it was, the danger past, that Colonel Taylor rode to the hospital. He smiled as Sibyl Leveson hurried towards him. There was a look of expectancy on her face. She had already heard rumours of the news.

'The troops have come from Behar,' said the colonel, 'and he has led them.'

'Where is he now?' she asked eagerly.

'A rising such as the last few days have seen needs a salutary lesson, and he is giving it to them.' He took the girl's hand in his. 'It is moments such as these which make life worth living for young people like you—eh?'

An hour later Denvers led the Guides into Bodh Gaya. He stopped before the colonel and dismounted. His first remark was very typical of the man: 'I might have got them here an hour sooner, but still I was in time.'

'But you were not a moment too soon.' Colonel Taylor pointed to a staring gap in the walls.

Denvers laughed slightly. Then his eyes wandered to the Guides. 'They are a splendid body of men,' he said. 'It is an honour to have led them for once, and I shall never forget to-day.'

Wild though the enthusiasm was at his arrival, Denvers noticed a something, a reticence, about the manner of every one who spoke to him which had never been present before. He walked into the barracks, where Colonel Taylor was gathered in the mess-room with a group of officers. The fighting had been hard, and they were one and all eating ravenously. At a corner of the table, by himself, stood Carluke. Denvers nodded to him as he passed.

Carluke involuntarily shivered, and his face went white. He was thinking of that slip of paper which he had placed in the pocket of the man who had come scatheless through the thousand-to-one chance, and who now stood before him; and he was wondering into whose hands that slip had fallen.

Denvers strode up to Colonel Taylor, refusing the meat and drink which was offered to him. 'Colonel,' he said, 'something has happened since I have been away. There is a difference everywhere. What is it?'

For a moment the colonel hesitated. 'You remember the day you went away. You came to see me in the morning. We left my room together; then you returned for your gloves. Do you remember?'

'Yes,' said Denvers.

The eyes of every one in the room were fixed upon the two, and the next moment Carluke knew into whose hands the slip of paper had fallen.

'Did you take anything else?' asked the colonel.

'No. Why?' There was a look of astonishment on Denvers's face.

'The safe in my room was open—it was a piece of carelessness on my part—and two hours later I discovered that the plans of the fortifications had been taken away. I have since found out that they were sold to a certain native.'

'You do not think I did that?' said Denvers hotly. 'Should I have risked my life going to Behar if I had been a traitor?'

At that moment the door opened, and a figure dressed in gray passed amongst the silent men. She stepped to Denvers's side and linked her arm in his. Mr Leveson, who stood in the room, was a good judge of his fellow-creatures, and the last few moments had shown him that Denvers was no traitor. He smiled softly at the incident, though the woman who had shown her love for the accused man was his own child.

'No, I do not think so,' said the colonel; 'but I found this in the pocket of your service-jacket. Do you know what it is?' He drew from his own pocket a slip of blue paper.

Denvers reeled. 'You found that in my pocket? It is a piece of the plans, but I know nothing about it.'

Providence, Destiny, call it what you will, is a great dramatist. For a moment there was silence, a heavy, tense silence, suddenly broken by the sound of voices outside the mess-room.

The door opened, and there entered, weak and tottering, a soldier on either side supporting him, Rami Khan. At sight of the man he had left for dead Carluke staggered, his face went a ghastly white, and his eyes turned towards the open door. Between him and it there stood a dozen men. With a mighty effort he controlled his impulse to rush past them to freedom.

Slowly Rami Khan walked up the room. The eyes of every one had left the little group of three and were fixed upon him. Instinctively every man felt he played some great part in the drama being enacted before them.

'Sahib,' said Rami Khan in a weak voice, 'I have a tale to tell.'

Briefly he told his story of the sight he had seen in the jungle, of the slip of blue paper which had been passed between two men, and the notes which had been taken in exchange; of how the man had seen him, pursued him, and flung him to his death.

Those present listened in silence.

'Is the man who did these things here?' asked Colonel Taylor when he had finished.

Rami Khan glanced around the room, and his eyes rested upon Carluke. 'Yes, sahib,' he said.

'And his name?' asked the colonel in hard, level tones.

'It is Lieutenant Carluke, sahib.'

Carluke leapt forward. 'It is a lie—an infernal lie!' he shouted. He looked around for sympathy, for belief, and he saw neither on any man's face.

'Before God,' he shouted, 'it is a lie! May He kill me if I am not speaking the truth!' His voice had risen to almost a shriek.

Many of the rebels had fled into Bodh Gaya at the wild rush of the Guides, to hide themselves among the buildings and fire upon any solitary person whom they saw.

Carluke stood with his back to a long window. Almost before he had ceased speaking there was the sound of a shot, followed by the tinkling of broken glass. He staggered, then rolled on to the floor.

The colonel leapt forward and knelt beside him. The bullet had entered his lung, and there was no hope. Even as he knelt down he could see that the prostrate form was gasping out its last breath.

'Carluke,' he said, 'you are going; nothing

can save you. For the sake of the Maker upon whom you called, tell the truth now.'

Carluke spoke with difficulty. Each word was one of agony. 'Yes,' he murmured, 'I took the papers, and I—put—that—slip—in—Denvers's—pocket.' Then he rolled over on his side. He had made recompense for his sins.

The colonel rose, and crossed to Denvers's side, hands outstretched. 'God bless you both!' he said.

The men crowded around Denvers.

But he had ears and eyes for only one person. He turned to the girl by his side, and bending down, kissed her. 'For your sake, dear, I am glad,' he said, 'for you came to me in the moments of doubt.'

THE END.

LIAN-TI-SHAN.

WE are, as I write this, steaming along in a north-westerly course close to the Lian-ti-shan promontory. We are some ten miles off the land; but with the aid of a good telescope all its chief features are distinctly visible.

Lian-ti-shan—or the Old Iron Mountain, as the Chinese call it—stands at the south-western corner of the circle of hills surrounding Port Arthur. It is practically on the extreme end of the Kwang-Tung peninsula, and, being fifteen hundred feet high, forms the most prominent feature of a barren and desolate-looking coast-line. A solitary gun perched on its highest part, and pointing out over the sea in mute defiance, remains as a relic of the battery which was erected by the Russians on the mountain with the idea of preventing the Japanese men-of-war from bombarding the town of Port Arthur from under the cover of the land.

The rugged slopes of the mountain itself, destitute of all vegetation, and bathed in the rosy stream of the setting sun, form a picture which impresses one with its terrible grandeur. It could not be called beautiful, as the foreground—the mud-coloured water of the Gulf of Pechili—has not enough life or colour in it to show off the dull grays and purples of the coast it encircles.

It is a dead calm, and the monotonous glassiness of the water is only broken by the brown sail of an occasional junk and by a few touches of crimson reflected from the glory of the dying sun. The sky has little colour in it, and, except at the spot where the sun is setting in its vivid halo of scarlet and orange, is of a dull, uniform gray. A particularly black and heavy-looking cloud is poised over Lian-ti-shan itself, and the rugged mountain looks as if it were in mourning for the vast number of men who have died in its vicinity.

Monotonous as this picture is, there is still something about it that holds one's thoughts; and as it is not its actual beauty, it must be its associations that have this effect. In the dim distance, and behind the lower portion of the promontory, a series of hills are visible. These, with the aid of a glass, resolve themselves into the well-known shapes of 203 Mètre Hill, Akasakayama, and the 174 Mètre Range, all well known to those who have studied the siege of Port Arthur. These dull-purple battle-grounds, although they look ordinary and commonplace enough from here, have associations which render them famous. The wholesale slaughter that took place in their vicinity during the war of 1904–5 has made their names memorable as one of the greatest battlefields of modern times.

Although the fighting in this particular locality was more severe than at any other place, the whole of the Kwang-Tung peninsula was in reality one vast battlefield. Practically every hill is pitted with shell-craters and every boulder is splashed by bullets. An observer stationed on the summit of Lian-ti-shan during the eventful period between January 1904 and the same month of the following year would have witnessed a series of scenes which would have given him an excellent opportunity of forming realistic impressions of the terrible grandeur of modern war. He would have seen the sinking of the Russian battleship *Petropavlovsk*, when one of the few efficient sailors that Russia produced in the Far East, Admiral Makarov, was drowned. He would have witnessed the storming and capture of 203 Mètre Hill and of many other positions too numerous to mention. Every night during the earlier months of the war he would have seen the blue-white rays of the searchlights slowly sweeping the harbour entrance; a burst of wild firing would herald the approach of Admiral Togo's blocking vessels, and the vivid flashes of the guns would illuminate the blackness of the night and the snow-clad slopes of the neighbouring hills with momentary flashes of rosy light. He would have seen the irresistible but gradual advance of the Japanese army, and the result of their valour as hill after hill and position after position passed into their hands. Everywhere he would have seen the blue saltire of St Andrew gradually being pressed back as the Rising Sun banner pursued its victorious progress.

Far away out at sea the dull shapes of Admiral Togo's battleships, staining the sky with their black smoke, would have been visible. Inside them again there would be a cordon of cruisers and destroyers zealously guarding all the means of exit from the doomed fortress. Turning his

eyes to the harbour of Port Arthur itself, the observer would have seen the Russian fleet totally unable, through lack of training, efficient leadership, and *morale*, to cope with the victorious Japanese. He would have seen these ships starting out for the memorable battle of August 10, and their return the following morning with the gaping holes in their sides, testifying to the superiority of the Japanese gunnery. He would have noticed with dismay the total inactivity of this collection of ships and their ultimate bombardment and destruction by the Japanese land forces. Think of it! Think of a squadron cooped up inside a harbour, afraid to go out and fight their battle, and being slowly but surely destroyed by land artillery! The watcher would have been amply repaid for the trouble of watching; and he could not but have been impressed by this display, so dazzling in all its splendour and horror.

Although he would not be able to see it, men were dying horrible deaths every minute—blown to pieces by shells or hand-grenades, or being frozen to death in icy water. To him, watching from so great a height, it would all seem so futile, and the proverb, 'He who sees men dancing far off, and cannot hear the music to which they dance, must think them mad,' would seem to him to be very true.

And yet, when one looks at this historic place Port Arthur, which since 1894 has been twice captured by the same people from a different enemy in the short space of ten years, one cannot fail to be impressed with a sense of the honour due to the brave Japanese and their gallant foe. The town of Port Arthur stands, as it were, in a huge circular basin surrounded on all sides by hills except at its sea-front. It has enormous natural strength if defended properly, and on looking at it one wonders how it was ever captured. For the first time in modern history modern weapons were pitted against permanent fortifications, and with what result? The fire of the Japanese did not destroy the forts to any great extent, and the positions were only captured after months, by what was practically hand-to-hand fighting. The terrific shell-fire did not even render the forts untenable, as the infantry found to their cost when they advanced to the assault. The procedure of the siege was exactly the same as it was a century ago, although, of course, the rifle was used instead of the musket, and the long-range howitzer and field-gun instead of their short-ranged counterparts of a hundred years before.

Months of weary sapping against permanent fortifications, the final mine laid under the counterscarp of the fort, the explosion, and the desperate rush of the infantry in close formation to the attack were all exactly the same as they were in the time of Napoleon. It only shows that the method of conducting a siege where both opponents are determined must, and always must, remain the same.

Port Arthur, the place where the empires of China, Russia, and Japan have lost so many of their soldiers, stands alone in the history of the world as regards the awful ferocity of its fighting. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that one gazes at the place with a certain spell-bound interest. It has passed through troublous times, and Lian-ti-shan raises its mighty head as an everlasting monument to the souls of thousands of human beings who have died in its vicinity.

War seems so very futile that one wonders why civilised human beings should descend to such a means of settling their disputes. It is an evil, however, which may take long to eradicate, and whilst arbitration may, we hope, succeed it, the old primal fighting instinct of man himself will always assert itself, and will continue so long as this world of ours continues in existence.

THE INDIAN BORROWER.

By 'BAHADUR.'

IT is the easiest thing in the world to get into debt in India. It is also remarkably difficult to get out of it. Perhaps this is true of most countries, but in India the facilities for running into debt are superb. It is not true, however, that every one in India, from the Government down to the coolie, is in debt. There are three hundred millions of people, and thousands of them are not in debt. Amongst the latter are many European and native officials, the money-lenders, the beggars, the Parsees, the great merchants, the missionaries, many lawyers, and some native chiefs. Of Lamb's two races of mankind—the men who borrow and the men who lend—the great race is ubiquitous in India. Debt pervades the atmosphere as does the sunlight; it is endemic, like famine and snake-bite.

The agricultural population, numbering over two hundred millions, are nearly all in debt. The majority of the great army of clerks—baboos of every shade of colour—are in debt. All menials owe money, except perhaps an occasional chuprassie or peon, described by the immortal Ali Baba as 'the high-priest of extortioners, the receiver-general of bribes.' The mass of the students and their relatives are in debt. The myriads of landless labourers, the most hopeless class in India, are in debt until they secure their next meal through labour or famine-relief. The small traders are mostly in debt. The artisans

cannot begin or end a job until they have borrowed the wherewithal, and the creditor keeps them alive until the job is finished. The money-lender feeds the cultivator until the next harvest is reaped. The Government's accountants-general are the money-lenders' debt-collectors, paying out to hosts of harassed officials the monthly remnants of their salaries. The revenue officials make advances, take rents by instalments, and when famine threatens to kill off their clients, generously remit their dues until better days come. The mortgagee waxes fat everywhere; all the forces of British law and administration have, until lately, combined to work on his behalf.

In India money-lending is one of the first of professions; it is the universal witness to the stability of British rule; it is the surest testimony to the *pax Britannica*. Every one wants to lend, for every one wants to borrow. It is a paradox, a phenomenon, a problem. If the village schoolmaster, earning ten shillings a month, can save a shilling, he dreams of setting himself up as a money-lender. If an office menial has had a good season in the matter of bribes, he lends the proceeds at 200 per cent., or utilises them to negotiate a fresh loan. The schools and colleges are full of youths who represent borrowed capital; they are unworked gold-mines which are to bring wealth to the joint family that starve themselves while waiting for the rich output of a Government appointment. If the mine yields no profit the disaster withers the hopes of half a hundred people, and the echoes of their despair reverberate through a score of villages. Amongst all classes the money-lender is recognised as a prime necessity of the State. Sometimes he is execrated as a disease, a canker-worm, an incubus; more generally he is accepted as a social requirement, an economic instrument, a valuable political agent.

The British Government in India has not ignored the problem. There are regulations intended to check those of its officials who have a propensity for borrowing, the landholder is now hampered in his efforts to mortgage his fields, the redemption of mortgages is being facilitated, co-operative credit societies and agricultural banks are being sedulously fostered, the post-office savings-banks have been developed, life-insurance through official agency is being encouraged, sound banking facilities are being extended, and the Government has itself become a generous money-lender under reasonable conditions. But among 90 per cent. of the people the impulse to borrow on any terms is practically as strong as ever.

Though borrowing flourishes gaily under British rule, it cannot in fairness be attributed to any particular form of administration. The ancient laws of Manu dealt with it; Chandragupta and Harsha tackled it; the great Akbar failed over it. It is in a sense an outcome of the fundamental structure of the Indian mind, just as gambling (also regulated by the laws of Manu) undoubtedly is. Writing at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Abbé Dubois said: 'It must be borne in mind that most Hindus, when they borrow money, do so with the lurking hope that circumstances will arise, or that they will think of some expedient, by which they will be able to elude payment.' It would be more charitable, and probably more correct, to say that the Indian borrower's strongest instinct is to let the future take care of itself. It is, as Lamb pointed out, this primitive instinct which everywhere marks the 'infinite superiority' of the great race of borrowers.

In thus viewing India as a land of borrowers we do not, therefore, disparage the Government, nor do we disparage the people. India is an empire of agriculturists, and credit is everywhere regarded as an essential factor of agriculture. It is even argued from statistics that the indebtedness of Indian cultivators is probably smaller than that of Europeans in the same position. We are here concerned not so much with the economic fact that the agricultural population of India is heavily, almost hopelessly, indebted, as with the psychological facts that the impulse to borrow should be so prevalent amongst all classes, and that the responsibility of debt should be so readily incurred and its terrors so lightly esteemed. For the lot of the Indian debtor has never been an easy one, judged by Western standards. In India the bankrupt has never been able to fatten at the expense of his creditors, as he may sometimes do in more enterprising parts of the world. Before the days of British rule the descendants of a debtor were responsible for his debts, even unto the fifth or sixth generation. In those days the lowest rate of interest was 12 per cent., and 50 or even 100 per cent. was not uncommon. There were fraudulent debtors for whom torture alone was the recognised treatment, and the hopelessly insolvent went to prison to linger out their lives. Even at the present day there are remote native states where debtors are imprisoned at headquarters, no provision being made for their food; the relatives are left to supply this as long as they see fit. And for the debtor who was amenable to coercion there were various other methods of extorting payment; the best-known of these was the *dharna*. By this procedure the creditor simply seated himself at the debtor's door, and there remained without tasting food until his demands were satisfied; he might even threaten to mutilate or kill himself if his money were not forthcoming. A further refinement was the method of private arrest, whereby the creditor could forbid his debtor to eat or drink without his permission, the creditor being himself bound to fast at the same time. If this did not succeed, each would sit with a heavy weight on his head, or stand on one foot, or walk about till he was exhausted. Under a burning sun

such methods were generally effectual, and terms were quickly arranged.

This practice of *dharna* is, of course, similar to the old Irish custom of 'fasting upon' a debtor to God or man, the procedure attributed to St Patrick in his endeavour to win over an unbelieving king of Ireland. In India it was applied even to defaulting chiefs, notably the Maharajah Sindhia in 1808; and we read of a chief of Kathiawar whose debtors hacked themselves in his presence, and dashed out the brains of their own womenfolk against his palace gates.

Officially, *dharna* is extinct in India. Macaulay's penal code has made it impossible in the old crude forms; but it survives in many insidious ways for the legitimate recovery of debts, to say nothing of its numerous adaptations to the purposes of the begging fraternities, which might almost be classified according to their systems of extortion. The law-abiding creditor can often influence his brotherhood in their dealings with his debtor; the trader can make the postman do *dharna* for him by bombarding his client with daily reminders; the bill-collector can sit for hours daily in the veranda or at the gate; every trade-guild acts as a 'trades protection association;' the defaulter's joint family connections are individually and collectively treated as co-sharers in his offence; in these and other ways the screw can be relentlessly applied without appeal to the law-courts.

But under British administration a litigious spirit is growing rapidly and finding ample scope for exercise, and the modern *dharna* will surely follow the old into extinction. Going to law has become what dice-throwing was to the early Hindu or cock-fighting to the medieval Mughal; under present conditions it is one of the few respectable forms of gambling left open to the people. Yet the law has few terrors for the debtor; it is even thought that the general prosperity and security under British rule serve merely to enhance the borrower's credit and to facilitate his getting into debt. The money-lenders of to-day do not need to fix low rates of interest to attract clients; in Madras the rate is 9 to 18 per cent., in Bombay 15 to 55, in the Central Provinces 18 to 25, in Bengal 12 to 75, in Eastern Bengal 24 to 75, in the United Provinces 37½, and in Burma 35 to 60. These are official figures, and in individual cases very much higher rates are charged.

Clearly people who borrow at these rates are either in great straits or they have little notion of careful money-dealing. The latter is the more general explanation; but both causes often operate together. Yet not always; the Indian borrower is not necessarily in serious financial difficulties. Though he no longer borrows in order to divert suspicion from his buried hoards, he will often borrow not according to his needs but according to his opportunities. Sometimes ostentation is the motive, for the big borrower is a man of social status. But on the whole an easy indifference to the future explains the action of the great majority. Thrift, as understood in the West, is a habit that the mass of the Indian people have still to learn. Of the agricultural classes Sir J. D. Rees, in *The Real India*, writes: 'When the peasant grasps the idea of putting a penny by for a rainless day a great advance will have been made; but the habit of centuries has not as yet been weakened.' To evolve the new and better habit is the task on which the Government is engaged. In the meantime, the new co-operative societies, established with the help and countenance of Government, will lend money at comparatively low rates, varying from 6¼ to 18¾ per cent.; and for this boon many a struggling worker has good reason to be thankful.

It need hardly be remarked that though the law of Islam forbids usury and most of the money-lending is in the hands of Hindus, the great race of borrowers recognises no 'impertinent distinctions' between Hindus, Mohammedans, Sikhs, native Christians, Eurasians, and Europeans. The poor native Christian is too often tempted to live beyond his means, and the money-lender may elude the vigilant eye of the missionary. The thriftless Eurasian falls an easy prey, and the 'mean white' does not escape. The Anglo-Indian, that bird of passage, is in general made of sterner stuff; but even he does not always cut his coat according to his cloth. Fortunately the European banker is not a blood-sucker, and is willing to help those of his race who in the early stages of their career have not grasped the one great economic truth that largely determines their lot in India—that the Indian rupee, despite its seductive resemblance to the substantial florin, is worth less in the spending than the English shilling.

Incidentally we may note how the Indian borrower sometimes fares on British soil, where his credit is small indeed. The recent report of the committee appointed by Parliament to deal with the subject of distressed Colonial and Indian subjects shows how often the Indian student is sent to this country with the help of funds advanced by the native money-lender or by some patriotic association. Many of these youths, some twelve or thirteen hundred in number, have no conception of the cost of English living, and too often there is a request for further supplies, which are not readily forthcoming. It is small wonder that, to quote the committee's report, 'some of them have been driven to pitiable straits in their efforts to make a living; one of them, an educated man, an undergraduate, acted as a showman to a tea company, and stood in front of the doors as an advertisement.' An unforeseen or unsuccessful lawsuit, the failure of the monsoon, or other misfortune, followed by a fruitless appeal to the native banker, may bring the poor student to the verge of destitution. When relief comes to him

it is often too late to prevent an anti-English bitterness that bodes ill for his future. To meet this difficult situation the Government has adopted remedial measures, the effect of which cannot yet be estimated; but it is in India, not in Britain, that the most effectual remedy is to be found.

The limited use of money in the financial transactions of the Indian people has an important bearing on the question of their indebtedness. There are millions to whom money as a medium of exchange is still practically unknown; they do not handle money at all. They are paid in kind, they pay in kind, their few rupees serve as ornaments for their wives and daughters, and a gold coin to them would be a jewel beyond price. In fact, the sovereign has as yet hardly made its way into the interior of India; 'gold coins represent too great a value for ordinary Indian transactions.' Even amongst the non-agriculturists credit is largely the basis of transaction, and little coin is carried except on a journey. Commercial book-keeping has in consequence attained a degree of elaboration unknown in the West. Even the smallest shopkeeper—nay, the sweetmeat-seller at the street corner—has to keep detailed accounts. The uncouth characters and methods of computation employed by the native merchant are beyond the understanding of most of his customers, and his temptations to fraud are great. Here again the Government has stepped in, and instruction on these points is now given in many village schools. But as a rule the merchant's books can be made to prove anything, and even in a court of law it is impossible to check them effectually. Moreover, the village money-lender is also the village storekeeper, and his advances are made largely in kind; if he offers inferior cloth or old and dirty seed-grain, who shall say him nay?

Yet, after all, as Mr Yusuf Ali says in his *Life and Labour in India*, 'the money-lender's assistance in the smooth running of the wheels of agricultural economy is most valuable; and if he is occasionally prone to cheat, it is not that he is worse than his fellow-villagers, but that he has more opportunities, and makes full use of them.' To his credit be it said, he has in some cases given active help to the new co-operative societies, and there is hope in official quarters that he may in time find it advantageous to deal with village associations rather than with individuals. Even the richer classes are becoming less apathetic towards co-operation, and as new industries arise a smaller proportion of the population will be at the mercy of the seasons and of the money-lender who battens on famine. The spread of education, the extension of railways and canals, the improvement of agriculture, the development of trade and manufactures, the increasing mobility of labour, the expansion of self-government, the curtailment of rash expenditure on ceremonial observances, the growing popularity of savings-banks—all of these things point to a gradual crumbling of the colossal structure of indebtedness that has so long oppressed India.

A DREAM OF MOROCCO.

TO C. H. H.

NIGHT draws her misty shroud o'er land and sea,
The drowsy city's hum comes to me through the rain,
Sleep brings across the clouds a southern dream—
The voices of the desert call again!

Behind our boat of dreams Europa's Point
Rises in changeless grandeur o'er blue depths below;
Line upon line of peaks before us touch the sky,
Deep shades across their summits come and go.

Across a fairy sea the laughing breeze
Bears our dream-ship into the southern haze;
White minarets and domes rise through the quivering air,
Tangier, mysterious Desert Gate, on you we gaze!

Why is it that your witching voice
Calls to us when the northern world is cold and dead?
Why do the desert voices whisper wistfully?
At home so long ago the swallows fled!

Why is it that we ever seem to see
The long, white Spartel road rise from the dazzling town?
The laden mules climb westward 'neath geranium boughs;
Above, the blue plumbago showers her petals down.

Upward—by terraces of scented trees,
'Twixt prickly pear and scrub—wild rocky ways
Lead ever westward to the Atlantic shore,
Down to white, shimmering sands where desert phantoms play!

Why is it that a magic day must die?
Westward the sunlight fades, afar the desert sighs?
Back! from the tiny signal-hut, the long, lone shore.
We two must be in Tangier ere the moon can rise!

Up, up across the wastes of rock and sand,
Past browsing goats we reach the homeward way;
The tired mules slip downwards through the trees,
They know they reach the Socco at the close of day.

And Tangier sleeps; the southern stars smile down
On town and sea, upon a silvery shore;
Why should we sigh? Is it because we hear
The northern voices whisper that our dream is o'er?

And yet I know hereafter 'neath the cold, gray skies,
When the great city's moan throbs through the bleak night-air,
That I shall hear dream-voices calling longingly,
'Come, on the wings of sleep; we weary waiting here!'

MURIEL RAIKES BROMAGE.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

It is fair to assume that a reasonable proportion of the visitors to the greatest city at the time of its most magnificent display in the summer season that we enter upon have ideas for their own entertainment beyond the inspection of paper-covered poles, gorgeous processions, and crackling fireworks. These things, done better no doubt than they have ever been done before, yield a certain evanescent pleasure to the senses. They excite a temporary wonderment. The mere dazzling colour of it all—*pace* the London weather, upon which so much depends, and which seems increasingly undependable—will awaken a certain gentle excitement; and in an age when extravagance is accounted as a fine virtue, and is admired the more as it is excessive, there will be many thousands made the happier for gazing upon spectacles with the knowledge that they have cost more in the preparation than anything of their kind ever did before. What the nation is determined to do above all things this summer season is to show it is very rich and prodigal, that it can upon occasion conveniently forget the fact that international and other circumstances are pressing most heavily upon the purses of many of us, and that while the gospel of the simple life might have been excellent for preaching in the Victorian times — when it never was preached, but still was moderately well practised — our people's instincts lean away from it now. The people are about to have what some of them consider to be a good time. They will take many holidays, will spend much money, and for the time being will attach themselves to the doctrine of Omar Khayyám about the days in the future. In Belgravia and Mayfair there are to be great feasts, great dances, great social gatherings of all kinds; and yet there are hosts and hostesses there who complain that coronations do not make great seasons, but that through excesses and confusions lead to sad disappointment.

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This season there is to be a great display of music in London, apart altogether from the usual concert performances, which will be more attractive than usual. The regular grand opera season at Covent Garden is not indicative as a rule of the public taste or demand, since it is supported by high society, who attend it because it is the 'proper thing' to do so. But in the season that is already well started the programme contains some original features such as will certainly have a stronger attraction for the general public than the stock items at the opera usually have. There are no German pieces whatever, only French and Italian, and it is a curious and much-criticised feature of the programme that Puccini has a majority among single composers, for no fewer than five of his works are being presented, including *The Girl of the Golden West*, with which this Italian lately made his successful bid for American popularity and dollars, the first of the continentals to make such an intimate personal appeal to the New World. Serious and educated lovers of music find much to regret in what they call this Puccini craze. It is popular beyond a doubt, and through its popularity they are inclined to be sorrowful for the public. They describe the work of this composer as meretricious, commercial, trivial. Passing clever in his own way is Puccini, so they say; but they declare that his operas are merely musical melodrama, and they say much worse things of them than that. There is at least one other feature of the season of music which will attract the greatest attention, and that is the production elsewhere in London by Mr F. C. Whitney of *Der Rosenkavalier*, the new opera by Dr Richard Strauss, composer of *Elektra* and *Salome*, which, when it was first produced at Dresden in January, received the most enthusiastic appreciation, and is evidently to be regarded as one of the most considerable achievements of the present time.

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For this new work Dr Strauss laid aside the fiercely tragic note which imbued and dominated his two previous successes, and brought forth a really light opera abounding in pleasantry. The music is rippling, gay, full of fragrance, warm for the love that it tells of. It begins with the song of a bird, and it ends with a love-ditty; but the chief and most remarkable feature of the work is the waltz melody which runs through it all, a swinging, charming Viennese waltz. Dr Strauss has the reputation, not enjoyed by all artists, of being a first-class business man, and there

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is some evidence of this quality in him that Mr Whitney has had to pay him no less than twelve thousand five hundred pounds for a lease of the performing rights in this one work to be produced in English only for one year in New York and London. It is said that he received two thousand five hundred pounds for the copyright of his *Salome* score, and five thousand five hundred for that of *Elektra*, to which sums royalties on copies of the music sold have to be added. It has been estimated that his fees from the first of these operas have amounted to nearly four thousand pounds a year, while a few months ago it was stated that Mr Oscar Hammerstein, the great American producer of opera, who is shortly to establish himself in London on a very imposing scale, guaranteed him five thousand pounds before the first performance of *Elektra* at the New York Manhattan. He has also been magnificently paid for some of his work other than operatic, as an example of which there is his 'domestic' symphony, a much-discussed composition, for which he received seventeen hundred and fifty pounds. And who then shall say that there is not 'money in music' in the twentieth century, when it is good music and pleasing to the hearers? But think of it—that Beethoven died in poverty, and was given a little happiness on his deathbed by a draft for a hundred pounds which was sent to him by the London Philharmonic Society, and that Schubert sold some of his best works for tenpence each!

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Being this season, more than it has ever been before, in so many ways the great showplace, the city of old and modern wonders, we may take it that for the present there is some increased interest among the people generally in the permanent, as apart from the temporary, exhibits of London. There is an excuse for some special mention of two of them in the circumstance that their centenaries are established in this the Coronation year—merely established and not celebrated, but by no means the less interesting on that account. They are the centenaries of two institutions in the City, both of them dealing with money, but in widely different ways. One attainer of the hundred years is the Royal Mint, and the other is Lloyd's; and it might be said in passing that each of them has some special business in connection with the Coronation—medals and insurances. There is one important difference between the two, so far as the sightseer is concerned; and it is that while anybody may go to the Mint at the settled times and see the making of the coins, nobody may go into Lloyd's save its own people. Now the Mint is really a very interesting place, and the people of the country are gainers by the fact that when they come to town for sightseeing they walk up there to Tower Hill and digest a quantity of very entertaining statistics concerning our coinage, whereas perhaps not one London person of each thousand has done so. That is a standing rule, applying also to the Tower, the Houses of Parliament, Westminster Abbey, and all the rest of them, though the proportions may vary. The older the Londoner becomes the more does he sigh for that holiday of sightseeing in his own big City, the idea of which he has nursed within him since his early days. Well, now, the Mint and its centenary. Of course we have been making coins for more than a hundred years; before the Mint was established we did not get them from Germany, America, or any of the other places whence we are supplied with so many of our necessities. Once upon a time every town of any consequence throughout the country had its own little Mint, and it made coins for its use as occasion arose. Those were the brave days of the Saxons and the Normans, when the germs of so many great institutions that were destined to live forward through many ages first awakened to their little life. It is necessary, as we know, to be so very highly particular in all money-matters, and the manufacture of coins—the making of a sovereign where there was no sovereign before—is such an obviously ticklish business, as we might put it, that the first King Richard determined to suppress all the provincial Mints and conduct the manufacture of his coins in its entirety at the Tower of London. This decision was carried out exactly, save that for a little while there was still some coinage going on at Winchester. This arrangement for making all the money in the old Tower endured until a hundred years ago, when the new Royal Mint on Tower Hill hard by was ready to undertake the work. It was decided in 1806 to build and equip a fine establishment for the purpose, and between then and 1810 Parliament granted over a quarter of a million sterling for the purpose. In the latter year the building was finished; but it was not until 1811 that all the machinery was fixed up and adjusted to correct working order. Four years later there was a very big fire at the place, and some great damage was done; and at different times since then, as improvements have been effected in minting machinery, there have been changes in the installation. The process of coin-making is a very interesting one, apart altogether from the peculiar emotion that arises in some breasts when those almost sacred sovereigns are seen in moulding and stamping as a housewife might make her tarts, and it might be said to be a really beautiful process in the extremely delicate work that is accomplished by great machines.

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A little while since, having these centenary notes in mind, I made some examination of many of the reports issued once every year by the

Deputy Master and Comptroller of the Mint, who not only gives you the plain statistical facts concerning the number of coins of different values that have been issued from his factory in the twelve months, but occasionally tenders some pretty little tit-bits of information about certain vagaries of supply and demand, fads and delusions of the public, queer mysteries, and so forth. One time I find him telling us that a curious idea is entertained by some of the public that pence of various years, and particularly those of 1864, possess a greatly enhanced value, and are received at the Mint and paid for at various extraordinary rates. One correspondent said he understood that the sum paid by the authorities was seven pounds eleven shillings and fourpence for each penny! Of course this is nonsense, for, as the comptroller tells us, no pence are purchased by the Mint at either their nominal or any fictitious value. There was a scarcity of the pence of 1864, a smaller number than usual being coined in that year, and this circumstance is probably to some extent responsible for the delusion. There is a very small issue of five-pound and two-pound gold pieces in these days (it was noticeable that they were again included in the new King George coins that were first struck); but it is something of a mystery as to where all the pieces that were coined a few years ago almost immediately disappeared, for they were hardly ever seen in circulation. A solution to the mystery, however, is at once suggested, and it is most likely correct. They were at once captured as curiosities and preserved as such by collectors, and people who, not regular collectors, had an exaggerated idea of their rarity. In 1902 a hundred and seventy-four thousand pounds' worth of five-pound pieces were issued from the Mint, and ninety thousand pounds' worth of two-pound pieces; but only a comparatively few of them were seen about, and even the banks said they very rarely handled them. Yet nearly eighty thousand of those five-pound and two-pound pieces were issued in the year named. It is said that many of them adorn the waists of native ladies in India, and that a dusky lady moving in the best circles of Jeypore wears two five-pound pieces in the form of ear-rings. Then I find that two years ago the authorities at the Mint made a little discovery of a domestic character that was rather painful and shattered a fond belief. They have a museum there, and among the treasures which had long been in it, holding a most prominent place, were several Cromwell dies, thought to be the work of the celebrated engraver Thomas Simon. Alas! they were found to be miserable imitations. In a recent year only four five-shilling pieces were issued, and the fewness of them, of course, conferred an enormously enhanced value on the four. A tabular statement of the silver issues indicated that they were 'distributed' to 'sundry persons.' Where are they now? They were probably the last crown-pieces to be struck in London, for coins neither of this nor the four-shilling denomination are included in King George's new list. In 1905 I find that five million sovereigns were needed and supplied, but more than a million old ones went back to the melting-pot; while, though a million and a half of half-sovereigns were coined, almost as many were withdrawn. Another odd circumstance of that year, as of the one before it, was that Scotland had no need whatever of silver. While England, Wales, Ireland, and the Colonies took in the aggregate silver coins to the value of more than a million pounds, Scotland took none at all, but actually returned silver money to the value of forty-four thousand pounds. Now why was Scotland thus contemptuous, shall we say, of silver money? In 1908, however, Scotland and Ireland were wanting much of it, and England and the Colonies comparatively little. These fluctuations are very strange.

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As to those heavy returns of used-up gold money just quoted, there were some interesting observations in the Mint report two years ago by Dr Rose, chemist and assayer to the establishment, concerning the duration of life of gold and silver coins. He stated that some investigations he had made went to prove that there had been a decline in the mean life of a sovereign from nearly twenty-eight years to a little over twenty-four, while at the same time the average life of the half-sovereign had fallen from sixteen years and a month or two to a year less. He added that a further fall is anticipated during the next few years in the mean life of sovereigns, and a slight lengthening of that of half-sovereigns. Of course the coins are called in as soon as they fall below a certain standard weight. As to the silver coins, Dr Rose showed that of all of them sixpences had the shortest life and returned to the Mint in the worst condition. Half-crowns reach the stage of illegibility in sixty-four years, florins in forty-five, shillings in forty-one, sixpences in twenty-eight, and threepences in thirty-two. There may now be a little curiosity as to the extent of a year's work at the Mint of all these mysteries and wonders. The number of coins issued varies each year to a wide extent. Thus in 1909 more than thirteen millions fewer were issued than in the previous year, the most striking decrease being in the department of sovereigns, of which eight hundred thousand fewer were made. But in the year following, being last year, the balance was much more than merely restored. There was a total increase of more than thirty-nine million coins, including more than eleven million sovereigns. Of gold coins there were issued in all more than twenty-

seven millions, of silver fifty-one millions, and of bronze forty-two millions, while in the overseas issues there were included nearly twelve millions of silver coins and over eighteen millions of nickel ones. The total face-value of all the new money issued was twenty-eight million pounds, while a little over three million pounds' worth was withdrawn from circulation.

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There seems to some people to be always a slight flavour of romance about even the baldest statements concerning the movements of very large sums of money, and so it may be in this case. But had there been space enough one might have told a better story with more of human nature peeping out of it regarding Lloyd's, the great shipping-register, which has its headquarters at the Royal Exchange, and recognises its centenary this year. Persons interested in shipping used to meet at Lloyd's Coffee-House in the seventeenth century, and that was really the origin of the institution; but it was in 1811 that it developed on the lines on which it is now conducted. Some who are little acquainted with these matters may imagine that Lloyd's is but a register of shipping or a place for insurance against shipping risks. That is what it is nominally; but at Lloyd's you may insure against anything. You may pick upon any day next year, and some one at Lloyd's will quote you a percentage of insurance against the weather being wet thereon. Members of Parliament may, and do, insure themselves against the loss of their seats at general elections, and tradesmen and others who are affected by changes of Government may insure against such changes. If you suspect that you may have a pain in your side next Monday, and that the doctor will say you ought not to go to business then, a man at Lloyd's will be ready now to insure you against any consequent loss. Quite recently the underwriters there insured the American parents of a valuable baby against its being kidnapped. This baby, belonging to Mr and Mrs Edward B. M'Lean, will one day inherit the goodly sum of twenty million pounds, and partly for this reason very special care is being taken of it. Last summer a burglar attempted to break into the country residence of the M'Leans, and this so alarmed the parents that they had a special ironclad perambulator constructed in the form of a steel cage, and in this, guarded by detectives, the very precious baby has always been wheeled about since then. But still the M'Leans have felt uneasy about the possibility of kidnapping taking place, and recently, on request, the underwriters at Lloyd's made a quotation in the matter. A premium of twenty shillings per cent. was quoted to cover the payment of a total loss should 'the infant of wealthy American parents resident in an American city' be kidnapped, and ten shillings per cent. to pay any ransom demanded up to two thousand pounds, the child being warranted to take the air in the ironclad perambulator, and to be guarded by three private detectives.

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A reminder comes to me of another centenary which deserves at least some passing mention. On the 14th of June 1811 Harriet Beecher Stowe was born at Litchfield, Connecticut. She died in 1896. There are different views held nowadays about Mrs Stowe and her work, and one view is that the part played by *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in securing the abolition of slavery has been much exaggerated. Yet it will always be remembered that when Lincoln met the author in 1862 his first remark was, 'And are you, then, the little woman who made this great war?' Again, any book that had the circulation that this one had then must necessarily have had a deep influence. When it appeared serially to begin with in the *National Era* Mrs Stowe received three hundred dollars for the serial rights. Then a Boston publisher to whom it was offered indicated that he could only produce it on a half-profit basis and could not take any risk of failure. Mrs Stowe and her husband were too poor to accept this risk, and so another publisher had to be sought, and one was found who offered a 10 per cent. royalty. By this arrangement the book, such was its success, yielded her twenty thousand dollars in the first six months. It has been translated into more than twenty languages, and some time since it was reckoned that over fifteen million copies had been sold in Great Britain alone. That was really a very enormous success, and of course it meant that Mrs Stowe, for her zeal in a great cause, was handsomely rewarded in being raised from very humble circumstances to a state of richness. But again there is some difference of opinion as to the quality of this zeal. Mrs Stowe, daughter of a popular preacher, member of a stern and thoughtful family, is represented by many as having grown up with a fervour for the stoppage of the slave traffic and brutalities, and a determination to do something to this end. By others it is held that she was indifferent, or almost, in the matter, until her sister, who did feel strongly about it, asked her 'to write something that would make the whole nation feel what an accursed thing this slavery is.' She had been writing small things previously. Then she declared, 'I will write something; I will if I live!' And the suggestion is that the writing of the book made her an abolitionist, and that she had no deep convictions in the matter before. However it matters little. The book was written, and if it is not a classic in literature, it still counts as one of the great influential books of history, and will never be forgotten; though in *Dred*, a second anti-slavery novel, *The Minister's Wooing*, and *Old Town Folks* some critics think she reached a higher level of artistic excellence.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER IV.—MY LORD TRAVELS INCOGNITO.

THE summer and autumn of 1759 were long remembered in England. Not only was it a year of victory to the national arms at sea and on three continents, but even nature seemed to share in the joyous and exultant spirit which Mr Pitt's genius had called forth among King George's loyal people. Bright skies and a plentiful harvest made glad the heart of the people, and not in the memory of the oldest had there been a succession of such sun-warmed days and perfect nights.

It was on one of these glorious September evenings that young Lord Thanet, travelling alone as Major Courtenay, came within view of the Warminster spires. For two days he had been riding, unknown but not unseeing, over ground that was, or might be, his. Behind him, as he drew up his horse on the shore of St Aubyn's Bay, stretched the woods that hid his house of Kingswood, now empty and deserted; while far on his left, standing out black against the opalescent sky, the ruins of the old castle of his race frowned from the verge of the low promontory. In front, across the bay, he saw the ships' masts and the city roofs. Was it imagination that the chimes of the cathedral bells were sounding in his ears? He choked a little with an unfamiliar emotion as he surveyed the scene. Only sea and sand, and a flat comfortable-looking country; but what mattered it that it lacked the boldness and grandeur of other coasts? He had not seen it for a dozen years, and to him it was home. Here he had been happy as a boy; he had known here the first great sorrow of his life; and time and change had not effaced the early impressions or weakened his early love.

He did not linger unduly; for the sun was dipping to the horizon, and it was yet five or six good miles to Warminster by the road which followed the windings of the shore. Then he noticed that the tide was far out, and wondered if he could not shorten the journey by striking in a bee-line across the sands. The broad expanse of yellow was too inviting to resist, and in a moment he had made up his mind to give it a trial.

'Come, lad, your supper's at the other side,' said he, as his horse took the sand.

The footing was somewhat heavy inshore, but farther out the crust was harder, and there the going was easy if not too fast. The marquis jogged along with a pleasant sense of content. The cool breeze blowing over the flats from seaward was refreshing after a long day in the saddle, and he had delectable visions of the creature comforts awaiting a tired man in the oak parlour of the 'King's Head.' Much, if he had but guessed it, was to happen before he was able to enjoy mine host's good cheer.

The course which he had marked out for himself cut transversely across the head of the bay, and to all appearance kept well within the limits of safety. He had accomplished perhaps half the distance, and nothing was farther from his thoughts than the possibility of danger, when he was startled by a distant 'Hallo!' Turning his head shoreward, he perceived a figure riding towards him with every sign of extreme urgency, and perceived also, after a minute, that the stranger was a woman. Then, to his amazement, he gathered from her shouts and the warning of her hand that she was striving to catch his attention. Plainly a warning was meant, but as to what he was entirely at sea. He pulled up at once; and presently, not abating her hurry in the slightest, she was within earshot.

'Back, sir! Come back!' she cried out.

Albeit the reason was still to seek, he obeyed without hesitation; and, wheeling his horse, he rode back to meet her. Not until then did she draw rein.

It was with no common curiosity that, as he approached her, Lord Thanet used his eyes. His first impression was of one evidently little more than a girl, yet taller than the ruck of her sex; his second, of a grace and beauty that seemed to him like the realisation of old dreams. Now she was flushed and panting with the exertion of her mad race across the sands, and the look of apprehension had not altogether faded from her face. My lord's pulses went a little faster, but he did not miss noticing the coil of ruddy-brown hair that had fallen over her shoulder.

'Were you mad, sir?' she asked, scrutinising him with candid, straightforward eyes. 'Or did you not know you were riding straight into the Devil's Quicksand?'

So that was the danger! Starting, he glanced back. Nothing was visible, however, save a shade of difference in the colour of the sand. He had only a vague recollection of having heard in boyhood of the quicksands in the bay and their long toll of lives, but it was enough to assure him of the reality of the averted peril.

'I am afraid I did not know,' said he. 'It seemed quite safe, and but for your warning'——

'Safe! Other twenty yards, and nothing could have saved you!' she broke out. 'Then in five minutes, sir, there would have been no sign of your fate; man and horse, you would have been swallowed up for ever. Oh, 'twas lucky I chanced to spy you from the road! Even as it was, that time was not too much.'

The marquis turned to her with an obvious sincerity of feeling. 'How can I thank you, madam?' he asked. 'Every man's life is of some small value—if only to himself—and mine I owe to your quickness and courage. You will believe, at the least, that I am not ungrateful?'

'I am glad it was my good fortune to be passing just then, sir,' she replied, giving him her hand with frank impulsiveness.

He touched her glove with his lips. 'Twas the doing of Providence, beyond a doubt,' said he.

Meanwhile, it will not be supposed that the lady was less curious than her companion. As he sat his horse beside her, hat in hand, she had an excellent opportunity for observation. She decided, with the swiftness of her years, that his was too grave and sedate a countenance for her taste, and rather plain withal; but that, to be honest, the gray eyes had an open, kindly look which somewhat redeemed it. While his bearing was distinctly that of a gentleman, there was nothing in the simple black riding-dress to indicate his quality; unless, indeed, the cockade in his hat betokened the soldier. Of this, too, a scar over the temple might perhaps be taken for confirmation.

Following a minute's silence, she pulled her horse round. 'If you are a stranger here, sir'——

'They call me George Courtenay, at your command,' said he; 'a major in His Majesty's service. I was on my way to Warminster when these sands tempted me to try a short-cut. To you, madam, 'tis due that it was not to the other world.'

'Then, if you will have me for guide,' she returned demurely, 'I shall be happy to show you the road—to Warminster.'

She was off before he could frame an answer, and, despite his best efforts, his heavier animal could never quite make up the leeway. It was a good ten minutes' canter to the shore at the point for which she was heading, and thus he had ample leisure to admire her lissome figure so fittingly habited in Lincoln green. Gaining the road well in advance, she halted to await him; and when he had joined her both turned as if by consent to survey the scene of the adventure. The shadow of the twilight was creeping over the bay, and Lord Thanet shuddered a little; for he could not distinguish where the quicksand began and ended—there was no sign to warn the ignorant and unwary. Well, thanks to Providence and a girl's resource, the death-trap had been cheated of one notable victim. Then the marquis's gaze wandered to the ruined mass of St Aubyn's Castle beyond, and rested there. His companion broke in upon his absorption.

'That is the old castle of the St Aubyns,' she volunteered, marking his interest. 'They are a great family hereabouts.'

'I have heard of them,' said my lord.

'Oh, a great family in lands and riches—and reputation. The old marquis died just the other day—the "Wicked Lord," as the country-folks called him. They have strange tales of his sinful doings. He was the most wicked man who ever lived, they say—worse than Nero, or even Cromwell, or any of those people.'

Lord Thanet gazed in astonishment, but held his peace.

'And they say also,' she continued, dropping her voice, 'that he did not die like other men, but that the devil carried him off in a black coach with eight black horses.'

'But *you* do not believe in these stories surely?' asked the marquis, recovering somewhat. 'Why, I saw the late Lord Thanet's funeral myself in London.'

'Doubtless,' said she; 'but he was bad enough to deserve such a fate, if all accounts are true. Now, shall we go on? You have still a goodly ride to Warminster.'

My lord was quite content to drop the subject; he did not like his family history, as it seemed to be, in the making.

They had the road to themselves, and the marquis never forgot that brisk canter in the gloaming of the September evening; it was all too short. At first they talked on indifferent matters like the weather—the sure stand-by of every age—and then a chance reference of my lord's introduced a more personal note.

'You have been in battle, then?' she inquired.

'Once only—at Minden. I had the honour to serve there with the Twelfth Foot.'

'You must be proud, sir, to have had a part in such a victory. 'Tis a man's privilege to fight in great battles, and perhaps do something noteworthy for his country. A woman, alas! must bide at home and fret her heart out. Oh!' she went on, with girlish eagerness, 'one would give much to meet danger and see brave actions like Minden!'

'There is another side to the shield,' said Lord Thanet, recalling his evening ride over the field. 'Yet, after all, one is lucky to have had the experience. For me, madam, I shall always remember one gallant man—the bravest man, I think, that I saw in the fight. He was with the enemy, but he was an Englishman born—an exiled Jacobite, if one guesses aright. Ever foremost in the charges of the French cavalry, leading his men splendidly in attack, undismayed in defeat, still he went through the battle entirely unarmed, carrying only a cane. Unless I am wrong, he felt it his duty to fight with those whose bread he was eating; but he would not himself shed his countrymen's blood.'

'And what befell him, sir?' she asked softly. The marquis noticed that her eyes were shining.

'He paid the price with his life, like a good soldier,' said he.

'And you could not save him?'

'I had not the luck, although I would have given a good deal to be able to do so.'

So they chattered, until—too soon for one at least—they arrived at a point where another road branched inland. Then the girl drew up.

'I must leave you now, sir,' she said. 'If you will keep by the shore you cannot miss the way to Warminster.'

Lord Thanet laid a detaining hand on her horse's neck. 'But yourself, madam?' he protested. 'Will you not do me the honour of permitting me to accompany you? It will soon be dark, and I am to blame for having been the cause of your delay.'

'Oh, I need not trouble you,' said she, smiling. 'You may rest assured there are no quicksands or other dangers on my road home. Besides, 'tis not far.'

Her tone appeared to admit of no appeal, and my lord could but acquiesce in the decision. She had vouchsafed no information regarding herself, and he was not the man to repay her service by an intrusion that might be unwelcome.

'You will let me hope, at least, that I may be fortunate enough to meet you again?' he said, as she bade him good-night and turned away.

'That is as Providence may determine,' she replied more coldly than she had yet spoken.

He watched her until she was out of sight; and, well, he resolved that Providence should not lack a helping hand.

For the rest of the journey to Warminster his horse was allowed to choose its own pace. The marquis's thoughts were elsewhere; and, all things considered, it was not surprising that his imagination—to ignore his heart meantime—was touched by the events of the evening. It is not every day, as a rule, that one is saved from deadly peril by a young and beautiful woman. That there are other risks in such a contingency, and these less easy to escape, may well be imagined. Yet it is questionable if they came within my lord's contemplation. It is still more questionable if even then he would not have accepted them joyfully. For whatever else happened—and here you have the ground for suspicion—his mind was set upon seeing his preserver again. He did not conceive that it would be difficult, for manifestly she belonged to the countryside, and had presumably no reason to remain in hiding. As to her identity, he must await a discovery with such patience as he could muster. Then, suddenly, an amazing idea struck him. Involuntarily he brought his horse to a standstill.

'Good heavens!' he muttered to himself, 'what if it should be—— And it is likely enough. —Get up, lad!—Well, we'll see in good time.'

He had to wait no longer than the next afternoon. He had sent for his agent to dine with him at the 'King's Head,' and the pair were enjoying their wine in the big bow-window of the oak parlour, overlooking the market-place and the east front of the cathedral. It was the market-day at Warminster, and the broad street was crowded with the hacks and carts of the country-folks. Jackson named the more notable to his host with fitting comment; he was an elderly man who had spent his life in the city, and was full of the kind of information which the marquis desired. They were already on excellent terms; but of his adventure overnight Lord Thanet, for reasons of his own, had said nothing. Now he was keeping his eyes wide open, and presently a new light sprang into them as he espied that for which he had been watching—a dainty figure in a habit of Lincoln green. Somehow he had known that she would come.

'Who is that girl, Mr Jackson?' he asked, striving hard to speak in an unconcerned manner. 'Yonder, just entering the street—she on the bay horse, and dressed in green. Don't you see her, man?'

Jackson got his spectacles focussed upon her at last. 'Bless me! that is Miss Eleanor Heathcote,' he cried. 'She is the daughter of Sir—— Oh, I crave your lordship's pardon!'

'Never mind the lordship! You must not forget that I am simply Major Courtenay for the present.'

'I made bold to think, while we were by ourselves—— But it shall be as you wish, sir.'

'Well, you were saying'——

'That she is Sir Gilbert Heathcote's daughter. Remembering the relations between the families, I was not sure'——

'Of not offending me, eh?' suggested the marquis. 'But why should you? After all, she is a cousin of mine. And she is Sir Gilbert's daughter! I was not even aware that any of the Heathcotes still lived here.'

'She lives at the old Tower, about two miles from town,' returned Jackson; 'she and her brother. They have been there for five or six years now. An aunt used to keep house with them, but she died a twelvemonth ago, and since then they have been alone. Notwithstanding a touch of pride—personally, I put it down to their poverty—they are both highly regarded around Warminster. There is also a good deal of sympathy with them, if I may venture to hint so much. For it is known that before long the last bit of the Heathcotes' estates may pass from them.' And here the worthy man stopped, as if fearing to say too much.

'I quite understand,' said Lord Thanet quietly. 'The settlement is to be on the 15th of this month, I think?'

'That is so, sir. And if matters run their course,' he concluded, 'why, there is the blotting-out of an old Warminster family!'

'It was my father's last hope, Mr Jackson,' the marquis said in the same tone. He had no

intention of divulging his plans just yet. In truth, they were scarcely formed.

All this time, as may be guessed, he had been closely following the movements of his Lady in Green, who had proved to be a kinswoman and the daughter of his hereditary foe; watching her with an added interest, now that the suspicion of last evening had become a certainty, as she picked her way slowly among the booths, and exchanged greetings and salutations with the market-people. She turned at length into a lane at the lower end of the street, and so was lost to his view.

'She has gone to the "Royal Oak,"' explained his guest—'tis the Tory house, sir—to meet her brother, in all likelihood.'

The surmise was correct. A little later she passed through the market-place again, accompanied now by a handsome, open-faced young man, as like herself as one pea to another.

'Yes, that is Mr Charles Heathcote,' said Jackson, in answer to Lord Thanet's glance of inquiry.

When he was alone my lord smiled to himself. 'Beyond question,' he determined, 'tis the duty of Major Courtenay to pay an early visit to Heathcote Tower!'

(To be continued.)

IS ESPERANTO DEAD?

By HARRISON HILL, Member of the Council of the British Esperanto Association.

Is Esperanto dead?
Or shall it ever die?
A hundred thousand eager men
Will know the reason why.

IN the April issue of your famous and usually reliable *Journal* you announce the death of Esperanto. In the words of Mark Twain when he heard an equally premature report of his alleged death (some years before that sad event really happened), we can happily say, 'Report greatly exaggerated.'

Esperanto was not dead on March 17th, when the Lord Mayor of London, presiding over a large gathering of Esperantists in the City of London School, delivered an eloquent and sympathetic appreciation of this auxiliary international language, which in his opinion is destined to be of great help in the cause of peace. It was not dead in Paris recently when I attended an International Congress of which the only official language was Esperanto, and where I heard delegates from seventeen different countries address the congress in Esperanto, and I can vouch that every Esperantist present perfectly understood them. It was not dead two days ago in Hamburg, for only this morning I received a post-card bringing me the fraternal greetings of the Hamburg Esperanto group met to welcome a young Egyptian Esperantist from Cairo. One of the German Esperantists who signed the card adds this striking message: 'I have already heard very much about your fervent propaganda of our dear language from my *Scottish friend* James Ford *of Edinburgh*.' A language which to-day brings Cairo and Hamburg 'within a mile o' Edinburgh toun' cannot with any exactitude be said to be 'as dead as Greek.' It will not be dead next August, when in Antwerp thousands of Esperantists will 'gather, gather, gather,' from every country in the world. For the Antwerp congress bids fair to be the greatest of all the International Esperanto Congresses.

Esperanto is not dead, because not only does it represent a great ideal — namely, that of 'peace and goodwill to all mankind'—but it is, above all, a language of precision, a scientific language for scientists. The International Association of Medical Doctors represents a growing number of surgeons and physicians in many countries who are so far satisfied with Esperanto as an exact language that they use it for international communication in scientific work where an error means death. Dr Pierre Corret of Paris secured his degree of Doctor of Medicine from the faculty of that centre of science for his thesis on Esperanto as an international language for medical men, and obtained with it the rare distinction of '*très bien*.'

Some of the foremost French and German Esperantists are distinguished scientists. Yesterday I was with an English astronomer, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society. He is assistant to Sir Norman Lockyer at the Solar Physics Observatory, and he is one of the Council of the British Esperanto Association simply because Esperanto is accurate to the last degree for the purposes of science.

Esperanto seeks to displace no other language, but to be a second language for all. Its study encourages the learning of other languages, for which it is an admirable preparation. To attempt innovations at this stage of its history would be to endanger its internationality, and the vast majority of Esperantists throughout the world have remained loyal to the Esperanto of Dr Zamenhof, who (contrary to some recent reports in the Press) is happily alive and very well, and hopes to be present at the Antwerp Congress in August.

[The above is only one of the numerous communications from students of Esperanto in many quarters denying the statement in *Chambers's Journal* for April that Esperanto and Volapük were as dead as Greek. We have been assured on post-cards, in letters, paragraphs, and newspaper-cuttings that Esperanto, this auxiliary inter-

national language, is very much alive, making great progress, and is spoken and written by thousands of persons in all parts of the globe. The Editor feels extremely obliged to those correspondents who have thus written, and to those who have sent pamphlets, periodicals, and in one case a French book, *La Question de la Langue Auxiliaire*, by Gustave Gautherot. But let them beware. A very wise man, and a great saint, who spoke in more tongues than most, and whose words are being turned into Esperanto, once said he would rather speak five words with his understanding, that by his voice he might teach others also, than 'ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.' To the man in the street Esperanto is still an unknown tongue. Though, if we are to believe the literature sent to us, the world is being rapidly converted to the use of Esperanto. From the material and communications received we further learn that it has been subjected to the severest tests in six international congresses, and has proved in all respects an ideal language; that Ido is merely an offshoot of Esperanto, containing a large number of proposed alterations which have been discredited and rejected; that there is no probability of Ido ever supplanting it, as it is now firmly established in every civilised country. Here are some further items from our cuttings and correspondence. Some one hundred and fifty thousand people are actively interested in the subject in the United States, there are seventy-four courses of instruction available in Paris, and London has twenty affiliated societies. About one hundred and twenty Esperanto periodicals are now appearing, besides two medical periodicals in that language. The Old Testament translation from the Hebrew into Esperanto from the pen of Dr Zamenhof, the inventor, has been appearing in *La Revuo*, while the special International Bible Translation Committee has promised their version of the New Testament this year. The Paris Esperanto Society has now a library of fifteen hundred different volumes in that language. The Esperanto version of *As You Like It* was successfully performed before the Sixth Congress at Washington last year, while *Hamlet*, *The Tempest*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Macbeth* are also available. Good Esperantists may also further revel in the devilries of *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde* in their adopted language. In defence of himself, the writer of the paragraph on 'A Plea for an International Science Language' suggests that correspondents should take the matter as it is written. He wrote of it as a 'scientific language,' not as one for everyday use. In the references he specifically mentioned the use of Ido as an international language in science, which leading scientists were advocating. He merely pointed out the views of those concerned with the project towards universal communication. He says: 'We hold no brief for one or the other, but the present movement was deemed of sufficient importance to demand mention on our part. The views communicated are from some of the foremost scientists, and are not necessarily our own opinion, upon which point we maintain an open mind.' The articles of Mr Henry Sweet, Oxford University Reader in Phonetics, on 'Esperanto' and 'Universal Language' in the new *Britannica* should be read in this connection. They give some criticism and a fresh point of view which we find in none of the letters of our correspondents; but the author admits that Esperanto is the most reasonable and practical artificial language that has yet appeared.]

A RUN FOR LIFE.

By the late Lieutenant-General R. BARTER, C.B.

ON the morning of the 18th of October 1857, the force under the command of Colonel (afterwards Sir) Edward H. Greathed, K.C.B., which had been despatched from Delhi, on the capture of that city the month previous, to assist in the relief of the beleaguered garrison at Lucknow, arrived in Agra cantonments after a long and weary forced march. The day before we had come from a village on the Grand Trunk Road called Accrabad, where we had a slight skirmish, to Hattrass, some ten or twelve miles, and pitched our camp, expecting to resume our march to the next stage the day following. But about 2 P.M. an indefinable rumour, originating no one could tell where, began to circulate through the camp that 'something was up,' as the phrase goes; and, sure enough, before very long orders were issued for a forced march to Agra, distant some twenty-eight or thirty miles, and by 4 P.M. tents were struck, camels laden, and we were again toiling along the hot, dusty road. There was a halt for about an hour before midnight, and then we tramped on again; and about sunrise on the 18th we plodded, covered with dust and perspiration, along the road over the bridge of boats across the Jumna, close under the lofty walls of the fort of Agra, upon which were assembled to see us pass, besides the soldiers of the garrison, crowds of refugees from the surrounding country, amongst them many gaily dressed ladies, the first we had seen for many a day, whose outspoken remarks on our ragged, travel-stained khaki (dust-coloured) uniforms and generally unkempt appearance were sufficiently loud to be heard by us, and were the reverse of complimentary. Little did our fair scoffers imagine that before noon the objects of their derision would be engaged routing a ruth-

less foe, even then lurking in the immediate neighbourhood, bent upon their destruction.

That Greathed's force was diverted from its direct route to Cawnpore and Lucknow by an urgent call from the authorities at Agra is beyond question; but it is equally true that on our arrival there the said authorities believed themselves to be in possession of information that though an attack on the place might be expected, yet just at present there was no fear of its being made, and as a matter of fact that there was no enemy within many miles. Accordingly we proceeded to the racecourse, where we were to be encamped; and as our tents were not expected to arrive for some time, the order was given for the cavalry and artillery to off-saddle and harness, and water and feed horses, and the infantry to pile arms and take off accoutrements; and, in consideration of the long march, that all our post-work for the day would be done by the Agra garrison.

The front of our camp was to be facing from Agra in the direction of Gwalior, the direct road from which led through the Agra cantonments, which had been burned and plundered some months before during the mutiny of the native troops of the garrison, and passed a short distance on our right towards the city and fort, under the walls of which we had marched that morning.

At each side of this road, and almost parallel to where the front of our camp would be pitched, were two remarkable mounds, remains very likely of some very ancient brick-kilns, rising some fifty or sixty feet above the surrounding plain, and crowned by what had been very pretty, comfortable bungalows before, like all the others with thatched roofs, they were burnt. Now, however, only the bare walls, scorched and blackened, remained standing; the road, as I have said, running between them. Some years before a wing of my regiment had been quartered at Agra, and I had then occupied one of these bungalows, the one on the right of the Gwalior road and the nearest to the racecourse.

Having taken off our accoutrements, and while waiting for the arrival of the tents, we of the infantry threw ourselves on the ground and tried to get a little sleep—some of us at least—in spite of the fierce sun, whose rays now began to scorch up everything. But to two of us—what with the sun and the countless ants, black, of gigantic size, loathsome in white, and demons in red, with which Agra abounds—this was an impossibility, and after a few minutes an old friend and brother-officer named Band and I started up, and unclasping our sword-belts, but retaining those in which our pistols were holstered, moved about to take a survey of our surroundings. Our regiment was on the left; and, knowing the place well, I proceeded to act as cicerone, pointing out the various prominent objects of interest. In the rear of our centre was the Metcalfe Testimonial, used in former times for balls and reunions, &c., but now tenanted by a body of men called the Agra Volunteers, made up of railway and telegraph employés and clerks in the various civil offices banded together for mutual protection in those troublous times.

On our right front was the cantonment cemetery, where there was a little shade from the fine mango-trees growing in and around it, and toward it we accordingly strolled, only to find that the shady spots had been already occupied by tired men and officers of regiments in position nearer than our own, who were lying about in every posture of worn-out repose. After staying here a short time, I pointed out my old quarters to Band; and as there was no chance of our tents arriving for some time yet, I suggested, as the ruins were not very far off, that we should go up and inspect them, especially as there was a grand view to be had of our camping-ground from the mound nearest us. So, Band assenting, we sauntered on, and reaching the compound or enclosure of my old bungalow, began to ascend the steep path which led to it. When about half-way up we saw a *bunia* (or grain-seller), wearing the red pugree peculiar to his tribe, coming in a hurried, shambling trot along the road from Gwalior, and as he passed us he looked up, and in a meaning, warning voice called in a low tone, '*Bago, sahib! bago! Gwalior logue hai.*' I, knowing Hindustani well, at once understood him; but Band, whose acquaintance with the language was, not to put too fine a point on it, decidedly limited, asked me what he was saying. I replied, 'He says, "Run, sir—run! These are Gwalior people;"' this being literally the translation of the hurried warning the man had given us. 'Oh, confound the fool!' said Band; 'come along;' and so up we went heedlessly, never dreaming of danger. We halted a minute or two on reaching the summit to look around us and recover breath, and then, passing through the ruins, emerged from what was the central hall out on to the *chabootra* at the other side—a square of masonry covered with *chunam* (or cement) on which, in the stifling hot weather, after the sun went down and the air became less baking, the inhabitants of the bungalows used to sit, and at night, taking out their *charpoys* (or bedsteads), slept, or tried to sleep, till gun-fire.

Coming out on to this *chabootra*, we stood for an instant, as a bird is said to do when fascinated by a snake, for there, in the courtyard in front of my old familiar stables, almost right under us, and as the crow flies not more than a quarter of a mile from our own cavalry, was actually a regiment of mutineer sepoys of, I believe, the Gwalior contingent, attired in their red jackets and *dhoties* (or waist-cloths), drawn up with ordered arms in quarter-column as if on parade.

For one brief second or so Band and I looked down on them, and they looked up at us, evidently surprised; but then, quick as thought, their firelocks were brought to the present, and an irregular volley, the bullets rattling down great pieces of mortar from the old walls or whizzing viciously through the apertures once filled by doors and windows, aroused Band and myself to a sense of our situation and marvellously accelerated our departure by the way we had come.

Providentially neither of us was hit. Our sudden appearance, and the fact of their having to fire at objects immediately above them, had no doubt affected the men's aim. Moreover, there was not so much attention paid to musketry instruction in those days, and for the sepoys in question, who were all armed with the old Brown Bess, I suppose firing away at a target once a year, without caring whether they hit it or not, was deemed sufficient. Be that as it may, their fire in this instance, so far as Band and I were concerned, was ineffective, and only lent us wings; though I had but very recently recovered from a bullet-wound in the leg, and we were not so young as we had been, the way we went over the ground was, as the Yankees would say, a caution. And now commenced the race, the bitter run for dear, dear life in real earnest.

We had two advantages over our assailants. First and foremost, I knew every inch of the way, and they did not, and with no arms except our pistols, and lightly clad, we made the running downhill to the Gwalior road, while they had either to ascend the hill or skirt it; and in any case we had a good start, of which we proceeded to make the most. The divisions between the various compound enclosures at Agra are, or were, principally of stone and mortar; at all events the fences about these bungalows were, and so we ran along the road, crouching close to the wall, until we came to another road running at right angles to it and leading directly on to the racecourse, down which we scurried. As the sepoys gained the summit of the hill they fired at us, but they were blown and unsteady, and I need not say that we gave them as little as possible to aim at, showing only the tops of our helmets as we ran along. They could see, however, from the mound that we had turned down the lane to the racecourse, and some of them ran across so as to get a shot at us when we should emerge from its friendly shelter, which we soon did, and had to run the gauntlet of these fellows while making our way towards a body of our cavalry, who were on the right of where our camp would be pitched. On getting into the open Band and I ran side by side, but were apart for forty or fifty yards. When I found my wounded leg giving in, and had to drop behind, the bullets were still whistling about our heads and striking the ground all round us; but in spite of this I could not help being struck by the ridiculous appearance of my friend Band as he scuttled along a short way ahead of me. He was a man of middle age, and pretty stout, as became his years; he had on a pair of shoes, his boots having given out during the siege of Delhi; while from wear and tear his khaki or dust-coloured trousers (all our white uniforms were dyed this colour in the Mutiny-days, as being less conspicuous in action; and it is the universal colour for service-clothing for all troops now in India) had become sadly curtailed, showing a goodly length of sock between them and the shoes. As he went along at his best pace, turning round every now and then to see how I was getting on, and using language more forcible than polite towards our pursuers, I couldn't help thinking the situation most absurd, and in spite of our danger I burst out laughing, which only served to irritate him more, and drew upon me a remark not very complimentary; and no doubt I deserved it; but for my life I couldn't get Mr Pickwick in chase of his hat out of my head, nor Mr Weller's encouraging appeal to his master on that memorable night in Bath, 'Think you're vinnin' a cup, sir?'

On we sped, however, in haste, and just as we reached the cavalry the enemy's cannon, hitherto hidden in a battery well concealed by brushwood and high crops in our right front, opened fire and commenced to send round-shot bowling all over the place. This battery was so well concealed that, except for the smoke of its guns, it was impossible to detect its position. It was armed principally with native-made cannon of very large calibre, one I recollect being so big that it could not be taken inside the fort gate at Agra after its capture; and yet it was marvellous how quickly the fire from our guns when they got into action silenced those of the enemy, as the daily and nightly practice which our men had had during the siege of Delhi made them perfect.

This, however, is digressing.

Band and I, now inside our own lines, considered ourselves comparatively safe. We could see in the distance our regiment getting accoutred and falling in, and made towards it as quickly as we could. I, however, being troubled by my leg, was left a good way behind. I was parched with thirst, and seeing a large tent partly pitched directly in the way I was going, I stopped and asked one of the servants if they had any water. He said there was a *surroi* (a porous earthen vessel) containing some standing by the tent-pole inside. This I seized, and placing it to my mouth, had just taken a long, delicious draught when a shot came tearing through the top of the tent, making a rent large enough to ride a horse through; and immediately after another struck a camp-table which had been put together on the ground outside, smashing it to pieces and

sending its splinters flying in all directions. The tent, the only one then up, no doubt attracted the attention of the enemy's gunners, who found it a capital mark to fire at. Much refreshed, I continued my progress to my regiment; and while crossing a space of about two or three hundred yards which still intervened, I became aware of a trooper clad in the French-gray uniform of the mutinous Bengal Cavalry riding quietly at a slow canter in my direction with his sword drawn at the 'carry.' His manner was so cool and collected, as he looked about him seemingly in search of some one, that I at first took him for one of a party of faithful men who had joined us from Meerut a few days before; and then I thought that perhaps he was one of the Agra garrison, which seemed to be the more probable, his horse and accoutrements being quite fresh and clean, which would not have been the case had he marched in with us. Seeing, however, that he was gradually edging in on me, I thought I might as well be on my guard, and so I halted, at the same time drawing my revolver from my belt and cocking it. The effect was magical, for no sooner did my assailant see that I was not quite defenceless than he clapped spurs to his horse and rode off at speed towards the enemy. He was too late, however, for a trumpeter of the Ninth Lancers, who had been sounding the 'Fall in' on the right, seeing how matters stood, rode down to intercept him; and, slinging his trumpet behind his back, he drew his sword, and running the sepoy through the body, lifted him clean out of the saddle and dropped him dead upon the ground.

This little incident did not take many seconds, and again I started on my run home; but I had not gone far when I saw my regiment, which had been standing in quarter-column, suddenly get into square and 'prepare for cavalry;' the reason for which was soon apparent, for, coming through a field of *bajera* (a kind of very high grain used for feeding cattle) I saw a body of cavalry, the heads of the horses and the upper part of the bodies of the riders only showing above the waving grain. Well knowing what to expect, I at once threw myself flat on the ground, from which I witnessed the charge, the cavalry sweeping between me and the square, from which spurted a storm of bullets which hissed and whistled in the air well above me. Round again came the horsemen, and again the murderous file-firing burst from the square, followed by volleys from the kneeling ranks as the baffled cavalry galloped off to the friendly shelter from which they had emerged. Then rang out the word to 're-form column,' and I was on my feet, and a few minutes after amongst my old comrades, where, with many shakes of the hand, I was welcomed as one risen from the dead; one old veteran remarking as I passed through the ranks, 'Glad to see you back again, sir, for, by George, we thought you were done for this time!'

So commenced the battle, and so ended our run home. I have had many a close shave, and faced the grim enemy on many a bloody field; but for excitement long drawn out I doubt if anything to equal that run for life upon the Agra racecourse could be surpassed.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

TEACHING BY KINEMATOGRAPH.

ANIMATED pictures hitherto have been regarded more as an amusement than as an educational force, but there is a distinct trend towards an improvement in this direction. Experiments with the microscope have enabled a method to be perfected whereby the public can be introduced to a phase of life of which they know scarcely anything. In this work the magnification is tremendous, representing in some instances as much as seventy-five thousand diameters. But the successful combination of the microscope, powerful illumination so controlled as not to injure the subject under inspection, and the camera have enabled such subjects, with all details, to be thrown upon the screen as clearly and as distinctly as a mere scenic film. Here, however, the scientific kinematographer has gone farther; he has elaborated a system whereby the introduction to popular science is rendered far more attractive than mere diagrams and dry-as-dust compendiums. No matter how lucidly the text of books on the subject may be written, and no matter how clever the explanatory drawings, they sometimes fail to grip the young reader or to be readily intelligible. By means of a moving picture, ten minutes' illustration of any subject by photographic agency is more convincing than as many hours' close study. One of the most interesting films of this type came under the writer's notice recently. Every one is familiar with the demonstrations with the magnet and the iron filings, and the varying phenomena associated therewith. With the film mentioned one sees the principles governing the action of the magnet powerfully illustrated; how other pieces of metal rubbed therewith in turn become magnetised and attract the iron filings. The enlargement in this instance is so great that the very minute grains of metal clinging to the magnetised object appear like bristles in a brush. The action of the magnet upon the mariner's compass is also shown. But possibly the most interesting instance is where the magnet is placed beneath a sheet of paper on which the

filings are spread in a layer. Slowly but surely the lines of force are seen to resolve themselves as generally illustrated in diagrams. But the movement of photography brings the phenomenon home to the spectator with great effect. Efforts are being made to introduce the kinematograph into the curriculum of the schools, and such a suggestion is to be encouraged. In America the experiment has been adopted and has proved highly successful, for the pupils appear to take a keener interest in the experiment as unravelled pictorially on the screen than by any other means.

A SIMPLE DOMESTIC VACUUM-CLEANER.

House-cleaning by means of the vacuum machine has made great strides during the past two or three years, and the apparatus has undergone considerable simplification to reduce its dimensions and weight, and to encourage its widespread application. The result is that the vacuum-cleaner is as familiar in the home as the broom which it is displacing. One of the simplest appliances of this type is the 'Empire,' which is eminently suited to a small dwelling, club, office, or warehouse. It is compact, substantially built, and powerful, though it can be operated by a youth or servant-maid. Many other apparatus working on similar principles invariably have but a short life, the most vulnerable point being the bellows, which not only wear out quickly, but have an indifferent dust-collecting device which impairs the efficiency of the machine to such a degree that it becomes practically useless. In this latest machine, the dust is not drawn into the bag to remain therein and thus choke the apparatus, but is sucked to the inside of a cylinder-shaped bag, from which, on collecting, it falls into a metal hopper below. Apart from this distinctive feature, the 'Empire' possesses many other points which render it a reliable, efficient, and handy apparatus for the home.

THE WIDESPREAD USES OF CEMENT.

One of the most notable developments of to-day is the extensive application of cement. A few years ago this article was but little used, and certainly its possibilities were regarded as strictly limited; but to-day it is being pressed into service on every hand. Gates and fences are fashioned thereof, which from their durability are preferable to wood, inasmuch as they do not suffer from the decomposing influences which limit the life of timber and metal. Railway companies are introducing sleepers made of cement for the self-same reason. An Italian firm builds boats, barges, and scows of this material, and they have been found remarkably efficient, being capable of withstanding rougher usage and harder wear and tear than wood or steel. Edison has devised a means whereby a house of any design can be formed of one block from foundations to roof, including all internal partitions and floors, such a building being hygienic, free from decay, and fireproof. The safe-builder, in his determination to meet the scientific tendency of the modern Bill Sikes, who now regards an oxy-hydrogen blowpipe as an indispensable part of his equipment, has devised a cement safe which nothing but powerful explosives can shatter. Cement vessels devised for the reception of fluids of all descriptions, corrosive and otherwise, are being preferred to metal or glass, for the material is strong and not easily damaged. The uses to which this commodity can be applied appear to be illimitable, and new developments in this direction are being evolved every day.

A HYGIENIC MILK-CARRYING VESSEL.

There has long been a loud outcry against the present vehicle for the carriage of milk, and inventors have evinced considerable ingenuity in devising a superior method of carrying such a readily contaminated and essential food. One important point which will commend itself to the honest milkman is the certainty of the contents of his can always remaining of the same quality and composition from the top to the bottom, thereby protecting him against prosecution for alleged adulteration when, as a matter of fact, he is absolutely innocent of such a charge. Many a man has been prosecuted because his partly filled can has proved to contain milk below the standard, the simple fact being that the customers first served, owing to the fatty constituents of the liquid rising to the top, have been supplied with an abnormally rich milk. To overcome this drawback some automatic means of stirring the milk while it is being served is requisite. The new invention meets this end. A spherical bowl is floated in the can, which has specially shaped flanges. Near the top-surface of this bowl is a round plate swinging on pivots. Between the latter, though attached to them and the plate, are three semicircular vanes extending downwards into the milk. One vane is set vertically, while the other two are ranged at angles of forty-five degrees. These vanes are so perforated as to stir the milk by their rotation without effecting such a change as actually to produce butter. In serving a customer, when the vendor dips his measure into the can he presses the top plate downwards, and in so doing the vanes are caused to move, thereby stirring the milk thoroughly, so that it is of equal quality and composition throughout. When the loaded measure is withdrawn the bowl rocks gently until the top plate is once more horizontal above the surface of the milk, thereby protecting the latter against contamination. It is just as easy to draw milk from a can thus fitted as from the ordinary utensil, and no matter how slightly the measure may be dipped into the contents, the vanes are sure to be

set in action. The invention is completed by a fly and dust proof cover, into the under-side of which the measure is clipped. The vessel is thus a sanitary, easily cleaned, and reliable appliance, protecting the distributor and consumer alike. It is stated that the apparatus has been regarded with high favour by the medical profession, public authorities, and others who have subjected the invention to practical test.

A NOVEL MUSIC-STOOL.

A comfortable stool is something for which the pianist has been longing. The standard equipment of this description is either too high or too low, and then the defect has to be remedied as well as possible by temporary means. Moreover, when the music is stored beneath the seat the search for any particular composition is tedious and exasperating. In the 'Loncol' stool both these deficiencies are overcome. In the first place, the pianist can adjust the stool to any height he desires by a simple movement and without leaving his seat. The range of adjustment is sufficient to enable the exact position to be obtained almost instantly. Again, when the drawer beneath the seat containing the music is pulled out the front falls down automatically, enabling the pianist, while in his seat, to run through the contents rapidly and to withdraw what he desires without effort or risk of damaging the article. To replace the drawer the pianist simply presses a knob and the whole flies back to the closed position. The seat is made in a variety of forms, and is the most comfortable accessory to the piano that has yet been devised. To the music-teacher it is decidedly useful, since it enables the pupil to be seated in comfort and to attain that style and grace which the master so much desires, at the same time securing full command of the instrument, which is practically impossible when the pupil is uncomfortably seated.

A WEAVER FOR THE HOME.

A device which will appeal to my lady of the house is an ingenious little machine for home-weaving. It is not a toy, but a practical loom on which ties, belts, small mats, and so forth can be woven. It is something entirely new for occupying feminine leisure moments, while its simplicity and durability are two features that will appeal. By using different coloured threads in the warp and weft the operator can weave fancy designs, and in this direction there is such scope for fertility that the utilisation of the machine cannot fail to interest, as it opens up an entirely new field in what might be termed needlework. The simplicity of the working is such that it forms an ideal practical machine for children, who will find profitable amusement and education in its use, gaining an intimate knowledge of the weaving craft, and how patterns are worked into any material, which otherwise is difficult to explain and to understand. The weaver is made substantially of wood, and cannot be easily broken or damaged. A machine capable of weaving mats up to some three feet in length costs only a few shillings, and the work produced thereby can be turned to a useful purpose, which enhances its value. The necessary yarns can also be obtained at a low price, so that the machine, unlike those for some other forms of fancy-work, is not expensive. The shuttle comprises a specially shaped piece of cardboard carrying the weft, but a netting-needle of wood or metal will fulfil the same purpose with equal success.

DISPLACING THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

The magnetic needle has held sway for so many centuries as the navigator's guide, philosopher, and friend that its supersession appears impossible. Yet now it is in danger of being displaced. The magnetic compass is easily deranged; that is its one great disadvantage. Its rival is the gyro-compass. This device carries a compass-card of the ordinary description, and is placed similarly in the binnacle. The heavy disc is mounted within the machine in a framework floating on mercury in such a way that the disc is kept absolutely vertical and the axis horizontal, in accordance with the lines laid down by Foucault the eminent French scientist. It is driven by means of a small electric motor at twenty thousand revolutions per minute. With this instrument the true geographical and not the magnetic north is indicated, while, moreover, it is not affected by the metal in the ship as is the ordinary magnetic compass. The gyro-compass is the invention of some German scientists, and in the land of its origin exhaustive tests have proved it to be so reliable that it is now being introduced into the German navy. The British Admiralty propose to submit the invention to searching trials. The one obvious weak spot is the rotation of the disc. Should this fall below the critical speed it would become unreliable in operation, while dependence upon the electric motor might arouse misgivings. This is not the first attempt to supplant the ancient compass, and whether it will meet with any greater measure of success than other efforts in the same direction time alone can show.

LACTO, ICE-CREAM.

In order to neutralise the putrefactive bacteria in the intestines, which Metchnikoff says in a considerable measure cause old age, there has been recommended the partaking of a new frozen dairy product called lacto, which contains a large number of lactic acid bacteria in a dormant condition. This product is made of 'loppered' or coagulated skim-milk, with the addition of sugar, eggs, lemon, and flavouring material. It contains

less fat than ice-cream, but more protein. Freezing does not hurt the lactic acid germs, and they retain their vitality even after the product has been stored for some time in the frozen condition. It has been invented at the state experiment station at Ames, Iowa, and promises to be popular and useful.

HEALTH-VISITORS AND PREVENTION.

The paper in *Chambers's Journal* for April 1911 by Miss Loane on 'The Town of Stupidity' emphasises the need of the health-visitor. Quite worthy in this connection to be studied by all who care for the health of the community is a booklet entitled *Letters from Miss Florence Nightingale on Health-Visiting in Rural Districts*, with prefatory note by Sir Lauder Brunton (P. S. King and Son). Originally submitted to Bucks County Council in 1892, this report deserves extensive circulation. Florence Nightingale was strangely impressed with the fact that the cure of disease was more popular than its prevention; that there are more people to pick us up when we fall than to enable us to stand on our feet. Although after her arduous labours in the Crimea she never regained normal health, she continued to be unweariedly interested in organising and developing systems of sick-nursing which have benefited millions. Sir Lauder Brunton says: 'With the clearness of intellect which was one of her distinguishing qualities, she recognised that prevention is better than cure, and that the instruction of mothers was one of the best means of preventing disease. As she herself said in her lecture to mothers, when a child has lost its health how often the mother says, "Oh! if I had only known; but there was no one to tell me."' This sad want of knowledge, Miss Nightingale thought, could probably be best removed by instituting health-visitors throughout the country who could visit the homes and give the mothers the instruction they needed. Those who are interested in what is being done may secure *The Health Visitor*, a pamphlet issued by the National League for Physical Education and Improvement, 4 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

CURE FOR THE OPIUM HABIT.

The discovery of a new and effective cure for opium-smoking was brought about in a curious manner. Some Chinese woodcutters at work in the Seremban jungle, Negri Sembilan, in the Federated Malay States, having exhausted their supply of tea, gathered the leaves of a jungle climbing plant, dried and roasted them, and made an infusion which they drank. After a few days' experience of this tea substitute, the men, who, after the manner of their race, were opium-smokers, lost all desire for their favourite drug. The news quickly spread, and at Kuala Lumpur, one of the chief towns, experiments attested by the Department of Agriculture proved the truth of the men's assertions. The plant, which is a climber attaining a height of one hundred feet, is *Combretum sundaicum*. Hundreds of opium-smokers have been supplied with this remedy, the results being, according to competent authorities, highly satisfactory. The following is the method of preparation: The branches of the plant are, with the leaves, chopped into pieces about an inch and a half long. After drying for two or three days the whole is winnowed in a primitive fashion, by which the stalks are separated from the lighter parts. Leaves and stalks are then roasted over a charcoal fire, after which they are placed in tins containing water and allowed to boil for three hours, the liquid being afterwards strained through sieves into wooden barrels. A further straining is resorted to before it is drawn off into bottles ready for use.

THE SOAP-NUT TREE.

Mr E. Moulié, Jacksonville, Florida, who has been greatly interested in the cultivation of the soap-nut tree, and has been distributing seeds for its propagation, has written to the *Scientific American* on the subject. The kernel of the nut makes a good substitute for cotton-seed oil for soapmaking, and has other by-products. The Rev. Benjamin Helm, a Chinese missionary, is credited with first bringing seeds of this tree to the United States, from which only one fully developed tree was reared in Florida. It has been the parent of many others, along with seeds from Algiers and those distributed by the Bureau of Industry; the product being some half a million trees. The soap-nut and the kernel of the seed furnish raw materials for a score of toilet articles of commercial value. The kernel furnishes a fixed oil equal to olive-oil for culinary purposes, while it can be used for making a soap equal to the best Castile. The soap-nut has also internal uses in cases of salivation and epilepsy, and as an expectorant; the leaves are fodder, and the cakes from which the oil has been extracted are eaten by poultry and cattle. Once the tree is started the cost of production is practically nothing.

THE DIET OF ATHLETES.

Dr Siebert, as the result of fifteen years' observation of the training of athletes and wrestlers, states as his belief that every man needs his own peculiar diet, and must be a law unto himself. It is impossible to treat all men equally in regard to the food and drink from which his digestive organs must extract material and energy. He says: 'The preparation of the food, the manner of chewing, the digestive powers, and certain imponderable factors exert a great and yet unknown influence. In general, that person is nearest physical perfection who can develop the greatest energy from a moderate quantity of the simplest food. Good air must be regarded as one of the most important articles

of food, for strong men, without exception, have good respiratory powers.' One of the strongest wrestlers Dr Siebert ever knew indulged in a diet selected by himself—vegetables, bread, and milk, with a little meat. His appetite was good but not enormous, and his evening meal was usually two pints of sour milk, with a little sugar, bread, and butter. On this simple diet Ernst Siegfried developed a degree of strength in the hands, legs, and back never equalled. Others, however, who imitated this diet became dyspeptic. The diet of Barenther, another athlete, often consisted only of dry bread; another example was a moderate eater, preferring simple food; while many who ate much more and an incredible amount of flesh food never acquired the strength and endurance of these followers of the simple life. It may be remembered that Dr Woods Hutchinson, in his *Health and Common-sense*, noticed here in 1909, counselled his readers to follow their healthy natural instincts in regard to food, and not to become a prey to food-faddists of any description.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

REX CORONATUR.

A GOLDEN day set in azure and crystal, answering
sounds of the summer and glad birds on the
wing,
A velvety swallow pursuing a lover, and a wel-
coming cry, ''Tis the King! the King!'
And beyond tramping of feet and martial music
an intangible something stronger is heard—
'Tis loyal hearts throbbing in far-away countries,
for the pulse of a mighty nation is stirred.
So a fat brown bee, who's in love with a lily,
booming lazily home on the ambient breeze,
Stops an instant to whisper to a shy little rose-
bud, 'Those are England's voices from over
the seas;'
While she, answering, nods with a wave of sweet
perfume—in her heart since the dawn is an
angel's tear—
'How they love their God, their King, and Country,
and with things like *these* she has nothing to
fear.'

Can you hear them—voices ringing across the
water, in tones of affection for the dear Mother
Land?
Strong sons of Empire full of emotion, as over
the ocean hand stretches to hand,
Though a few dark pages in England's history
on which the light of the world has shone,
Praising, *not* blaming, with a happy insistence,
her saints and warriors in the century gone:
Wellington — Gordon — Victoria — Edward, and
noblest of heroes among her slain,
Proud to have lived and died for their country
and for England, their labours have not been
in vain;
And wherever to-day flags unfurl for the Empire,
be it land or sea, for our Sailor King,
Loving thoughts drift to a Sea King's daughter,
as the cheers resound with a deafening ring.

'Mid golden glamour of Indian summer, within
plaintive sound of the myna's cry;
'Neath God's forget-me-nots shining, and scent of
wattle, and clear full moon in an Austral sky;
By whispering leaves in sight of the maple, and
snow-capped Rockies—work of Mightiest Hand;
On African soil, with its new-made history, thoughts
are wafting away to the old Homeland;
In the kauri forests of far New Zealand, with
its wonderful wealth of beautiful wood;
By feathery tree-ferns in fair Tasmania, where
for a century sons of Empire have stood;
Close to mountain and river, sea-girt island, and
city, under gleaming sun or a Milky Way,
All—all are sending respectful homage and the
happiest wish for their King to-day!

And what of the lesser lights of Empire?—smaller,
but loyal, and none the less true;
Tropical gems in an emerald setting, hung in rich
canopied world of blue;
Sun-kissed palms wooed by spice-laden breezes,
wonderful atoms in a world of their own;
Fire-flies flashing over passionate blossoms, stars
golden as if some had Heavenward flown;
Mystical dawns, sunsets roseate and purple, wave-
lets caressing brown rocks within reach;
Phantom-like sea-birds skimming and crying, with
coral-reef stretching to sandy beach;
Brilliant planets in nights of white lustre, dusky
forms moving and gliding from sight;
Grateful eyes beaming, and looking to England
with a softer radiance than the stars of the
night.

. . . . . .

A golden world in an azure setting, two exquisite
lovers, and tender kiss of a bee,
While above the roar of a city—the whisper—
from England's Dominions beyond the Sea;
For the golden links of a chain of memories bind
heart to heart as they loyally sing,
And so over the globe is echoing their watch-
word: 'For God and Country! and Honour
the King!'

E. A. HENTY (MRS EDWARD STARKEY).

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.
4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE MASTER OF CARRICK.

By CHARLES HILTON BROWN.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE teller of a tale, it would seem, is like one who sets out into a maze; inasmuch as he sees his beginning clearly enough, and a way leading from it some little distance. But so soon as he is out of sight of the entrance he is speedily lost, and can no longer discern the false path from the true; and when at last he is arrived at the heart he falls into some doubt if he be indeed there, nor can he recall the steps by which he could have reached any such place.

I think that by these first words of mine I have made it so clear that I am a schoolmaster that there can be little need to state as much now. I that have taken it upon me to tell this tale am Andrew MacConnachie, at your service for just so far as I can serve, with an Arts degree from St Andrews, and nigh upon forty years of teaching dunderheads in the Bishopshire. I have lived in the village of Scotsbrig, which is just such a place as you may imagine, for more years than I care to think, and in all that time we have had nothing but such little turmoils as vex a countryside—except in this affair of the Master and his wooing. They are all gone now of whom I shall speak in these pages—the Master killed, as I like to think, on the field of battle (though evil tongues have it otherwise), and old Nicoll the minister, and Ailie, poor lass, his daughter. And James Stuart too, that we call the Old Pretender, has had his day (though they tell me we shall hear more yet of his party); and here is the old dominie left to his pipe and his thoughts and the long Bishopshire evenings. And in truth to this day I cannot bring myself to pass a verdict on these two principals in our little tragedy, or say once and for all who was in the wrong; for God knows what the Master would have done had the cards fallen his way, or how far he would have stood square to his promises; and God knows what thought for him Ailie really had, and how much she just went with the stream. If I were old Mr Nicoll I should tell you that a day would come when we should know all these things; but, as it is, I doubt they are gone for all time, and I think it may be just as well.

I think I may fairly judge myself competent to tell this tale, for I taught the Master all through his boyhood, and I had his confidence, as I believe, to the last. I should, therefore, be entitled to pronounce an opinion of his character, and I am not going to suggest that he was anything of a paragon. But, on the other hand, I know he was never half the villain the ill-natured talk of the countryside has made him. Gossip—and I fear, too, history—has painted him black enough; but I knew him for a lad with more than one saving grace in him if one could but charm it out, and more than one lovable quality where there was any affection in return. I make large excuse for him on the grounds that his mother died when he was very young, that he had no companions of his own age and rank; while his father, Lord Carrick, was a hard and unapproachable man; and that the Grahams of Carrick have from all time been a hard-living, hot-headed family. We have a saying in the Bishopshire that has it, 'Cross the de'il afore the laird o' Carrick;' and in good truth the family temper was appalling. And in this respect Mr Robert, the Master, was no better than the worst; but for all that he was a brave lad and a true, and no more capable of half the ill deeds they tell in his name than I am myself. If he was quick to anger, he was quick to see the right or to forgive; and if he had the natural faults of youth, he would have shaken them off with it. They tell me of a degenerate life in the Courts of France; but I say he died bravely at Sheriffmuir, and no mortal man will ever persuade me otherwise. As for Ailie, I shall speak of her in good time; for of her I am not so sure.

It occurs to me here that the name of the Bishopshire may fall strange on some ears, and indeed that is little to be wondered at, for I have met men and women no farther away than the East of Fife who knew of no such place. It is reached, for all that, simply enough; for if you set your face northward from Edinburgh and cross the Forth at the Queen's Ferry, and from there take the North Road till you come to the westmost ridge of Benarty Hill, you will see it all before you like a map or a pattern on a cloth. It runs all along the east shore of Loch-

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leven, sweeping up in a smooth curve to the slopes of the Bishop's Hill, which lies like an arm thrown round it all. I have lived in it now long enough to know all its moods, from the midsummer days when one can hardly bear to look at the white crags on the hills, and the long shadowy summer evenings, to the bitter January afternoons when the cloud-shadows chase each other across the loch and the snow-winds come down in some wild rant from Perthshire. I tell you all this to show you what sort of background you are to make for my story; and for Scotsbrig you are to picture to yourself a long straggle of cottages by the road-side, none too soundly or skilfully built. The school is at one end, and at the other, beside the cross-roads where they say there are murderers' bones buried, is the manse where Ailie Nicoll and her father lived. The kirk and kirkyard of Carrick are a little distance down the road to the east, and farther on in the same direction is the Castle, as the folk here call it, though it is no more than a fair-sized mansion-house, and none too well kept even at that. Below you is the fine sweep of the loch, with the island that never looks anything but dark and gloomy, and on the other side the long line of the hill shuts you away, as it were, from all the world.

. . . . . .

It were meet that I should start out upon this narrative with some striking incident, for that is the manner, I believe, in which all good tales begin; but if that be indeed a canon of this troublesome art, then my story must needs break it, for the only picture I have to show you is my worthy self labouring along the rough road that leads from Scotsbrig to Castle Carrick. For I think this tale may best begin on that autumn morning, though what business it was that took me there has long since escaped my memory. I make no doubt, however, that it was something very weighty, and in all probability something long put off, for no man held interview with old Lord Carrick if he could reasonably stay at home.

The Castle stands high, and one can see it all the way from the village, but it is not till one reaches the gate that the poverty of the house of Graham makes itself felt. Here one comes upon a pair of chipped and weather-worn stone dogs perched very drunkenly upon two cracked green pillars; the gate itself was destroyed by a falling tree some sixty years ago, and was never replaced, and from each pillar there spreads away along the roadside that dreariest of sights, a broken-down stone dike. There are whins and saplings pushing themselves through the stones, and away down the straight, weed-grown avenue the so-called Castle shows itself—a long rickle of a place, with small windows and a pointed gable above the door. The grounds were a wilderness, and the house for the most part unfurnished, yet never was there a prince or a duke who gazed on his estates with half the complacency of old Lord Carrick. He would speak with an air of 'the lands of Carrick' as if they ran from Forth to Tay, though as a matter of fact I could never ascertain that they existed at all; and he would boast of his family, which was certainly old enough, though never any too well-behaved. He had dreams of one day restoring the fallen fortunes of his house, and I dare say that to that end he took some strange schemes in hand. For he was a shrewd old fox, and like the oldest foxes little seen abroad; but I have always fancied that he plotted much in his lair.

On the morning of which I am speaking I was hardly well past the gate when I saw coming towards me the familiar figure of the Master. Mr Robert—for so I always called him—was very tall and very broadly built for his years, which at this time might be twenty three or four, but he walked with a stoop which marred the effect of his carriage, and together with the heavy expression of his face gave him a name for more coarseness or sullenness than he actually had. On this occasion I who knew him had little need to be told that he was in one of his vilest humours, for he had drawn all his brows into his eyes, and his under-jaw was thrust forward to the point of cracking. He made at first as though to pass me by without a word, and then suddenly planted himself right in my path.

'Weel, MacConnachie,' said he, 'I'm dune wi't noo.' For it was his way to drop into the rough speech of the district at his pleasure, though I taught him to speak King George's English as well as most in the country; but he found that at times the Scotch annoyed his father, and, besides, I think that he liked it.

'Done with what, Mr Robert?' said I.

'I'm dune wi't a',' said he. 'And as for you donnert auld carle'——

'Mr Robert! Mr Robert!' I cried, 'you must not speak so of your father. He'——

'I'll speak how I choose,' said he, 'and I'll no' seek your permission, MacConnachie—nor his either. What I say I'll do, or my name's no more Rab Graham o' Carrick. If I say I'm to have a lass I'll ha'e her, and no' a man on this side o' Fife 'll stop me.'

With that I began to see at last how the wind blew, for the Bishopshire gossip runs quick, and rumour had been rife enough; and I saw that this was no ordinary quarrel that had broken out between father and son, but one that was like to take some laying. For you may tell a young man that he is an ignoramus in most things, and he will only laugh at you; but tell him he has made a fool of himself in his choice of a woman and you have raised up a devil.

'Ah!' I said, 'so, is it? They say in the village it is Ailie Nicoll.'

'Mistress Alison Nicoll!' he roared. 'I've heard her miscalled enough for one morning. Well, then, it *is* Ailie Nicoll, and it's Lady

Carrick she 's to be, and my father can flee ower the Bishop's Hill if that disna suit him.'

'But, Mr Robert,' I reminded him, 'your first duty is always to your father. He is an older man than you, and you must just be guided.'

'Ay, ay,' he said, more quietly, but with a terrible bitterness, 'there you go with your texts and your precepts. Much good they 've done you, and much they 'll do me. 'Sdeath, man, can ye no' see how it is? My mind 's made up. I 'll have what I want or nothing.'

'But your father'—— I began again.

'Ay, ay,' he broke in impatiently. 'My father, my father—aye my father! I tell ye I don't give that puddock-stool for my father. Look ye here, MacConnachie, am I still a bairn at your school, or am I a man?'

'You have arrived at what are usually called years of discretion, Mr Robert,' I said.

'No doubt,' said he; 'no doubt. And I suppose that 's why I 'm girded round by a pack of havering old hens aye cacklin' about nothing.'

'Mr Robert,' I said, 'if you are going to speak like that I must say good-day. Neither my rank nor yours will permit of my remaining.'

'Well, say good-day, then,' said he, still sulking, 'and be done with it. Away and see my father and hear his words of wisdom.'

'I am just going,' I said. 'But for your own sake, Mr Robert, and, if I may venture to say it, for mine, don't go making yourself the laughing-stock of the countryside for the sake of a minister's daughter.'

I thought for an instant he was going to jump down my throat, but his face changed suddenly. It was these sudden changes that made the real charm—perhaps the only charm—of his nature.

'MacConnachie,' he said, 'I 've been rude to you, and you 're a good soul, and I 'm sorry for it. But I 've had a hard morning, and there 's some 'll have a harder yet over the head of it all;' and with that he spun on his heel and walked from me without another word.

. . . . . .

I confess that it was not with the lightest of hearts that I went on my way to the Castle, for to the difficulties of an interview with his lordship—never a thing to be approached lightly—was added this new trouble, with the probability that I should find the old gentleman in his least amiable temper. I think if I had known then of half the trouble that was in store I should have altogether despaired; but by a merciful dispensation of Providence, as old Mr Nicoll would tell you, these things are hidden.

Lord Carrick was sitting over some papers in the dismal chamber known as the library, a room whose hideousness and discomfort he seemed to appreciate, for he used it as seldom as possible. Even on this bright morning there was a dim and secret atmosphere about the gaunt place that whispered of conspiracy, and—a more useful purpose—served to hide the extremely faded character of the upholsterings. His lordship made it a practice to receive his men of business in this room, ostensibly because it was his only chamber of state, but really, I think, because he liked to set them in front of a window and mark the play of their faces from some twilit recess opposite where he himself could be but dimly perceived.

As his aged man-servant opened the door he looked up from his papers with a sharp 'Who 's this?' but on seeing who his visitor was he greeted me warmly.

'Ah, MacConnachie,' said he, 'so it is you! You 're welcome, man, for there 's more than one thing I have to say to you.'

With that he set me in the usual chair before the light—I well believe it was the only one with a whole cover in the room—and fell to telling me one of the two stories with which he invariably prefaced his business. To my surprise, he was in an excellent humour, and, not content with the one story, told the other as well. He had up a pint of claret, and over this we discussed the business, whatever it was, that had brought me there. And then, when I might reasonably be supposed to be off my guard, he wheeled on me suddenly and said without any change of tone, 'So you met Rab outside?'

I made no doubt he had watched our conversation from the window, so I admitted at once that I had; whereupon his lordship rose and took up his stand at the window with his back turned towards me and his thin hands clasped behind him.

'Rab,' said he—that was the name by which he invariably spoke of his son, which was the more surprising as for some reason he loathed the Scotch tongue beyond all tolerance—'Rab is a fool. He doesn't know his own mind, and he will allow no one to know it for him.'

I said something, I dare say, upon the natural impulses of youth; but he was not to be put off.

'What do you think of this woman Alison Nicoll, MacConnachie?' said he, and turned those light-blue eyes of his full upon me.

I replied guardedly that I knew of much in her favour and little or nothing otherwise.

'MacConnachie,' said he pettishly, 'there are times when you incline to trifle. However, I am in no need of information from you. I have made a point of knowing things for myself all my days, and I think I know enough. I have no idea what my son has said to you or you to him; but I regard this woman as unfit to be the wife of a Graham of Carrick, and she never shall.'

'In respect of birth, my lord'—— I was beginning, for indeed the Nicolls were well enough connected; but he stopped me with his hand.

'No doubt,' he said in his dryest voice; 'no doubt. But the woman 's a fool, MacConnachie, as you must know very well. If the woman 's a

duchess she may be the greatest fool that ever walked, but otherwise she had much better not.'

'She is headstrong, my lord,' I said; 'but it is my opinion that she would make a good wife.'

'I do not question your opinion,' he said with one blue eye half-shut and his dry smile playing all round his mouth. 'In fact, I could have told you it without asking. Rab wants a new toy, and he must have it. Eh, MacConnachie? Man, man, what a grandfather you would make!' And he fell to laughing shrilly at my discomfiture.

'However,' he cried a minute later, 'all that's neither here nor there. He won't marry this woman—not now at any rate; and if not now, then never. I am sending him off to Paris to-morrow.'

'Paris!' I cried, shaken out of all respectfulness. 'What would he do there?' And I tried to read his face, but he was back among his shadows again.

'I will ignore the impertinence of your question, MacConnachie,' he said. 'Indeed, I will even answer it. He will do two things. He will transact some small private business of my own, and he will marry a wife. The former he will be glad to do; the latter he will not be able to avoid.'

'But, my lord,' I asked in some surprise, 'will he go?'

'Go!' he cried, as if the thought amused him. 'I shall make him go. And, besides, he would give both his ears and half that black mane he sets such store by for the chance. And now, MacConnachie, fill up your glass, and we will continue that question you were raising.'

After that I dared ask no more, and to this day I know not the nature of the 'private business' the Master was sent to do. But in the light of what followed I think I can guess; and if I were asked how the Master came to turn Jacobite, I think I could lay my hand with some accuracy upon the source of his inspiration.

(To be continued.)

THE KING AND QUEEN AT HOME.

By Mary Spencer Warren.

To King George and Queen Mary alike, 'home' is essentially the centre of attraction and affection and the chief place of personal interest. This love of home has distinguished their Majesties all through their married life, and the pure and ennobling influence of domestic joys has not only enriched their own lives, but it must, by sheer force of circumstances, permeate every phase of social existence throughout the coming years. No more devoted husband and wife and no more devoted parents ever existed; and in the past, when the heavy duties and burdens of State had not devolved upon their Majesties, and when they were enabled to live the life of quiet simplicity in their Norfolk home—to see one was to see them all. Father, mother, and children would ramble, ride, or drive together; and while in the house the parents saw far more of their children than is often the case in the families not only of the aristocracy, but of even the middle classes! An ideal life, but just a continuation of a state of things which was inaugurated in the royal family at the commencement of the Victorian era.

To a great extent the old order of things prevails. Quite naturally the requirements of State must be observed, and there must, of necessity, be an everyday formal etiquette; but the inner life is as simple as it is possible to make it, and husband and wife are fond but wise father and mother, and the children look on their parents as their true friends.

Take a typical day in the royal life, and it will be found that every one is astir by eight o'clock in the morning (often the King is taking horse-riding exercise before that hour) in readiness for the duties of the day. And here it may be said that all duties are taken seriously; no putting off a task because it happens to be irksome! Right through the family, 'duty for duty's sake' is a motto kept well in mind. Breakfast is never later than 9 A.M., and is taken *en famille* in the good old-fashioned way. During college and school terms two of the sons are absent, one at Dartmouth and one at a private school at Broadstairs; but all at home assemble in the oak dining-room if at Windsor, or the breakfast-room of their Majesties' wing if at Buckingham Palace. Needless to say, the nicest of manners prevail with the young people. Their father has years of naval discipline behind him, their mother is naturally domestically methodical, so that there is an utter absence of unpleasantness arising from spoiled and disagreeable children, so often the case in family life. The King and Queen seem to have hit the happy medium between too great strictness and too great indulgence, and they see that this is carried out throughout the Court. No pampering, no fawning, no foolish indulgence from friends and tutors. Dignified simplicity is the keynote, and it all goes to a moral and mental training which will result in the welfare and happiness of their Majesties' sons and daughter, and, incidentally, those with whom they will be brought into contact in their future years.

After breakfast the real business of the day begins. Much, of course, depends upon the plans which have been previously laid out, or on

those which have been made during the matutinal meal, for, at any rate with the elders, time has to be carefully mapped or chaos would ensue. The King has to devote an average of four hours per day to State documents and general correspondence. Letters, of course, have been previously gone through and sorted by the private secretaries; and, truth to tell, a vast number have been relegated to the waste-paper baskets—these being the epistles of cranks, people with grievances (fancied or real), and enterprising tradesmen who are keen on an advertisement. All genuine and proper letters are answered, but, naturally, there are matters in which the King cannot constitutionally interfere, and there are others which Lord Knollys can himself deal with. As a matter of fact, letters *should* be addressed to Lord Knollys or to the chief officials of the various household departments; but vast numbers of people seem to agree in utterly disregarding this rule. There yet remain formidable piles which must be referred to the King, not the least of which are requests for visits, patronage, and donations in connection with institutions and charities. All such His Majesty insists on going into very thoroughly, and if he deems his help to be requisite and necessary he gives it.

The model estate and general housing problem—especially as connected with the Prince of Wales's duchy, has been occupying the King's mind very much of late, and he has not only paid the visits of inspection which have come under the public ken, but he has also spent long hours in going through and discussing ideas and plans in connection with the scheme. Emphatically, King George is, and will be, a great social reformer. While, as a matter of course, upholding the dignity of this great and glorious Empire, the good of the people as typified in the advance and betterment of commercial and social conditions will be the principal objects of his kingship. His Majesty has seen for himself both at home and in Greater Britain beyond the Seas. He has heard for himself both sides of the questions of the day in the House, where he has often been an attentive listener. He assimilates facts readily, and he has the naval man's quick decision. He will not be a mere figurehead. His influence will be *felt*.

As much of the correspondence as is possible is gone through in the morning; but there may be individuals or deputations to receive, dignities to confer, or functions to hold. If their Majesties are at Windsor, there may be guests to entertain, and then the King heads a shooting-party, which takes up some hours of his day and is often the occasion of work before breakfast or after the ordinary programme of the day is through.

The forenoon of the Queen has also been full of work. Her Majesty has her big batch of correspondence, for she is connected with many societies and charities, some of which date back from her girlhood. She is an indefatigable worker, and never seems to have an idle moment. Hospitals, orphanages, needlework guilds, and many other good causes feel the benefit of her influence and untiring efforts. It is a fact that Her Majesty stitches and knits hundreds of garments each year for the welfare of the sick and suffering, and she takes a personal interest in many things for the betterment of the masses that the public little wot of. She has a mind for detail, and she makes a point of knowing the why and wherefore of everything with which she connects herself. She is eminently practical and absolutely just, and an ideal helpmate to her husband.

Sometime during the morning the Queen is sure to look in at the children. She has always taken an exceptional interest in everything that concerns health and medical science, and has been untiring in her efforts to secure the physical well-being of her little ones. She is a great believer in fresh air, and as a consequence her children spend much of their time out of doors. They have to work, though; for the education of a prince and princess, by virtue of their future position, must of necessity be cosmopolitan and comprehensive. At the same time, Her Majesty has never made the mistake of allowing her children to have very long lessons, for she is in thorough agreement with the advanced thinkers of the day, who are aware that very serious injury may be done by overtasking young brains. Occasionally one or other of the children may accompany the mother to some particular function, in order that a little insight into public life may be acquired; but such occasions are few and far between. Their outdoor life is generally spent in walking, riding (they commence this almost as soon as they begin to talk), playing healthy games, and working in their little gardens. To the absent Princes the Queen writes a few words nearly every day, for she does not regard her motherly duties as over when her boys emerge from the nursery. She keeps in touch with them and with those to whom has been entrusted the responsibility of their advanced training.

Her Majesty's daughter the Princess Mary is already much of a companion to her mother, and has certainly quite inherited many of her tastes and instincts. All the children wear simple dress and have to keep regular hours. They are never addressed as 'Your Royal Highness,' but simply by their Christian names, with the prefix of Prince or Princess. They shake hands with every one presented to them, and never disregard the salutation of even the poorest of their father's subjects. They are encouraged to help various charitable institutions, and save up from their limited pocket-money in order to do so.

To resume the daily programme. The whole of the family meet again for luncheon, which is,

indeed, the children's dinner. The party is often increased by the presence of the Connaught or Cumberland Lodge relatives; but should there be other than family visitors, only the Princess Mary or the elder Princes when they are at home join the party; the others take their dinner with the governess and tutor. Here it may be said that the Queen believes implicitly in the plainest of food for the children; for the matter of that, the King and Queen live very plainly themselves, so they are not likely to allow their children to do otherwise.

During the afternoon the King generally has some duty which cannot be put on one side, and it is only on very rare occasions that he is able to drive out with the Queen. Her Majesty, however, invariably drives out, sometimes accompanied by her daughter and always by a lady-in-waiting. Afternoon tea is a pleasant assembly, at which the King and Queen, together with occasional visitors and some of the members of the Court circle, meet informally; at Buckingham Palace the tea is partaken of in one of the three state drawing-rooms, and at Windsor Castle in the grand corridor, a long, broad, and winding corridor full of rich curios and cabinets of rare china. The next hour or two is spent in a variety of ways, some of the time with the children, some in reading or writing, and some in quiet consultation on current events.

Dinner is a stately meal, served at 7·30 P.M., unless a dinner-party is given. A few minutes before that hour any guests present, together with those members of the Court who have been invited to dine with their Majesties, assemble in one of the state-rooms and form up in a double avenue, ladies on one side, gentlemen on the other, all in the order of precedence. On the stroke of the hour the King and Queen enter from their private apartments, pass through the bowing and curtsying avenue of guests — whose salutation they graciously return—and so proceed to the dining-room, followed by all present. Their Majesties face each other at the table, the guests of highest honours sitting on either hand. Some of the famous gold or silver plate is always in use; the glass is cut and of the most costly manufacture, each piece engraved with the royal arms. The wine-glasses cost upwards of fifteen pounds per dozen. The dinner-service is of pure white with narrow royal blue bordering and arms and cipher, and the damask of the finest make, and of course fresh for every meal. The menu—never two days alike—is entirely prepared in the Palace or Castle kitchens under the superintendence of a *chef* who was formerly with the King when Prince of Wales. There are a number of footmen present in state liveries of scarlet and gold, with blue facings and white knee-breeches with silk stockings. These men are under the orders of one who is technically known as the first gentleman porter. The footmen who wait upon the King and Queen retain their position behind the royal chairs throughout the meal, the dishes being brought to them by other and subordinate footmen. As has already been said, their Majesties have a preference for plain food, though naturally the game and the wonderful entrées and other dishes of the famous *chef* are not neglected. Wine is sparingly partaken of by their Majesties, those of a light nature for preference. Conversation runs easily and pleasantly throughout the meal, which is well over within an hour. Sometimes there is a little music after dinner, and the King and a few gentlemen guests may play a game at billiards, at which His Majesty is an adept. Cards are seldom used, neither the King nor Queen caring for bridge or other fashionable games.

Should there be an absence of guests, their Majesties will probably write family letters or quietly read their favourite authors until bed-time. Both King and Queen find one of their chief recreations in books; and although they read some of the up-to-date novels by the best writers, they each greatly prefer the more solid works of leaders of thought and philosophy, pioneers of discovery and travel, and the best historical writers.

Their Majesties retire at a comparatively early hour; this has been their invariable rule when possible. So ends the day of duty to the State and of almost unceasing work, yet of that quiet domestic happiness which is the predominant feature in the lives of the monarchs of the mightiest Empire of the world.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

BEING A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF A NOTABLE HOUSE.

By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE, Author of *The Lost Cause*, *The Rebel Commodore*, &c.

CHAPTER V.—NEWS FROM HIGH GERMANY.

'FIRST touch to me!' cried Eleanor gleefully. Her brother nodded, and then the foils met again and embraced. For a minute or two the play went on; but although the pair were well matched, plainly the man's mind was not in it. As the result, his guard was soon pierced.

'Again! And fairly pinked this time, lad!' Charles Heathcote threw down his foil. 'To tell the truth, Nell, I haven't the heart for it this

morning,' said he. 'It all seems such folly—as things are with us.'

Eleanor linked her arm in his and drew him to an open window. Seen together thus, in the informality of morning-dress and with hair unpowdered, the resemblance between brother and sister was most striking. Save for the natural difference of sex, they were marvellously alike in form and features and colouring. Between these two also, born at one birth, there was an unusual bond of affection. For they had been brought up together, educated together, and trained in the same exercises; and, indeed, in swordsmanship and on horseback the girl was little, if at all, the inferior. In many ways, too—albeit Charles Heathcote was no weakling—hers was the stronger will and more steadfast spirit.

'Tis nothing new, is it?' she asked, as they stood looking out at the sunlit garden.

'Hang it, Nell, does the nearness make it any the more tolerable?' he demanded impatiently. 'Think of it! In a week or little more it will be all over with us, and—and you expect me to enjoy a bout with the foils!'

He turned away, and his glance ran round the long, narrow, high-roofed hall. It revealed by signs that were only too patent the poverty and decadence of the house, but it was not the broken wainscoting and faded tapestry that he saw; it was rather the half-dozen portraits on the walls and the arms emblazoned on the upper panels of the three great windows. They were the arms of the Heathcotes and the families with whom they had intermarried; and to a man with the intense pride of race, of which these things are the symbol, the parting from the home of his fathers was a misfortune scarcely less bitter than death itself.

Eleanor guessed his thoughts as surely as if he had spoken. 'The wrench is as hard for me, Charles,' said she in a voice that was somewhat uncertain. 'But if there is no hope'——

'Not the smallest!' he interrupted. 'I met French at the market yesterday, and he warned me to be ready for the worst.'

'Not even now that the old marquis is dead? We do not know the kind of man this new Lord Thanet is; but'——

'Eleanor,' cried he, stopping her with a vehement gesture, 'how can it matter to us what the man is or what he may do? With his breed and upbringing he is not likely to be a saint. But even if he were an angel from heaven, how could we accept any favour from a St Aubyn? For me, God knows, I'd rather leave the old place for ever, and go out to beg my bread on the streets!'

The girl's eyes kindled. 'You are right, Charles, and I ask your pardon,' said she. 'Heart up, lad! Come the worst, we have still each other—and the father. We can join him again, and face the world together.'

'That is just what I am troubled about,' he said quickly. 'For ourselves—well, I suppose there will be a hundred or two left. But I confess I don't like this long silence of father's, Nell. Five months since he left Paris on that secret mission, and not a single word of him for four! If all's well we should have heard from him long ere this time, particularly when he knew we should be eagerly expecting his commands and advice about this affair. You'll admit that it looks uncommonly as if something had happened to him.'

'Then you think'——

'The worst. One cannot understand it otherwise.'

'Oh, a hundred things may have prevented him writing,' she replied, simulating a confidence which she was far from feeling. 'Whatever befalls, sweetheart, do not let us get miserable about maybes. In a month I'm sure we shall all be laughing over our fears in the old house behind the Luxembourg!'

But the brother was not to be convinced. 'How are we even to reach Paris with this war going on?' he asked despondently. 'And, over there, what is before us but the convent for you and a musket in the guards for myself? King James may be the rightful king; but I tell you frankly, Nell, I'd prefer to fight with the winners of Minden rather than against them. After all, King James and King George apart, they're our own flesh and blood.'

'Why, of course!' said she. And perhaps, just for a moment, her thoughts dwelt upon one who had escaped the dangers both of Minden and the Devil's Quicksand.

Eleanor while she was speaking had been moving about the hall, replacing the foils and paying a woman's little tributes to tidiness. Presently her brother, who had seated himself idly on the window-settle, heard a sound outside which at once engaged his attention.

'A horseman coming here!' Charles remarked. 'Listen! There, he is at the door now! Who on earth can it be at this time of day, Nell?'

'Perhaps I had better see, in case old Gideon isn't about,' said Eleanor, making for the hall-door.

Just as she was opening it, however, a colloquy without assured her that old Gideon was at his post, and immediately thereafter he appeared in person. In this memoir a passing word cannot be withheld from the last male retainer—in sober truth, excepting his wife, the only retainer—of the house of Heathcote. For forty-five years, through good fortune and evil, this old, dapper, fresh-complexioned servitor, with the manners of a grand duke and a heart of gold, had served the family; and now, when he was steward, valet, groom, and gardener in one, Gideon Twentypenny was as loyal and deferential to his young master and mistress as he had been to their grandfather in the great days of the past. It was a foible of his to ignore the troubles and difficulties of the old house, and he had an abiding faith, which

neither experience nor portent could shake, that it would yet be restored to its ancient glories. His daily prayer was that he might live to see it.

Now he was carrying a letter on a salver. 'For Mr Charles, miss,' he explained to Eleanor as he passed her.

'Well, who is it?' demanded Heathcote from the window-seat.

'An express from London, sir, with this letter for you,' he said, presenting it. 'The man is to wait an answer, he says. What am I to do with him, sir?'

Charles took the letter. 'From London! Oh, all right. Give the man something to eat and drink, Gideon, and tell him to put up his horse for half-an-hour.'

Gideon having retired with a bow, brother and sister looked at the missive and at each other with some apprehension. Expresses from London were rare events in their experience, and any tidings from that quarter were scarcely likely to be pleasant. Then Charles broke the seal. A glance at the signature did not seem to dispel his forebodings.

'From Mr Crooks, Nell,' he said gravely.

'The Brayden lawyer?'

He nodded, but did not think it necessary to add that he had written to Crooks a fortnight before, asking him if he had any recent news of Sir Gilbert. Here was the reply; and the colour left his cheeks as he glanced quickly down the closely written pages.

'My God!' he cried out suddenly, crushing the paper in his hand.

In an instant Eleanor was on her knees by his side. 'What is it, Charles?' she asked. 'Not—not dead?'

'Yes,' said he. 'Nell, I can't bear to say it to you, but—'tis as we feared, lass.'

'He is dead?'

'He was slain at Minden.'

At first the bald fact sufficed in itself; and for a full minute they stared blankly in each other's faces, seeing there the horror of the great shock giving place to a gradual realisation of the truth, and trying to find consolation in their common loss. Then Eleanor spoke. Her head was in a whirl, but she felt that she must not break down before she knew everything.

'Will you read me the letter, Charles?' she said quietly.

She listened with outward calmness to the lawyer's plain and business-like statement. Briefly put, it was as follows:

When the death of the Marquis of Thanet, on August 1, made it desirable that the Brayden trustees should learn where Sir Gilbert Heathcote was sojourning, Crooks had communicated with a trustworthy agent in Paris. Through him he had discovered that Sir Gilbert had for some months been engaged in a mission on the part of the chevalier to the Catholic princes of South Germany, and that on his way back to Paris he had visited Marshal Contades' army on the Wesser. This was a few days before the battle of Minden, and he had been persuaded—not unwillingly, Eleanor was sure—to await the impending encounter. From the evidence of French prisoners in the hands of the allies, he had certainly taken part in the fight. Beyond that Crooks's agents could find out nothing positive. He had not retreated with the French army, and was not with them now; he had not returned to Paris; he was not among the wounded or prisoners; and, in a word, the strictest inquiry had failed to elicit a single fact concerning his movements subsequent to the battle. The only conclusion possible was that he had fallen during the fighting, and been buried on the field. Mr Crooks stated it with the deepest regret, but was afraid it could not be gainsaid.

But this, the lawyer was sorry to add, was not all. Lord Thanet and Sir Gilbert must be presumed to have died on the same day. The former had expired in the evening; the battle of Minden was over before noon. If Sir Gilbert had survived but a day longer the succession to the Brayden estates would undoubtedly have passed to his correspondent. As he was at present advised, however, the weight of evidence favoured Lord Thanet. But it was a nice point, and it was accordingly necessary that a meeting should be held between the trustees and the two claimants as soon as might be. He had written to the marquis, and now begged to know the Heathcotes' views. As convenient for all parties, the meeting might take place at Warminster.

Such was the lawyer's letter. At the moment it is doubtful if the full import of the latter portion struck the Heathcotes. Eleanor, for one, had no thought except for the single fact of her father's death, and in face of that great sorrow—for separation had not weakened a love that bordered on idolatry—nothing else seemed to matter. Her brother had thrown his arm over her shoulder, and after a little he raised her gently to her feet.

'Poor lass! 'tis bitter hard to bear,' said he; 'this above all! Surely Fortune has done her worst now she has stripped us of everything we cared for in the world!'

'Excepting honour and our father's good name,' she replied, looking up. 'He died as he would have chosen, Charles. Like him, shall we not fight it out with Fortune? We too may be beaten, but—well, 'tis no disgrace to be beaten after a good fight!'

'Nell, I protest you're the better Heathcote of the two!' he cried, drawing her towards him and kissing her. 'Now I must go, lass. I hate to leave you, but I had better see French about this matter at once. I will take the man with me, and send an answer to Mr Crooks from Warminster.'

'And tell Twentypenny, will you?' she called after him.

Then she was left alone with her grief, while in action the man sought and found solace.

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On the afternoon of the same day the Marquis of Thanet rode through the open gateway of Heathcote Tower—the first of his family, although he knew it not, who had done so for half a century.

The long avenue was dark and overgrown with foliage in some places, while in others there were unsightly gaps that told their own tale; and the house itself, which presently emerged into view, was little better than a picturesque, ivy-covered ruin. Much of it had been built in Queen Bess's reign around an earlier tower, which still dominated the incongruous pile; but for a hundred years back, since the Heathcotes had removed to their great mansion on the other side of Warminster, it had served as a dower-house or been allowed to fall into decay. Only by escaping the general forfeiture had it partly gained a renewal of life. A half-dozen of the best rooms had been made habitable; and there, at the bidding of their father, the Heathcote twins had spent some quiet and not unhappy years.

It cannot be said that Lord Thanet was easy in his mind regarding his probable reception, and the marked hostility with which his appearance was greeted by two little terriers did not tend to assure him. Their noise, however, promptly brought Gideon Twentypenny upon the scene. After a glance at the new-comer, he hastened to his stirrup; and, giving his travelling name, the marquis asked if he could see Miss Heathcote. Gideon's reply was uncompromising.

'I am very sorry, sir,' said he; 'but unless your business is urgent I fear Miss Heathcote will not care to receive visitors to-day.'

'At least you can take my name to her and inquire?' insisted my lord.

And, after another quick glance at him, Gideon obeyed. He was an excellent judge of a man's quality.

Eleanor was in the old garden. Her brother had not yet returned from Warminster, and perhaps she found her thoughts more bearable in the sunshine and open air. Here she was wont to spend much of her leisure; and the trimly kept alleys, with their quaint borders and wealth of flowers, gave evidence of much loving care on the part of Gideon and herself. She was sitting on the base of an ancient sundial, a fitting ornament for such an old-fashioned spot, when the servant approached.

'Major Courtenay! Oh, I cannot see him—or anybody! But stay, Gideon!' she cried, as a recollection suddenly came to her. 'He was at the battle where—where my father was killed, and perhaps he may have news. Yes, I will see him.'

'Shall I show him into the hall, Miss Eleanor?'

'No,' she said; 'bring him here, Gideon.' Probably the idea never crossed her mind, but undoubtedly the garden had its merits as a reception-room in comparison with those within the Tower.

As he entered the garden a minute later it struck Lord Thanet that he had never beheld a prettier picture. The house, its decay half-hidden by fruit-trees and clinging ivy; the sun-bathed garden itself, beautiful in its formality; and, chiefly, the tall figure in the white dress, unrelieved by any touch of colour—all these appealed to him with an odd persuasiveness. Be sure, then, he did not linger by the way.

Eleanor rose to meet him, and was content to return his low bow without offering her hand.

'I have to pray your forgiveness for this intrusion, madam,' he said. 'But by a lucky chance I learnt your name yesterday, and I could not pass your gate without asking permission to thank you again for the great service you did me. Believe me'——

She stopped him at once, frowning a little. 'Frankly, sir, it will be a service to me to forget it,' she hastened to say. 'Still, I thank you for the thought, although I am afraid you have called at an untoward moment. My brother is at Warminster; and, for myself, we had some news this morning which has troubled me sorely, and must needs make me a dull companion.'

The marquis had not failed to notice her paleness and the traces of recent tears; but with ready tact he waited for her to explain in her own fashion, if she so desired.

'That, indeed, was why I asked you to dismount,' she went on. 'You remember speaking to me the other evening of Minden, sir? I little imagined then that I should have a personal interest in the battle. But we have just heard—'tis my bad news—that my father was engaged there, and in all likelihood was slain in the fight.'

'Your father—at Minden!'

For once in his life my lord was genuinely surprised. Then, in a flash of understanding, he saw the full significance of the news, saw that if Sir Gilbert had died at Minden the Brayden fortune fell to himself by right, and saw also all that this meant in the lot of the Heathcotes.

(To be continued.)

THE BOY IN WAR.

By Colonel HUGH PEARSE, D.S.O.

THE victory of Emsdorff was hailed with much satisfaction both in England and in the British army serving in the Seven Years' War, for by general consent the credit of the not unimportant success achieved that day belonged to a newly raised English regiment, the Fifteenth Light Dragoons, which, in the language of the period, had covered itself with glory. In 1760, it may be remarked, we were less squeamish than we now are, and it was not considered indelicate to mention the word glory; so the Fifteenth received it in full measure. Thrice they had charged through five times their number of French infantry, a feat of which veterans might well have been proud; so Lord Pembroke, their lieutenant-colonel, was highly delighted by the doughty deeds of his young light dragoons, and also by the conduct of their youngest officer. 'Little Floyd,' he wrote to the Duke of Rutland, 'whom you have seen at my house, just past twelve years old, behaved most gallantly, which I am very glad of. I could only have wished he had not had his horse shot under him, for it was an exceeding pretty one I had lent him.'

'Little Floyd'—whose conduct in riding another person's horse and getting it killed, was, we may note, eminently characteristic of the boy in war—was the son of a captain in the King's Dragoon Guards, who had died in Germany a year previously, just after the battle of Minden. In recognition of his father's services young Floyd had received a commission at the age of eleven. It is related that in one of the charges on that stirring day a French officer was about to cut the boy down, but on seeing his extreme youth, lowered his sword and rode on in search of a more equal antagonist. Thanks to this chivalrous enemy, Floyd lived to become a cavalry leader of fame. He long commanded the old Nineteenth Light Dragoons, 'The Terrors of the East,' as they modestly styled themselves; and, after an eventful career in the wars of Southern India, he died in 1818 a general and a baronet.

When young Floyd thus made his start in life there was nothing very unusual in holding a commission at the age of eleven. The practice had descended from the days of feudal armies, when princes, nobles, and members of the hereditary fighting-caste habitually entered the profession of arms at a very early age. Though open to abuse, the custom had much to recommend it, and in the early days of our standing army it was a common practice to provide in this way for the sons of deserving soldiers, many of whom—bred, as it were, to arms—quickly rose to high command. It was this system, it may be recalled, that gave Wolfe to the army, a fact which goes some way to justify it in principle.

Another youthful soldier with whom we are concerned owed his early entrance into the army, however, rather to birth and fortune than to military claims. This was James Callander, who subsequently changed his name under an entail and became Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas. Callander purchased at a very early age a commission in the Fifty-first Foot, and fought at Minden on August 1, 1759; on the day of which sanguinary battle he was less than fourteen years old. Callander, who lived to a great age, has happily left us his most entertaining autobiography,* in which he minutely describes his experiences in the Seven Years' War, and rescues from oblivion many details of its nearly forgotten campaigns. The day of Minden, he tells us, was extremely hot, and in the course of the battle he found his spontoon, a long pike then carried by infantry officers, so burdensome that he could carry it no longer; but, 'having been taught the correct idea that a soldier should never, of his own motive, part with his arms,' the boy asked leave of Major Oakes of the Fifty-first to fling away his burden. The kindly major, seeing young Callander much exhausted, readily gave the desired permission. The incident of the battle which seems to have much impressed itself on the young ensign was that on receiving the first volley from the enemy, at a distance, he states, of about twenty yards, he involuntarily 'bobbed.' This the boy considered a dire disgrace, and we shall meet a reference to the incident later on.

Callander's description of Minden is interesting: 'The English (infantry) of the allied army,' he writes, 'consisted only of six battalions. They stood on the right, and were flanked by a strong brigade of British artillery. The chief aim of the enemy seemed to be to make an impression on one or other of the flanks of the allied army; and, in consequence, the brunt of the battle fell for a long time on the six British regiments. As they were repeatedly attacked by fresh troops, supported by a numerous and well-served artillery, their loss was most considerable. They had besides to sustain a charge of cavalry, composed of the household troops of France, led on by Prince Xavier of Saxony, brother of the French queen.

'We had scarcely completed our files after the charge of cavalry, when we were again attacked by a body of Swiss. Their valour and discipline are known to the whole world. After

* *Memoirs of Sir James Campbell of Ardkinglas.* London: Henry Colburn and Richard Bentley (1832).

exchanging several volleys, some of them, I may say with truth, at a distance of not more than twenty yards, we found our ranks so thin that we were obliged to fall back to complete them. The Duke* himself, observing how severely we had suffered, with his usual coolness and self-possession brought up two battalions of Hessians upon our right. Thus the progress of the Swiss was checked for the moment, and time was afforded us to complete our files, so as to present a connected front to the enemy. In our turn we became the assailants, and at length succeeded in driving back the troops opposed to us.'

This was the moment when a charge of our cavalry alone was required to ensure the complete destruction of the French army. History tells how inexplicably Lord George Sackville insisted on missing the opportunity that lay before him, plain for all folk (but himself) to see. History also relates that Sackville, from first to last, stoutly denied that he had failed in his duty; and regarding his attitude immediately after the occurrence Callander tells the following illuminating anecdote:

'Major Pringle'—perhaps the original major who 'greeted for his parritch'—'an old schoolfellow of mine, agreed to ride out with me immediately after the action. On one part of the field we saw a French officer, who had been wounded in the knee, sitting on the ground, with his back supported by a dead horse. We accosted him, and offered any assistance in our power. He proved to be the commanding officer of Les Mousquetaires Gris, and was distinguished by several orders which, with a handsome snuff-box, had probably excited the cupidity of some of the wretches who are never found wanting in the train of an army. We left him in high spirits, having undertaken to go and bring a cart or tumbrel to carry him from the field; but, with the hasty imprudence of young officers, we rode off together on this duty, instead of one of us remaining with the wounded officer. It could not be more than ten or twelve minutes when we returned with the cart, and found, to our unspeakable concern, the murdered body of the poor French colonel lying naked on the ground.

'Riding soon afterwards along the front of the line, we met with some general officers, foreigners as well as English, and amongst the number Lord George Sackville. I went up to pay my respects, and to congratulate him on the issue of the day. He had previously shown me many marks of attention, which had probably encouraged me to speak with more freedom than otherwise I should have done. In the buoyancy of youthful spirits, and without a moment's reflection—it will be remembered that I was not then quite fourteen years of age—I rather indiscreetly asked his lordship what had become of the cavalry.' This was an awkward question on so public an occasion, but Lord George was neither disconcerted nor annoyed, as the sequel shows. 'This *encartade*,' continues Callander, 'was much spoken of in the army, and the merit was ascribed to me of having said a good thing, although most certainly I was as innocent of the wit as of the presumption which the compliment included. In justice, as well as gratitude, to Lord George Sackville, I am bound to say that the malignant interpretation of the crowd was entirely lost upon him; for before the year was out he gave me a cornetcy in the Second Dragoon Guards, which was then better known as Lord Waldegrave's Regiment.'

With this regiment young Callander shared in the honours of the battle of Warburg, in which the British cavalry, under the famous John, Marquis of Granby, earned high distinction. Callander's services at Warburg were cut short early in the day, for in the first charge of the British cavalry his horse was killed under him, and he received five wounds—two of them gunshot wounds, one from a bayonet, and two sword-cuts. 'The place where I had fallen,' he writes, 'was on a ploughed field, and I lay there without assistance till six o'clock in the evening. It may appear extraordinary to those who have not suffered severely that, notwithstanding the pain of my wounds, I was not prevented from sleeping soundly. Indeed I was only awakened, some time after midday—it was towards the end of July—by the rays of the sun beating intensely on my uncovered head, my steel skull-cap having fallen off. When I came to understand the nature of my situation, I found a French officer sitting near me, who seemed from his orders to be a man of rank. He said he would give the world for a glass of water, and I replied that my thirst also was unspeakable. . . . While speaking to the French officer I observed my sword lying at a little distance, and, as it had been a favourite, I endeavoured to crawl towards it to secure it; but after repeated efforts I found myself unequal to the task. At this moment I saw the French gentleman fall back and expire.'

Young Callander, whose constitution must have been of iron, not only survived this rough experience, but made so rapid a recovery as to be able to return to duty within a few weeks; taking part while still convalescent in the attack on the town of Zerenberg.

Callander rendered valuable service at the battle of Vellinghausen (July 15, 1761), being that day aide-de-camp in waiting on General Mostyn, who at the moment of the sudden attack of the French army was ill and lying under the influence of an opiate. With a confidence really remarkable in so young a soldier, Callander at once decided to give orders on his own authority to the cavalry. He thus tells the story:

'I adopted the resolution of mounting one of the General's best horses, and galloping round to the stations of the different brigades of cavalry

* Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick.

under the command of General Mostyn, where, in my official capacity, I communicated the order which had arrived from headquarters that the line should immediately turn out in front of the encampment. The extent of the duty I had thus undertaken may in some degree be estimated from the number of squadrons under General Mostyn's command, which amounted to one hundred and ten. Before my departure I had left orders that he should not be disturbed, and on my return I found him still under the influence of the opiate. When he awoke I communicated to him the order which had arrived from headquarters; and on his exclaiming at the lateness of the information, I begged his excellency to be perfectly at his ease, as the cavalry were all under arms. After the relief which was thus brought to the mind of General Mostyn I was readily excused for having ridden one or two of his best horses nearly to death.'

Thanks, in no small measure, to the prompt action of the boy staff-officer, the French army was robbed of its victory and driven back after severe fighting.

Callander shared in the hardships of Prince Ferdinand's winter campaign of 1761, of the horrors of which he gives a striking account. The advance began when there was a depth of two feet of snow on the ground, and the allied armies pushed forward without intermission, driving the French before them. 'For upwards of two months,' writes Callander, 'we never saw the inside of a house, but uniformly slept on the snow. I was wretchedly mounted, and my purse was lower than ever it had been in the course of my life. But we had the satisfaction to perceive that the appearance of the enemy was even more deplorable than our own. We made a charge through the snow at about the speed at which horses drag a dray along Thames Street. The French did not stand, as we had been accustomed to see them; and when they turned their backs upon us to fly they found it impossible. Such was the miserable condition of themselves and their horses that they tumbled down in the snow and mud; and, for us, I can say little more than that we tumbled atop of them, making a great number of prisoners.'

At the end of the campaign of 1761 Callander returned to England, and was promoted captain in an infantry regiment; but he quickly arranged an exchange, and returned to Germany with the drafts of two thousand young soldiers sent out for the campaign of 1762. Young as he still was, Callander, during the march from the coast to the army, was selected for the responsible duty of commanding the rear-guard, which was composed of about two hundred men, the only experienced soldiers in the drafts; and he acquitted himself of his task with the sagacity of a veteran. With this small number of men, Callander took up successive positions, which he fortified; and by breaking down bridges and the successful use of various *ruses de guerre* he succeeded in foiling the attack of a French corps consisting of five hundred horse and two battalions of infantry which had endeavoured to capture the drafts on their march to join the army.

At the battle of Wilhelmstahl, Callander, as usual, had his horse shot under him, and was severely injured by the consequent fall; and 'later on in the season,' as he writes, he had yet another horse killed under him. This loss was the result, apparently, of what we must describe as an after-dinner lark. Callander, who was still aide-de-camp to General Mostyn, had dined at the mess of his regiment, and 'when the officers proposed, as was frequently the case, to ride out after dinner to the outposts to see what was going on, I said I should be happy to attend them if they would lend me a horse, as my own had been knocked up by a long ride that morning.' Callander was therefore mounted on the horse of a sergeant. His account of what happened at the outposts is somewhat guarded; but 'a slight skirmish ensued, and to my great concern the sergeant's horse was killed; and indeed I had myself a great deal of difficulty in withdrawing from the bustle which the rencontre had occasioned.' He adds that he appealed to Colonel Mure Campbell, his long-suffering cousin and commanding officer, to help him in his difficulty, which was 'to give a satisfactory account of the loss of the sergeant's horse.' One can imagine the somewhat grim look of the colonel in remarking that he 'thought it better to let the matter pass *sub silentio;* observing that, as I had probably no horses to spare, he would lend one to the king to mount the sergeant upon!'

Callander continued in the field until the end of the Seven Years' War, and lived to a ripe old age. His memoirs, though not always accurate as to time and place, give a picture of eighteenth century warfare which is of interest and value.

Very early in the Peninsular war we find recorded an incident in the boyhood of one who afterwards became famous. At the battle of Vimeiro the Ninth Regiment was halted in an open column of companies, awaiting orders. The ensign of the rear company was a Scotch boy, not yet sixteen years old, who had landed at the seat of war on the previous day. He was soon to prove himself the bravest of the brave, but this was a trying opening to his active career. We find it related in his memoirs that 'a circumstance now occurred to which in after-years he was wont to refer with the deepest feelings of gratitude. His captain, an officer of years and experience, called him to his side, took him by the hand, and leading him by the flank of the battalion to its front, walked with him up and down the front of the leading company for several minutes, in full view of the enemy's artillery, which had begun to open fire on our troops whilst covering his attack. He then let

go the boy's hand and told him to join his company. The object was to give the youngster confidence, and it succeeded.' The after-career of this Highland laddie fills many brilliant pages in our history, for the young ensign of Vimeiro died fifty-five years later as Field-Marshal Lord Clyde, the foremost soldier of his day.

Another boy of the Peninsula was Robert Blakeney, a young Irish officer of the Twenty-eighth Regiment, 'The Slashers,' as he prefers to call them. Before landing in Portugal Blakeney had seen service, though of no very glorious kind. A wing of his regiment had landed near Copenhagen in 1804, and, to quote his own happy phrase, 'of that wing I was a feather.'* He was then fifteen years old; and therefore when the Twenty-eighth arrived in Portugal, just too late for Roliça and Vimeiro, Blakeney was nearly nineteen, young enough for one who was to share in the hardships of Sir John Moore's famous advance into Spain and subsequent retreat to Corunna.

Blakeney describes his own feats of arms with great modesty, preferring to dilate on the achievements of others. He gives an interesting account of the holding of a half-demolished bridge in the last march of the retreat. This bridge was in the village of Betanzos, and had been mined by the Engineers on the previous day. The French advanced-guard was close at hand, and all the English troops had crossed over. When, however, the explosion took place it was found that only half of the central arch had fallen, so that a narrow bridge still remained, the destruction of which would be a work of some twenty minutes. The grenadier and light companies of the Twenty-eighth were therefore sent by General Paget back across the bridge to hold off the French. When the preparations for completing the demolition had been finished, the two companies were ordered to fall back again over the bridge, and in the retirement they were closely followed up by the French cavalry. Young Blakeney was the last to retire over the narrow portion of bridge remaining—which his men had already christened 'The Devil's Neck'—and he says that, remembering the barrel of powder under it, they moved in double-quick time. 'The enemy,' he continues, 'seeing us in such a hurry, no doubt attributed the haste to timidity (and it may be remarked in all contending animals that as courage oozes out of one it appears to be imbibed by its adversary); for scarcely had the light company passed twenty yards beyond the Devil's Neck when the cavalry gave a loud cheer—sure indication of a charge. I instantly gave the word, "Right-about turn, forward!" and, being now in front of the men, in my anxiety to gain the narrow part of the bridge—the Devil's Neck—I happened to shoot five or six yards ahead, when, the dragoons advancing close, the front ranks of the company behind me came down on the knee. I had not time to turn round, for at that moment a French officer, darting in front, rode full-tilt at me. I cut at him, but my sword approached no nearer perhaps than his horse's nose; in fact, my little light infantry sabre was a useless weapon opposed to an immense mounted dragoon, covered, horse and all, with a large green cloak, which in itself formed a sufficient shield. After the failure of my attack I held my sword horizontally over my head, awaiting the dragoon's blow, for it was far more dangerous to turn round than to stand firm. At this very critical moment a man of the company, named Oats, cried out, "Mr Blakeney, we've spun him!" and at the same instant the dragoon fell dead at my feet. The dragoons in the rear, not knowing the cause of the check, rode furiously forward, and crowding their front ranks, who were pulling up or wheeling round, and exposed to the fire of the grenadiers, the greatest confusion ensued.' The episode ended by the repulse of the cavalry with considerable loss, and the scene closes with young Blakeney rushing forward once more, but on this occasion only to secure the cavalry officer's green cloak, 'which from the inclemency of the weather was extremely useful.'

We have mentioned Blakeney's preference for describing the brave deeds of others, and he tells one well-known story of another young soldier in so happy a manner that we must transcribe it. The passage occurs in his account of the battle of the Nivelle. 'On the 8th, after General Giron with a body of Spaniards had driven off the French outposts from Vera to Sarre, and was charging up a hill near Puerto and pressing on abreast with the British troops, he was suddenly checked by a strong line of abatis defended by two French regiments sending forth a heavy fire. The Spaniards became irresolute, but maintained their ranks. At the moment Lieutenant Havelock, of the Forty-third Regiment, who was on the staff, witnessing the check, and unable to curb his excitement, taking off his hat and holloaing to the Spaniards, applied his spurs and dashed over the defences in among the enemy. At this the whole line of Spaniards broke into cries, "The little fair boy! Forward with the little fair boy!" and they tore through the abatis, and furiously charging the two French regiments, drove them up the hill and over, and hurried them into the embrace of General Kempt's ascending brigade.'

The 'little fair boy' of the anecdote, who was a brother of the more famous Sir Henry Havelock, died a soldier's death more than thirty years after this incident, showing in his maturity the same headlong courage that had distinguished him in youth.

The autobiography of *A Boy in the Peninsular War* contains very many episodes as stirring as

A Boy in the Peninsular War, edited by Julian Sturgis. John Murray (London, 1899).

those that we have quoted, for the author saw as much of the fighting of that period as the most ardent zeal could compass. One of his most entertaining passages describes his experiences in Ireland on his journey home after having nearly lost his leg. He and some other youthful veterans had through foul weather arrived in Bantry Bay, though making for Portsmouth. They landed at a village, but on going to the inn found that no post-chaise was obtainable. 'However,' says Blakeney, 'I discovered a hearse.' In answer to their inquiries the waiter said, 'Please, your honour, it is an ould lady who died here lately, and her friends thought they would bury her proudly, so they sent to Cork for the hearse, and it is going back to-day to Bandon.' A bargain was quickly made, and the whole party of five entered the hearse. 'On our arrival at Bandon thousands of the inhabitants followed and impeded our way. I recollect that a regiment of militia quartered there ran like the others to see the novel show, when hundreds of the runabout crowd cried out to them, "Get ye out of the way! What have ye to do with the honours of war? Look there!" and they pointed to our crutches, which stuck out from the open hearse in all directions like escutcheons emblazoning the vehicle of death!' Blakeney has a story to tell about those crutches of his. He called at Bandon on a lady who was accustomed to crutches, her two sons having, as it happened, both been severely wounded in the leg. She had their crutches in her house, and 'when she saw the rough crutches which I carried, or rather which carried me, she offered me a pair more highly finished, belonging to one of her sons; but since mine were made of the halberds of two sergeants who lost their lives charging into the redoubt under which I fell, I declined the lady's very polite offer.' We hope those rough crutches are still treasured by Blakeney's descendants.

Here we may leave the boy, home from the wars, shattered in frame but dauntless still in spirit, a game-cock to the heels, to use one of his own phrases. We may live to see again the boy in battle. A century has passed since Britain has had to fight in deadly earnest for her existence as a nation; but the day when she must once more do so may come, and come quickly. Then, when there will be need of every man, old and young, fit to bear arms and fight for hearth and home and for the integrity of our world-wide Empire, we may again see the boy playing his part in war, and find him, as in the days of old, fearless, enterprising, loyal, unselfish, and astonishingly ready of resource.

THE CHIN HILLS.

By F. N. Burn, Rangoon.

THERE are probably very few people living in the British Isles who know anything about the Chin Hills, or who are aware that they form an integral part of Burma. There seems to be a remarkable amount of ignorance regarding Burma itself, although much of the lower portion has been a British possession for eighty-four years, and it is fifty-seven years since Rangoon, its principal seaport, was annexed by Lord Dalhousie. Our letters from home are constantly addressed Burma, India, as if even British post-offices could not be trusted to forward them to their destination without the addition of the last word. We are part, indeed, of the Indian Empire, to the finances of which we yearly contribute large sums. But British residents here think Burma is a sufficiently important and valuable possession to have its position more generally known and recognised at home. A Welshman would think it strange to receive a letter from foreign parts addressed Wales, England; although, as there is a New South Wales, that would not seem to be so out-of-the-way as 'Burma, India.'

The Chin Hills comprise a country somewhat larger than Scotland. They are almost as long and considerably broader. In the narrowest part they exceed the narrowest part of Scotland more than three times. The hills vary in height from five thousand to nine thousand feet, and they are sparsely inhabited. Much of the country is covered with virgin forest. The climate is temperate, as the thermometer rarely rises to eighty degrees in the shade or falls below twenty-five degrees. In the winter months, November to February, ten degrees of frost is not uncommon. Snow rarely falls, and never lies long even on the highest peaks.

The numerous tribes of savages who inhabited the Chin Hills acknowledged no authority other than their own chiefs. Succeeding kings of Burma during the previous centuries had constantly tried to subdue them, and to punish those nearest to the frontier of Upper Burma for the raids they made on the plains and the kidnapping for ransom of Burmese residing on the plains. None of these expeditions ever attained any degree of success, and the raids went on during the last years of King Thebaw's reign as they had done under all preceding Burmese kings. On the capture and removal of King Thebaw in 1885 and the annexation of Upper Burma by the British, although the Chins did not at first recognise the fact, a change was to be brought about, and these truculent savages had at length found a master who could not be tired out, and who would not permit the kidnapping of even the humblest of his subjects.

It was hoped at first that the Chins would see

the futility of attempting to cope with the Power which had removed the Burman ruler and taken possession of Upper Burma. But their raiding and kidnapping of those who were now British subjects continued, and it was impossible to leave them to themselves. Things got so bad in 1886 and 1887 that a column was sent against them in December 1888. It was fired on, and severe punishment followed. The operations, with interruptions for negotiations, lasted till May 1889. Many Chin villages and much grain were destroyed. Our casualties were eighty killed and wounded, and two hundred captives were restored to freedom. The Chins would not yet give in, although military posts were established in the hills. In 1891 two parties of Chin chiefs were sent on a visit to Rangoon. It was hoped that on seeing the sights of the town and being introduced to the Chief Commissioner, besides witnessing a parade of the troops, they would, on their return, see the folly of continued resistance. The results seem to have been somewhat disappointing. The chiefs appeared to be duly impressed, but their tales were too marvellous for their fellow-countrymen; they were simply not believed, and after a time some even seem to have doubted the evidence of their own senses. At any rate, it is said that several of the sightseers themselves joined in later disturbances in the hills. The massacre of British officers in Manipur did not affect the general behaviour of the Chins, though a few of the villagers nearest the plain of Manipur actually took part in the attack on the Residency, and on their return to the hills spread reports that thousands of British troops had been killed. They do not seem to have been believed. Tribute was collected, the disarming of the Chins went on throughout the year, one hundred and ninety slaves were recovered and restored to their villages, roads were made, rivers bridged, and trade between the hills and the plains commenced.

In 1892 a Burman officer who had conducted the Chins to Rangoon was treacherously ambuscaded, his clerk, interpreter, a peon, and eight sepoys killed, whilst seven more were wounded. The attack was a brutal one, and the tactics employed by the Chins in themselves abandoning and burning the villages on the approach of our troops proved the determined and desperate character of the rebellion. It was absolutely necessary thoroughly and completely to suppress it, and prevent it spreading to other tribes. A military force of two thousand six hundred men was in the field for six months. Many small outposts were posted in the rebel tract so as to prevent all rebuilding and cultivation. Our casualties in the six months were over seventy, including two officers. But the area of the rebellion was strictly confined to the two tribes who started it. The other Chin tribes were neutral, except one which harboured a proclaimed outlaw and former chief, for which it was heavily fined.

By 1894 nearly seven thousand guns had been taken from the tribes, whilst hundreds of kidnapped persons had been restored to their friends. The growth of trade and intercourse between the Chin Hills and the villages of the plains was rapid, and large numbers of the Chins settled in the plains. The military garrison was withdrawn in 1895 and 1896, its place being taken by the military police, with a consequent great reduction in expenditure. The chiefs are allowed to administer their own affairs in accordance with their own customs, subject to the supervision of the superintendent of the Chin Hills.

As stated in the *Burman Gazetteer*, the pacification of the Chin Hills is a notable triumph for the British art of governing savages according to the methods of civilisation. When we first encountered the Chins in their mountain-ranges we found them practically savages. Their chief occupation was raiding, and this, with their blood-feuds, engrossed their entire attention. One village raided another, and carried off men, women, and children into slavery; while all the villages made common cause in raiding the Burmese villages of the plains. There was no cultivation and no industry worthy of the name. The will of the chiefs was law, but it was only maintained by truckling to the savage instincts of the people, who were quite ready to get rid of a leader who was not energetic in making raids on his neighbours. To the Burmese the Chin Hills were practically unknown, for in a country where it was unsafe for the inhabitants of one village to visit a neighbouring village, a stranger from the plains had little chance. If he was lucky enough not to be killed, it was only to be held up for ransom.

Now not only are the plains undisturbed, but the Chin Hills themselves are quite peaceful. Raids are unknown, and so little crime exists that the Chin Hills are actually more secure than many parts of Lower Burma. Roads on which Chin coolies now readily work have been constructed in all directions. British officers now tour with escorts of four and five men in places where formerly they could only go with columns of as many hundreds of armed soldiers. Burmese pedlars wander unmolested all over the hills, and the Chins themselves not only visit but settle in the plains.

British rule in India and Burma has sometimes been accused of encouraging or not discouraging drunkenness. It is not possible to say this of it in the Chin Hills. All the tribes without exception are great drunkards. They make their liquor from boiled and fermented grain of various kinds. The rice-beer is the best and strongest. Good Chin beer is described as a very palatable drink, much resembling cider in taste, but more like perry in appearance. It is stored in jars standing about two feet high and

half-full of the fermenting grain. As the liquor is taken out more water is poured into the jar. Drunken debauches are often kept up for many days on end. A bamboo pipe of the thickness of a finger is thrust well into the fermenting grain, and the drinking-party in turn suck the pipe. A more polished way is to use a kind of bamboo siphon. The top of the bamboo pipe is closed; another bamboo is fixed in at an angle to serve as a spigot; the host takes a preliminary suck to start the flow, and the beer is handed round in gourd cups.

Men and women all smoke tobacco. The women's pipes are hubble-bubbles, with a clay bowl, a bamboo or gourd water-receptacle, and a metal stem. The smoke passes from the bowl into the water-receptacle, and the nicotine is held up in the water. When it is strong enough it is supplied to the men. It is not drunk but merely kept in the mouth for a certain time, and then spat out. It is merely a lazy form of chewing.

Marriage in the Chin Hills is a mere matter of purchase. The capacity of the girl as a field-labourer and in some parts her pedigree are the chief points looked to.

The Chin Hill tribes bury and do not burn their dead. The corpse is usually dried for a year before burial, and then taken outside the village. Chiefs are not buried in the common cemetery, but on the side of a road leading to the village. Stone pillars and carved posts are placed around the place. Funerals are always made the reason for a drunken debauch. A British officer who was present at one says: 'In the hut and outside were a dozen or so of liquor-pots about two and a half feet high, filled with Chin liquor, from which men and women were drinking by means of reeds through which they sucked up the liquor, and many of both sexes were getting hopelessly drunk by sunset. Guns with blank ammunition were fired off, and the chiefs particularly requested that my men might fire three volleys, which they did. The chiefs and men were delighted, and said, "Now the women have seen for themselves that you can load and fire a great deal more quickly than we can, and they are all saying we spoke truly, and it is vain to hope to fight against you."'

The Chin religion is a belief in spirits, all malignant. The northern Chins disbelieve in a supreme being; the southerners accept such a deity, and call him Kozin. He is indifferent, and may become malignant; at any rate he is not beneficent. Spirits preside over the village, the house, clan, family, individual, the air, the flood, the trees. They are not merely unwilling to bestow blessings, but incapable. Some tribes believe in a pleasant place after death, and an abode of misery. A good or a bad life does not affect the destiny after death. Those who die natural or accidental deaths go to the pleasant place; those who die by the hand of an enemy go to the place of misery, and remain there until their deaths are avenged in blood. The belief prevalent among many savage races that the slain becomes the slave of the slayer is held in many parts of the Chin Hills.

The Chin Hills would seem to offer a good field to missionaries, looking to the success which has attended their labours amongst the Karens of Burma, who when British rule was first established there were almost as wild and uncivilised as the inhabitants of the Chin Hills.

Our readers may perhaps be better able to appreciate the difficulties successfully surmounted by the British forces in the occupation and pacification of the Chin Hills by imagining Scotland landlocked, without roads or navigable rivers, and inhabited by from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand blood-thirsty and thieving savages, whose only occupation is fighting and robbing their neighbours—men who spare no man in their anger and no woman in their lust, unless they see a prospect of selling them as slaves, when they are carried off and sold in some distant place.

VELD WHISPERS.

WHERE Mouillé Point is flashing her beacon o'er the Bay,
There lies my Treasure Island, six thousand miles away;
And soon adown her corries for me the spates shall roar—
But the sagas of the Sea Point Spray I'll know for evermore.

And often in that twilight my native land adores,
When Arthur's Seat is sleeping within his phantom shores,
Another 'Lion's Head' shall rise, so resolute and clear,
And fling his dauntless challenge far to brace my laggard ear.

When the restive white sea-horses are plunging o'er the Forth,
And thrilling all my Viking blood with memories of the North,
My eyes shall soften southwards to a long-remembered land
Where emerald and sapphire soft kiss Clifton's snow-white strand.

When, in the far recesses of the city's bleeding heart,
I'll see the wee slum children play their all-unwanted part—
Duskier far than Kafir 'kind' whose lips are wreathed in glee—
The veld's wise whisper brave may calm the rebel heart in me.

When Yarrow's stream is singing of Border raids of rue
The proud Zambesi's message will haunt my spirit too.
Oh sunny land of promise! fair may your purpose be!
I'm part of you for ever, and you are part of me!

MARY ADAMSON (Capetown).

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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FIRST COUNTRY-HOUSE.

A SUNDAY AT LASSWADE COTTAGE.

By JAMES STEUART.

WE had been looking forward to this Sunday. Since the last one, we had spent some days in a famous English garden of dear friends, and we were anxious to see how the contents of our small patch contrasted with the southern acres. Sunday to the gardener should be a day of good resolves. Then the spade of week-day labour must, in the Scotch garden, be laid aside, though it may be looked upon as hardly a sin furtively to dig up weeds with a spud or even to work with a trowel behind the sweet-pea hedge. Thus, with the rake snatched from our grasp, we are free to rest our backs, to think of the past, admire the present, and plan the future, remembering the while that the Good Book tells us how man's world began in a garden.

As we wake to consciousness and a new day we see the rain dripping from the eaves, and are at first inclined to repine at the fact that our day of contemplation must be damply contemplative; but this feeling is lost in the delight of watching the raindrops chasing one another in devious courses through the thatch. Nor is it any ordinary thatch which shelters us from the elements, for under the same roof-tree Sir Walter Scott from 1798 to 1804 passed the summers of the early years of his married life—and some say his happiest years—delving in the garden or writing the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

Within seven miles of the heart of Edinburgh, Lasswade Cottage stands at the top of the braes above the village which was thought to have supplied materials for the picture of Gandercleugh in the prefaces to *Tales of my Landlord*. The cottage, though altered and enlarged, still retains the rooms hallowed by the presence of 'The Great Unknown.' The origin of the house we have been unable to trace. Before Scott's day it had originally consisted of a one-storied thatched cottage—a but and a ben; and prior to his occupation it had been enlarged by an addition, also thatched, making the plan L-shaped, with the doorway in the angle. The addition contained a drawing-room and kitchen, with two bedrooms in the thatch above, one of which had twin dressing-rooms, one for the poet and one for his lady. 'The small and rather sombre old dining-room' was in the old part of the house, furnished with a table made by the magic hand of Scott himself. Nor must we forget the annex to the drawing-room, which some suggest was originally intended as a 'praying cupboard,' according to the Scotch custom reserved for the private meditations of the master of the house. Rumour has it that the enlarged cottage was designed by the famous John Clerk of Eldin, lawyer and artist—a cadet of the house of Penicuik, the owners of the Barony of Lasswade—for occupation as a dower-house. If so, he had a quaint and delightful fancy, for a more picturesque home it would be difficult to conceive.

It pleases us to think, as we lie half-awake, how Walter Scott may also have lain abed and watched the ancestors of these raindrops trickle through the straw; for he was not always 'up very betimes,' to use the delightful phrase of dear Samuel Pepys. Do we not read how Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy had tramped through 'Roslin's rocky glen,' a good three miles, and arrived at the cottage before Scott had left his feather-bed?

On our rising and inspecting the weather at closer quarters, the prospect to the discontented mind is not pleasing. A favourite theory that man might be taught to love the wet and hate the sunshine is not supported by the fact that a pony, a donkey, and a goat are seen crowded together for shelter in a small shed—an unhappy family. It is obviously 'a three days' rain,' a product which we proudly boast is peculiar to the east of Scotland. We should like if some wise man would explain why so frequently the rain pours in torrents in this district for three days on end. It is easy to understand why it should begin on the first day, but why it should end on the third no weather-prophet has yet enlightened the world.

On such a day it is given to some men—and to many women—to settle themselves with a good, or possibly a bad, book. But such is not the lot of all, and some must confess to a certain restlessness ill of restraint even in the wet. Thus constituted, we find ourselves early out of doors enjoying—yes, positively enjoying—the downpour. We look across the paddock to the encircling wood crowning 'the kaim,' that curious deposit of sand and gravel left by prehistoric flood—in Scott's time 'a rising patch of waste ground'—and our mind wanders off to that other

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kaim, the Kaim of Kinprunes and the antiquarian researches of Jonathan Oldbuck.

In Scott's day, before a century had added other trees and increased the height and branches of those already existing, the prospect from the cottage must have been more extensive; and now it is necessary to mount the 'kaim' to discern 'Melville's beechy grove,' or 'Dalkeith, whom all the virtues love,' with the Firth beyond, or to see the top of North Berwick Law, gazing inquisitively at us over the slopes above Inveresk.

And first, before coming to more recent growths, let us consider what may be called the indigenous plants, those which existed in those happy days of Scott's early married life. The Gothic archway of willows which he erected at the gate with his own hands, and in which he took such pride, was removed, we are told, many years ago, when the public road was altered. But all the romance is not gone, for it is said that the white jasmine which crowns the doorway of the cottage was grown from a sprig of the wedding bouquet of his wife. The bird-cherry, lilacs, and laburnums we love to think of shading the poet and his lady; but the crowned giant of the place is that huge sycamore, with a girth of thirteen feet, which shades the cottage, and must have stood there for many and many a year before Scott had entered this world. Whether the original cottage was built under the tree, or the tree planted ultimately to shade the cottage, who can say? To the artist, perhaps, one of the most lovely things about the place consists in the varied and mingling shades of green and gray of that massive trunk brought out in perfection by this wet day. Was it not Millais who said that Scotland was like a pebble, which required the rain to bring out its colour? But we had almost forgotten one of the indigenous plants—that curious creeper, the box-thorn, which clothes the bow of the cottage, a plant notable for its rapid upward growths, clothed with pendent branches a yard or more in length. It is called by the learned *lycium*, and by the vulgar 'the Duke of Argyll's tea-tree.' It is said that in the good old days, when dukes were objects of respect rather than of taxation, one of the Argylls suggested that the people of Scotland might well grow tea from the seeds found in the baskets in which it was imported. But when the experiment was tried the resultant plant proved to be the *lycium*, the seeds being those of that willowy plant from which the baskets were made and not that of the fragrant bohea! Hence the common name of our creeper, of which a species with narrower leaves is frequent in old cottage-gardens in England. Probably it was the same knowledgable duke who once exhibited a small vial to one of his tenants, explaining that it contained the concentrated essence of a ton of farmyard manure; and the tenant said, 'I think I see your grace going about wi' a bottle and a feather creashin' oor Hieland hills.'

But the day is wearing on before we have actually entered the garden proper—or, rather, should we say, the garden improper, for in design it is everything that a garden should not be. A square enclosed on two sides by walls, and on the other two by a low thorn-hedge, broken up into five rectangles of impossible size for flower-beds, with narrower borders round, all straight lines formed of box, that much-overrated edging. Now, nature abhors a straight line as it does a vacuum, a fact of which too many gardeners are oblivious, but which is proved by the pathway across the paddock, where hurrying feet never follow the straight path which leads to artistic destruction, but glide in gentle curves, a delight to the eye. For the present form we do not blame Sir Walter or his Andrew Fairservice, for the garden as it now exists is obviously of comparatively recent construction, and has been crowded in by more recent houses and gardens. To remedy as far as possible this defect, our womenkind, to our delight, broke up some of the rectangles by broad paths edged with stones gathered from the wayside, and already sheets of white *Arabis* and purple *Aubretia*, followed by saxifrages and *Cerastium tomentosum* and tufts of other creepers, have formed a fitting frame for the herbaceous borders. And here we stand, with mackintosh and umbrella, in this August downpour, possibly remembering the past glories rather than the present dampness, and pondering on the subject of gardening generally.

Naturally we wonder what a garden was like in the days of Scott. People speak glibly of 'old-fashioned flowers' without having any very definite idea of what flowers are 'old-fashioned.' Probably the idea at the back of the mind is favour shown for the herbaceous border and protest against the bedded-out geraniums and calceolarias. But we imagine the garden of a century ago among things perennial could not hold a candle to its modern descendant, at least in form and colour, if not in scent. Possibly to the student Scott's garden would be more accurately mirrored by *The Scots Gardener's Director*, by Mr James Justice, clerk of session, which was printed by the Ruddimans in 1754. In that painstaking and learned work little prominence is given to what is now known by gardeners as 'herbaceous stuff;' but page upon page is devoted to named varieties of hyacinths, tulips, lilies, narcissi, and other bulbs imported from Holland; while the author gives cultural directions for over four hundred species and varieties of annuals, also of Dutch origin, of which catalogues were received yearly in this country. We can, however, picture the cottage-garden containing bear's-ears (auricula), anemones, wormwood (artemisia), Solomon's-seal, catmint, gillyflowers (wallflowers), dropwort (spirea), sea-holly, bear's-breech (acanthus), carnations, iris,

and lilies, to name a few of many possibilities. Scott was essentially a landscape-gardener; but his tenure of the garden at Lasswade was too short for us to expect to find old yew or beech hedges, the outstanding feature of most old gardens. For the same reason no specimen of topiarian art is visible, no 'Adam and Eve; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm; Eve and the serpent very flourishing,' to quote from Pope's satirical 'catalogue of greens.'

Much as most people appreciate Andrew Fairservice, many will disagree with him when he discounted the presence of ladies in a garden. 'I keep up the first gardener's quarrel to them . . . nae slices o' the spare rib here.' One of his requisites for a new place was one 'where there's nae leddy about the town to count the apples;' and from these words we might conclude that his objections were based on selfish rather than æsthetic motives. For how a fair mistress or maid blends with the flowers and the flowers with her! The picture without both is incomplete; and surely woman's taste is nowhere more welcome than in the garden. With her one feels one might derive assistance in that most difficult question, 'yellow in a garden.' Yellow is the nearest approach to sunlight in things terrestrial, and surely should not be banished, especially when one contemplates the beds in the rain. Of course there are yellows and yellows, and there is a vast difference between the sunflower and the evening primrose. But there is no doubt that in its most virulent form it is difficult to deal with; the yellow viola goes badly with magenta. Would some one kind and fair favour us with her ideas on a separate yellow garden with scarlets and oranges mingled with blue?

They tell us that the really interesting part of gardening is to grow vegetables; and apart from utilitarian principles, Andrew, already quoted, laid it down that 'a kail-blaide or a coliflower glances sae glegly by moonlight; it's like a leddy in her diamonds.' Many people, nevertheless, confess to little interest in 'sybos, ingans, turneeps, and other garden fruit.' It is a popular article of belief with many people that no peas are so sweet as those grown in our own garden; but methinks this pride is akin to that of the laird across the Forth who declared that the finest grapes he ever tasted were grown in the open air in Fife; though with candour he admitted, 'I maun premise that I like them sour.' Why should we place ourselves in that position of conceit to think that our strawberries are better than those of our neighbour, or to subject ourselves to the spirit of envy because our turnips are not so large as those of the people across the way? The poetic soul abhors the onion, and it is almost with pride we confess that our gardener scored off us, querulous as to the lack of hearts in the cauliflowers, by giving as a perfectly reasonable excuse that the vegetables in question were Brussels-sprouts!

We have the garden to ourselves save for the toads, several of which are crawling about, to their great content, enjoying the wet. The poet may write of the jewel in the head of the toad, but it is too succulent to tread on with pleasure, and we sometimes wish for St Patrick to drive them from our domain as he did from Ireland. They are peculiarly prevalent in the district, possibly from the proximity of the ponds where they breed and the dry banks where they live. Considerable research has failed to unearth much information as to the natural history of this useful but inelegant animal. The popular idea is that one particular toad lives in your strawberry-bed or under a tuft of pinks, and buries itself near that spot in winter. But our observations rather go to prove that they are migratory, so far as an animal which cannot exceed the ten-mile limit can be migratory. Three springs ago when the garden was dug from end to end it was toadless; but in the course of early summer several appeared. The same toads did not, however, so far as could be judged by their size, remain during the whole season; and early in the autumn—much too early for hibernating—they entirely vanished. Some blamed the owls for the disappearance, but the keepers at the Zoo say that no animal in the garden will eat a toad, though they consider a frog fair game. One curious fact is that toads are often seen in broad daylight on very hot days, no doubt being baked out of their holes. We regret that this attempt to contribute to the natural history of the subject should be so inconclusive.

There is a lull in the 'three days' rain,' and the thought rises to our mind how we should like to see the garden peopled again by Scott and his circle. And, as if dropped from the clouds, we see coming up the drive a lame but active man, tall and slim, 'attired in a widely made shooting-dress, with a coloured handkerchief about his neck'—without doubt, Scott himself. On his arm leans a lady, dark and small, obviously his wife; while Camp the dog scampers on before. In his train are the Clerks from Penicuik, 'that fair dome where suit is paid by blast of bugle free;' Mackenzie, 'the Man of Feeling,' 'from Auchindinny's hazel shade;' the Tytlers, 'from haunted Woodhouselee;' Skene, and Gillies. See how they stop to look in at the window in the 'one good sitting-room,' where Mrs Scott, while arranging flowers, was so nearly shot by an unlucky sportsman! They point out the recess of the window where there used to stand the painter's lay figure supporting a coat of mail, one of the hands grasping the remnants of an old rusty sword, and remind one another how over the chimneypiece had hung a trophy cunningly contrived from an old Highland shield with various

swords, daggers, and other weapons all as old as the times of Robin Hood. Scott again recounts how, when John Leyden met Ritson, 'the learned cabbage-eater,' at the hospitable table, the former, to shock the vegetarian, complained that the joint was overdone, and sending to the kitchen for a plate of raw beef, manfully devoured it. The company remark how the trees and creepers have grown, and are at home amidst the Scotch roses, lavender, and balsam, and welcome *Nepeta mussini*, with its lavender-like flowers and gray-green foliage, as an old friend; but are compelled to admit that the modern phloxes and Michaelmas daisies are such as they had never dreamed of. But what to them was the greatest surprise was to see a lawn-mower, which, they admit, has certain advantages over the scythe and the sickle; but they contest the usefulness of that other innovation the garden-hose if the summer is as wet as this has been. As we speak the clouds again blow up from the east, and they are carried from our sight in a torrent of rain and mist before we can realise that all we have seen is a vision of the past, and that the great ones of the earth have passed and gone.

We retire to the tool-house and write tallies.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER VI.—MR MONTGOMERY INTERVENES.

FOR the rest, Lord Thanet could not guess if Eleanor realised to the full the issues that depended upon her father's death. But he perceived how deeply the girl was affected, and wished with a great longing that it was for him to offer comfort in her affliction. As it was, he could do nothing but express his regrets. Eleanor felt gratefully that they were not the mere words of convention.

'But I don't understand how he came to be at Minden unknown to you,' he went on gently. 'I should like to hear about it, if it would not hurt you too much to tell me. He was with the French army, I suppose?'

'Yes,' she said; and told him in a few words what Mr Crooks had learned, and the conclusion at which he had arrived. 'Of course there is no hope?' she wound up.

'Honestly I think there is—just a little,' he answered, after a second's consideration. 'The evidence is strong, but not absolute. To give only one chance, he might have been carried off the field to a peasant's cottage near at hand, and be lying there unconscious. What I can do—with your permission, madam—is this. I have many friends with the army, and will write to them at once to make a searching inquiry into the whole matter. And until we hear definitely you must not despair altogether.'

'It is much to do—for a stranger,' said she. 'But if you will be so good, sir, my brother and I will be very thankful. At the least, there is always the hope.'

My lord noticed with pleasure that already it was having its effect, for her eyes were brighter, and a little colour had stolen back to her cheeks. Truly, hope is a potent medicine! His offer had another effect not less satisfactory, and when she continued it was in a more friendly tone.

'You will not think me foolish about my father, sir,' said she; 'but we loved each other dearly, and for seven years I had proof day by day of his courage under adversity and misfortune. Perhaps you have heard the story—'tis an old one, and no secret in this country. He was one born to rule, and an Englishman in every fibre; he was ruined and driven into exile—driven, it may be, to his death—by the tricks and vile scheming of an enemy of our house. The man is dead, and I cannot curse him. But the bitter wrongs have not been redeemed, and I pray that, if there be justice in this world, the vengeance which *he* escaped may fall upon his family. Sir, I crave your pardon,' she said, suddenly remembering herself. 'A woman's tongue is apt to run away with her, but I have no excuse for troubling you with matters like these.'

She had spoken with evident emotion, and now she turned away, as if seeking to control herself unwatched. My lord was not sorry. His feelings, you may be sure, were somewhat conflicting. Justly or unjustly, it is not too pleasant to be cursed to one's face. Yet he was undoubtedly in a false position, and he wondered vaguely what would happen if he were to avow himself in his true colours. He did not do so. In truth, he did nothing at all. It seemed the easier part at the moment.

He had been gazing meanwhile at the old sundial, albeit without much recognition of its peculiarities; but presently his brain became cognisant of a carving on one of the sides of the shaft. It was that of a crest—a hand grasping a bar—and it appeared strangely familiar to him. He asked himself where he had seen its like; and not without an effort he remembered a hut-door near Minden, and a signet-ring at which he had casually glanced. Then, all at once, the truth came home to him—he doubted it not for a single instant—that, of all marvels, Sir Gilbert Heathcote and the cavalier whom he had saved were one and the same. And, that being so, Sir Gilbert had plainly survived his rival for the Brayden estates.

It was more difficult to decide what his own course should be in view of the discovery. He ventured to steal a look at Eleanor, whose face was still averted. His duty in one sense was

obvious; but to tell her meant the disclosure of his identity, and for that he was not yet ready. It meant, too, the quenching of a new-born hope.

At length, having made up his mind, he pulled himself together.

'I have been admiring your dial, madam,' he said, 'and trying to guess its age—with proper veneration.'

'Tis close on two hundred years old, they say.'

'And the crest is yours?'

'The strong hand? Oh yes. The motto is, "Grip fast, and hold." Somehow,' she added, a little wistfully, 'we Heathcotes seem to have lost the grip in these days.'

'Not for good, be assured,' said he.

They talked for a few minutes longer, and then the marquis sought permission to retire, with the hope that when he had news for her he might be allowed to visit the Tower again.

'You will be welcome, Major Courtenay,' she replied, and this time gave him her hand.

They parted in the garden, and he found his way about to the front of the house. There he got his horse from Gideon Twentypenny, and left a vail with him such as the old retainer had not been lucky enough to receive for many years past.

My lord did not spare the whip on his homeward journey to Warminster. His plans were beginning to take shape, and he was eager to set them agoing. He was still filled with wonder at the afternoon's revelations. They had, as you know, been utterly unexpected; but as his mind ran over his brief connection with Sir Gilbert Heathcote, several little incidents recurred to him that now bore a different aspect. For one, there was the cavalier's attitude on learning his name. His own reticence was also more explicable. Then the marquis recalled his conversation with Montgomery; and a quick suspicion striking him regarding the extent of that worthy's knowledge, he resolved that he must (on divers grounds) at once search out his whereabouts. Altogether, on reviewing in this new light the events that had passed since the morning of Minden, and especially his two meetings with Eleanor Heathcote, is it strange that my lord saw reason for believing that Providence was overruling the destinies of the families to some wise end?

And the surprises of the day were not yet over. Awaiting him at the 'King's Head' was a letter from his lawyer, which had been sent under cover to Mr Jackson. Headlam informed him that, following a communication from his lordship, he had seen Crooks, and recapitulated the intelligence which had been gathered concerning Sir Gilbert, closing with the proposal for a meeting of all the parties concerned in the Brayden fortune. He added that he had mentioned in confidence where his client was at present, and the attorney had immediately suggested to have the meeting at Warminster.

As it happened, nothing could have been more suited to the marquis's purposes. He sat down at once and wrote to Headlam, telling him to get the matter arranged forthwith, and to bring down Crooks and his principals with all due despatch. For himself, he said, he had certain facts to impart bearing upon the question of the succession. A second letter which he indited seemed to cause him more thought, but at length he had finished it to his satisfaction.

'Tis only the odd chance,' he said to himself as he sealed it, 'that it will reach him in time, or even then be of any good. But, in any event, it can do no harm.'

This letter he enclosed to Headlam, with full instructions what to do with it, and not to stint money or trouble in the doing. Then, his literary labours completed, he went out to see in person that the packet was sent off to London by an urgent express. It was now close upon six o'clock; and he was walking back through the market-place, contemplating how he should pass the evening, when he came face to face with—Mr James Montgomery.

The man, looking as suave and impassive as ever, saluted him with profound respect. 'I have just been at the inn to pay my duty to your lordship,' he explained.

'Oh, I am not known there as Lord Thanet, Montgomery,' said the marquis, smiling.

'I was aware of the fact, my lord,' he replied, 'and made bold to ask for Major Courtenay.'

'You knew I was in Warminster, then?'

He bowed. 'If you will pardon me,' said he, 'I have taken the liberty to make myself acquainted with your lordship's movements, wishing to see you privately, as one might say.'

'Indeed! It was very kind of you, Montgomery,' said my lord, not too well pleased. 'But perhaps, if it is anything of moment, we shall be quieter at the "King's Head."'

He led the way, and nothing more was said until they were alone in the oak-parlour. The marquis seated himself by the window; and, after carefully shutting the door, Montgomery took his stand near by, and deferentially awaited the other's pleasure.

'Well, I am glad you are here, Montgomery,' began my lord. 'I wanted particularly to see you about the packet which I left in your hands after Minden. You remember it?'

'Certainly, my lord.'

'You have it still, I hope?'

'It is quite safe, and at your lordship's orders.'

'Good! I may need it soon to send to the friends of the owner, and so you had better bring it here at once. And, by the way,' he went on, looking Montgomery straight in the face, 'have you any idea who the man was?'

'Certainly, my lord,' Montgomery repeated, without winking an eyelash.

'What! you knew him?'

'I had often seen Sir Gilbert Heathcote before the Rebellion, and recognised him instantly,' he admitted in the same even tones. 'He was little

changed. When he died without speaking, I thought it as well, considering everything, to secure his trinkets for your lordship.'

'But why on earth did you not mention his name to me?' demanded the marquis.

For the first time Montgomery showed some surprise. 'Because I understood that your lordship must know him,' he replied, with a touch of impatience at his stupidity. 'It was quite natural, of course, that you should not wish to acknowledge it. The Brayden estates are worth having; and when it might all depend on the question who had died first, Sir Gilbert or my lord, why, I could not blame your lordship for keeping it to yourself until you had made sure.'

'In a word, Montgomery, you took me for as big a rogue as yourself?'

'If you like to put it so, my lord,' he returned imperturbably.

Jumping up, Lord Thanet began to pace the room with hurried steps. He had an impulse that was almost overwhelming to fling the man downstairs, but restrained himself with the consideration that the moment was premature. There was yet a keen game of wits to be played out between them. Before he sat down again he had settled his plan of action.

'Now, let us get to business,' said he. 'I presume you had an object in seeking me out here?'

'Quite so, my lord. As the Brayden succession must be settled soon, I ventured to hope that your lordship would not object to have a proper understanding beforehand.'

'With you, of course?' asked the marquis. 'Well, what is your proposal?'

Montgomery stated it in the most matter-of-fact fashion, and assuredly it was not wanting in precision or boldness.

'In the event of your lordship succeeding,' he said, 'I thought of 10 per cent. of the income of the estates as my return for certain services. If they are worth forty thousand a year'——

'Nearer fifty, I believe,' my lord threw in.

'In that case, I am sure that the share I have suggested will not be considered unreasonable.'

'To be plain, you propose that I should pay you between four and five thousand a year for life on the condition that you hold your tongue about the time of Sir Gilbert Heathcote's death, and so enable me to claim the Brayden fortune?'

'Exactly, my lord.'

'And if I refuse?'

Montgomery shrugged his shoulders deprecatingly. 'Doubtless Mr Heathcote would be glad to pay handsomely for my information,' he hinted. 'But I hope—your lordship will pardon me—you will do nothing so foolish. After so many years with my late lord I should regret to run counter to the interests of the house.'

'You are really monstrously kind, Montgomery. One other thing—what surety have I that you will not raise your demands later on?'

'Is it likely, my lord?' he asked in an aggrieved tone. 'The four thousand pounds will amply content me—I will put it at that finally—and when your lordship has bought the annuity for that amount, you may rest satisfied that my share of the business is at an end. And, after all, it will take little more than a year's income of the estates.'

'Very well,' said my lord pleasantly; 'I suppose conspirators must have some degree of trust in each other. A pretty plot, on my honour! Now listen, my man. I accept your proposal in so far that I agree, when I am in full possession of the Brayden estates, to pay this annuity of four thousand. You will take my word for that?'

'With pleasure, my lord.'

'So! But first we must see how things are going, and for the present you will remain at hand in case I should want you—here if possible.'

Montgomery replied that he had already arranged to stay for a few weeks in Warminster, and gave his address. He would hold himself entirely at his lordship's commands.

''Tis a bargain, then. Meanwhile I need not remind you to keep a still tongue in your head.'

'I quite understand you, my lord. And if that is all'—— Bowing, he turned to go, but wheeled round before he reached the door. 'About the trinkets—I suppose your lordship will permit me to retain them until everything is settled?'

'As evidence of your good faith? Oh, just as you please, Montgomery.'

He bowed again, and retired. There was a complacent smile on his countenance as he descended the stairs. As for my lord, his first step was to throw the window wide open.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

WING CHO, prominent among the wealthy merchants of Victoria's Chinatown, had died, leaving his queer-smelling store to his younger brother, Wing Li; leaving also directions that he was to be buried in Vancouver until such time as his bones could be shipped to China for their final rest. Accordingly Wing Li sent the remains to the white undertaker's to be prepared for the journey, and saw to it that certain other little formalities were duly observed, that the immortal part of the late lamented Wing Cho might reach its destination without mishap. It was my fortune to be passing the undertaker's establishment when the coffin was brought out and placed in a transfer-wagon—Wing Li was economically inclined—for conveyance to the

wharf. Following the men came a very aged Chinaman, dressed in a black padded silk blouse with brass clasps down the front, loose blue trousers, a high black cap, and white-soled native shoes; his long queue was dangling, generally a sign of rank or temporary leisure, and he carried a small covered basket. Setting this down on the side-walk as the wagon drove off, he produced from it a little teapot full of hot water, into which he put some tea, and poured the result, a very weak-looking mixture, into three tiny handleless cups; he then put a plate beside each cup, and laid upon each a pair of ivory chop-sticks and several slices of what might once have been chicken. It was evident that this was a kind of tea-party to certain spirits who must be propitiated if Wing Cho was to avoid unpleasantness in a future state. Having made all his preparations, the old gentleman began a vigorous kow-towing north, south, east, and west, accompanied by a weird falsetto chant all on one note, his equanimity by no means disturbed by the little crowd of spectators whom his proceedings had drawn to the spot. But either the spirits were shy or the spread was not to their liking, for despite the vigorous welcome there was no visible diminution in the dainties set forth on the side-walk. Presently, however, either as a trump-card or an excuse to recover his breath, the old man stopped his callisthenics, and, taking from his resourceful basket some long strips of red paper, he struck a Canadian match in Canadian fashion, cheerfully oblivious of the glaring anachronism involved, and, setting fire to the strips of paper, leaned them up against the plates to burn; then he went at his acrobatics with fresh zeal for another ten minutes, when he collected his properties, stowed them away in his basket, and toddled back to Chinatown, apparently well pleased with himself.

But this was a special occasion. As a rule, the Chinese who die in Victoria are buried in the Victoria cemetery, where the Celestials have a space to themselves; and the tides of the Pacific, rising and falling on the beach below, sing the same lullaby to Christian and Confucian alike. Thither, when a *tyhee*—a wealthy or important Chinaman—dies, winds a noisy procession, garish with coloured paper tossed into the air to propitiate the gods, ear-piercing with native instruments of alleged music. Formerly it was the custom of the Chinese to leave food on the graves of the deceased, the quality and amount varying with the size of the bank-account left behind; but the habit came to an abrupt end. Some Indians of the Songhee Reserve, just outside Victoria, discovered this pious custom of the Chinese, and, having no respect to spare for any superstitions other than their own complicated set, regarded it as a Heaven-sent opportunity to vary the monotonous Government bill of fare, and by watching the cemetery closely contrived to keep themselves supplied with Chinese delicacies for a considerable time. But greed outran their caution, and they were caught in the act one day. The legend has it that a fearful scene ensued between the pilfering Siwashes and the indignant Chinese; but a hasty telephone-call brought out a police patrol, and the combatants were separated before any serious damage was inflicted on either side. From that time, however, the food that went out with the mourners returned to Chinatown with them.

Chinatown proper consists of several streets peopled entirely by Orientals. Some of them are well paved and lighted; but others are narrow, dirty, and ill-kept. Several boast such suggestive names as Canton Street and Shanghai Alley. The red paper lanterns hanging before many of the stores, and the brilliant signs with black Chinese characters on a red background, form a striking note of colour, which is carried out in the dress of the young children; green tunics, red caps, and yellow trousers being rather a favourite combination. A common sight in Chinatown is that of a slip of a girl in tunic and trousers bending slantwise under the weight of a tiny, solemn-faced brother, reminding one irresistibly of a variegated poppy strayed from somebody's garden-border; apparently big sisters are the same the world over when little Johnny's or little Ah Sin's legs grow weary. The older children, who are permitted to attend the public schools—a fact to make thoughtful people still more thoughtful—are dressed in European style, and wear their wiry black hair cut short; but though they might pass for little Canadians from a rear view, their yellow, impassive faces and oblique eyes betray their nationality at once.

All grades of Chinese society may be seen shuffling along the side-walks of the Asiatic quarter, from the prosperous *tyhee* in quilted silk tunic and red-buttoned cap to the starveling coolie in dingy overalls and battered hat retrieved from somebody's dust-heap, and all the specimens between, including the self-respecting 'washee man,' going at his own peculiar jog-trot, his two huge bundles of clothes swinging in perfect balance from either end of the six-foot pole across his shoulders, and the 'vegetable man,' that feature of every Western town, his two big baskets of greenstuff similarly adjusted. A few women may be seen dressed like the men, only with wider trousers and longer and more elaborate tunics, each provided with an umbrella to unfurl over their glossy bare heads in rain or shine. One of the most interesting sights Victoria has to show the Old Country visitor is that of Chinese women in full native garb pushing their gaily dressed offspring along the paths of Beacon Hill Park in up-to-date American go-carts, or mingling with a crowd of white women before the windows of Government Street's most attractive stores.

There are many wealthy merchants in Chinatown, some of the stores having beautiful native wares and fabrics worth large sums of money,

and being conducted by spruce, courteous, English-speaking Chinese. In the remoter parts of the quarter, however, it is a different story. Here the paint and plate-glass are absent; many of the windows are broken, boarded up, or adorned with spasmodic splashes of whitewash; and where the eye can penetrate the gloom it encounters objects most unlovely and depressing. The Chinaman is at once the most adaptable and the most conservative of people. Place him in the kitchen of a white household and he will grapple with the latest thing in 'majestic' ranges in a manner wonderful to behold; but in his own haunts, among his own primitive utensils, he will convert the guileless pig and the innocent chicken into weird messes calculated to turn the heart of the average Hottentot.

But it is not so much what he sees as what he smells that makes the strongest impression upon the sensitive visitor to Chinatown. Oh that Chinese smell—insistent, intangible, all-pervading! It is impossible to separate it into its component parts; it is simply the Chinese smell. No properly constituted Chinaman can survive long without it. It is not only, nor primarily, to smoke and play chuck-luck and fan-tan that the Oriental cooks and housemaids of the west end may be seen hurrying down to Chinatown in the evenings, but to drink in invigorating draughts of their native atmosphere. If cruel circumstances place the coolie far from Chinatown's spicy breezes, he will walk miles after his day's work is done to the nearest laundry—most of the washing British Columbia 'puts out' is done by Chinese—where a stock of the kind of air he requires is kept constantly on hand, though sometimes reduced and diluted by a recent visit from a sanitary inspector. But if, as frequently happens, there is not even a laundry within reach, the hapless Chinaman sets to work, with the same feverish energy as that displayed by a shipwrecked crew in building a life-raft, to make the best of his surroundings. Ranchers who employ Orientals regularly make a practice of giving them quarters a considerable distance from their own houses; and here, making the most of all rags, old bones, empty oil-cans, broken boxes, withered vegetables, and soapy water that come his way, the exiled Ah Sin manages to evolve a weak solution of his native air upon which he may contrive to bear up against the enervating effect of acres of clover and leagues of giant Douglas fir. But it is only a pathetic fraud at best, a hollow imitation of home, sweet home. Only in Chinatown, and a good-sized Chinatown at that, can the smell develop and attain perfection. Here, behind dark, dreary stores, are darker, drearier rooms where crowds of Chinese can be accommodated at night; and behind these again are shacks and hovels kept as Orientals are likely to keep such places. Occasionally it happens that a sick Chinaman, not caring to trust himself to the tender mercies of his countrymen (who kill all their hopelessly maimed as a matter of course, that they may not have to support them), crawls into one of these shacks unknown to the owner, and dies there; or it may be there has been foul play over the opium or the chuck-luck, and the man is already dead when he is thrust into the cabin. The most efficient police in the world could not keep count of the shifting population of a Chinese quarter, and it is natural that the man is not missed. There is wailing and full Chinese ceremonial when a rich merchant dies; but a coolie—who cares about a coolie? Certainly not his impassive countrymen, to whom an unburied corpse on the premises is a very trifling matter compared to the calamity of being mulcted in the funeral expenses; so Chinatown goes on its accustomed way until the sanitary inspector on his rounds, or a chance citizen taking a short cut through the Asiatic quarter, notices something unusually amiss, with the result that there is an investigation and the dead Chinaman is brought to light. There is an inquest held, and due inquiry is made as to who is most entitled to pay the burial fees; but it is hopeless from the beginning. Chinatown has forgotten its English suddenly and completely; the police are met on all hands with 'Me no sabbee;' the interpreter can extract nothing; Adam before the creation of Eve was not more destitute of relatives or friends than that unfortunate coolie Chinaman.

Neither religion nor amusement is forgotten in Chinatown. At the joss-house the religiously inclined can assemble and burn coloured paper before the image of their favourite god. The worshippers sit or stand about with their hats on, as a rule, smoking unconcernedly and chatting in all the keys of the human voice. Occasionally a devotee will go forward in a sudden spasm of religious fervour and kow-tow before the joss; but such conspicuous piety is rare. There is more interest taken in the theatre. This is a large, barrack-like place, reached through several alleys and up a flight of indescribable stairs. The familiar blue of a policeman's uniform at the top is a welcome sight to the timidly inclined, for here the sightseeing white is a mere oasis in a yellow sea. The seats are plain boards, filling the body of the hall; and there is a box like a weather-beaten grain-bin on either side of the stage, which is only a platform, innocent of screen or curtain of any kind. The scene-shifters sit along the edge of the stage, smoking cigarettes or chewing opium until called upon to rearrange the settings, when they rise languidly, shuffle a couple of chairs and a table into new positions, and subside again. The orchestra consists of six weird Chinese instruments of torture resembling a chorus of tom-cats more than anything else, which breaks in on the action of the play at unexpected moments. The action is the only clue to the meaning—not only to the casual white sightseer, but also

to the Chinese audience—as this strange people's interminable dramas are written in what was the Court language hundreds of years ago, and is to-day as unintelligible to the average Chinaman as Italian opera is to the average Canadian. The general drift is fairly easy to follow, however, by watching the actors closely; actresses there are none. The Chinese actor is a pariah among his fellows; he is prohibited by law from holding any Government position; the lowest menial ranks above him; and therefore, with a chivalry curiously at variance with some of his other customs, the Chinaman forbids his women the stage and employs boys for all the female parts.

But gambling is, *par excellence*, the Chinese amusement. That coolie is poor indeed who cannot scrape together a few cents to lose or double at chuck-luck or fantan. Underneath Chinatown is a perfect maze of secret passages designed for the escape of the white and yellow gamblers who play more or less all the year round in the warrens of the Asiatic quarter. The police raid these haunts periodically; and quite recently they were led throughout the length of an entire block in pursuit of a number of flying queues whose owners had not been quite quick enough in making their escape. Since the Chinese own all the land on which they build, the authorities can do nothing to prevent this burrowing, with all its dangerous possibilities.

Their New Year, falling sometime in February, is the Chinese time of rejoicing, celebrated by the setting off of huge quantities of fire-crackers, by the slaughtering of pigs and chickens, and by the profuse giving away of presents by the wealthy Chinamen to their white patrons; while every cook and 'washee man' brings offerings of lily-bulbs and preserved ginger to his bossy-lady, cigars to his bossy-man, and fire-crackers or strange Chinese nuts and sweetmeats to the children. This is the time when wages are requested in advance, and holidays are asked for, or taken without the formality of asking; the time, above all others, when every Chinaman pays his debts (to his own countrymen at least) to the uttermost farthing, or, failing to do so, will probably put an end to his account for good and all; for, in their curious code, the Chinaman who cannot pay his debts at the New Year is disgraced for ever. If, incidentally, the intending suicide has a grudge against any particular person, he will very likely settle that score at the same time by killing himself on his enemy's doorstep; not, be it observed, with the object of getting his enemy into trouble with the authorities, but merely to spoil the look of his front premises for a while and give him a disagreeable shock when he opens his front door. Truly, 'for ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain the heathen Chinee is peculiar.'

THE MASTER OF CARRICK.

CHAPTER II.

OLD Mr Nicoll, the parish minister of Carrick, was a gentleman for whom I entertained the deepest esteem, yet it was ever an esteem tempered with a certain modicum of pity. I came much in contact with him, for he was the only educated man in the district with whom I could converse, and, moreover, I combined the duties of clerk to the kirk-session with those of schoolmaster, and from first to last he appeared to me as a man too unreservedly good for so questionable a world as this. In earthly matters he displayed the most lamentable ignorance, with the most unswerving trust in Providence, which I believe to be an excellent thing in itself, though not calculated to make unaided for the ultimate prosperity of its possessor. And when I reflect that this saintly old man, who would have valued a dukedom rather less than a bur-thistle, was the father of the Master's Ailie, then I can never wonder enough.

It was my habit very often to retire to the manse of an evening, and there indulge in some sedate game with the cards, for this was one of the few recreations—if such it could be called—which the minister permitted himself to enjoy. There we would sit and smoke and chat—for as he was also a St Andrews man we had a community of interests outside the parish affairs—and on occasion I have seen a bottle of claret produced; and once, on the head of some occurrence I have forgotten, there was a bowl of mild punch. As a rule they were the quietest possible evenings; but I look back on them now with regret, the more so as old Mr Nicoll has long since 'ta'en the kirk-road,' as they say here, and there are no more such to come.

Chance and curiosity combined took me to the manse on the evening fixed for the Master's departure. I found Mr Nicoll alone in his great chair, but we had not long sat down to the cards ere I saw his thoughts were somewhere else. He sat vacant-eyed and restless, his gaze wandering from the bust of Virgil on his bookshelves to the spinet that had come from some wealthier Nicoll, and back again, and at last he laid down the cards with a sigh.

'I am disturbed in mind, MacConnachie,' he said. 'I have just heard some strange coupling of my daughter's name with that of the Master of Carrick. Have you heard anything of this?'

I was nothing surprised, for the minister was ever the last man in the countryside to hear

anything; indeed, with his Greek and his Latin and his *Commentary on the Pentateuch*, it was a marvel he ever heard it at all.

'To be quite frank with you, Mr Nicoll,' I said, 'they tell me he wishes to make her his bride.'

'Oh, but I don't know how that would do,' he said; 'I don't know how that would do at all.' At that he seemed to fall into a brown study, in which he sat for some minutes, I watching him the while. At last he raised his head. 'You know him well,' he said. 'Do you think he would indeed do that?'

I confess the horrid doubt had occurred to me, just as it occurred to every one who heard the rumour. It was an insult to the Master; but they said he had done such things before, and certainly it was true that his family had indulged in such practices for generations.

'With a lad of the Master's temperament,' I made answer, 'there is no sure prediction in it.'

'I feared so,' he said. 'No, no, MacConnachie, it would be very unwise—very unwise indeed.'

To this I saw fit to make no reply, nor to broach what seemed to me the real problem of the case: whether it were more unwise to interfere or to leave things to their course.

'How does Alison feel?' he asked at last.

I told him that was something neither he nor I nor any man could guess.

'I cannot think she can be so very set,' he said miserably. 'She has always been a sensible girl, and she must see for herself that such a union would be most undesirable, even if he married her. And of course we cannot be sure that he is as honourable as we would hope. He is spoken of throughout the country as a dangerous man.'

'He is not a man to be trifled with,' I said, I fear with some irrelevance.

After that he sat for a long time with the firelight on his placid old child's face, and at length picked up his hand again with another sigh.

'I cannot allow it,' he said. 'I trust the child will not be terribly disappointed, but I cannot let her take the risk. It cannot be done.'

I think it was the pitiable feebleness of apprehension that underlay those last words that showed me finally how little help we might expect from *his* direction. In the protection of his daughter he would oppose the Master; but he spoke of her as a child and a sensible girl, and hoped, of all things, she would not be disappointed. To the Master himself and the possibilities that might lie in that direction he never seemed to give a thought.

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For the matter of what happened at the cross-roads on that same night while Mr Nicoll and I talked of things in the manse I cannot, of course, speak with any more accuracy than that of hearsay; yet I have heard the tale from those who should know, and so I set it forth here as I conceive it to have taken place.

It transpired that Ailie had stolen out early in the evening from her father's house, and that while Mr Nicoll and I sat over the cards she was waiting, with her cloak as close wrapped round her as might be, no farther away than the cross-roads. And sure enough at last came the Master spurring up the Castle road on his great black horse, with his two servants in his train. At the sight of the cloaked figure by the brighead he sent his men on with a sharp word, and reined up hard by her side. The Master was one of those men who look their best in the saddle, for that disfiguring slouch of which I have spoken seemed there to disappear, and, given a big horse, he made a commanding figure enough.

'Weel, lass,' said he with that relapse into the Scotch that always caught him when he was deeply moved, 'are ye no' to bid me goodbye?'

But the lady could do nothing but stand and gaze up at him with one trembling hand on his saddle-bow and the other at her cheek, and with that he swung suddenly out of the saddle and seized her as though he would devour her. I cannot guess how long they may have stood so—for those are moments when time seems of but little account—but I fancy it would be no inconsiderable while. She never made a move, but let him do what he willed.

'Ailie,' said he at last—and it was as much as he could do to speak—'Ailie, ye 'll marry me?'

To this she had no answer save to lay her head on his shoulder.

'It 's little enough I have to offer'—— he was beginning, but she laid a soft hand over his mouth.

'Oh Rab, Rab!' she said—besides his father I never heard any one else call him so—'will you never understand? Let me work for you, serve you, do your little bit things for you, and I 'll be more than happy.'

'Then by Heaven you shall!' cried he, and seized her up again. He held her so for a minute, and then his mood changed, and he pushed her from him.

'Ye won't deceive me?' he said uneasily. 'Ye winna change?'

'You need never fear for me, Rab,' said she, and she must have meant what she said.

He looked her in the eyes as if he would read her through, and then, still holding her back from him, he spoke the hot-blooded threat we have all such cause to remember. 'Mind ye this,' said he in his cruellest tone—a voice to make you shiver it was—'I 'm none o' your village loons; and if I hear a breath o' your name wi' any other man's, it 's back I come as hard as horse can gallop wi' a couple o' pistol-shots for your new laddie.'

He bent down and snatched a kiss that was more like a blow, and the next moment he was in the saddle and driving in his spurs. The big horse sidled on to the bridge and broke into a canter.

'Rab! Rab!' she cried after him; but he was already far down the south road, with never another sound but the rattle of his horse's hoofs coming back to her down the wind.

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It is at this point that I find I can no longer put off a task which I have been shirking ever since I began, because of its difficulty, and which I would fain herd on into the next chapter. But if you are at all to understand what follows it is essential that I give you some notion of the nature and ways of Mistress Ailie Nicoll.

When I come to cast back I find that my first recollection of her is a little pale-faced thing with large gray eyes which seemed ever astare with the wonder of existence; and indeed all through her earlier years she remained an ugly, impish little creature, with no great attraction about her and small promise of any to come. Yet even then—and still more afterwards, when she became a loose, overgrown lassie, all legs and hair—she had the failing that brought her to ruin; for though she would sit all through the school-hour with her solemn eyes gazing up at me out of her peaky little face, I knew well that the real problem in her mind was which of the village loons would be waiting afterwards to give her a Scotch convoy on the way to the manse. To do her justice, she had them all at her finger-ends—though why it is hard to say, for there were many bonnier lassies in Scotsbrig than she. She grew into a woman with startling suddenness, as I suppose most girls do; and with this change she became in some strange manner amazingly pretty.

She was very tall and straight-set, but just as slim—a fact that always gave me wonder at the Master's fancy, for as a rule his predilection was for what I might call a finer figure of a woman. She was always too clever to be good, with bright little mannerisms and a winning assumption of coquetry; and no sooner was she a grown woman than she set about turning every honest head in the Bishopshire. I think the real secret of her attractiveness to the young fellows of the countryside was a certain natural power of refinement which she combined with a wealth of pretty airs and graces which she picked up Heaven knows where. She was always very sure of herself, and especially in just those places where her admirers were not, and so they looked on her with a kind of growing adoration. In the course of time she made a name for herself that old Mr Nicoll, if he had ever heard anything, would have been sad to learn.

I make some mistake if I have not painted Ailie as a heartless flirt and coquette; yet, strange as it may seem, she was nothing of the sort. Lord Carrick called her a fool, but she was not that either; while her father saw in her only a benignant spirit that looked after his meals and laid out his slippers, and jotted down the parish troubles in a little book, and so left him free to the *Æneid* and the Pentateuch. I think myself she was one of those women who can never endure to be without an admirer any more than they can tolerate the attentions of any one follower for more than a few months. And yet the strange thing is that she was genuinely in earnest in each and all of these affairs. I would stake my oath she never once assumed an interest or affected a passion; for the time being she was always serious. Could those who knew her have realised this much she would be quit of many of the hard names they levelled at her. She was vain, I grant you, with a too great belief in her own powers of captivation, and on the other hand too lofty an idea of her own passions. She had no guard over her feelings, she could never live for any time but the present, and always she must be in love with some one and some one with her. If you but keep this ideal of her before you as you read you will find what I have to tell by so much the more comprehensible.

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As for Gordon Leitch, the schoolmaster of Inchkerry on the Forth, who is presently to come somewhat disastrously into these events, I find myself at a loss what to say; for if I go by rumour alone I shall easily fill a volume with the tales that were told of him, and if I set down only what I know myself to be true, then I shall have very little to say indeed. In person, then, he was small and over-neatly made for my taste of a man, and always most scrupulously accoutred, from the powdering on his wig to the polish on his shoe-buckles. He was pale of face, with features very delicately chiselled, and I dare say that in the city he might have passed for handsome, though, Heaven knows, he accorded ill enough with the gray skies and the muddy roads of the Bishopshire. He sang well in a plaintive voice of that high-set order they call the tenor, a style of singing I could never admire, though I have observed it to captivate girls and young women more irrevocably than Orpheus's lute. At the time of which I write he would be perhaps in his thirtieth year, and much thought of as a social man in the Inchkerry district.

One thing, though, there was against him that I must record: both his wealth and his accomplishments were very considerably in advance of what one might reasonably look for in a country schoolmaster; and this I always held to be an evidence of something amiss, for why should a man with all the graces deemed necessary for a city life, and the apparent means to gratify his pleasures, prefer to drag out his days in such a place as Inchkerry? There were stories, too,

that his possessions were not all justly come by; and I have heard it said of him that he did some strange business with a gang of smugglers that for a time ran their goods ashore at Aberdour Point, and that when he had well lined his pockets through this illicit traffic he turned traitor and reaped a final harvest by the betrayal of the band. I can certainly vouch for it that he started life with a poor capital enough, for his mother was old Betsy Leitch, who lived in the village of Scotsbrig, and his father, when he drank himself to death, was no more than a sort of orra worker at the Castle. In fairness to the man, however, I shall say nothing of what I do not rightly know, the more so as it is now notorious that I disliked him very keenly. But I will say that I believe him to have been a coward and a rogue, and capable, if not guilty, of most that was told against his name.

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This Gordon Leitch first began to come into our lives some two months after the Master's leaving, on the head of a pious habit he contracted of riding up weekly from Inchkerry to see his mother, and I used to pass him on my wanderings on many a darkling afternoon ambling along the south road on a sorrel nag. I met him thus once or twice before I knew who he was; but I was told in the end by an old sailor—for Leitch was better known along the Forth than inland—and at the same time I learned some of those tales that were told of him on the Fife coast. I suppose I paid little enough heed to him at the time, as we generally do to things which are destined to cause us much thought in the future.

It so happened that there fell an afternoon when Mr Nicoll and he called on Mrs Leitch together, and from the interchange of civilities they came to the discussion of various matters of culture ancient and modern, in which I doubt not Leitch would show to some advantage. The minister, who would have seen no guile in the serpent could that creature have but cited a line or two of the *Georgics*, was highly delighted with the stranger, and had him up to the manse, where Ailie sat at her embroidery. And there was the trouble well begun.

From this point onwards Leitch's filial piety became more marked; he would ride over to visit his mother twice a week instead of once, or even oftener, and always he would call at the manse for a few words on the classics on his way back. And then in the course of a few weeks the pretence was altogether dropped, and he came openly to the manse, where he would often stay a night at a time, rising at an early hour the next morning in order to get back in time for his duties at Inchkerry.

I took it upon myself to keep a closer eye upon this affair after an evening I spent with old Mr Nicoll. I remember he had sat for a long time over the cards with a very wandering attention; but I had ascribed this as usual to the Pentateuch, until he looked up suddenly and said, 'MacConnachie, have ye any word of the Master?'

I replied that I had not myself, and did not know any likely to be better informed; at which he sat silent for a while, and then, 'I think the child is forgetting,' said he.

'Heaven forbid!' said I with more violence than I meant, for I had suddenly a new idea. 'I mean, Mr Nicoll, though I fear I shall displease you, that I had rather see your daughter with the Master, married or no, than safely wedded to Gordon Leitch.'

Across his face there came the expression of one who works out a sum conceiving his solution to be correct, and then suddenly finds it in error. 'I had spoken to her,' he said unhappily.

'Then, sir,' I said with some heat, 'I cannot commend you. Od's life, Mr Nicoll! do you fancy your daughter to be still a bairn, that you may tell her not to play with such an one, and expect her to obey?'

'She is a sensible girl,' said he helplessly.

'In that case' said I, for I had not the heart to tell him it was a delusion, 'you may safely leave her to her own devices.'

'I am very disturbed about it,' said he, and went on with the game.

(To be continued.)

MIGRATORY BIRDS IN NEW ZEALAND.

By R. W. Reid, New Zealand.

NEW ZEALAND in the South, like Great Britain in the North, receives yearly its flocks of feathered migrants. As in the British Isles, the annual visitors come from both North and South. The problems connected with Britain's migratory birds are many and difficult of solution; in New Zealand the migration mystery seems even more profound than in the North. Many varieties of birds spend about half the year in New Zealand and in the numerous adjacent islands. The shining cuckoo, for example, arrives in the North Island with marked regularity about the middle of September —the end of the Southern winter—and leaves usually during the first week of April. The Maoris have given to this beautiful bird the imposing and picturesque name of *pipiwharauroa*.

As far back as 1842 the Rev. William Colenso —brother of the famous bishop—discovered that the shining cuckoo was migratory, and that it

travelled across a thousand miles and more of ocean from New Caledonia and other islands of Melanesia in the Pacific. During the six months its sweet, whistling song enlivens the deep and ancient forests of New Zealand. A relative, the long-tailed cuckoo, is less regular in its dates, and some years appears to journey no farther south than Australia. Both belong to the *Cuculidæ* family; but they are not in the same genus, and have little in common save their migratory and parasitical habits. For, like the cuckoos that visit the Old Land—'the beauteous strangers of the grove'—the shining cuckoo and its relation depend upon other birds for the rearing of their young. The nest of a small bird, the gray warbler, seems to be most frequently chosen for that purpose, the legitimate offspring always perishing to provide space for the bulky intruder. The two cuckoos spread over the New Zealand mainland, and continue eastwards in large numbers as far as the Chathams.

The godwit is probably the most unique of New Zealand's periodic visitors. Unlike the cuckoos and other migrants, it does not breed in its Southern home; even those which are left behind every season have not been known to bring forth young. The godwits' breeding-place is Eastern Siberia and the neighbouring lands in the Far North. Every year they twice journey some eight thousand miles, through two hemispheres, touching at country after country, until they reach their destinations. They appear to seek the remote regions of Siberia. Dr Von Middendorff records that he saw godwits in large numbers in seventy-four degrees north latitude. They arrived there at the beginning of June, and left at the beginning of August. Later in the year he saw them on the southern coast of the Sea of Okhotsk. They have been observed in Formosa, in the Malay Archipelago, the Polynesian Islands, in Australia, and the Chathams. The dates given of the godwits' arrival in the Far North, and their departure therefrom, are particularly valuable, inasmuch as they indicate the rate at which the birds cover the long distance which separates Siberia from New Zealand. The godwits leave the extreme north of New Zealand early in April, and reappear usually in the first weeks of October. Their year, therefore, would appear to be divided as follows: two months spent in Siberia and the North, four months occupied in travelling, and six months devoted to rest and recuperation in New Zealand.

Mr S. Percy Smith, author of *Hawaiki*, and a prominent New Zealand writer, states that in the 'old days,' about fifty years ago, bird-life throughout New Zealand was surprisingly plentiful. He lived for some time in the Kaipara district in the North Island, and found there great flocks of birds, conspicuous among them being the *kuaka*, or godwit. *Kuaka* is the name given to the godwit by the Maoris. The godwits used the mudbanks and sandbanks of the Kaipara Harbour as feeding-grounds. The tidal waters of that great natural harbour have a coast-line of over four hundred miles, and at low-water there are many thousands of acres of mudflats and sandbanks. In the summer months the flats were alive with *kuakas*, which fed on the minute marine animals always found there in abundance. Mr Smith says he has seen flocks of these birds so large that to people who never witnessed the spectacle his estimate of numbers would be received with incredulity. He has been near a sandy island, two acres in extent, which was entirely covered with godwits. So closely were they packed that there appeared to be insufficient room on the little island for another bird. Drifting in his canoe past a dense mass of *kuakas* that had arisen from a mudflat in the Manukau Harbour, he emptied his fowling-piece in its midst. As the result of the one shot he picked up forty-three birds. A friend of his on the mudflats of Otahuhu fired two barrels and bagged ninety-six birds.

This slaughtering of the far-travelled godwit is looked upon with little favour by a considerable section of the New Zealand community. Immense as their numbers were half a century ago, they appear to be quite as numerous at the present time.

When they arrive in New Zealand the godwits are in their winter colours, but those that remain behind when the great migration takes place usually assume the brighter summer plumage. Not all, however. Last winter the writer saw, almost daily throughout the season, five godwits that, left behind, had made their home on a miniature sandy peninsula that jutted into Tauranga Harbour on the Bay of Plenty. Their plumage underwent no change. Sir Walter Buller, the noted New Zealand ornithologist, once saw an albino specimen on the west coast. In every flock he observed individuals which by the Maoris were named 'red *kuakas*,' on account of their feathers being dark in colour and varied with rufous markings instead of white. Hopes have been entertained that the birds which missed the migration would produce young; but no indication of this taking place has ever been discovered. Sir Walter Buller obtained an egg from Kapiti Island which he thought might be a godwit's. Its authenticity, however, seems never to have been established.

The New Zealand Maoris of olden times regarded the godwit with feelings not far removed from love and reverence. Nowadays the younger natives evince no unusual interest in the visitor. They seem to forget that their fathers attributed the discovery of New Zealand to the sprightly *kuaka*. An old *rangatira* informed the writer that, while living in far-away Hawaiki—their former home—the Maoris heard the birds calling to each other as they flew in thousands overhead. The natives remarked that the *kuakas* went south,

and returned at certain seasons, and they concluded that somewhere in the south must be other lands. In time they decided to follow the birds, and one spring, the canoes being prepared, when the familiar cries were heard the Maoris set off in search of the *kuaka's* home. Every night the shrill voices were heard in the air, and guided and encouraged by them, the Maoris forged resolutely onwards. At length the white beaches, the high cliffs, the blue hills came into view; and landing, the tired but grateful voyagers named the new country Aotearoa ('the long, bright world'). The new-comers were quick to observe that the godwit raised no young in New Zealand. At the present time, when a Maori desires to emphasise the futility of seeking the unattainable, he puts the question, 'Who has seen the nest of the *kuaka?*'

A correspondent writing a few months ago in an Auckland newspaper supplies the information that during a recent December he went to the North Cape, and remained there until the following May. He found that the godwits began to settle in the northern bays and inlets early in the year. Their numbers increased rapidly until they must have been in millions. Instead of all leaving on the one day, however, the period of departure was spread over nearly six weeks. He visited Spirits Bay, four miles distant, on 4th April and on other days, and never saw a single *kuaka* there or in its immediate vicinity. There, Maoris once believed, the souls of the dead departed for another world, entrance to which was gained by plunging downwards through the waves from the rocky heights of Te Reinga. Probably the origin of the strange legend was the sound of the godwits heard at night as they winged their way towards the northern shores which always form the starting-place of the long flight to Siberia. Old Maoris yet, hearing in the dark the sound of swiftly moving pinions overhead or eerie calls dying away in the distance, will say, 'Ah, there hastens another soul to Te Reinga!'

New Zealand can boast of another interesting bird which regularly seeks its hospitable shores. It hails from the South, from the icy regions of Antarctica. This is the penguin, which at the beginning of winter swims about two thousand miles to escape the rigours of the Far South. For the penguins, being unable to fly, and determined to enjoy a change of climate and scenery, must perforce take to the waters. The Southern Seas are ever stormy; but the penguins' long swim is doubtless broken by periods of rest and refreshment on some of the bleak and lonely islands which lie between New Zealand and Antarctica. The penguins, doubtless by reason of their buffeting with the waves for unknown generations, have evolved a most sensible mode of progression on sea. They travel in immense numbers, the flock always taking the well-defined form of a ship. One bird leads, acting as stem or cut-water; but that position it retains for only a few minutes, falling back to make way for the next following. In this manner every member of the great flocks in turn becomes leader. Observers give the penguins' rate of travelling at between three and four miles an hour.

The penguins breed in the Antarctic regions, and obviously they travel north in search of food. The godwit, on the other hand, in its flight from Siberia, passes, and probably alights on, islands and on seashores where its favourite food abounds. Further, competent observers assert that the young godwits are the first to reach New Zealand. The young penguins take their places as leaders of the swimming flock as naturally as if they had made scores of journeys between the Bluff and King Edward's Land. Who is to explain those marvels and mysteries?

IF THERE HAD BEEN NO RAILWAYS.

By J. F. GAIRNS, Editor, *Railway Year Book;* Assistant-Editor, *Railway Magazine.*

NO Euston or Paddington! No London and North-Western or other great railway system! No 'Underground'! No 'Tubes'! Ay, and no tramways! for, after all, a tramway is but a street railway, and it is so styled in many countries of the world. In fact, a London devoid of railway termini, a country without a railway system, and a world without its encircling bands of steel track! It seems impossible, in this twentieth century, even to conceive of such a state of affairs, for the railways constitute the main arteries of travel and the great transportation agencies of the country, and without them, unless a satisfactory equivalent is available, we could neither provide for the needs of the great centres of population nor cater for the business requirements of industry.

Yet, however difficult it may be to realise what modern civilisation would be minus the railway, there is no actually imperative reason why we should depend upon the railway system and the locomotive-engine. Our forefathers got on very well without them, and it is not by any means absolutely certain that we also could not have managed very creditably without their aid. It might have been that if we had never known the railway we should never have felt the want of it; and that, even in view of the immense increase in population and the enormous developments in industry, we could have managed to provide for their needs very creditably by means

of horse-haulage, water-transport, and a proper cultivation of 'Shank's-pony.'

Still, however, if speculation as to the conditions which would have existed at this date if there had been no railways are at all justified, it seems beyond question that we must acknowledge the development of some alternative application of mechanical motive-power; and the only alternative that satisfies the situation is that the motor road-vehicle would have been developed to a degree that would, at this period, have at least approximated to the present conveniences and facilities provided by the railway.

It is not perhaps generally known that the motor road-vehicle antedates the locomotive-engine, and that for some time after railways began to be worked by locomotive-power there were more or less efficient motor-cars in existence. In fact, as early as the 'twenties and 'thirties there were a number of steam-coaches at work on the public roads, and in some cases they ran on definite schedules for all passengers who were prepared to pay their fares.

Therefore, failing the development of railway traction, there appears to be no good reason why the motor road-vehicle should not have provided for public and industrial requirements. It is true that in those days the 'steam-coach' was an extremely unreliable machine, and it was only the most venturesome of travellers who would trust themselves therein; while it was mainly the dangers and difficulties which those vehicles introduced by their vagaries that caused the introduction of the famous, or infamous, 'red flag' legislation, which, by requiring a man to travel in front with a red flag, put a stop to motor-car development in this country for a long period. Yet, on the other hand, early railway travel was not altogether safe, as the record of history shows, and it has to be acknowledged that, given the same opportunities for development, it is quite possible that before the first half of the nineteenth century was completed there would have been safe, reliable, and relatively fast services of motor-vehicles travelling over the public roads in many directions.

But matters would not have stopped at this. Even to-day, with many thousands of motor-cars, motor-vans, traction-engines, and tractors in use, it is only to a comparatively small degree that business is abstracted from the railways. In a large measure these supplement travel and transportation facilities, while the more important requirements are still provided for by the railways. Consequently we must take a wider view, and consider the probable development on a scale for which present motor-car practice produces no parallel.

To some extent water-transport would meet the case, particularly for heavy and bulky goods and material in large quantities, and it is safe to state that this would have figured much more prominently than it does now except for oversea traffic. But road-transport would have been the most important, and the question arises, how would the country have provided for the fact that all main roads would in time be traversed by an almost continuous succession of motor-vehicles? Furthermore, the element of speed has also to be considered; for it is only reasonable to suppose that fast travelling would have become inevitable as a result of the development of transportation conveniences.

The only remedy is, of course, the construction of special motor-roads, reserved entirely for motor-cars, on which comparatively high speeds could be maintained. It may be that these would have been constructed by the State on all main routes; but as our railways have been built and equipped almost exclusively by private enterprise, it is more probable that these motor-roads would have been developed in like manner. Instead of the Great Northern Railway and the Great Western Railway we should have had the Great North Motor-Road Company, and the Bath Motor-Road Company, and so on; though, as the railways generally follow the main routes of travel, the motor-roads would have to some extent corresponded, not only as regards trunk routes, but also in the case of cross-country and intercommunication routes.

Presumably these motor-road companies would provide a considerable number of vehicles on their own account, carrying fare-paying passengers and goods at advertised rates, and running according to time-table; but in addition private vehicles would also figure largely, and these would be charged tollage, according to size, capacity, accommodation, and distance travelled. Probably these private vehicles would require to conform to certain standards, so as to ensure a degree of uniformity and reliability.

It would also be necessary to adopt rules and regulations for controlling traffic, with very possibly a system of signalling to ensure safety with so many fast-travelling vehicles. Each road would be separated into two sections, one for each direction, and each section would be more than wide enough for two vehicles abreast, at any rate on the principal routes. If, say, the standard speed were forty miles per hour, then all vehicles not maintaining that speed would be required to turn out to the slow side of the track, where the goods-vehicles would be found. Then at 'stations,' or the equivalents thereof, and at places where connections were provided with the ordinary roads, a further width of track would be available, and vehicles wishing to stop or to leave the motor-road would be required first to transfer to the slow side of the track when approaching, and then to turn out to the side. At junctions, except less important ones where crossing traffic would be safeguarded by signals, the diverging road from the crossing side would be carried over or under the main road,

thus corresponding to what we now know as a 'flying' or 'burrowing' junction.

So far it will be seen that development would, to some extent at least, have corresponded with what has actually occurred in connection with the railway, except that, instead of a comparatively limited number of trains elaborately signalled, there would have been a large number of vehicles travelling separately, steered by the driver, and in a large measure each looking after itself. It may be that really high speeds would have been attained at a comparatively early date, but it seems more probable that about forty miles per hour would be the usual fast standard on the motor-roads, and in that respect we are rather better off. This would be, however, to some extent compensated for by the fact that as each vehicle could, if desired, traverse the ordinary roads and go anywhere, it would be possible greatly to amplify the facilities of travel. For example, instead of starting from one definite place only in each large town, each passenger-coach, before commencing the main journey, could call at various places to pick up passengers, and on arrival at another large town it could similarly start on a slower setting-down local journey. Perhaps this facility would not be so important for passenger traffic; but as the goods-vehicles could convey loads actually from door to door, it would be very valuable indeed in that case. Moreover, to a considerable extent goods-traffic would be conveyed in private vehicles, or in public vehicles specially ordered; and as each would cater only for the owner's or hirer's requirements, or for a limited number of people's requirements only, the convenience of goods transport for long distances would be almost the same as those at present provided by town delivery vans, while the over-all time would frequently be less than it is by rail under existing conditions.

There is, however, one difficulty that the foregoing does not provide for, and that is the fact that, in the aggregate, presupposing conditions at all similar to those which now obtain, the vehicles would either be so big and unwieldy that they would be awkward to deal with, or if of convenient modern size they would be so numerous that their control would be by no means easy. Moreover, there is the question of sufficient accommodation for all the passengers presenting themselves, or for the amount of goods to be forwarded. Therefore it is to be supposed that to a considerable extent the vehicles would be formed into trains, and would travel in sets whenever possible. In some cases one locomotive vehicle would have several trailers; in others independently propelled vehicles would be coupled in sets and placed under one control. In the former case there would be the difficulty that when formed into trains they would hardly be allowed to travel on the ordinary roads, and they would be unable to travel independently; but in the latter case this objection would not obtain, though each unit would cost more, and there would be increased mechanical difficulties. The question of multiple-unit control has been easily solved when electricity is used; but with steam or the internal-combustion engine it is not quite so simple, and, in fact, nothing of the kind has, so far, been done. However, as the scheme of development would have been very different under the conditions outlined, there is no reason to suppose that mechanical ingenuity would have been wanting. In practice, it is probable that both motor-hauled and motor-unit trains would have been in use, the former on particular services confined to the motor-roads, and the latter on services where the individual vehicles would also make use of the motor-roads.

It may be suggested that these speculations bear a strong likeness to present railway facilities, with amplifications due to the special conveniences attending the use of vehicles which can also travel on the ordinary roads. It is, however, almost impossible to conceive of a state of affairs which will not, to a greater or lesser extent, cater for public requirements in this way; and the writer has no reason to consider that events would have occurred otherwise.

There are many other probabilities and possibilities which this fascinating subject will suggest, but enough has been said to indicate the broad features as to what 'might have been' under other conditions. Even to-day there is a tendency to develop motor-road vehicle transportation on somewhat similar lines; but while it has to be at once admitted that under the conditions suggested the conveniences and facilities of travel and transport would not have been what they are to-day in this era of the railway, there are also peculiar conveniences attending such a state of affairs that indicate that we might have got on very well 'if there had been no railways.'

REJOICE!

Love, let us be glad to-day;
When the hedgerows foam with May
Care's a weed to cast away.

Every daisy's donned a frill,
From the blackbird's yellow bill
Perfect pearls of rapture spill.

While the larks are in the sky
Shame it were that you or I
Should be guilty of one sigh.

Captives in Love's golden cage,
Freedom is our heritage,
And there's no such thing as age.

Forth, belovèd, let us fare
Through the sunshine—anywhere,
Spring's delirium's in the air.

M. Hedderwick Browne.

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SEVENTH SERIES

SOME SCOTTISH SONGSTRESSES.

By HUGH WALKER, LL.D., Professor of English Literature, St David's College, Lampeter; Author of *Three Centuries of Scottish Literature*, *The Literature of the Victorian Era*, &c.

MR HAVELOCK ELLIS in his *Study of British Genius* brings out the curious result that, while Scotland can boast of far more than her fair proportion of distinguished *men*, of distinguished *women*, in comparison with the other divisions of the United Kingdom, she has produced fewer than her share. A result so surprising in itself will be specially surprising to the student of Scottish lyrics, who must have been impressed by the great and honourable part played by women in the writing of those songs which have taken so strong a hold upon the mind and heart of the people. And yet the two anthologies of Scottish verse which appeared almost simultaneously towards the close of last year seem, on the surface, to confirm Mr Havelock Ellis. If we analyse *The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*, we find that, out of rather more than one hundred and forty authors (counting 'Anonymous' and 'Ballad' each as one and as masculine), only fifteen are women. The proportion of pieces is lower still; for of the whole collection of four hundred and seventy-five poems, only twenty-eight are by female writers. Further, of the fifteen writers three are still living; and, while the pieces quoted show that the lips of all three have been touched with fire from the altar, it is evident that the living writers cannot have contributed to form an impression which was already in the mind many years ago. Is it, then, the case that in all the past only about a dozen women made contributions to Scottish verse that are worthy of remembrance, and that only about a score of separate pieces (the living writers supply six of the twenty-eight) come up to the standard of *The Edinburgh Book of Scottish Verse*?

Apparently so; for although individual taste might suggest the inclusion of names or of pieces which are not to be found there, it is certain that all the additions which could reasonably be advocated would not greatly swell the bulk of the volume. Yet, after all, the student will probably remain convinced that the superficial appearance does not correspond with the reality. He knows, in spite of figures, that in this department of literature at least the part played by women *has* been great and honourable. Taking the phrase 'Scottish song' in its stricter sense, he will probably hesitate before putting any name, except the name of Burns, above that of Baroness Nairne; and he may remember that Burns himself (though he must have been founding on something else than Scottish songs) had a high opinion of female authors. In the Itinerary of his Border tour he speaks of 'the sense, taste, intrepidity of face, and bold, critical decision, which usually distinguished' them. The student, therefore, will look around him for an explanation; and he will soon find it in the fact that, while the contributions of the female writers are not numerous, they are with few exceptions of high quality.

The truth is, only one of these women was an author by profession. 'The numbers came,' and they wrote because they were impelled, but they tried not to be impelled. Many of them were of high rank, and several took as much care to conceal their authorship as the pushing author does to advertise himself. The line stretches a long way back. There are not many Scottish songs prior to Ramsay of which the authors can be confidently named; but among the few are a complete song and a fragment by Lady Grizel Baillie. Her name is familiar to all Scots who are old enough to have been brought up on *The Scots Worthies*, or who have read the vivid narrative of her daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope; but perhaps it is not so familiar to many of the younger generation. It was Lady Grizel who, in the days of the persecution of the Covenanters, carried food to her father, Patrick Hume, in his hiding-place, the family vault beneath Polwarth Church. Lady Murray of Stanhope tells us that she possessed a manuscript-volume of her mother's containing a number of songs and poetical pieces. They have all been lost but the two already referred to. It is a grievous loss, for those two give indubitable assurance of a songstress. One begins, 'O, the ewe-buchtin's bonnie, baith e'ening and morn;' the other is the well-known 'Werena my heart licht I wad die,' a piece rich in its own excellence, and further enriched by its association with Burns. In the sad decline of his days he quoted and applied to himself one of the stanzas of Lady Grizel's song:

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His bonnet stood ay fu' round on his brow;
His auld ane looks ay as weel as some's new;
But now he lets 't wear ony gate it will hing,
And casts himself dowie upo' the corn bing.

Even in countries which were more highly developed and had enjoyed a more peaceful past than Scotland women writers were in those days few, and it is not wonderful that the name of Lady Grizel for long stands alone. Lady Wardlaw was, it is true, her contemporary; and if she wrote all that she has been credited—or charged—with, she was indeed a person of rare poetical genius; for even 'Sir Patrick Spens' has been ascribed to her. But, in any case, she was a balladist rather than a songstress. Not till a century after Lady Grizel do we find women taking a considerable share in this sort of work; and then they mostly did it 'under the rose.' The publicity of authorship was supposed to be incompatible with the modesty of their sex. Through this modesty they ran some risk of losing their literary property. Lady Nairne (who was morbidly sensitive on the question of publicity) heard 'The Land o' the Leal' ascribed to Burns, and remained silent; and twenty years after the publication of *The Scottish Minstrel*, to which she was the principal contributor, she found it necessary to write—still under her pseudonym of 'Mrs Bogan of Bogan'—to protest against the unauthorised publication of her contributions. So, too, Lady Anne Lindsay (afterwards Barnard) had an experience with regard to her exquisite song, 'Auld Robin Gray,' similar to that which at a later day befell George Eliot in relation to her *Scenes of Clerical Life*. The story is told by Scott. 'There was,' he says, 'a clergyman on the coast whose conscience was so large that he took the burden of this matter upon himself, and pleaded guilty to the authorship.' Scott himself was the person who established Lady Anne's title to the song. He had heard it sung in childhood, and his tenacious memory retained it. In the correspondence on the subject between him and Lady Anne, the latter said that she had no idea that he 'was the little *lame boy* she had known so many years before.' This was when Scott was at the height of his fame, and Lady Anne a woman over seventy years of age. She told Scott that at that time there was no one alive to whom she had revealed her secret; so that but for his intervention 'Auld Robin Gray' would be a song of unknown authorship.

Lady Anne Lindsay was a pioneer. She was born in the same year with Fergusson, and as 'Auld Robin Gray' was composed in her youth, it precedes anything by Burns. Her object in writing it was to fit with more worthy words the old tune to which it was originally sung. Even Burns rarely did such work with more conspicuous success. Had Lady Anne been stirred by literary ambition, who can tell what she might not have accomplished? It was ambition of a sort—the ambition to follow in Lady Anne's and Burns's steps, and to purify the old songs—that induced Lady Nairne to write 'The Pleuchman,' 'The Laird o' Cockpen,' 'Saw ye my Peggy?' and 'There grows a bonny brier-bush in our kail-yard.' To this ambition, and to the outlet provided for it by Purdie's *Scottish Minstrel*, we owe, in no small measure, the superior productiveness of Lady Nairne.

The Scottish ladies do not show that deficiency of humour which is sometimes said to be characteristic of women. There is a 'pawky' note even in 'Werena my heart light.' 'The Laird o' Cockpen' proves that Lady Nairne was a humorist; and her contemporary Mrs Lyon's 'Neil Gow's Farewell to Whisky' also shows a well-developed sense of fun. Mrs Grant of Carron's 'Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch' is full of a spirit which could surely have expressed itself in humour. This quality is prominent in Joanna Baillie. Though her 'Fy, let us a' to the wedding,' has lost some of the vigour of the older and coarser verses, it is still a very lively piece. So is 'Hooly and Fairly;' and 'Saw ye Johnnie Comin'?' is a most skilful adaptation of the sly old song in Herd's collection. At the same time, the songstresses were, as a rule, more prone to a graver type of sentiment. Not infrequently it sank to sentimentality; but the best of their serious songs, such as 'The Land o' the Leal,' are unsurpassed. They excel in songs of the hearth—for example, Elizabeth Hamilton's 'My Ain Fireside,' and Lady Nairne's 'Oh, Weel 's me on my Ain Man,' 'Kind Robin lo'es me,' and 'The Auld House.' The last was inspired by Lady Nairne's love for her first home, 'the auld house of Gask,' and the two others are believed to have been inspired by her husband, though she chose to write under the guise of a wife in humble rustic life.

Another favourite strain with the songstresses is the patriotic, including under that head the Jacobite. It is well known that the two celebrated Flodden songs were both written by ladies. It is also well known that the more showy but less poetical of the two had, perhaps, no reference to Flodden or any other battle, but rather to a commercial disaster, which, in another sense, 'weeded away' flowers of the forest dear to the writer, Alison Rutherfurd (Mrs Cockburn), a native of that region. Like most of the songstresses, she was a highly interesting person in herself. There is much that is wise as well as racy in the fragments of her letters, printed in Tytler and Watson's *Songstresses of Scotland*, but far less widely known than they deserve to be; as also in her *Letters and Memorials*, edited by T. Craig Brown. Throughout her long life she came in contact with whatever was most distinguished in Edinburgh, including both Burns and Scott. The 'virtuoso' story connecting her with Scott's childhood will be remembered by readers of Lockhart, but her tribute to Burns's

bearing under the trial of lionising in Edinburgh is perhaps less familiar. She writes that he receives adulation with 'native dignity;' and again: 'The man will be spoiled if he can spoil; but he keeps his simple manners and is quite sober.'

Jean Elliot, to whom we owe the other and greater Flodden song—one of the most beautiful in the whole range of our vernacular lyrics—was, like Alison Rutherfurd, a Borderer and an aristocrat. But she differed from her in other respects. We have no such lively records of Jean Elliot's latter years as we have of Mrs Cockburn's, and, strange as it appears, her one extraordinary success in authorship did not, as far as has been discovered, tempt her to further scribbling. Mrs Cockburn, on the contrary, though she is known but by her one song, sometimes used her pen for other purposes than the writing of letters. She is the author of one of the highest compliments ever paid in a toast:

To the friend of affliction, the soul of affection,
Who may hear the last trump without fear of detection.

In one point Mrs Cockburn was strongly opposed in sentiment to the majority of the Scottish singers. They have been Jacobite, in sentiment if not in judgment and from conviction. Both Scott and Burns were so. But though it fell to Mrs Cockburn's lot to live in Edinburgh during its occupation by the army of Prince Charles, she was anti-Jacobite in her politics. She is said to have narrowly escaped personal search by the Highlanders when she had in her pocket a parody of 'Clout the Cauldron,' ridiculing Prince Charlie and his cause. But Lady Nairne was Jacobite by birth, the Oliphants of Gask being even fanatically loyal to the Stuarts. Her name, Carolina, was conferred upon her in honour of the very prince whom Mrs Cockburn had thus held up to ridicule, and the cousin whom she married belonged to a family which had forfeited title and estates for his sake. That the family feeling was shared by Lady Nairne is evident from her poems. Some of the best and most popular of the Jacobite songs are of her composition—'Wha'll be King but Charlie?' 'Will ye no come back again?' and, in a different key, but still admirable, 'The Hundred Pipers.' Lady Nairne's only rival for the laureateship of the Jacobites is James Hogg.

So far the lady singers form a group of singularly aristocratic aspect. We move with them in the company of lords, or, at the humblest, lairds, and ladies of long descent and high degree. But there is at least a tradition—it is not much more—which connects with them another group at the opposite end of the social scale. One of those to whom 'There's nae Luck about the House' has been ascribed was Jean Adam, a schoolmistress of Greenock, who died in the poorhouse of Glasgow. One would fain believe that a piece so beautifully feminine in sentiment was written by a woman; but, to say the least of it, Jean Adam's claim has not been established. There is a similar lack of satisfactory evidence to connect Isobel Pagan with 'Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes.' Nor does Jean Glover's claim to 'Ower the Muir amang the Heather' seem to rest upon evidence that is beyond dispute. It is true that Burns took it down from her singing, and that no other author is known. But clearly we have here something a good deal short of demonstration. Still, Jean, at any rate, has a better claim to it than any one else, and fate probably dealt so hardly with the poor stroller during her life that, in respect of this one fine song, we may well give her the benefit of the doubt.

Here, then, setting aside Joanna Baillie and Lady Nairne, we have at least three or four songs, among the most exquisite productions of the Scottish lyric muse, by three or four writers who, as far as we know, wrote little or nothing besides. But this fact does not alter our judgment. *Ex pede Herculem.* On the faith of a single composition from each, we salute Lady Grizel Baillie, Lady Anne Lindsay, and Jean Elliot as poets; and if Jean Glover wrote 'Ower the Muir amang the Heather,' we admit the right of the humble stroller to a place in the company of the aristocratic ladies. But what a sense of wasted genius is left! Surely it is incredible that the power of each of these women was exhausted in a single composition. We have testimony to the contrary in the case of Lady Grizel Baillie, and their poems are a sufficient testimony to *capacity* in the case of the others. If they wrote no more, it was because they lacked the proper stimulus. The feeling on the part of their class that it was a right thing for ladies to do would have set Jean Elliot and Lady Anne Lindsay writing. The absence of that feeling has robbed Scottish poetry of rich possibilities, has made the body of the Scottish women's verse meagre, but has left unshaken in the mind of the student the conviction that several of them were so richly gifted with poetic power as to be clearly surpassed by Burns alone.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER VII.—MY LORD UNMASKS.

THE next few days passed uneventfully for Lord Thanet, but not altogether idly. In long rides, under the bright September skies of that wonderful year, he was—as far as a stranger might without raising undue suspicion—making himself familiar with his estate and scraping acquaintance with all and sundry. Here his military character stood him in good stead with

the gossips of Warminster. There had long been talk of fortifying St Aubyn's Bay, and Major Courtenay's little excursions to and fro were generally believed to be connected in some way with the project. The impression was too convenient to be contradicted. Otherwise, his stay at the 'King's Head' might have led to undesirable conjectures—or discoveries.

Rumour, indeed, was busy enough with Lord Thanet's name as it was. It leaked out that, under Jackson's orders, the great house of Kingswood St Aubyn was being got ready for occupation; and the new marquis, in consequence, was credited with the intention of inaugurating a series of splendid hospitalities. That the immense Brayden fortune had fallen to him was positively affirmed and accepted as well by most; the luck of the St Aubyns was proverbial. Of the marquis himself every man held a different opinion from his neighbour. My lord found it amusing, and on occasion not a little embarrassing, to listen to the veracious stories that were current concerning him.

But the time was at hand when he must drop the mask. He had heard from Headlam that everything was in train for the momentous meeting; the trustees might be expected at Warminster on the 13th or 14th, and it would be held immediately thereafter at one of the chief inns. He had deemed it his duty to invite the whole party to be his guests at Kingswood, where, too, he hoped with good-luck to entertain another visitor or two.

As it chanced, however, the disclosure took place a few days sooner than he had anticipated. It came quite without premeditation, and not in the way that he would have chosen himself. Among the acquaintances he had made in the town was a half-pay naval officer called Gascoigne, who had lost a leg in the West Indies, and was nevertheless as active on the remaining limb as most people are on a pair. Captain Gascoigne belonged to a club of the city and country gentlemen which met weekly to enjoy a little cock-fighting or rat-hunting, or perhaps now and again a sport more noble, and afterwards to eat a good dinner together—the latter, truth to say, being the real object. To one of these gatherings, on the afternoon of the 11th, Lord Thanet accompanied the captain. The cock-pit was at the back of the 'Royal Oak,' where the dinner was being prepared while the fowls were making sport outside for the diners. But that day the sport was somewhat tame; out of three mains there was only one tolerable fight, and the marquis was more interested in watching the thirty or forty men who were present. He knew many of them already, and was introduced to others by Captain Gascoigne; and presently he espied two late-comers in whom he had a special concern. One of them was Jackson, his agent; the other, to his surprise, Charles Heathcote. He turned to his host.

'That is young Mr Heathcote by the door, is it not?' he asked.

'Right, sir!' said the captain, looking. 'A fine young fellow, too. Pity he isn't serving his king with old Hawke!'

'Will you present me to him if you have a chance, captain? I have a fancy to know him.'

'By all means, major.'

No chance occurred just then, however, and before long the whole company moved off to the dining-room of the inn. Here Thanet found himself seated between the captain and Jackson at the lower end of the table, while Charles Heathcote was on the opposite side, higher up. My lord, without seeming to do so, studied him closely. Although the dinner was a merry one—for the guests, meeting often, had many small jokes and allusions in common—he was plainly troubled and ill at ease. Perhaps for that reason he appeared to the marquis to be paying rather too much attention to the wine. His slim figure and clear complexion were apt to mislead one with an idea of his effeminacy; but he was undeniably as handsome a man as any in the room, and had an air of his own which Lord Thanet liked. It reminded him with startling vividness of another whom he had not seen since their interview in the old garden.

The cloth having been drawn, the bottles began to chase each other more rapidly round the table, and toast and song punctuated the more serious business of drinking. The most popular chorus was a variation on an old ballad, and time after time it broke out in full volume:

'Give the Frenchman the metal our island affords—
Lillibullero, bullen a la!
And in place of our guineas, we'll pay 'em with swords—
Lero, lero, bullen a la!
With Billy Pitt's cannon we'll soon clear our score—
Lillibullero, bullen a la!
And when Louis's thus paid, he'll ask payment no more—
Lero, lero, bullen a la!'

'Too much of that for my taste!' opined the captain, who had been trolling out the refrain with the loudest. 'We must get Heathcote up, major. See! they are at him now.'

Lord Thanet had already remarked that Charles was being hard pressed to sing by those beside him. But he was obdurate in refusing, and gradually the clamour spread to other parts of the table.

'Now, Heathcote!'

'Pipe up, Charles!'

'Give us "Nancy Dawson," Heathcote!'

At last the demands became so vociferous that the chairman—a stout, John Bull-like squire of the better class—asked him direct, 'Will you honour us, Mr Heathcote? As you can hear, it seems to be the strong desire of the club.'

Then Heathcote rose, flushing a little. 'I'm sure you will excuse me to-night, sir—and you,

my old friends,' he said, speaking with some feeling. 'Many of you know the news I have had lately, and may have wondered to see me here. But as it will likely be the last time I shall be able to join you, I wished to say good-bye. Gentlemen, I have spent many pleasant evenings with you. I am sorry I cannot sing for you now; but you 'll understand that I am not much in the mood, and will readily grant me your forbearance.'

A murmur of sympathy ran round the table, followed by a hearty cheer as he sat down. Something more was evidently expected; and after a moment or two's pause the chairman got upon his feet again, glass in hand.

'We have all the one feeling about this, gentlemen,' he began. 'When I say that I am sorry—that we are all sorry, every man Jack of us—Mr Heathcote will believe we mean it. The Heathcotes are an old family — they were in the county long before any of us here—and we have liked and respected them in good fortune and bad. Charles Heathcote we have known as boy and man, and our hearts are with him in this trouble. 'Tis always hard to lose everything. When the fault is not yours 'tis often a cursed shame. In this case I am only going to say one word about it. Doubtless I have no right to say anything; but when one house grows rich and great by means which I need not describe, and uses all its power to crush and ruin another—well, it is a matter of public duty to speak out. I had not the honour to be acquainted with a certain late and most distinguished nobleman; but'——

'One moment, sir!'

Every pair of eyes in the room was at once fixed upon Lord Thanet. He it was who had interrupted in the calmest of voices; he stood leaning slightly forward, with one hand upon the table. He had realised whither the chairman's speech was tending, and made up his mind in an instant that, in common fairness all round, it was his duty to declare himself. Things might otherwise be said which would cause infinite harm, and he had no burning inclination to fight half the county for the credit of his family. And to decide was to act.

'If I am obliged to interrupt you, sir,' he went on, in a dead silence, 'I hope you will pardon the liberty when you hear my reasons. I have had a pleasant stay in Warminster as Major Courtenay. You have received me as Major Courtenay, and if I were to listen to anything this evening that I might afterwards have to resent under another name I might justly be reproached with playing an unworthy part. Therefore, if you will permit me, I will ask Mr Jackson to be good enough to present me to this honourable company in my everyday character.'

Jackson was quite ready, and doubtless would have done so in due form and with the utmost gusto if he had not been forestalled by a sharp-witted youth sitting near the chairman.

'Young Thanet, begad!' he ejaculated suddenly.

My lord laughed out. 'Young Thanet it is, sir!' he replied, nodding to him. 'And that, I think, will serve for Mr Jackson's introduction.'

He could not complain, at least, that the announcement failed of its effect. It caused what the newspapers nowadays would term a sensation among the company. To the worthy president, for one, it seemed to come as a shock; he dropped limply back into his chair, trying in vain to remember exactly how far he had committed himself. There was another, too, on whom many curious looks were turned. At the first mention of Lord Thanet's name Charles Heathcote had half-risen; and then, as if recollecting where he was, he had immediately seated himself again and gulped down a glass of wine. A single glance was all that he vouchsafed to the man whom he had been bred to consider the enemy of his house. Thereafter his eyes remained intent on the mahogany, and his expression gave no clue to his thoughts.

Lord Thanet, on his part, was still on his feet. He waited until the excitement of the moment had subsided a little.

'Now that we are on proper terms, sir, may I be allowed to say another word?' he asked, punctiliously addressing the chairman.

The squire, having recovered from his surprise, bowed cordially. 'Certainly, my lord marquis,' he responded.

'In the first place, then, let me apologise for my deception. Major Courtenay is a convenient travelling name, and I had an object—a perfectly innocent object—in using it for a time. After all, it is fitting that I should throw it off here, among those who will be my neighbours, and I trust and believe my good friends. I will only crave one favour of you, gentlemen—I want you to judge me as you find me, as I am myself. It may not be easy; for I do not conceal that much has happened in the past that may justly be in dispute. But for those things I am not responsible. Good or bad, they were not my doing. Judge me, if you will, by my own actions, not by actions in which I have had no concern. For the rest,' he went on, choosing his words carefully, 'there are matters—I think Mr Heathcote will agree with me—that may be discussed to greater advantage in private, and by those interested in them. Now I have done. I thank you all, gentlemen, for your attention. As a stranger, I look to you for a kindly welcome when I take up house at Kingswood. In truth, life is too short for enmity and dispeace among ourselves. If we must fight, in God's name let us fight the Frenchman—he 's an enemy, as I know, worth our metal; and, as your song has it, "with Billy Pitt's cannon we 'll soon clear our score!"'

Captain Gascoigne clapped him on the shoulder

as he resumed his seat. 'Spoken like Billy Pitt himself, by the Lord Harry!' he cried. 'And so you're my Lord Thanet, are you? Well, well, if it doesn't beat the cock-fighting downstairs!'

It could not be denied that my lord's little speech, and particularly his obvious sincerity of purpose, had made an excellent impression even upon those who sympathised most with Charles Heathcote. The bulk of the company, being human, were quite willing to accept a marquis at his own valuation. The chairman, inspired by an idea that did credit to his heart if not to his head, gave voice to the prevailing sentiment.

'We are glad to welcome you now, my lord marquis,' he said in his best manner, 'and to assure you that we regard your appearance here as the happiest augury for the future. If it leads to the healing of old sores—I must not touch upon forbidden ground—in that happy event nobody will rejoice more than those in this room. And with that, gentlemen, I ask you to fill your glasses. I had one toast for your acceptance. Let me add to it, and propose to you without further words, but with all good feeling, "The houses of St Aubyn and Heathcote!"'

Whatever the views of the two principals might be concerning the conjunction—and in all the circumstances it was certainly rather daring—the toast was pledged with a real heartiness and enthusiasm. Heathcote reddened to his hair, but otherwise contented himself by bowing his thanks. Lord Thanet, taking the cue from him, did the same.

There the interlude ended, and the festivities of the evening ran again in their normal course. My lord bore his part, but when it became manifest that a 'wet night' was intended he began to watch for an opportunity to slip quietly off. In this he was anticipated about seven o'clock by Charles Heathcote, who managed to get away unnoticed just as the candles were being brought. A little later, with a whispered apology to Captain Gascoigne, the marquis followed him.

As he had hoped, he found him waiting for his horse at the door of the inn. He turned on hearing the question, 'Can you spare me a few minutes, Mr Heathcote?'

'I am pleased to have the opportunity, my lord,' he said, raising his hat slightly in response to the other's salutation. 'Shall we go into the Cathedral Close? 'Twill be more private there, I think.'

'As you please, sir,' said my lord.

Heathcote gave an order to a bystanding ostler about his horse, and then led the way down the lane behind the inn, and so to the precincts of the cathedral. They were within a stone's-cast of the noise and bustle of the tavern; but a quieter and more secluded spot in that twilight hour it would have been difficult to discover.

'We are not likely to be interrupted here, my lord,' said Heathcote, and with that clapped his hand meaningly to his sword-hilt. 'If the light is not too good, why, it cannot be helped. Doubtless it will serve, unless the Fates deny a speedy result.'

The marquis looked at him with unaffected amazement. 'Good heavens, man!' cried he, 'you don't imagine I asked you out to fight, surely?'

'I fail to imagine that your lordship can have had any other object,' replied Heathcote stiffly. 'To a meeting between us—whenever and however it chanced—there could, of course, be only one outcome.'

'But why, in all the world?'

'Do you want a pretext, my lord? Well, let the tomfoolery upstairs stand for one. You cannot want a reason, at least. Has your accursed family not stripped me of everything except this sword?' he cried, his anger flaming out. 'But with that, thank God, the quarrel can still be unsolved!'

'Had you not better wait until next week, Mr Heathcote, and be sure that you have only your sword?' inquired my lord with imperturbable good-humour. 'After all, 'tis a somewhat unsatisfactory way to settle the quarrel.'

'Certainly it is one that has never been greatly favoured by the St Aubyns,' retorted Heathcote. 'They have always preferred safer and less honourable means of effecting their purposes.'

'Are you not forgetting that my grandfather fell at the hands of yours? But we need not begin to recriminate. There have been wrongs on both sides; and, for one, I am sick of this hateful feud and all its consequences. It has gone on long enough. In Heaven's name, sir, why should we not be reasonable?'

'There is but the one way,' persisted young Heathcote stubbornly. 'We are wasting time in talking. The light is fading, and I have a good claim—a hundred claims, God knows!—to demand the satisfaction which one gentleman cannot refuse to another. My Lord Thanet, I am at your service.'

'A moment, if you please! Before I concede your right I have first to tell you why I asked you for this interview. Sir, I have seen your sister'——

'My sister! Well, what of her?' Heathcote demanded in some surprise, as my lord hesitated.

'Simply that I hope to have the honour to offer Miss Heathcote my hand,' said he quietly. 'With that object, Mr Heathcote, I have to ask your permission, as head of the family, to pay my court to her.'

(To be continued.)

THE OPEN-AIR CURE.

CALL it by whatever fantastic or scientific name we may, consumption is still a very grim skeleton in many of our cupboards; and as it is a common saying that a wood cannot be seen for the trees, so we cannot realise the actual statistics that show it is being 'stamped out' because of the individual cases which seem to crop up everywhere, and to which we cannot shut our eyes. But, all the same, consumption *is* declining rapidly, and what twenty years ago was practically a sentence of death may now, if taken in time, be only a temporary illness, from which there is every hope of recovery. *If taken in time!*—that is the great point, and also, I think, one of the ways by which we who are perhaps unscientific, certainly more or less ignorant, can take our part in this great crusade against suffering and death which is being carried on around us.

To the lay mind a great step forward was made when it first began to be generally recognised that consumption was infectious; when the nameless horror that hung about the disease gradually faded away before the stern desire to crush it out of our lives, and our skeleton was dragged out of its cupboard and propped up in the light of day; when we saw with surprise, and with a first faint glimmering of hope, that it was not entirely a bolt from the blue, but that there were precautions to be taken, remedies to be tried, and even hopes to be realised of ultimate recovery.

Every one knows everything about tuberculosis nowadays. We talk glibly enough of open-air cures, and raw beef, and sour milk, of 'rest' and 'graduated labour;' but, all the same, it sometimes seems as if we did not begin soon enough, as if we had not even yet recognised the first warnings of the disease. People speak of a 'threatening' of tuberculosis, and say that if this or that symptom continues it will mean a sanatorium, as if a sanatorium were a last resort when all else had failed, instead of the first step toward a cure. Because, with the best will in the world, amateur nursing, in these slow and weary illnesses, can never be quite as methodical as scientific training. I cannot repeat too often that the *very best thing* at *the very beginning* is a stay in some open-air sanatorium, or a winter spent in the high Alps, where open air, invalid diet, and cheerful surroundings have been reduced to a science.

There are, however, many cases in which, for some reason or another, a sanatorium is out of the question; and, knowing as well as I do the dreadful anxiety, the sickening suspense, about these home-nursed cases, it is for their benefit, and in hope of being of some help to them, that I principally write.

I especially address myself to mothers, and beg them to keep their eyes open for the first intimation of this disease in their children. They must realise first that there is no such thing as a 'threatening' of consumption. Directly the threat is perceptible the disease is there. What threatening can there be of want of inflation in a lung except want of inflation? What threat of cough and expectoration until there is proof? No, you may be certain that directly you can say to yourself, 'My child is threatened with consumption,' you can also say, 'My child *has* consumption, and I must set about curing him.' One of the earliest symptoms is an occasional mysterious rising of the temperature; another is a languor in movement and a disinclination to games; another, a 'winter cough' or loss of appetite; another, constant attacks of 'influenza,' a slight pain in the shoulders or side often described as 'growing pains.' In fact, anything outside the ordinary, healthy, noisy life of childhood, anything unusual or mysterious in health or spirits, should be treated at once, and talked over with a medical man. I believe half the cases of consumption begin almost imperceptibly, and are only recognised when they are full-fledged 'cases.'

And treatment does not necessarily mean medicine or invalid life and habits. It means rest of mind and body, open air, milk, and careful diet—nothing more; and in nine cases out of ten the mischief would be arrested and the child would develop on normal lines.

To enter into more particulars, I will try to imagine what, with my present experience, I should do if I saw any of the premonitory symptoms in a child under my care. I should knock off lessons entirely for three months, or six, or even a year. Any strain on the mind is very bad for an anæmic child, and he would soon pick up lost time if he regained health and strength. If there were a temperature I should keep him in bed till it went below ninety-nine degrees. I should give him three pints of milk a day (six tumblers), and milk only; by which I mean no tea and no coffee. I should always make him rest for half-an-hour *before* each meal, and, if he did not dislike it, I should give him from six to eight ounces of raw beef a day, minced fine, in sandwiches. I should leave his windows *wide open* at night, and draw the bed beneath them, being careful that he wore flannel, and had one or even two hot bottles. I should tell him he was going to have a holiday, but I should not mention illness, nor let him know the name of a thermometer; and when he or she was back at school, and the scare I had received was half-forgotten, I should still keep to the open windows and the out-of-door life. Rain and wind do no harm, and the love of fresh air is a great possession. Somehow, the Peace of God which passes all understanding seems very near us on starry nights.

THE MASTER OF CARRICK.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER that I made it my business to call in at the manse as if by accident on those evenings on which I knew Leitch would be there; and though my welcome was never so warm as before, and the conversation often—I am not ashamed to own—above my head, I was all the more able to regard what proceeded and to mark the manner in which this insidious creature played his hand. For you will observe that he who sits in the corner sees most of what goes on.

To do her justice, I must say that at first Ailie's thoughts were all with the Master. She would meet Leitch's most charming sallies—and I grant you he was a most fascinating man—with the faintest of courteous smiles, the while her eyes were following her heart somewhere on the road to Paris. Often she would leave the room and be absent for some time, and on these occasions, as I afterwards learnt, she would don her cloak and stand in the cold looking over the brig where she had bidden the Master farewell—a sentimental, girlish notion perhaps, but one on which it gave me great pleasure to reflect. At this time, too, old Mr Nicoll, with the most opposite intention, was a valuable asset to our cause with his constant extolling of Leitch and his dubious head-shakings anent the Master. But Leitch was sensible to no rebuff; ever he was only the more charming, ever the more solicitous for her comfort and pleasure; and his undoubted gifts exercised just that effect upon Ailie which her refinement was wont to produce in the minds of our rustic Corydons. Worst of all, he was a bird in the hand, while Master Robert was in Paris, or, indeed, for aught we knew, at the bottom of the sea; Leitch was a new man, a new admirer, a new toy, and poor Ailie was not the woman to withstand him. Few hearts can cleave to a doubtful and distant object in the presence of all the wiles the devil has given to his own. It is true that once there came a letter from the Master; but even if it were not too late—which I fear it was—it did him more harm than good, for Master Robert was never an apt pupil, and so his letter was a sorry attempt and ill calculated to find favour in the eyes of one whose cleverness made stupidity intolerable. If anything, it but served to set off Leitch to better advantage.

Leitch was a skilful general, and he was clever enough to hold his force in hand, for he had established a position for himself as a scholar and a wit before he turned the full battery of his accomplishments upon us. Then suddenly one evening, when we had sat some time in silence, he rose and went to the spinet—a crazed, broken-winded old thing on which Ailie used to strum psalms and Scotch songs with a fine conceit of what she did—and there, considering the quality of the instrument, he played most exquisitely, singing to his own acompaniment. After that he sang every night, always some new plaintive song that set the eyes smarting, and all the while Ailie would watch him with her great soft eyes, that were always by far the best of her, growing rounder and rounder over this wonderful man. I have a poor ear for music; but I remember yet one of his songs—of his own making it was—and I have seen Ailie crying like a child when he sang it, and old Mr Nicoll with his eyes all shining in the firelight, and even myself hard put to it to keep a straight face. It ran somehow thus:

Oh saw ye the bonny boat that sailed yestere'en,
Twa to row and ane to steer?
The cloods cam' up wi' the cauld west wind,
And wae but my he'rt gaed wi' her.

Oh saw ye the braw lad that watched on the deck,
Blue for his een and gowd for his hair?
The sea rose high and the nicht cam' doon,
And wae but my he'rt was there.

Oh ken ye the lone grave doon by the glen,
Warm in sun and cauld in sleet?
The hard earth has stealt awa' the ae thing I lo'ed,
And wae but my he'rt lies wi't.

A trifling thing enough, yet somehow he made it the saddest thing on earth.

It was after this that I spoke one night to Leitch as he was leaving the manse, whether wisely or not God knows. 'You will forgive my presumption, sir,' I said, 'but I see you are some struck with Mistress Ailie.'

'Indeed, Mr MacConnachie!' said he, throwing up his eyebrows. 'Indeed! And perchance you may not be so far out.'

'Are you aware,' I said 'that the lady is bespoke?'

'I have heard no word of that,' said he, 'which is at least peculiar.'

'Then,' said I, rather nettled, for it was plain from his tone that he thought me a liar, and wished to say as much, 'it is high time you did. The lady has a lover.'

'And who may he be?' said he in a voice like an east wind.

'The Master of Carrick,' said I, 'no less.'

'A strange lover,' said he, 'who sets off to play himself in France and leaves his lady behind him!'

'An honourable gentleman,' said I in heat, 'who is called abroad on his country's business.'

'Well, well,' said he sneeringly, getting ready to mount his beast, 'that may be. But what, may I ask, is the point of all this?'

'Just this,' said I, being now well-nigh furious, 'that a gentleman does not make love behind his rival's back.'

'Indeed!' said he, putting a foot in the stirrup. 'I fear that is where we differ. I hold all fair in love and war. If I should win, so much the worse for the most noble the Master.'

'Then, sir,' I cried, 'the inference is obvious.'

But he made me a bow and set off at a slow trot. Further than that I durst not go without precluding myself from again being present at the manse in his company, nor he for fear I should make him trouble with the Nicolls. I think he would have told me I was jealous of him, and I would have called him an unscrupulous scoundrel; at any rate we parted in the most vile of humours, and with very little accomplished after all.

But the crowning stroke in this unfortunate business did not fall till over a fortnight later, and then it came by the hand of his lordship. I had gone to take the air one bleak afternoon in the direction of the Castle, and on the homeward journey was fortunate enough to pick up Ailie, also bound villagewards. I had long been looking for some such occasion of a quiet talk with the lady, and I fell to it at once. But I was barely started in the preliminary skirmishing that seems an essential before two human beings can talk seriously to one another, when round the corner must needs come Lord Carrick, stumping manfully homewards with an oak staff in his hand that might have felled a bullock. He made at first as if to pass us by, then suddenly pulled himself up and stood looking at us with that dry smile that meant bitter words to come.

'Good-day, MacConnachie,' said he; 'and good-day to you, Mistress Alison.'

'Good-day to you, my lord,' said she with a cold courtesy.

'I have word from Rab, MacConnachie,' said he, leering on us both as if he loved us, 'from Paris. And a time he seems to be leading of it! You should quiz him over the Comtesse Henriette, MacConnachie. The dog that he is! I said he would marry. Four French castles, they tell me, and mints of money. The lad must have a head after all.'

I think I could almost have struck him down for the brutality of the speech; but as it was I took Ailie by the arm and bowed him good-day. He favoured us with a very elaborate salute, and, still smiling, held off to the lonely desert he called his home. As for Ailie, she marched along as straight as a ramrod, looking steadily in front of her, and I at her side as miserable as a lost dog. I could say no more, and she never opened her mouth till we were at the manse gate and I could stand it no longer.

'It was a lie, Ailie!' said I. 'Never heed it.'

'Indeed, Mr MacConnachie,' said she, 'I had hardly given it a thought.' And that was another.

But I think I saw that night that the Master's cause was lost. For a woman may love a man very dearly and be ready to bear all for his sake, yet she will believe an ill tale of him nine times out of the ten.

. . . . . .

From this hour right on until the unhappy day when Leitch and Ailie were wedded I lived in such a state of mental unrest as I hope never to endure again. The keynote of all this was a feeling of treachery that would never for an instant leave me. I have lain tossing whole nights at a time, the while I miscalled myself—with some real injustice—a traitor to the Master's interest, a coward in his service, and I know not all what beside. The fact that in truth I was under no real bond or obligation to serve him weighed but little with me during these dark days as against the whelming sense of impotence. I could not but feel I should be doing something, and yet there was nothing for me to do. I am not, I fear, a man of much religious devotion, yet I must often have come as near as I could to praying that the Master might return to us before it was altogether too late; and again I would implore with no less fervour that he might never be permitted to come back alive. So far was I distracted by these contrary impulses that I came to persuade myself that he might indeed appear among us at any moment, and I would start intolerably at the sight of every horseman who came that way. As to the advisability of writing I was in two minds; but I think I should have put it to the test had I known any address to which to direct my letter; but to ask Lord Carrick would have been futile, even if I could have brought myself to do so; and though I did by some trick or another succeed in seeing Ailie's letter, it was only to find it despatched from some small post-town between Paris and the coast, where the Master could be no longer. And so the days crept on into January and February, each more dismal than the last.

It was one night towards the end of this latter month that I measured swords again with Gordon Leitch, this time with a new stroke, which, as the event proved, went some wide of its object, yet was the means of gaining me my first information on events of which I was in time to hear more. I had observed Leitch to be at heart a coward, and so I walked with him one night from the manse to the brig-head, and told him, with many illustrative anecdotes of the most terrifying order, what I knew of the Master's threat and the likelihood of his fulfilling it.

He heard me through in a kind of forbearing silence, and then, 'Mr MacConnachie,' said he, 'I will do you the credit of supposing that you mean me well by this; but I fear your news is pipers' news at the best. 'Sdeath, sir! you do

Mistress Ailie a grave injustice when you presume her not to have told me of this. But let that pass. I have a weapon handy to match any of the Master's.'

'And that is?' I said.

'A thing called a Secretary's Warrant, Mr MacConnachie,' said he. 'They tell me there is too much talk of the Chevalier St George where the Master is, too many toasts drunk to a certain James Stuart.'

'You insinuate, sir'—— I began angrily.

'I insinuate,' said he with an admirable coolness, 'that the Master of Carrick had best look to his own head before he comes with any pistol-shots for mine.' And with that he mounted his nag and left me standing.

The fatal day of the wedding came at last, with a chilling February drizzle and the hills all hidden in mist. It found Lord Carrick in the most charming of moods in spite of his rheumatics; all the day he went from man to man with his sneering smile and his two-edged compliments flowing like tainted milk. It found Mr Nicoll happy for the first time since the Master's going, and myself the most wretched man in the Bishopshire. I bore myself quietly till after the ceremony; but at last the minister and I had given the newly-wedded couple God-speed on the road to Inchkerry, and were left alone.

'This is a great relief, MacConnachie,' said he, beaming, and at that I could contain myself no longer.

'Man, man!' I cried, 'have ye thought o' the Master?'

He looked at me with the petulance with which one might regard a troublesome and unintelligent child. 'I confess,' said he, 'that I have now ceased to do so. Why should I think of him?'

'Ah, why indeed?' said I.

. . . . . .

It was a long, early spring that year, I remember, a time of soft, continuous rains and muddy roads, with the celandines out with the first days of March and the yellow primroses hard at their heels. I had no heart to teach in the school these days, nor to read in the house, and so I took to a habit of long, rambling walks down by the lochside or up by the broken sheep-dikes behind the Castle, walks for the most part quite solitary save that sometimes I would see or meet Lord Carrick limping along as best his rheumatics would allow him. I have no hesitation in admitting that on these occasions I made as far out of his way as possible, for there was an air of triumph in his gait, a something of detestable victory in his glance, that I found ill to thole with equanimity. But most often I would take the south road and climb slowly to the crest of the ridge by Baldourie, from which one may look away down towards Inchkerry and the Forth, and there I would stand for perhaps the best part of an hour watching for I know not what. For I still had that unbearable feeling—which events proved so well founded—that we had not yet seen the end of this wretched affair, nor for that matter were well past its beginning. But now I prayed with all my heart that the Master might never come our way again, and that the Comtesse Henriette, with her four châteaux, might indeed have some real existence outside his lordship's scheming brain; for if the Master came back heart-whole I durst not think of what might come of it.

And then at last came that dreadful night in early April—what we call in the Bishopshire a 'growing' night, with a warm southward drizzle and everything bursting into life all around. I had tired myself into a state of restfulness with some long wanderings in the afternoon, and with the fall of dusk I had lit my lamp and sat down to the study of some serious book. I had sat so for, I should think, the best part of an hour, and was becoming deeply absorbed in my subject, when I was suddenly jerked back by the splashing sound of a horse drawn up sharp outside my door. Almost at the same instant, as it seemed, there came a terrible knocking at the portal, as of one who could brook no delay.

I took the lamp in a kind of daze and opened the door, and there was the Master on the step. He was soaking wet, and the water ran from his hat and squelched in his boots as he stood. His face was pale and set with the most dreadful expression of intensity. Outside in the road stood his black horse, with its head hanging, steaming like a beast that is ridden done.

'Good God, Master Robert,' said I, 'is this you?'

'Ay, MacConnachie,' he said, 'it's what's left of me;' and then, with the extraordinary directness of attack that was his characteristic, 'Where's Ailie?'

For the life of me I could make him no answer, for my throat was as dry as a bone and not a word would come. I could do nothing but stand gazing in his face, with the lamp jumping about in my hand and flickering all over the road. If there be indeed a hell I can conceive it as made up of such moments as these.

'Dinna stand there shakin',' he roared; 'the time's precious, man. Speak, ye fool!—speak!'

I got out a word at last. 'Master Robert! Master Robert!' I cried, 'what shall I say?' I was well-nigh helpless with terror, and this he seemed to see, for he spoke less harshly.

'Answer my question,' said he. 'I want no more. They told me in Edinburgh she was wedded. Is't true?'

'Heaven help us all, Master Robert!' I cried; 'but so it is!'

I heard the muscles of his jaw crack as he thrust it forward. He leant towards me and his eyes glared wildly in the lamplight.

'Who's the man, MacConnachie?' he gasped

in so hoarse a voice that I could scarce hear him.

'Master Robert,' I cried with the boldness of despair, 'I darena tell ye!'

He swore frightfully, and his hand flew straight to the pistol-butt at his belt. Then, with a sudden change, he gave such a laugh as I hope never to hear again.

'Ye haverin' devil!' said he, dropping into his Scotch again, 'd'ye think I dinna ken? Tell me this: is't the schoolmaster o' Inchkerry?'

I suppose I must have nodded or given some sign of assent.

'God help him!' said he quietly. 'Good-night, MacConnachie!' and he turned to his horse.

'Master Robert,' I cried, running after him with the lamp, 'what will you do?'

'What I said,' quoth he, fairly leaping into the saddle, and turning his horse so sharp that he came near knocking me over. I shouted after him again, but he was thundering away through the village like a whirlwind. I saw the water in the street spirting from his horse's hoofs as he passed the light from old Mrs Leitch's window, and then, with a sudden collapse of my powers, I fled back into my cottage and locked the door.

(To be concluded.)

EARLY YEARS OF THE POST-OFFICE IN SCOTLAND.

By R. S. Smyth.

THE 'penny-post' of Sir Rowland Hill was not established till 1840; but it is perhaps not generally known that Edinburgh had a 'penny-post,' for local delivery, as early as 1776. It was the first in Scotland, and was established by Peter Williamson, a native of Aberdeen, who, in consequence of keeping a coffee-shop in the hall of the Parliament House, was frequently employed by gentlemen attending the courts to forward letters to different parts of the city. This kind of business increased so much that he opened an office and established a regular penny-post delivery of letters throughout the city. He had hourly deliveries and agents at various parts of the town to collect letters. The men who delivered, of whom there were four (in uniform), also collected letters, and for this purpose they rang a bell as they proceeded on their rounds to give information of their approach.

Williamson's success soon induced others to attempt a similar undertaking; but the authorities of the General Post-Office, seeing its importance as a source of revenue, gave Williamson a pension for the goodwill of the business, and the penny-post was then attached to the general establishment.

The Post-Office in Scotland, however, was not a paying concern. In 1698 Sir Robert Sinclair of Stevenson had a grant from King William of the whole revenue of the Post-Office in Scotland, with a pension of £300 a year, to keep up the post; but he did not find the arrangement a profitable one, and, after due deliberation, gave up the grant. In 1730 the yearly postal revenue in Scotland was only £1194.

The conveyance of mails in the seventeenth century was found most difficult owing to the unsatisfactory condition of the roads. As evidence of this it may be mentioned that under an agreement entered into in 1678 for the running of a coach between Edinburgh and Glasgow (a distance of forty-four miles) the number of horses to be used was six, and for the journey to Glasgow and back no less than six days were found to be necessary! The undertaking was considered so arduous that the contractor was to receive two hundred merks (about £11, 5s.) per annum for five years, but the enterprise proved to be so unprofitable that it was soon abandoned.

In 1715 there was not a single horse-post in Scotland, 'foot-runners' being the usual means of conveyance for the mails. In this manner direct bags were conveyed from Edinburgh as far north as Thurso and westward to Inveraray. There were three mails a week from Edinburgh to Glasgow, and three in return; the 'runners' set out from Edinburgh each Tuesday and Thursday at twelve o'clock at night, and on Sundays in the morning, and the mails arrived in Glasgow on the evenings of Wednesday and Friday and on the forenoon of Monday. For these services the Post-Office paid £40 sterling per annum; but from the fraudulent dealing of the postmaster of Falkirk, who made the payments, the 'runners' seldom received more than from £20 to £25.

In 1716 the Duke of Argyll, who had then supreme control in Scotland, gave orders to place relays of horses from Edinburgh to Inverness for the purpose of forwarding despatches to and receiving intelligence from the army in the Highlands under General Cadogan. These posts worked upon two lines of roads. One went through Fife and round by the east coast, passing through Aberdeen; the other took the central road *viâ* Perth, Dunkeld, and Blair Athol. These horse-posts were, however, discontinued immediately after the army retired.

It was not until the year 1750 that the mails began to be conveyed from stage to stage by relays of fresh horses and different postboys to the principal places in Scotland; but the greater portion of the mails were still carried by foot-runners. Before the system of relays was introduced on the north road the mode of conveyance

was very tedious. For instance, 'a person set out with the mail from Edinburgh to Aberdeen. He did not travel a stage and then deliver the mail to another postboy, but went on to Dundee, where he rested the first night; to Montrose, where he stayed the second; and on the third he arrived at Aberdeen; and as he passed by Kinghorn it behoved the tide and sometimes also the weather to render the time of his arrival more late and uncertain.' In this manner the mail was conveyed thrice a week. The communication by post between London and Edinburgh was not much better. The condition of the roads in Scotland, however, would not admit of anything like rapid travelling. The best roads, even in the populous districts, were often to be found in the channels of streams. The common carrier from Edinburgh to Selkirk (thirty-eight miles) required a fortnight for his journey going and returning; the channel of the river Gala, which for a considerable distance ran parallel with the road, being, when not flooded, the track chosen as the most level and easiest to travel in. Between the principal cities the means of travelling were little better. It took a day and a half for the stage-coach to travel from Edinburgh to Glasgow.

In the year 1757 the mail was upon the road from London to Edinburgh eighty-seven hours, but from Edinburgh to London its conveyance occupied one hundred and thirty-one hours. At this time, on a representation from the Committee of Royal Burghs, such regulations were adopted that the time was reduced to eighty-two hours from London to Edinburgh, and eighty-five hours from Edinburgh to London.

In 1763 a further improvement was made on the London mail by having it despatched five times a week instead of three, as formerly. Previously it had travelled in so dilatory a manner that in winter the letters which were sent from London on Tuesday night were not distributed in Edinburgh till Sunday, *between sermons!* In 1776 the modern stage-coach was introduced into Scotland, the first coach arriving in Edinburgh on the 10th of April. A direct mail between London and Glasgow was not established till 1788, when, on the 7th of July, the first mail-coach from London arrived. Previously the correspondence between those cities passed through Edinburgh, where it was detained twelve hours, to be sent with the mail to Glasgow at night.

It may here be observed that for a long time after its introduction and establishment the Scottish Post-Office was conducted solely with a view to the convenience and security of the correspondence of the public, and that it frequently received assistance from the Scottish Government by pecuniary grants. And if the periods of the Rebellion, when a certain amount of surveillance was exercised by the agents of the Government as a measure of State security, be excepted, the Post-Office in Scotland appears to have been conducted with great integrity and freedom from abuse.

In 1713 the Edinburgh Post-Office was removed to the first story of a house opposite the Tolbooth, on the north side of High Street; at a later time it occupied the first floor of a house near the Cross, above an alley which is still known as the 'Post-Office Close.' It was removed from there to a floor on the south side of Parliament Square, which was fitted up like a shop, 'and the letters were dealt across an ordinary counter like other goods.' At this time all the out-of-door business of delivery was performed by one letter-carrier. From Parliament Square the next removal was to Lord Covington's house; thence, after some years, to a house on the North Bridge; and afterwards to a new office in Waterloo Place. This latter removal was in 1821, and at that period the despatch of the mails was conducted in an apartment about thirty feet square. This apartment was purposely kept as dark as possible in order to derive the full advantage of artificial light employed in the process of examining letters to see whether they contained enclosures or not. *Any* enclosure at that time—even the smallest piece of paper—rendered a letter liable to double postage. The final removal of the office to the present building took place in 1866.

THE STRANGE CONVOY.

By C. BENBOW.

'Tis a principle of war that when you can use the lightning, 'tis better than cannon.—NAPOLEON.

I.

TWENTY miles behind the fighting troops the strange convoy was parked in a pine-wood. Here, in the deep shadow, hidden alike from the ariel scout and the skulking spy, were some ninety enormous motor-wagons. Each was fitted with a steep-angled pent-roof of steel, the sides were well armoured, and in front a peak-shaped driver's hood, also of steel, projected. This hood resembled nothing so much as a gigantic visor, and gave the strange vehicle an almost sinister aspect. Few had seen this convoy, for it moved but seldom, and then only by night. Long before daylight it was invariably hidden once more in the fresh position which had been previously chosen for it.

Within a mile of the convoy, and connected with it by telephone, a field wireless station stretched its gaunt arms skyward to catch the

silent messages from the busy aeroplane-scouts far beyond the northern horizon, or to transmit orders from the Emperor, who was somewhere in the same direction. All day long in the heart of this gloomy spinney the ghostly little voice of the telephone droned out its messages. It reported continually the movements of the enemy's forces, movements which were carefully traced out on a map by several staff-officers.

It seemed to the officer commanding the convoy, as he watched the little paper flags creep forward on the map, that he was watching the advance of the Northland army as the cat watches the leisurely approach of a mouse which is unconscious of its presence.

II.

The Northland army was advancing in three columns marching on more or less parallel roads, and in front of its advanced cavalry floated two diminutive dirigibles acting as scouts. All great nations, with the exception of Northland, had accepted the principle that the aeroplane is the ideal aeriel-scout; its great speed and mobility obviously mark it out for this service, and it is less vulnerable than the dirigible. With a perversity which was almost incredible, the military authorities of Northland seemed to take the opposite view, for on the outbreak of war the army possessed no aeroplanes and only two small dirigibles for scouting purposes. Of larger dirigibles the nation possessed half-a-dozen; but it had been found necessary to employ these as part of the armament of vital points such as dockyards and arsenals.

The fact was that the Northland military authorities had not taken the grim science of aviation seriously; they even unconsciously advertised their views on the subject by facetiously dubbing the two miniature dirigibles the 'Infant' and the 'Bumblebee.' Those two tiny yellow cylinders floating far up in the blue formed the vanguard of the Northland army.

Picture them on this fine August morning boring laboriously but bravely through a ten-mile wind, the clatter of their engines coming down faintly to the cavalry scouts below.

Suddenly a speck appears high above the southern horizon. In a few minutes it discloses itself as an aeroplane coming down-wind at an incredible speed. Both dirigibles turn to fly to the protection of the columns in rear. As well might the sparrow caught in mid-air attempt to fly from the sparrow-hawk. Straight as a dart, hurtling through the air at something like a hundred miles an hour, the hostile aeroplane flies at the nearest of the two fluttering dirigibles, which happens to be the 'Bumblebee.' Pursued and pursuer are soon within range of the army, which has halted and is watching the strange struggle in breathless silence. The men dare not fire at the aeroplane for fear of hitting one of the dirigibles. They note that from the under side of the aeroplane a long, scimitar-shaped object projects; this object is obviously of metal, as it flashes continually in the sun. The gap between the dirigible and the aeroplane diminishes every instant. The aeroplane is now less than a hundred yards behind and well above its prey. It swoops suddenly and its scimitar-like ram slits the cigar-shaped gas-balloon from end to end. To the straining thousands below there comes the sound of a faint explosion like that of a star rocket, and next moment the remains of the 'Bumblebee' and her gallant little crew fall among them. The great mechanical bird hurtles on, and before the Northlanders have realised it the flying 'Infant' meets the same fate as its unfortunate consort. The eyes of the Northland army have been put out; henceforth it must fight blindly.

An angry crackle of musketry breaks out, and several field-guns unlimber and try a little snap-shooting; but as the Northland chief of staff afterwards remarked bitterly, 'There was about as much chance of hitting the aeroplane as of hitting a swallow.'

Almost before the echoes of the futile fusillade had died out the aeroplane was out of range, a tiny speck which soon disappeared in the northern horizon. It returned with the twilight and circled unseen above the Northland army while the latter formed up for the night. The bivouac was in a long, deep valley behind a sheltering ridge, and the aeroplane continued to circle above it in the darkness until the camp-fires were lit and its full extent was clearly marked by twinkling lights; then, as if at last satisfied with its scrutiny, it darted off southward and was lost in the night.

III.

The Northland General sat in the veranda of a cottage on the hillside and looked out on an animated scene. Thousands of camp-fires gleamed in the bare valley below, and far up on the crests of the grim ridges opposite the signalling-lamps of the outposts flickered and winked continuously. There was a certain strange beauty in the scene; but, judging from the heavy scowl on the General's face, it made no appeal to him. His mind was occupied with weightier matters. He was a big man of the type which is usually termed burly, and his voice, which was squeaky and high-pitched, was so out of keeping with his bulk that it gave to its owner a certain ludicrous air of incongruity. In the archives of the invader's Intelligence Bureau he was briefly described as 'a colossus in body, but a molecule in mind.' His chief staff-officer, who sat beside him, would most heartily have endorsed this description on this particular evening had he known of it, for the General was tired and irritable, and therefore even more unreasonable than usual.

'I have never heard of such d—d drivel in

my life,' he was saying. 'I always thought Judd was too nervy for the Intelligence, and as D.M.I. [Director of Military Intelligence] he simply lets his imagination run away with him. This cock-and-bull yarn of his is the limit. Why, the whole thing would be against the Geneva Convention, in the first place. You ain't allowed to use poisonous gas in shells, and therefore you ain't allowed to drop it in any form from dirigibles.'

'But why not make absolutely sure of matters by moving to higher ground?' said the chief of staff.

'I'll be d—d if I do!' exclaimed the General with a gesture of irritation. 'I can't understand your suggesting it. The troops have marched seventeen miles, as you know, and are only just settling down. I'll be hanged if I am going to move them for any of Judd's imaginary bogies! Pah! the thing is ridiculous. Even supposin' they have this wonderful concentrated liquefied gas, or whatever it is, how do you imagine they are going to cart it over here?'

'Dirigibles which they'——

'Dirigibles—dirigibles!' cut in the General angrily. 'You have all got dirigibles on the brain. They would need a regular fleet of them, and they haven't got them, or we should have seen them before this. Even if they *had* got them, I don't believe they could live within miles of us. The fact is that you have all developed nerves since those two useless little gas balloons were ripped up this morning. The whole idea is too idiotic. Even supposing the thing *were* possible, it's against the Hague Convention, I tell you. You ain't allowed to use poisonous gases in modern war.'

'How about lyddite?' queried the chief of staff.

'Lyddite was never meant to be poisonous,' replied the General testily.

'Still, the fact remains, sir, that the fumes *are* poisonous, and lyddite shells have been used for at least fifteen years.'

'Oh, fiddlesticks! Bunkum! Rot!' exclaimed the General, rising from his chair. 'I've had enough of this nonsense. I am going to turn in, and I should advise you to do the same.'

The chief of staff and the military secretary rose respectfully as the General disappeared indoors with a curt 'Good-night;' then, turning slowly, they leant on the veranda railing and stared gloomily at the sea of lights below.

'The old man is wearing a bit thin over this business; he is really very sick about the loss of those balloons of ours,' said the secretary quietly. 'But I wouldn't worry if I were you,' he added.

'Yes; but what if Judd is right?' said the other. 'What a fiendish business it would be! Still, I suppose we should do the same if we could.'

'Very sound man Judd, but you know he *is* a trifle imaginative. I can't help thinking this idea of his rather—well, it *is* rather a large order. Their base is quite two hundred miles off, and then there is the question of weather. Even if they have got this fleet, it would have to wait for a perfectly quiet spell of weather.'

'Not at all; you haven't got the idea at all,' exclaimed the chief of staff almost irritably. 'The old man wouldn't give me a chance to explain. Judd's idea is that they have got a regular fleet of dirigibles packed away in a motor-convoy, and that convoy may be within fifty miles of us at the present moment, and within twenty miles of us in a couple of hours. It strikes me as a very sound way of bringing dirigibles to within striking distance. Hang it! the idea is only a development of the Field Balloon Section after all.'

The military secretary interrupted with a long, low whistle which seemed to express both surprise and comprehension.

'And then this other business,' continued the chief of staff rapidly. 'Judd's secret service discovered months ago that the Huns were experimenting on poisonous gases heavier than air, and that they had succeeded in compressing into a liquid some infernal gas which resembled "mine-damp." Can't you see, man, what it would mean if those dirigibles were to come along during the night and drop a few hundred vessels containing this stuff? Each vessel would break on striking the ground, and the liquid on being set free would instantly expand into a comparatively enormous volume of gas, just as the ordinary explosive does, except that this gas, being heavier than air, would spread along the ground. Why, the valley would be several feet deep in it before the poor devils down there knew what was happening. They would be simply chloroformed in their sleep.'

'Good God, what a diabolical idea!' exclaimed the military secretary. 'But it *is* against the Geneva Convention, you know, to use poisonous gases in shells.'

'My dear fellow, you know as well as I do,' replied the chief earnestly, 'that no nation would give a fig for the Geneva Convention, or any other convention, if it had such a power within its grasp, least of all the Huns. As for the scheme being diabolical, what is war but diabolical? The main idea is to kill, and the whole aim of every military inventor is to devise some engine of destruction which shall kill in a more wholesale manner than the last. How about the torpedo and the submarine, not to mention the machine-gun? Europe shed no tears over the twenty thousand dervishes who were wiped out by machine-guns at Omdurman.'

'I can't say I like the look of things at all,' said the other after a long pause. 'Still, I suppose we can't do anything; it would be hopeless to tackle the old man again. There

is nothing to be done but to trust to luck. After all, I think there is a very big *if* in the case. I am going to turn in. I am dog-tired. Good-night.'

As he disappeared indoors somebody ran lightly up the steps at the end of the veranda, and an A.D.C. emerged out of the darkness and saluted the chief of staff.

'I have been down to the R.E., sir,' he said somewhat breathlessly, 'and the searchlight train is not in yet. Colonel Strick says the dynamo-trolly was upset crossing the river at Blackford.'

'Blackford! Let me see, that's about nine miles off, isn't it?' said the chief of staff thoughtfully. 'No chance of its turning up to-night. Er—thank you.'

The A.D.C. saluted and retired.

'Nothing could be more unfortunate,' said the chief half-aloud. He turned to the veranda-railing, and, leaning out, looked up at the sky. 'Well, I suppose it doesn't matter so very much,' he continued. 'Too cloudy to-night for searchlights to be of much use.' His gaze fell to the valley and rested there.

Silence had fallen upon the bivouac. Here and there a camp-fire gleamed fitfully, but most of them had gone out long ago. Up on the ridge the signalling-lamps still winked knowingly at each other. The soft shadows of night seemed to breathe of peace, and the stillness was broken only by the faint, monotonous chirping of a drowsy cricket somewhere in the dim garden below.

He turned at last with a yawn and went indoors.

IV.

The convoy emerged from the deep shadows of the pine-wood at dusk and proceeded to a common close by. Here it 'outspanned,' if such a term may be used in connection with motor-vehicles. The outspanning consisted in forming up eight wagons abreast in ten parallel lines. In an incredibly short time a number of arc lights shone down from the summits of telescopic poles upon this miniature village of wagons. The lights disclosed a scene of tremendous activity. Everywhere men swarmed like ants, yet there was no confusion; the work of unloading the convoy and of laying out its contents on the ground was carried out with a methodical rapidity which spoke of long training. One half of the armoured pent-roof which covered each wagon was quickly thrown back, and the uncovered side let down to form a ramp to the ground. Down these ramps men hauled masses of shiny, cloth-like substance, which glimmered in the glare of the arc lights, and stretched it along the parallel streets of this strange hamlet of wagons. On one flank were parked ten giant wagons rather different in design from the others, and from these rubber tubes protected by encircling wire led off to each of the streets. These were the gasometers in which the balloon-gas was generated, a fact which was evidenced by a noise which resembled the deep, subdued hum of a giant dynamo.

Gradually in each 'street' there appeared, bulging up slowly in an almost uncanny way, a long cigar-shaped balloon which heaved and rolled grotesquely to and fro as the light breeze caught it.

Within three hours a fleet of ten sinister-looking dirigibles, the contents of the mysterious convoy, was heading northwards.

V.

'Auto-suggestion,' murmured the chief of staff with a yawn as he tossed, fully dressed, on his bed. 'Auto-suggestion is my only chance of sleep to-night, and I absolutely *must* sleep.' He broke into the well-known formula used by the hypno-therapeutists at the Salpêtrière, which he had once visited. 'You are very tired and sleepy,' he whispered; 'you are going to sleep, sleep, sleepy sleep, sleep, sleep; you are going to sleep, fast asleep, sleepy sleep, sleep'——

His hobby was psychology, and this was his pet method of wooing slumber; but although he kept it up manfully for what seemed to be an age, his overwrought brain refused to yield its consciousness. At last he sat up in bed, swearing softly. It was really exasperating to a degree; for weeks he had been working at high pressure, and for the last four nights insomnia had robbed him of the few hours available for rest. He felt that he was weary to the very verge of collapse, that sleep was imperative to enable him to carry on the arduous duties which awaited him at dawn, yet sleep eluded his most strenuous efforts.

Suddenly he swung his legs over the side of the bed and brought his feet to the ground with a thud.

'I have it!' he exclaimed softly—'a pill.' He switched on an electric lantern which stood ready to hand on a table beside the bed, crossed the room to a despatch-box, and took out a field medical-case. Twenty minutes later the pill had done its work; the chief of staff was at last in the long-desired land of dreams. But sleep failed to bring oblivion; the spectre which had haunted his waking hours pursued him relentlessly. Although the narcotic held him helpless in its grip, he seemed to see giant dirigibles floating in the gloom far overhead and dropping—what? How had Judd described it? 'Vessels containing poisonous gas heavier than air carried in compressed form as a liquid.' He saw the globular missiles fall and heard them burst with a strange, soft, squishy noise. Where one struck a dim cloud appeared and spread rapidly along the ground until it merged into other similar clouds which rushed to meet it. Now they were falling fast—*squish, squelsh—squish, squish.* The valley was a shallow lake of tenuous gas. And

the men? Oh God! the men were tossing and writhing in that hellish lake! He tried again and again to rise, to cry out. The desperate effort woke him at last; he sat up in bed and gazed wildly around, the cold perspiration streaming down his face.

'Heavens, what an awful nightmare!' he muttered. He sat there for some time, his head on his knees, his hands embracing them; then, in response to a sudden impulse, he got out of bed, walked wearily into the veranda, and looked out. There were no signs of dawn; looking skyward, he could see nothing but gray lit clouds drifting slowly across a faint yellowish patch—the moon. The terraced garden below was dimly visible, and looked cool and peaceful in the soft, gray light, but it was still too dark and misty to make out any details of the bivouac in the narrow valley beyond. He lit a cigarette and paced silently up and down the veranda for a few minutes, puffing vigorously.

'Good Lord! haven't you gone to bed yet?' He turned with a start. The military secretary stood in a doorway clad in light-coloured pyjamas. 'Look here, old chap, this really won't do, you know; you can't afford to'——

'It's all right,' cut in the chief. 'I turned in soon after you did, but didn't think it worth while to undress. I'm just taking a turn round. Hope I didn't wake you.'

'Anything wrong?' queried the military secretary.

'No, nothing. Go back, there's a good chap. I am going in as soon as I have finished this;' and he held up the cigarette.

The other turned with a despairing shrug of his shoulders and disappeared.

The chief of staff walked quietly to the other end of the veranda and stood smoking meditatively for several minutes. He threw the remains of the cigarette over the veranda-railings and gazed absently at the little red spark lying on the terrace below until its glow faded; then he too went back to bed.

He was awakened from a fitful sleep by the ringing of the telephone-bell; the army headquarters were always connected with all the principal units by field telephone when in bivouac. It was the officer commanding the outposts on the ridge opposite. Judging from his voice he was very much perturbed. Communication had broken down between the outposts and the main body; neither by signal nor by telephone could he get in touch. He had sent patrols, but they had not returned. It was extraordinary; it was inexplicable; he was very sorry to have to take the extreme step of calling up army headquarters; but—— A cold terror gripped suddenly at the heart of the chief of staff; he dashed the receiver down and rushed out into the veranda. The dawn was at hand, the crests of the ridges were bathed in a soft, rosy light, but the shadows still lay in the valley, deep azure shadows, soft and inexpressibly peaceful-looking; but how very blue they were, almost violet! And the men! There was no movement in the bivouac—the men—but this had all happened before. It was that accursed nightmare again.

The telephone-bell was ringing again loudly, imperatively, but he hardly noticed it.

How peaceful they all looked down there, huddled together in their blankets around the ashes of their camp-fires! Of course that was blue smoke floating over them! Why, of course; how very stupid! Why hadn't it occurred to him before? How *very* stupid! He broke into a dry, mirthless laugh.

The telephone-bell continued to ring; it seemed to have been ringing for ages. He crossed over to it again mechanically. Just as he took up the receiver the General appeared from the room beyond.

'Good heavens, Carson!' he exclaimed, 'what do you make the time? I make it a quarter to five.' He strode to the door and looked out. 'Not a soul moving. What on earth does it mean?' His queer, high-pitched voice was querulous with amazement, and his eyes seemed almost to start from their sockets as he turned to his staff-officer.

The chief of staff replied with a peal of laughter—harsh, cackling, mirthless laughter, horrible to hear; then quite suddenly he clutched at the telephone-table, lurched forward, and crashed with it to the floor.

. . . . . .

The sun had risen, but still the azure shadow rested in the valley. It formed a beautiful shroud for the sleepers who slept so peacefully around the gray ashes of their dead camp-fires—the thirty thousand sleepers who slept the last sleep of all.

Up on the hillside the General and his staff gazed down at the scene from the veranda of the cottage, a dumb band of dazed and stricken men, with set, pallid faces and staring eyes.

LOVE IN EXILE.

THE first faint flush of dawn spreads in the sky,
To glorious day now turns the gloomy night;
So will my soul from darkness turn to light
When to my love win I.

Seas lie between us—stormy, dread to dare—
Yet they are but a sorry gulf compared
To that which separates the life I've fared
And life and love with her.

Time lies between us—yet a little space
To those pale years without her that are past.
God speed it; her dear arms I'll gain at last,
And see and kiss her face.

Oh unseen perfect sweet beyond the wave!
God grant me strength at least to reach her side,
And in her grace a little while to bide
Ere I attain my grave.

JULIAN TENISON.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

EVEN the large part of the general public that concerns itself not at all with speculation in stocks and shares, and very little with new methods of investment, is well aware that in recent months there has been something happening in the nature of what is called a 'boom in oil,' following upon the celebrated and feverish 'boom in rubber.' Those outsiders who do not associate themselves with booms in anything, and are in a large proportion of cases almost certainly the gainers for their abstention, rarely trouble to inform themselves as to the why and the wherefore, for they have come to some kind of understanding from certain things they have occasionally read in the financial columns of newspapers that in the City they can make a boom in nearly everything if they set about engineering it in their own thorough way, and that such boom may have little or no relation to the commercial prospects of the article which is exploited or supposed to be exploited by the companies whose shares are the medium of the boom. Still, it has come to be realised that there is more in this oil affair than was at first imagined, and a certain proper noun, the name of a place, has come to be familiar to all who ever read, a mysterious-looking word which is calling to them for some personal investigation —Maikop. A couple of years ago most people who had never had anything to do with oil would most likely have guessed that Maikop was in South Africa, for there is a flavour of Zulus and the veldt in the spelling of the word. But it is far enough from there. Now, the other day it was announced that a special ship for the first time had completed a voyage with oil-fuel. It was a peculiar-looking ship; it had no funnels. They say that in course of time most ships will be like that. This one burned about two tons of oil instead of eight tons of coal each day that it was steaming across the water. It got to its destination in just the same way as a ship propelled by coal, and the oil-fuel made the manner of working simpler, cleaner, and easier. Some said that that was the beginning of the great Oil Age. Circumstances brought it about that just at this time the present writer had the opportunity of some conversation of an intimate and confidential character—as distinguished from talk in which one of the parties engages in the process of grinding an axe—with a gentleman who is at the heart of this great movement in oil, and he set forth some of the real facts and the truth of the matter in a manner that may be entertaining to the people who so far know next to nothing of it. In repeating some of them, let it be clearly understood that while the oil production and business is one thing, the finance of it is quite another, and that it does not follow that because one is good all the other is good also. In many cases the latter is quite bad. In short, while the circumstances of the beginning of this Oil Age read somewhat like a fairy story of wonder upon wonder, it must by no means be assumed that the suggestion is made that the unsophisticated public may now make fortunes through this medium. Such fortunes are seldom made without much inside knowledge and shrewd direction of an enterprise.

* * *

It is upon its prospects as a fuel for generating heat and steam, instead of coal, that the oil-people base their enthusiasm. They expect to see it extensively, or almost solely, used for propelling steamships, driving railway trains, working factories great and small that are filled with machinery. Instead of the coal being shovelled into the furnace, making ashes and smoke as well as heat, oil is sprayed into it and the heat is made without ashes or smoke. Hitherto experiments in the direction of substituting oil for coal in this way have been somewhat half-hearted. Its advantages have been recognised, but there have been prevailing fears of an uncertain and inadequate supply. There is evident reason now for abandoning these fears; hence the new interest in oil. It is being found in enormous quantities all over the world, its production is being exploited with great energy and intelligence, and it is clear that its supply is practically inexhaustible. For a long time past the Admiralty has been experimenting with the object of using it as a steam-raiser, but a great drawback has been the fact that of the steam raised about an eighth-part has been needed for the sprayer. It is believed that lately this has been reduced to about a fiftieth-part. Its portability, absence of ash, and the small amount of labour necessary to

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work an oil steam-raiser are features greatly in favour of oil from the Admiralty point of view. It is estimated that on a battleship a third of the crew are at present required to attend to the boilers; whereas if oil were used for fuel a couple of dozen men would be enough, the work of firing being largely automatic and the oil turned on or off as the pressure of steam fell or rose. So there would be the more space for guns and ammunition and fighting-men and materials. Then look on the case of the great ocean passenger-vessels. One authority takes for his argument two of the greatest and most celebrated of Atlantic liners. Each of these, to maintain a speed of twenty-five knots, consumes five and a half thousand tons of coal on the voyage between Liverpool and New York, or eleven thousand tons for the round trip, whereas less than three and a half thousand tons of oil-fuel, which might be stored in the double bottom of the ship, thereby leaving the coal-bunkers available for cargo, would by automatic stoking do even more work than five and a half thousand tons of coal. Then there would be such a great gain in the extra space for cargo and passengers. Of the three hundred and twelve firemen and coal-trimmers now employed on each ship, two hundred and eighty-five might be dispensed with. Twenty-seven greasers would be enough to attend to the oil-burners and regulate the water-feed of the boilers. It is estimated that the increased earning capacity of such vessels, if they employed oil-fuel, would be about five thousand pounds from New York to Liverpool, and nearly two thousand pounds from Liverpool to New York. Each vessel is fitted with one hundred and ninety-two furnaces in order to produce sixty-eight thousand indicated horse-power. Assuming that thirty-two fires are cleaned each watch, ten thousand indicated horse-power is lost every four hours through burning down and cleaning, this process being unnecessary when oil fuel is used. To this it is added that irregular coal-stoking is responsible in some cases for a 10 per cent. loss of steam throughout a voyage, and the accumulation of soot in the tubes brings about a lowered efficiency of the boilers. It is urged that experience on other ships justifies the belief that the use of oil-fuel would reduce the duration of the voyage between Queenstown and New York by eight or ten hours. That is merely one aspect of the future possibilities of oil; there are of course many others. When it is asked why the steamship companies do not use it now instead of coal, it is answered that the present ships were built for coal, that there have been those doubts as to the supply, and also a certain prejudice against oil, probably having its origin to some extent in those doubts.

* * *

But now consider the supply and what is being done to increase it. A little over a year ago there were about three hundred companies concerned with the production of oil; now there are nearly five hundred. The companies engaged in this business that are known in London have a nominal capital of a hundred and fifty-five millions of pounds, of which a hundred and nineteen millions have been issued. Twelve millions belong to the Californian oilfields, ten millions to the Russian (excluding Maikop), eight millions to the Maikop district, seven millions to India and Burma, four millions to Austria-Hungary, the same to North America and Canada, three millions to Persia, and two millions each to many other countries. It almost seems that all the world is one great oilfield, and that money is being raised by tens of millions of pounds for making the wells and drawing the liquid fuel from them. The Maikop oilfield is one of the magnificent discoveries of the time. At the beginning of last year it was practically a trackless forest, and everything necessary for the development of the district had to be brought considerable distances, and most of the machinery ordered from far-distant parts of Europe and America. It is situated along the eastern shores of the Black Sea, the Caucasus Mountains rising behind it. The presence of oil beneath the surface can be traced along a line of nearly two hundred miles, and the Maikop field is a part of this great belt near the towns of Shirvansky and Hadijensky. Long lines of piping eight inches in diameter—pipe-lines, as they are called—carry the oil to Ekaterinodar and other distant places. Thence it is conveyed elsewhere to its markets by rail, or river, or sea, or all of them. The whole of this rich oil-country is divided into plots, each plot consisting roughly of twenty-seven acres. About ten wells are being sunk on each plot; and it is estimated that there is or should be an average yield of three hundred tons of oil per plot each day, and one authority has reckoned it out that a plot on the average should be capable of yielding a total of nine hundred thousand tons. One might proceed to great lengths with facts and figures relating to the financial and economical aspects of this matter, but it is desired to avoid any hint or suggestion as to the possibilities of gain by outsiders. It is enough that in this little corner of Russia, that not very long ago was gloomy, lonely, and silent, there is now the hum of machinery, the noise of oil-fountains gushing, the building of villages, and the thronging of workers. The Maikop oil-people have chiefly the Mediterranean market in their view. They say that these oil-fields will be better to them than gold-mines. They will tell you great stories of the romance of oil in California, and declare that Maikop will yield some that are more wonderful. But these men will also warn you that every company that has Maikop in its name—and there are so very many—is not necessarily a worthy enterprise.

* * *

There is not another department of life and

work in London that is so deeply and constantly interesting to its own people in one way, and to the outsiders in general in another, as that which is embraced in Fleet Street, the great and busy world of the newspaper press; and it was never so interesting as at this moment. It played a busy and magnificent part in the grand scheme of the Coronation; hardly is it extravagant to suggest that it made the Coronation what it was. Indeed, where would there be any magnificence, celebrity, fame, in these days were it not for the spur of the Press? Its association with this great national business has been observed in detail by all; so has the influence of the Press in promoting great movements materially affecting the habits and lives of the people been very pronounced and very apparent this year. There is an idea abroad that leading articles control the opinions of readers far less than once they did, and that may be so; but great causes are propounded and promoted in other parts of the printed sheets with the utmost force of editorial strength, and the effect is not to be doubted. In its wonderful organisation of news-gathering and its brilliant feats of special reporting—and let it be added in its accuracy also—the British Press of this time is greater than ever before. It seems now to be so complete in its record of the doings of the world as to be almost in the nature of an official record of the progress of that world along the open road of eternity.

* * *

Then Fleet Street, as just suggested, is interesting particularly to its own people at the present time, and they are people of an exclusive manner of habit and life, detached from the rest of the world in a very considerable sense, that world and the people in it being merely so much material for this community's workmanship. It handles the entire apparatus of life and being every day, and reports in detail upon the results of its examination. This is the news that it gets for others, but it has nearly always some special news of a domestic kind for its own entertainment and enlivenment. To begin a new daily paper in London nowadays is a tremendous business; but one was started not long ago, an evening journal, and it has gone gallantly on. A few nights since, a journalist occupying one of the most powerful offices in London told the present writer, as we indulged in a few mutual reminiscences of the past, and he ventured upon prophecy for the future, that in his firm conviction the time was coming when in London and elsewhere the evening paper would take the place of the morning one as the chief record of events and opinions, the one to be given the most serious consideration. He argued that life had become too fast, hurried, and busy for much time to be spent upon the consideration of the newspaper in the early morning hours; that the period of rest in the evening was the natural and proper one for such a business; that while the morning newspaper had hitherto been brought forward for study, its evening supplement being patchy and incomplete, news from everywhere was now gathered and printed so quickly that the evening paper was really very complete and satisfying, representing the very latest intelligence and thought, and comprising in its most modern form a journal of the utmost variety. So, said he, though it would take a little more time for the reading public to become quite accustomed to the new idea, it would surely happen that the evening paper would come to be regarded as the principal and the morning paper as the supplement to it. Certainly we see a strong tendency in this direction being exerted at the present time. Then, while Fleet Street has been gathering, as it were, the provinces more and more within its compass in recent times, there has just lately been presented the strange spectacle of a first retaliation, a daily journal hitherto done only in Manchester now coming to be printed in London and Manchester simultaneously. These and many other matters help to make the future state of the Press a matter of much wondering speculation to those who are most immediately concerned with it.

* * *

At such a time one may cast reflection upon the perusal of the histories, a few of them self-written, of some of the greater London journalists who have been attached to the Street through long periods, and particularly interesting is that lately published by Mr Thomas Catling, who retired not long since after more than half a century's work in this quarter, during some twenty years of which he edited the great weekly newspaper known as *Lloyd's*. It is not by any means a complete picture of journalistic life in London. Not a single one of the biographies or autobiographies that have ever been published has with any degree of adequacy whatever presented such a picture. This may be partly because of a certain reticence exercised by the writers due to a subconscious feeling that they are the members of a kind of brotherhood living in a little world apart, and that all their secrets are not to be exposed to those outside the pale; and also possibly because, while the journalist may and does write with the utmost illumination upon all other matters, he fails somewhat when he comes to deal with his own, just as it is notorious that while this profession lends splendid service in the assistance, management, and direction of public institutions, it has, with all its discernment and knowledge, made small success of those devoted to its own purposes, with perhaps only one real exception to the rule. It helps others, but it can't help itself. Its altruism fails in personal application. Yet, with so much said, *My Life's Pilgrimage*, as Mr Catling calls his book, will be found very interesting by the general public. Its author

is known most intimately throughout the London land of newspapers; he has known everybody, has been in all the movements, has belonged to all the associations and clubs. His reminiscences, therefore, are entertaining, and they are prefaced by a thoughtful chapter by Lord Burnham, the proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*. One is attracted to the story of Mr Catling's editorial relations with the late David Christie Murray the novelist, if for no other reason than that the latter in his early days was associated for a time, much to his advantage, with *Chambers's Journal*. Mr Catling says that Murray told him gleefully one day that he had made more than two thousand pounds in the previous year, which the editor privately ascertained afterwards to be a modest reckoning. Yet some time later Murray went to him and said, 'My dear Catling, I haven't a halfpenny in the world, and don't know where to raise one.' A sovereign was lent to him, and it was arranged that he should call again in a couple of days, when an arrangement was made with him to write a new serial story at full rates and under his own name. The arrangement worked out to the satisfaction of all concerned.

* * *

Then Mr Catling revives some personal memories by his brief narrative of the circumstances in which the news of the death of Bismarck reached his paper. Bismarck died at Friedrichsruh at eleven o'clock on a Saturday night, and the news reached London in the early hours of Sunday morning. It has often been remarked how news of the greatest importance, particularly of the deaths of the most celebrated people, is constantly reserved for the Sunday papers. Mr Catling writes: 'The Prince was known to be very ill; consequently his biography was duly kept ready in type. Midnight passed without any definite message being received, and the paper went to press. Before printing commenced momentous news arrived. Dr Horrovitz, correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* in Vienna, had looked in at the central telegraph office there. Finding the clerk in charge was a friend, he remained chatting, and thus heard of Bismarck's death from a message which was being sent through on its way to the Emperor William, then yachting in Norway. It was not until some hours afterwards that the news was made known in Berlin. The correspondent instantly despatched a telegram to London, and it came into the hands of a smart youth, who speedily passed it on from the office of the daily paper to my son. Through this combination of fortunate circumstances *Lloyd's* was two hours ahead of every other paper in the world in announcing the great statesman's death.' One might explain, for the benefit of those out of London who do not know, that *Lloyd's* and the *Chronicle* belong to the same firm, and are published from the same office. It matters very little now; but I doubt if Mr Catling's remembrance is quite accurate as to the extent of the gain that his paper accomplished on that occasion. It was on a Saturday in July thirteen years ago that Bismarck died, and, among other duties, I was then attached to the staff of a Sunday newspaper in London. We were rather expecting the news that night, and had not gone to press when it arrived, though it was very late—between one and two o'clock. The 'make-up' of the paper had to be very rudely upset, and as much of Bismarck put in as the few remaining compositors could prepare. However, the paper made a good show, and I know that before five o'clock on that sunny Sunday morning one man attached to it was in bed with a copy of the paper on the table beside him to look over again when he was ready for it. It was nearly as early as was possible, and nothing was to be gained on a Sunday morning by being earlier. One particularly remembers this time for a rather curious incident. Without explaining how or why, it might be said that the editor of the paper, who died a few years ago, had happened to be on terms of considerable personal friendship with Bismarck, and had frequently been his guest. He was a little gloomy but occasionally reminiscent that evening when he knew that the Iron Chancellor was dying. We were doubting towards the end whether the news would come in time for the Sunday papers, and when the telegram arrived the chief jumped up with a loud exclamation of satisfaction: 'What a lucky thing!' For the next hour or two he was just the keen journalist; but when his work was finished and the paper had gone to press he suddenly collapsed almost to tears as at last the personal side came home to him.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE HEATHCOTE HONOUR.

'MARRY Eleanor! *You!*' cried Charles Heathcote, startled into rudeness by the amazing proposal. 'And you have seen her?'

The marquis bowed. 'Twice, but 'twas as Major Courtenay.'

'Ah! I remember. She warned you when you were about to ride into the Devil's Quicksand, and you visited the Tower afterwards—in my absence—with some wonderful story about my father's death!' Then his tone changed. 'Considering our relations, does it strike your lordship as the act of an honourable man to make acquaintance—to pay your

court, for all I know—under such a masquerade?'

Lord Thanet preserved an even temper. 'Need we discuss that at present?' he asked. 'For myself, if you will be so good, I should prefer an answer to my request.'

'And an answer is easily given, my lord,' returned Heathcote. 'I can speak my sister's mind, for she hates the name of St Aubyn so much that she would rather wed a jail-bird from Warminster Assizes than one of the brood—ay, were he twenty times a marquis! And after what has passed and gone—great heavens! is there a worse insult than this to come? But to business. On guard, my lord!' He whipped out his sword as he spoke, and presented the point.

Lord Thanet coolly folded his arms.

'In due time, sir,' said he. 'Meanwhile you will pardon me if I refuse to accept your answer as final—as far, at least, as Miss Heathcote is concerned. And I give you plain warning that I reserve myself the right to take such further steps in the matter as I may deem expedient.'

Heathcote made a step forward. 'Must I force your lordship to draw?' he demanded, raising his weapon as if to strike his opponent with the flat.

'It is quite needless, sir,' he said, flushing a little. 'Since you insist, I will grant you a meeting; but it will not be here and now. Hold, sir! I have the right to choose my conditions, and I do not intend to fight you in this light or without witnesses. Beyond that, I am your servant.'

'As you like, my lord,' said Heathcote, after a moment's hesitation. Then, sheathing his sword, he turned to the other with quick decision. 'To-morrow morning will not be too early for you, I presume?'

'Not in the least, sir.'

'Shall we say six o'clock, then? For the place—let me see now, does your lordship know the old round-tower on the dunes, about midway between the town and my house?'

'A mile or so out? Yes, I know the spot.'

'Good! And if the arrangements are agreeable'——

'Oh, perfectly! The old tower, at six! You may depend upon me, sir. Our seconds can settle any other matters on the field.'

'Then I need not detain you any longer, my lord.'

They left the precincts without another word, and retraced their steps to the 'Royal Oak.' The open windows of the dining-room emitted the full volume of a swinging chorus; but one at least of the revellers had deserted his post in the person of Captain Gascoigne, who stood at the door watching the ostler as he walked Heathcote's horse up and down. He glanced keenly at the pair, but said nothing until Charles had mounted.

'Take care, Heathcote!' he cried warningly. 'That beast's too fresh to play tricks with.'

'I think I can manage him, captain,' Heathcote replied; and, with a nod to him and a more ceremonious bow to Lord Thanet, he gave the horse the spur and rode off at a round pace.

Gascoigne shook his head. 'Hope he does not break his neck on the road home!' he muttered.

The marquis linked his arm in the honest sailor's and led him aside. He had quickly made up his mind that he could not do better than claim the captain's assistance in his affair.

'Will you do me a service?' he asked, coming straight to the point. 'I have promised to meet young Heathcote to-morrow morning, and I want you to stand my friend in the matter, if you will.'

Gascoigne chuckled as at a huge joke. 'With all the pleasure in life, my boy!' cried he. 'I guessed as much when I saw you go after him; and that was why I ran downstairs, just by way of making sure. A young fellow of spirit, egad!'

'I quite agree with you, captain. Indeed, he wished to fight me there and then, down in the Cathedral Close; but, as it might have been awkward later on to have had no witnesses, I begged to be excused.'

'You did right, too,' said the captain. 'Always stick to the king's regulations, major—my lord, I mean. Faith, it isn't easy to get one's tongue round a change like that! And, by the bye, I've been puzzling my brains to remember something that I've read about Lord Thanet—and yet I don't think it was Lord Thanet either, somehow. What it was I can't for the soul of me recall. But never mind; doubtless it will come back in time. About this duel, now'——

'I am afraid, though, I am keeping you from our friends upstairs?'

'Not a bit! Bless you! they won't miss me.'

'All the same, there is no reason why you should not be enjoying their company. I have some business to do, and if you will kindly look in at the "King's Head" in a couple of hours or so—whenever you are free—we can then arrange matters for to-morrow. But not a whisper of this upstairs, if you love me.'

'I'll be as close as the grave, never fear!' said Gascoigne, gripping his hand. 'Nine o'clock, then!'

It was nearer half-past nine when the captain hobbled into the oak-parlour, bringing his own breeze with him, and flourishing an old copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine* over his head. He was agog with excitement.

'I have it!' cried he. 'I remembered all at once, and went home for the magazine. Here it is—"The Art of Swordsmanship Expounded." And it says—listen—that among the three best swordsmen in England, equal to all but one or

two of the Continental masters, is Lord St Aubyn, son of Lord Thanet, himself a notable exponent of the art in his day. Mark that—among the best three! Now, what I want to know is if it is true.'

'Tis rather flattering perhaps,' said my lord, laughing.

'But Charles Heathcote has no chance?'

'Not much, I fear. Don't let it alarm you, however. I have no intention whatever of doing him a harm.'

The captain did not seem satisfied. 'Why in thunder, then, did you not have it out with him in the close?' he inquired.

'Partly for the reason I have stated, and partly for another. This letter explains it,' said Lord Thanet, laying his hand on the bulky packet addressed to Mr Headlam. 'There is always the risk of an accident, and I had first an act of injustice to undo. You will see that it is sent off, captain, in the unlikely event of the accident happening to-morrow?'

'Why, of course,' said Gascoigne.

When he left, an hour later, it was with the promise to meet my lord at half-past five.

. . . . . .

It was in no mood of beatitude that Charles Heathcote started on his homeward journey.

The Heathcotes had ever been a full-blooded race, punctilious in matters of honour, quick in resentment, and excellent haters. The present representative was no exception. He had brooded over the wrongs of the family, his father's misfortune and his own, and the inevitable fate that, as he believed, awaited his sister and himself, until it seemed as if the gall of fifty years were concentrated in his heart. He had prayed for the chance to grapple with the destiny which was about to overpower him, and what could Lord Thanet's appearance be but the answer? He had no faith in the man. The disclosure of his identity, and all that had ensued in the club, only appealed to him as proofs of his innate perfidy. Worst of all, in Heathcote's temper, was the marquis's calm avowal of his suit. One cannot well describe Charles's emotions by such words as anger and hate; but it would have been a relief, whatever the upshot, to feel his sword crossing that of his rival. He fretted impatiently that he must perforce hold his hand for a few hours.

He was beyond the town's boundaries before he bethought himself that he had forgotten to enlist a second. He deliberated whether he should return or go on, and finally resolved to do the latter. For one thing, he had promised Eleanor to be back early; and, after telling her the events of the evening, he could ride into the city again and repair the omission. There would be no difficulty; the sitting of the club was invariably a late one.

For the first part of the journey his road skirted the stretch of sand-dunes and bent which bordered the shore of the bay. About a mile out, hidden from the highway by a straggling fringe of trees, was the chosen place of rendezvous. Here an old watch-tower stood sentinel on a little promontory, and under the walls the ground was level enough for the purpose in view. Heathcote glanced approvingly at the spot as he rode past. He had no foreboding that he, for one, would fail to keep the appointment of the morrow.

But even then misadventure was lying in ambush for him. It happened just after he had turned into the lane leading inland to Heathcote Tower. Captain Gascoigne's warning was not altogether officious. The horse was a young and nervous animal, and certainly fresh; and probably, engrossed by his thoughts, Heathcote was riding rather carelessly. Otherwise when the beast shied at some shadow on the road he should not have been caught at a disadvantage. As it was, he never knew how it was he was thrown. He fell with a sickening thud against the trunk of a beech-tree; while the horse, more frightened than ever, dashed madly off in the direction of his stable.

For a time, stunned, Heathcote lay as he had fallen. When he came to himself it was to a sense of unbearable agony in his right leg and side. He did not move; he felt he could not. He had a vague wonder how long it would be until help arrived; it was a quiet byroad, and not much used at night. In reality it was not very long, although it appeared so to him, before he heard shouting in the distance and tried to answer. A little later his sister was bending anxiously over him. Old Twentypenny, holding a lanthorn so that the light was cast upon him, was with her.

'What is it, lad?' she asked. 'Prince Rupert came home alone, and we were frightened to death. Tell me, are you much hurt?'

'A broken leg for certain,' said he, forcing back a groan. 'The brute threw me, and bolted. No, I can't move, not even with the aid of the pair of you. I'm in torture as it is. What's to be done, Nell?'

A look at his white, drawn face was enough for Eleanor. Taking the lanthorn from Gideon, she bade him hasten into Warminster for Dr Harris and a carriage; and when he had set off at a speed which did credit to his years she busied herself in making the injured man as easy as the circumstances allowed. It was little, unfortunately, that she could do; on his part, he was in too much pain to speak; and it seemed an eternity to both before they heard the welcome sound of wheels.

Old Gideon, indeed, had executed his orders thoroughly and with remarkable despatch. Then the doctor assumed command, and within twenty minutes—we need say nothing concerning his sufferings in the interval—Charles Heathcote had been brought home and carried safely to his

bed. For the rest, Dr Harris would not permit Eleanor to remain in the room, and it was more than an hour afterwards when he sought her out with his report.

'A double fracture, and bad at that!' said he in his gruff way. 'Side badly bruised, and a rib broken. They're set beautiful. Lucky it wasn't his neck, which is beyond our powers. Danger? Pooh! not the smallest, Miss Eleanor. He has a fine constitution, and will do famously. It means a couple of months on his back, that's all. Now, I am going to give him a sleeping-draught; but he wants to see you first. Only five minutes, mind!'

Be sure Eleanor did not delay, but she perceived at once on entering her brother's room that he was greatly exhausted. His eyes, however, were dancing with excitement.

'Quick, Nell!' cried he, in a voice that sounded strangely weak as coming from him. 'I have something for your ear before Harris doses me.—Be off, Gideon!'

'Will it not do to-morrow, lad?' she asked gently.

'To-morrow will be too late. Now, listen carefully. I met Lord Thanet in town to-night'——

'Lord Thanet!'

'Please do not interrupt me, like a good lass. Lord Thanet, of all men; and, what is more, I called him out. He would not fight then—oh, he's a cautious man!—but we arranged to meet at six to-morrow morning at the round-tower on the dunes. Good heavens! what will he think when I am not there? He must be told, Nell; though I would give anything that this had not happened. If there isn't a cursed fate dogging us, tell me what it is! And there's more behind. As if we had not endured enough insult from his family already, would you believe it that the man actually proposed to marry you, Nell?'

Eleanor gasped in astonishment. 'To marry me? Lord Thanet? Impossible, Charles!'

'I am not raving, lass. 'Tis quite true. I said you would rather wed a cut-purse out of Warminster jail.'

'And you said truly, lad!' she cried, all her pride up in arms at the bare idea.

'I knew that I spoke your mind. If I could only have forced the offer down his treacherous throat to-morrow! But here's the doctor with my draught. You will see to it, lass? Remember, I leave the Heathcote honour in your hands.'

In ten minutes he was sleeping peacefully, and Eleanor was grappling with the problem that he had passed on to her. Her first impulse was to request Dr Harris to visit Lord Thanet and explain Mr Heathcote's plight; but she reflected in time that she did not know where the marquis was staying, whether at Warminster or Kingswood, and she felt a repugnance to confide the facts even to the discreet physician. It would be better, everything considered, to send Gideon in the morning to the meeting-place. So she allowed the doctor to depart about ten o'clock, after receiving his instructions in case of need; although it was not likely, as he declared, that the patient would waken for a good twelve hours.

Eleanor kept watch until two, when she was to be relieved by Gideon, who had pleaded so earnestly for permission to take her place during the latter portion of the night that she could not refuse. She had plenty of leisure in her long vigil to think over her brother's nerve. The marquis's astounding proposal did not greatly concern her. Her ideas on the matter were those of Charles, intensified perhaps by her indignation that it was *she* whom the man had presumed to claim as a trophy of the St Aubyn's victory. She did not doubt the motive. It could be no other. Charles, to be sure, had unwittingly omitted to mention one little fact; and she on her part had not the ghost of a suspicion that Lord Thanet and Major Courtenay were one and the same. All that she felt was an insult gross and not to be forgiven. As such, she dismissed it presently from her mind.

Another question was more clamant. To her, as to him who lay helpless on the couch, it was the deepest humiliation that there could now be no reckoning with their enemy on the morrow. In this, too, she was heart and soul with her brother. The quarrel was hers as much as his. If she had only been a man! She was as good with the foils as he, and assuredly she had not less of the Heathcote spirit. So she thought and thought, while Charles Heathcote slept on. And then, suddenly, the audacious scheme came to her. At first she smiled at the notion; but when it declined to be driven out, and she had examined it in all its aspects, it began to look more and more feasible. And why not? she asked herself at length. The honour of the Heathcotes had been entrusted to her; here was one certain way to hold it unblemished.

Well, she did not decide hastily. It was not until old Gideon appeared that the resolution was taken. Then, after a whispered word with him, she gathered her brother's clothes together and repaired to her own room.

The day had broken when Gideon was roused from a fitful doze by the opening of the door. He jumped to his feet with a cry of utter amazement, doubting the evidence of his eyes. For in every detail of bearing and dress, from three-cornered hat to spurred boot, the new-comer was the veritable image of his master. He glanced in fear at the figure on the bed, but was recalled to his senses by a familiar voice.

'Quietly, Gideon!' it said. 'I need your help in this matter, but we must not waken my brother.'

'God help me! is it you, Miss Eleanor? I—I thought it was Mr Charles himself, or his ghost.'

'It will pass muster, then? Well, I am glad

of it.' In truth, her chief difficulty had been with her hair, and a sharp pair of scissors had enabled her to surmount even that. 'Tis no jest, Gideon. Mr Charles was to have fought Lord Thanet on the dunes at six o'clock this morning, and as he cannot go, why, I must go instead.'

'Miss Eleanor!' he exclaimed, throwing up his hands in horror, 'you fight a duel — a woman'——

'Hush, not so loud! I have quite made up my mind, Gideon; and you must come with me. I have no second, indeed; but I dare say Lord Thanet's will see fair-play.'

The old man caught her by the sleeve of Charles's riding-cloak. 'But think, Miss Eleanor!' he pled with tears in his eyes. 'You are a woman, and may be killed.'

'Might not my brother have been killed! I am as good with the sword as he is, and I am not afraid of this marquis. But there, Gideon! Tell your wife to sit here while you are away, and meet me at the gates in ten minutes. We must be on the ground at six.'

She bent down and kissed the sleeping patient, and passed quickly from the room.

(To be continued.)

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN INGENIOUS RANGE FOR WORKMEN'S DWELLINGS.

THOSE who have the question of the 'housing of the working classes' at heart—a problem which is of paramount importance to-day—realise that one of the great difficulties in the internal equipment of such buildings is in regard to the provision of an economical stove and facilities for a bath, the latter unfortunately being conspicuous by its absence from the average home of the artisan. Mr James Corne, who has been actively engaged in the improvements connected with this subject, and whose book, *Modern Housing in Town and Country*, is the standard volume on the subject, has designed a novel combination range which should compel attention. It might be described as almost universal in its work, inasmuch as it is capable of fulfilling a variety of functions such as are needed in the class of house for which it has been evolved. It is small and compact, and in reality comprises two stoves, either or both of which can be brought into service as desired. On one side is the main range for ordinary cooking purposes; on the other is a boiler for supplying plenty of hot water for the bath and the requirements of the scullery. This latter adjunct to the stove is fitted with a separate fire, whereby the hot-water supply can be secured at the minimum of expense in regard to fuel, having been designed to effect economy in this direction when the main range is out of service, such as, for instance, during the summer months. The designer has also planned a special type of dwelling in which this stove is suited for installation with the highest degree of efficiency, the idea being to group the kitchen, scullery, and bathroom around the kitchen-range. The stove has received extensive recognition on account of its ingenuity, including the gold medal and highest award of the Royal Sanitary Institute. It is compact, occupies little space, and effects considerable saving in coal and labour.

A NOVEL EMERGENCY-HOOK.

The feminine sex has played a prominent part in regard to invention, more particularly in the perfection of insignificant devices for reducing the little worries of life. For instance, the traveller or tourist, upon arrival at his hotel, boarding-house, or other residential quarters, has often been in dire need of a hook, in the provision of which the establishments catering for visitors are invariably woefully deficient. A South African lady, as the result of her experiences, has sought to remedy this defect by the evolution of a portable hook which is a distinct novelty. Its advantage is that it can be carried about in the pocket if necessary, being easily attached and detached. It is made of steel and is about six inches in length. The top of the hook is bent over at right angles, is flattened, and fitted with a short tooth about the size of a small tin tack. All that it is necessary to do is to hang the hook on the top of a door, cupboard, or any other convenient point such as a ledge. The weight of the article placed on the hook will enable the tooth to secure a firm grip in the wood so that it cannot slip. No damage is inflicted upon the door or wall, as the back of the hook is fitted with a small piece of india-rubber which protects the material from injury by friction. When the traveller changes his residence he merely pushes the hook upwards a quarter of an inch with his hand, and it is released. As the tooth is fixed at an unseen point nothing is defaced, and it makes but a very small hole. The main advantage of the hook is that it can be attached and detached in an instant without the aid of any tool whatever.

REFORMING THE CALENDAR.

One of the most pressing matters at the moment is the establishment of a fixed calendar and a fixed Easter for the purpose of reducing commercial disorganisation to a minimum. In

view of the vast expansion in international commercial relationships, the confusion arising from the employment of varying calendars is certainly a matter for reform, and this subject is to be thrashed out thoroughly at a diplomatic conference. Yet there are innumerable difficulties confronting those who wish to give us a fixed calendar. The year being divided into three hundred and sixty-five days, it is impossible to secure an equal number of weeks, while the recurrence of an extra day every four years is another serious stumbling-block. Mr John C. Robertson of Kirkcaldy has evolved a means of overcoming the difficulty which certainly possesses many commendable features. In his scheme the first two months of every quarter are given twenty-eight days, while the quarter-months are given thirty-five days each. The advantage of this arrangement is that each month commences on a Sunday and ends with a Saturday; all quarters are of the same length, instead of varying in such a way that the second half of the year is three days longer than the first moiety, as prevails at present; while the relationship between the month and the week is fixed and continuous. The three hundred and sixty-fifth day is considered as a *dies non*, reckoned as New Year's Day, and is treated as a holiday. Leap-Year Day is treated in the same manner and practically constitutes Mid-Year's Day, as it is sandwiched between the last day of June and the first day of July. To this arrangement there is one commercial objection. Business, in England especially, is disturbed already by the occurrence of Christmas Day; and as this day according to the Robertson calendar falls on a Wednesday, giving in England the Thursday as Boxing Day and a general bank holiday, it means that as Friday would be an indifferent day owing to its proximity to the end of the week and being followed by a half-day, there would be a continuous holiday from the twenty-fifth to the thirtieth of the month. It might be more convenient if the three hundred and sixty-fifth day were to be sandwiched between December 25 and 26, the *dies non* taking the place of Boxing Day. On the other hand, New Year's Day would appeal as a general holiday to many other countries. The exact position of this odd day, therefore, would have to be so settled as to offer the least inconvenience to the greatest number—that is, the largest commercial interests. Professor Groslaude has endeavoured to meet the requirements for a fixed calendar upon another basis. In his scheme the first two months of every quarter are given thirty days each, and an extra day is given to the four quarter-months, this latter day always falling on a Sunday. The *dies non* is made New Year's Day, while Leap-Year Day is placed as in the Robertson calendar. The latter idea is certainly preferable to the former, inasmuch as the months all begin on Sunday, and the dates fall on the same day through every month, thereby making each year practically alike. In this connection it might be mentioned that Mr John Almond has printed a pamphlet on *The Almanack*, giving much curious and useful information on the subject.

PHONOGRAMS.

A new, cheap, and rapid means of communication was suggested by Mr Donald Murray before the Institution of Electrical Engineers. He maintained that, in order to level up the difference in cost between telegraphic and telephonic communication, some way should be evolved to charge for telegrams by time, as in the case of the telephone. Thus, by the latter, over short distances it is possible to secure three minutes' conversation for one penny, in which time about three hundred words can be transmitted. Under the same conditions telegraphy would cost about fifty shillings, or, if it were feasible to condense the conversation to the minimum, sixpence would be charged. It required a considerable extension in the distance between communicating parties to enable the telegraph to be cheaper than the telephone. Mr Murray advocated a threepenny telegram and a quick service by the aid of a rapid printing system to be used with a rapid transmission service. Efforts are now being made to send two hundred and fifty words over the telegraph-line per minute—the Delaney efforts towards this end were described in this *Journal*—and if this can be rendered commercially practicable the possibilities are that the telegraph will regain its lost position, more particularly as a written conversation will be thereby secured, which cannot lead to misunderstanding and repudiation such as now exist very often in regard to telephonic transactions.

CO-OPERATIVE KITCHENS.

The suggestion that the lot of the individual housewife may be improved considerably by the reduction of certain essential domestic duties, more particularly in regard to cooking, through recourse to co-operative kitchens is arousing increasing interest in this country. The experiment has been attempted on a small scale here and there, but it has distinct limitations. The idea is that all meals should be prepared at a centre, and either served in a common dining-room or despatched to the private dining-room of a co-operating partner. The system is in practice at Letchworth Garden City, and is meeting with success, a result attributable no doubt to its novelty. On the other hand, it has been developed to a high stage in certain countries and towns abroad, such as New York, but in these instances mostly from sheer necessity. In the American city it has been introduced because of the servant difficulty, and in a measure has proved successful. But it has also developed

another tendency. The husband resents the co-operative kitchen principle, especially if his wife from inclination prefers to have her dinner cooked for her. He argues that he might just as well dine out, and consequently in New York there is a marked patronage of the restaurant or of the apartment house, the latter having all the drawbacks incidental to a boarding-establishment, as the writer knows from experience. The idea of co-operative kitchens is being fostered on this side as a means of solving many difficulties. This it may accomplish, but only at the expense of creating others, leaving the last state worse than the first. In New York those practising kitchen co-operation from compulsion say that if they could get servants of their own they would at once adopt home cooking. The co-operative system destroys the sentiment of home, for the average husband prefers that the preparation of his meals should be carried out in private in his own kitchen, and that the product should be the result of his wife's culinary skill and ingenuity. The average English housewife delights in contriving tasty dishes in the sanctity of her own kitchen; destroy the latter feature, and she loses all interest in the table. Even should her meals be the product of a cook the mistress has the right to enter her own kitchen and assist, but in the co-operative kitchen she has no such privilege. When the wife carries out the cooking operation herself she gets everything done according to her own ideas, and there may be less chance of dissatisfaction. Until the domestic help problem in this country becomes acute and the housewife is driven to a common kitchen, the co-operative system will never become popular, and the most powerful opponent of the idea will be the housewife herself.

SOAP AS A PROTECTION AGAINST CONTAGION.

The liberal use of soap has been insisted on for a long time past in the interests of hygiene, but its use has a far more powerful mission. It is the lot of humanity to be afflicted by certain insect scourges such as the flea, and no matter how careful one may be in combating this pest a stray specimen may intrude upon one's person and announce its existence in no uncertain manner. As a carrier of disease the flea is without an equal, as the results of the investigations in the Bombay Bacteriological Laboratory in connection with the plague have conclusively testified. Seeing that seaside boarding-houses have an unenviable reputation for harbouring fleas, a means of avoiding their bites will be welcomed, and the more so in view of the fact that such can be easily secured. Certain soaps are a perfect and absolute protection against the bite of the flea, and a correspondent of the Research Defence Society who has tested the matter states that he attributes his immunity therefrom to a soap known as microvoid. The insect will not attack skin which has been treated therewith. But as all skins may not be able to tolerate this particular soap, it is advisable to experiment with various medicated soaps to secure one which has no ill effects upon the skin, and yet which is effectively resistant to the ravages of this troublesome insect. The remedy is so simple as to be well worth trying, and there are innumerable medicated soaps on the market which should fulfil the desired end. Microvoid has been designed especially to meet this particular purpose.

DRYING DAMP WALLS.

A damp wall is one of the greatest enemies to health, but it is a defect which is somewhat difficult to remedy. A new scientific means to this end, however, has been introduced to the market recently, and its efficiency is claimed to be perfect. Moreover, it can be applied to old buildings as readily as to those under construction. A small tube is inserted at a certain angle into the wall, near the ground. The tube is open from end to end, but at the lower extremity facing the outer air a small grating is fitted to prevent the introduction of foreign substances. The tube is triangular in section and made of a special porous material. The action is the absorption of moisture in the vicinity of the tube by capillarity or osmosis, and the air within the tube, becoming saturated with humidity and thus made denser, falls to the lowest point, which is the mouth on the exterior surface on the wall, so that it falls into the outer air. At the same time the latter has a free passage into the tube to take the place of that discharged; consequently a continuous circulation of air takes place. The system is stated to be so efficient that the walls of a new building may be completely dried, after the plaster has been applied, within from thirty to sixty days, while the drying of the walls of old buildings may occupy from fifty to one hundred and eighty days.

A NOVEL HEALTH-EXERCISER.

The search for perfect health has resulted in a plethora of devices for expanding the chest and exercising the other muscles of the body. The spring, however, is one of the most efficient devices to this end, and it has now been made in a variety of forms to suit varying requirements. The spring-exerciser in its ordinary form requires no attachment to a hook, comprising as it does one or more coils of springs about twelve inches in length, with a hand-grip at either end. The number of coils can be varied as may be desired. The exercise consists in distending the spring, and as there are a number of ways in which this may be done there is no danger of the exercise becoming monotonous. Another application of the same device is a rowing-machine, which can be used in either a sitting

or standing posture. Being well and substantially built, these devices are wonderfully durable so long as used in a correct manner, and they constitute the cheapest health-exercisers that have yet been placed on the market. The same principle is adapted to several distinctive purposes. There is a wrench-grip whereby the muscles of the fingers and wrist may be put through their paces, as well as a new grip for exercising the muscles of the fingers, wrist, and arm. One can even secure a diminutive exerciser which can be slipped into the waistcoat-pocket—a tiny powerful spiral spring for strengthening the thumb and finger muscles. These exercisers can be used by all, from infants to athletes in the pink of condition, the spring varying in intensity to suit each requirement. If desired, the device may be obtained to operate on a wall-hook.

A CHAIN-PULL ELECTRIC SWITCH.

Those users of electric light who may object to the disfigurement of their walls by switches will be interested in a chain-pull switch which has been devised. The action is very simple, a double break rotary switch being inserted in the ordinary electric light-holder. The chain is a neat and small attachment, and to switch on the light requires but a slight downward pull. To extinguish the lamp a similar pull is requisite. A single chain only is used, and it can be made to any length and fitted to any type of electric light, whether it be a wall bracket, floor lamp, or electrolier; also, the chain will work with the lamp in any position. In pulling the effort is so slight that not the least jar is given to the lamp, so that metallic filament lamps can be used safely with this switch.

THE LOETSCHBERG TUNNEL.

The New York *Outlook*, in noting that the Loetschberg railway tunnel through the Alps has been completed, says it is the fifth long bore that has been made in these mountains. The Simplon is twelve and a half miles long, the St Gothard nine and a quarter, the Mont Cenis seven and a half, and the Arlberg six and one-third. The Loetschberg and the St Gothard are of equal length. The new tunnel will be specially advantageous to passenger and freight traffic between England and Italy, for it will save about eighty miles of transit. It is really a connecting branch of the Simplon, eliminating the long detour now necessary to reach that tunnel. Thus, in order to go by the shortest route, travellers from England to Italy will have two long tunnels before them instead of one—the Simplon and the Loetschberg. The new direct route from London will now be by Calais to Laon, and thence to Belfort, entering Switzerland at Delle, from which the traveller goes to Berne, and then by the Lake of Thun to Spiez, up to Frutigen, and so through the tunnel, reaching the Rhone Valley at Brigue and connecting with the Simplon. Though the Loetschberg tunnel is only a detail in the route, it is a very important one, not only in shortening the journey from London to Italy, but also in contributing still more to the revenue of the French railways, compared with the German, as carriers between the north and south of Europe.

SEALSKINS.

It is roundly asserted that there are not so many horrors connected with the slaughter of the fur-seal as may be witnessed any day in any well-regulated slaughter-house in the United Kingdom, and the public is assured that those who dispute this do so from sheer ignorance of the facts or from motives more or less interested. Exposures have been made of hideous cruelties perpetrated upon the seal based upon direct proof of many disinterested and reliable authorities, which include Government officials, eminent scientists, circumpolar explorers and travellers, sea-captains, naval surgeons, merchants, and other trustworthy eye-witnesses. A good deal has been said both in this country and America on the ghastly subject, all pointing to the fact that the methods employed in the slaughter and skinning of this harmless creature are merciless in the extreme, and constitute a terrible indictment of the seal-industry as it is at present conducted. In the land-sealing, which is carried on chiefly by the Americans on the Pribyloff Islands, thousands and thousands of fur-seals are driven and forced onwards, panting and helpless, mostly over rough, stony ground, and many hours may thus pass before the tortuous drive is at an end. When the butchery commences the seals are made to pass between the sealers, who are armed with heavy clubs. As they pass they are struck on the head. The scene has been well described by Dr William Garitt: 'The flying of the eyes from the struck seal, the crash of the skull, the flow of blood, the sobs of the dying, and the brutality of the heartless and careless men were awful.' Care is taken, however, by the Americans not to kill the mother-seals or their helpless young. In the open sea or pelagic sealing the method followed by the inhabitants of Newfoundland and our Canadian compatriots allows of no such discrimination. The practice of spearing seals at sea, which is approved by Great Britain simply because it suits her commercial interests, has been denounced, very properly, as wasteful, wanton, and cruel. That the fur-seal herds are decreasing is an undoubted fact attested by official reports and figures. History shows that, wherever freely practised, pelagic sealing has nearly destroyed all seal-life, and it is stated that in the Antarctic the fur-seals are 'practically extinct' through indiscriminate killing. Here is an extract from Mr Roosevelt's report: 'In 1896 over sixteen thousand young seals were found dead from starvation on the

Pribyloff Islands. In 1897 it was estimated that since pelagic sealing began upwards of four hundred thousand adult female seals had been killed at sea, and over three hundred thousand young seals had died of starvation as the result.' Who is responsible for all this bloodshed and torture if not the consumer? London is the great emporium for fur-sealskins, the preparation of such peltry being a speciality of the English, and pre-eminently of London workmen. Doubtless many women little suspect that their sealskin clothes are obtained by so revolting and disgusting a process of torture to the seals, who die in agony under the curse that the merciless vanity of fashion lays upon them. The ruthless, and indeed infamous, ill-treatment of the fur-seal is a special horror, since he is one of the most timid of beings in the world; beautiful, too, is this inquisitive fellow, at once so curiously human and so sharp and intelligent-looking, his whole nature so faithful and loving, and perfectly harmless. [We are indebted for the above information to Mr Joseph Collinson, of the Animals' Friend Society, Portugal Street, London, E.C.]

ABRAHAM'S VINEYARD.

This is the name of a working centre in connection with a society for the relief of distressed Jews, which has for fifty years given unemployed Jews at Jerusalem work in the construction of water-cisterns which in seasons of scarcity have been a great blessing in the giving away of thousands of litres of water free of cost. Two of these cisterns are known as the Birmingham and Halifax water-cisterns, and have been cut out of the compact limestone. Amongst the fifty thousand Jews in Jerusalem many are unable to get employment. One industry is the making of kasher soap from pure olive-oil and alkali grown on Jordan plain, which is said to be a good specific against eczema. The society has also ministered where it could to temporal and spiritual necessities. The number of Jewish farm-colonists in Palestine is now about seven thousand five hundred. One Jewish writer has said that 'the Land of Promise is fast becoming a promising land.' Imports into Jerusalem and exports from the country are on the increase. The establishment of a Turkish Parliament was followed by the election of two members for Jerusalem in the new Parliament at Constantinople, both members of old Moslem families and well educated. The Jew has still little honour in his own country, however. A poor Arabian Jew strayed into the court of the Holy Sepulchre, and was so severely beaten that he died the same day. This society for the relief of distressed Jews has its headquarters at 117 Victoria Street, London, S.W.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE MASTER OF CARRICK.

CHAPTER IV.

OF what took place that night in Inchkerry I could have had no definite account but for the most fortuitous of chances. It so happened that I had an intimate friend in that place, a Captain Dewar of the cargo-boat *Fair Weather*, a St Andrews man of my own day, and indeed originally designed for the Church till he found the calls of a seafaring life too strong for resistance. By one of those coincidences in which old Mr Nicoll used to behold the hand of Providence unstintingly displayed, this Dewar was the principal—and indeed the only—witness of the occurrence; and as it was a tale he was never tired of telling, though by a human failing he added some fresh personal embellishment with each narration, I have had no lack of opportunity to picture the scene for myself.

On this dreadful night, when the Master came back to Scotsbrig in the rain, my friend had been engaged in the transaction of some business with the port-master at Queensferry, and with one thing and another they had made rather a late sitting of it. As I have already told, it was none too fine a night, and down by the Forth, it seems, the fog had lain like a wall, so that, what with the darkness and the difficulty of the way, it would be getting on for midnight by the time he came in sight of Inchkerry. To enter the town from this side you must needs descend a long and tortuous hill, and to the foot of this Dewar had just come when he was amazed to hear a horseman pelting down after him as if in deadly haste. The captain, supposing it to be but some one galloping for a doctor or on some such business, and being little minded to stand about in such a night, was holding on his way, and was just abreast of the school when the rider caught him up and hailed him from the saddle.

'My man,' cried he in a tone of some authority, 'can you point me to the schoolhouse?'

Dewar showed him the schoolhouse just on the other side of the way, and without a word he turned and trotted his horse up to the porch. There was something in the quiet, business-like manner of all this that roused the captain's curiosity, and

he crept back into an alleyway, whence presently he heard the Master beating a thunderous tattoo on Leitch's door.

It would seem from what happened that Leitch was not unused to midnight visitors of a peremptory order—a striking testimony to his dubious modes of living I have hinted at—for he made no survey of the Master from a window, as an ordinary man might have done; or if he did, he must have failed to note any cause for suspicion. I am inclined to suppose myself that he was even in expectation of some message that night, for in an incredibly short space of time there came a great rattling of bolts, and he appeared in the doorway, ready dressed and with a light in his hand. The Master meanwhile had never left his saddle, but remained well aside from the door, so as to hold the schoolmaster peering forward into the darkness.

'Who is there?' said Leitch anxiously.

'Are you Gordon Leitch?' said the Master, as if, Dewar said, a cloth were tied over his mouth.

'I am,' said the schoolmaster. 'Will you state your business?' and for answer came two pistol-shots crashing in his face. 'He cried out once,' said Dewar, 'while the horse reared its own height on the cobbles, and then the light went out in the wind and rain, and the Master was flying down the street with his beast stretched out like a greyhound.'

Dewar ran across the road all in a shiver, and found Leitch still twitching and tossing on his doorstep; but even as the captain came up his head went rattling back on the stones and he stiffened out in death. He had received the Master's first ball through the left eye, and his second through the neck, and he could not have lived two minutes.

As for the Master, I never heard how he spent that night, but I picture him flying over the splashing roads towards Pettycur well on towards the dawn. What were his thoughts and where he made for I have no means of saying; and, indeed, I fancy he himself neither knew nor greatly cared. When a man of the Master's caste has stooped to shoot in cold blood such a creature as Leitch it betokens a strange state of mind, and one that has little reck of consequence. Whatever may have passed in the Master's mind that night, I fancy he had scant place there for the future.

We got the news in Scotsbrig the next forenoon; and, for all the tragedy and terror of the thing, I think that to me it was mostly a relief to have it out at last and done with.

. . . . . .

After this there came another of those intolerable and heart-rending periods of suspense that ran on from hours into days and from days into weeks. During all this weary time there was no news brought to Scotsbrig, or rather some report came almost daily, only to be contradicted within the hour. First we would hear that the Master was lying hidden at Lathrisk or Balgonie, or some such place; then that he was found dead; then that he had won safe to France; and, lastly, that he was no farther off than the Covenanters' Cave on the Bishop's Hill. But in all this was very poor satisfaction, so that in the end we gave over showering questions on every traveller that passed from the south for very weariness of these and similar falsehoods.

In my wanderings of these days I would often meet with old Mr Nicoll and his daughter, who was now returned to the manse. The old man was sadly broken by these fierce events; indeed, I hold them in no small degree responsible for his death, for he never really recovered. He leant very heavily on Ailie's arm, and walked now with a more pronounced stoop and a more feeble air of abstraction. At first I would stop to give him good-morning; but latterly I kept out of his way, for I learnt that he could scarcely bear the sight of me, and always suspected me, by some quirk of an enfeebled reasoning, of having played some villainous design upon him and his. I am told that he would often be heard to say, 'MacConnachie must have known of this,' or 'MacConnachie might have warned me;' though Heaven knows I had done nothing but warn him for months past. Thus it came that I saw but little of the minister's family at that time, nor knew much of how they took these dreadful occurrences.

As for Ailie—though it may be brutal on my part to say it—she had the opportunity of her life. For she was ever an actress, and though it was a painful sight enough to see her walk down the village with her father as stiff as a post, with her white face and her eyes set fast on nothing, still there was overmuch of a pose in it all. I think even the village folk misdoubted her sincerity of heart as much as I did myself, for, with a fault common to young actors, her part was sadly overdone. Heaven forgive me if I misjudge the lass; but I dare swear that even at that very time she was setting her cap at the minister's son from Kinross, who came over three or four Sabbaths to take Mr Nicoll's discourse for him. The king of Ailie's affections could never die, and that is all that can be said about it.

The only real news that came our way in these dark days was what we learned of the Master's dealings in the cause of the Jacobites. It seemed that in this interest he had been extremely busy, yet in a clever and inconspicuous manner that left the Whiggish gentlemen at Edinburgh hard put to it to find anything definite on which they might lay their hands. Yet it was plain enough that if ever he came before them they would think twice before they let him go.

I got the ill tidings in the end from the man I should have deemed the least likely—Lord

Carrick himself. I came upon him quite suddenly one afternoon seated on a stone fallen from one of his own broken-down dikes, his head in his hands, and everything about him testifying to the most supreme dejection. This was so great a change from the jubilance he had shown at our last meeting as to send my heart straight to the blackest of forebodings, which were but strengthened when he raised to me a face in which rage and vexation fought hard for the uppermost hand.

'Good-day, MacConnachie,' said he. 'You 'll have heard the news?'

'What news is that, my lord?' said I, with a sinking heart.

'Rab 's taken,' said he, and drummed his feet on the ground. 'You may well stare,' he went on after a pause, during which I could do nothing but gaze at him over the head of this fresh disaster. 'He was taken at his uncle's'—his uncle was Lord Graham of Dourie, in Midlothian, and one of the staunchest Whigs in the south of Scotland—'and what fool's nonsense brought him there is more than I can conjecture. Graham of Dourie would give away his own son if he so much as let on he knew there was such a name as Stuart in the language. I knew Rab was a fool, but I did him the honour to think him at least sane.'

'Is there no hope of escape, my lord?' I asked.

'Escape!' cried he, slashing the grass with his stick. 'Escape! with a benchful of Whigs praising the Lord for delivering him into their hands? Are you mad too?'

He sat in silence for a while with his brows all puckered up, and then, 'It is very hard on me,' he said.

'My lord,' I cried, 'be sure I sympathise with you most deeply. For a father to lose his son'——

'For a father to lose his fiddlestick!' he roared. 'You mistake my meaning, man. If it came to love, he and I spilt little of that by the way. But here is a fellow with whom I have taken all manner of pains. I have brought him up in the way he should go, and I have done him the honour to entrust him a place, an important place, in the interests I hold most dear. And, first thing, this dolt, this fool, must needs run his calf's head straight into the noose all over a farmyard wench and a reprobate of a thieving schoolmaster!'

He stuttered and choked for an instant in his rage, and then sprang to his feet. 'What have I done,' he cried, cracking his fingers like pistol-shots, 'to be cursed with a madman for a son, as well as a rake?'

'My lord,' said I, 'be of better heart. Things may take a turn.'

He looked at me at first as though he were ready for another outburst, then suddenly his thoughts seemed to change.

'I believe,' said he, looking at me with something of his old dryness—'I believe you may be a truer prophet than you think;' and then with a startling violence, 'Mark my words, MacConnachie, there 's many a slip between cup and lip; but we 'll drink that liquor yet.'

I think now that I never saw the real Lord Carrick save in these minutes; for once he was shaken out of his cynicism and his lassitude, and showed himself for the dangerous old plotter he was.

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It so chanced that the school was up on holidays at the time, and so I stayed in Edinburgh the two days of the Master's trial. Of the proceedings themselves I never missed a moment, and so I brought away with me the fullest possible knowledge of the facts, together with a number of scattered impressions of places and people, mixed, I regret to say, with a very definite distaste for legal procedure and method. For indeed it was a dull case enough, for the evidence was all against the Master; and, for the matter of that, a far poorer prosecution would have passed muster with such a tribunal as sat in judgment over him. Lord Carrick had spoken of a benchful of Whigs, and the Master's ill fortune had brought him against some of the bitterest in the land.

I have no wish to enter into the details of the trial, and indeed I much doubt if I could recapitulate the one half of that confusion of formulæ and argument. All I have carried away with me consists in a few scattered pictures: one of the old Parliament Hall itself, dim and dusty and full of hollow noises; another of the Lord Justice-Clerk, Lord Cockburn of Ormiston, with the rosy face that belied one of the hardest and most Whiggish hearts in the country, him that men used to call the curse of Scotland when the nine of diamonds came up at the cards; and yet another of Dalrymple of Hailes, the Lord Advocate, with his habit of breaking out into fiery little bursts of speech that tried the ear to follow. I have, too, the clearest possible recollection of the Master's counsel, young Murray of Dungairn, who they said would have been the first in the Faculty had he but steered clear of the bottle and the Jacobites. And there is one other picture that I like to think of as little as may be—the Doomster, a long, thin man in black and gray and silver lace, coming in to read the sentence of death.

In the dock the Master behaved himself throughout with a quiet dignity of bearing I had scarce expected. I had thought of him as standing dour and sullen and churlish, and so, I think, our old Master Robert might have done; but he seemed with all these terrible events to have vested himself in a new fashion of deportment more becoming to his rank. When asked whether or no he were guilty of the crime charged against him, he made answer in the most resolute of voices, 'Not guilty of murder, my lords;' and

so, I think, he did indeed believe, for a man does not talk of murdering a snake or a venomous beast. He received his sentence with an air of almost insolent indifference and the bearing of one who is wearied by the tediousness of what goes on around him.

To my mind the person who came worst out of the whole ordeal was Mistress Ailie herself. None had so grave an idea of the importance of the occasion as she, nor so personal an interest in its possibilities. Her evidence amounted to little or nothing, for in the beginning she had little to give, and such trifles as she had she could not or would not make coherent; but I am ready to swear that, between swooning-fits and tears and irrelevancy, she stood in the box a good hour and a half. It was doubtless highly effective, but owing to the dullness of the trial there were but few present to see; and I think I will not be accused of any injustice if I say that these feminine arts would have gained in value by a more stinted display or a more judicious choice of occasion.

I stayed but long enough after the reading of the Master's sentence to request the boon of a short interview with him, and on this being refused with some discourtesy I set out with a sore heart on the road to Scotsbrig. For I conceived that we were come to the end of this business at last, and it was a sad day in all conscience for me.

. . . . . .

And yet I do not think it could have been more than a fortnight after this that we heard of the Master's escape. It is an incident I should like to be able to describe in some detail of circumstance; but this is precluded by the fact that it is a matter of which neither I nor any other man can give any reliable account. The Master's escape is narrated in all manner of ways and attributed to every conceivable agency, yet the real fashion of its accomplishment no man knows. One story has it that he obtained a free pardon; another that he broke prison with the help of a dirk secreted in his clothes; and yet another—which, for the romance of it, I am fain to credit—that he escaped through the assistance of his cousin Lady Mary Cochrane, who changed clothes with him and so got him past the guards. But I fear that after such tales as these the real story, were it known, would prove but a grievous disappointment. I fancy that a few Jacobite friends working in his interest and a few skilfully administered bribes will explain with some nearness to the truth how the Master made his escape from the prison of Edinburgh. But be that as it may, the fact remains that he did in some manner contrive to regain his freedom, and, being once more at large in the world, made haste to withdraw himself from the ken of all who knew him.

. . . . . .

I think that none of us in Scotsbrig had any thought that we should ever set eyes on the Master again; and indeed, now that the stir of this wild affair was finally laid, the folk of the Bishopshire let him slip from their minds. For that was a time of stress and incident, and news of great doings that filtered through into our little backwater by the medium of stray travellers on the North Road. There were tales of risings and rebellions, plot and counter-plot, to make your brain go dizzy; and though we peaceful folk held fast to the principles of Whiggery and had little in the way of action, still we heard news from the north of standards raised in the name of James Stuart, and of fiery crosses sent abroad in the mountains of Perthshire, such as our Lowland ears could only hear and admire. For myself, I was frequently at some pains to analyse my feelings on this great question, yet with little satisfaction. I make no doubt that but for the Master I should have been staunch to the Whigs, but I have told this tale amiss if I have not made it all too clear that the wishes of that unfortunate young gentleman had a tendency to become mine; yet I could not altogether bring myself to cast in my favour with the rebels, and so I remained neither one thing nor another, and had no part in these matters even in conversation.

Thus I was left to a loneliness even greater than before, for Mr Nicoll was taken poorly, and little disposed to see me even at that; and Lord Carrick, with whom I might have exchanged a word, was constantly buried with mysterious papers in the top chamber of his castle, with as much ado as if he alone were responsible for the whole movement. In this lack of companionship I was driven to an overclose habit of reading, mainly in the sphere of philosophy and metaphysics; but I found these studies overwearing for constant attention, and so in the end I was left to my own thoughts. And it was in the depth of this loneliness and depression that the Master came to see me.

He came not long after lamplight on a gusty night of October, and he had pushed open the door and walked into my little room before I knew that aught was happening. He had the air of one who had ridden far and hard, and as he tossed his hat on to the table and sank into a chair he heaved a sigh of the profoundest relief. All this time I was so much taken aback that I could do nought but stay gaping where I was, half-risen from my seat, with my book fallen to the floor beside me. Yet I had sense enough left to note with appreciation a still further improvement in his bearing, for though his face was drawn with weariness, he carried himself with a striking air of confidence and all the mien of a gentleman and a commander.

At the sight of my staring face he burst into a roar of laughter. 'MacConnachie,' said he, 'ye seem some amazed to see me.'

'Amazed indeed, and happy, Master Robert,'

said I, finding my tongue at last; 'for we thought never to see you again.'

His face clouded. 'And like as not,' said he 'ye never will—after this night. There is trouble afoot now, MacConnachie, that will never be settled cheaply.'

'Then, Master Robert,' said I, 'is it safe for you to be here?'

'To tell ye the truth,' he made answer, 'I fear it is far otherwise; but I have little heed of that now. Besides, they say folk don't hunt for devils in churches, on which principle they'll look for me in a few places before they come to Scotsbrig. The truth is, I was ridden near done, scouring about among the "honest folk" up in Perthshire, and there was your light shining as I came by, and a kind soul, I knew, behind it, and there was an end of it all.'

'And I am happy you came, Master Robert,' I said, and pressed him to take some food, but he would have none of it.

'I must be off to the south ere many minutes,' said he. 'This is no more than a farewell visit.'

I was just about to question him as to the manner of his faring since last I had seen him; and already, so elastic is human hope, I was planning out a brighter future than anything that had yet been, when the final catastrophe—for so I must regard it—of all this ill-starred business came upon us. There was a rush of light footfalls without, and a great gust of wind as the door flew open, and there was Ailie, flushed and breathless, with her hair all blown about her eyes. She had seen the Master pass the manse, and had come hot-foot after him just as she was. She stood an instant in the frame of the doorway, then came straight to the table and with a sudden movement threw out both her arms.

I cannot describe the expression that came over the Master's face at that moment. He had risen to his feet as the door opened, and he now remained standing, or rather half-leaning against the table, with his head thrust forward and the lamplight playing full on his features. It was the face of one struck out of half his senses by some great emotion—a face in which all manner of frightful temptations fought for the mastery, in which fierce impulses chased each other as I have seen the cloud-shadows come and go on the loch. He made no sound, but he breathed like a man in a lethargy, and the hand he rested on the table twitched. I think if I could have found my voice I should have screamed at her to go, but I had never a word left.

How long they may have stood so gazing at each other across the table Heaven knows, but at last she broke out with what was meant for his name, but was more like a gasp or a sob cut short in the middle. He made no more heed than a thing of stone.

She fought in her throat, and at last she got out a word. 'Rab,' she cried, 'I've come back.'

Still he said never a word, but there was a dawning light of self-mastery in his eyes. She came a step nearer, and at that I think he shivered.

'Rab,' she cried again most passionately, 'will ye not take me back? There was never any man for me but you.'

'There was a man called Gordon Leitch,' said he at last, his lips dry and his voice like ice.

'Gordon Leitch!' says she, in a sudden flare of passion. 'Gordon Leitch! What was he to me? I never wanted him; I never cared for him. Would God I had never seen him! It was you—you always.'

I confess I have never seen a woman play a viler part or look finer in the playing of it. But the Master made her no reply. Very slowly he took up his hat from where it lay on the table, and then with the most dreadful deliberation he drew his pistol from his belt. All the while she stood without a move, her arms still outstretched towards him; but she watched him with a growing terror in her face. As for me, I sat speechless in my corner, fearful of I knew not what.

'Ailie,' said he, still as though some one else were speaking through him, 'ye see this pistol? It shot your husband, and, 'fore Heaven! if you had been worth the lead it would have shot you after him. As things are I will keep it for a worthier mark.'

She gave a sort of choking scream, and her gray eyes stared at him in anguish. Slowly he put the weapon back.

'I pray God,' said he, with the most dreadful air of finality, 'that I may never see you again!'

He turned suddenly, threw one sad smile into the corner where I sat, and was gone. I heard his horse go clattering up the hill for the last time.

I was jerked roughly back to my senses by a great crash, and there was Ailie fallen forward across the table, and sobbing as though the end of her world were come.

THE END.

LOVE'S HYPERBOLE.

Yours is a face and form could spare
Enough to make all others fair;
Yours is a soul whose deadliest sin
From Heaven a special grace should win;
Yours is a wit can pay its wage,
And natheless show a surplusage;
Yours is a heart that holds in fee
The world—and yet gives all to me.

G. S. LAYARD.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

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THE STEWARD OF THE 'SILCHESTER.'

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *Little Mother Lou*, &c.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE steward emerged from the galley and glanced fore and aft through the haze of fine coal-dust, where, dimly discernible, the grimy workers were stowing the black cargo in the holds. He blew the particles before him with an expression of disgust. It was nearly six o'clock of an afternoon in May, a lovely afternoon where the atmosphere was clear; and the *Silchester*, a comparatively new steamer, built on fine lines and well appointed, was due to sail at midnight. Sneering onlookers ignominiously styled her an 'ocean tramp;' and with a heavy list to starboard because of her untrimmed cargo—leaning against the harbour-wall like an insecure inebriate, the black dust settling quickly upon her alow and aloft—she seemed for the moment to justify the name.

The captain had not appeared yet. The first mate, Mr Dickenson, was superintending affairs aft; the second, Mr Gray, forward; and Adam Daddo, the steward, unable to escape the coal-dust and consumed by a burning thirst, stepped unsteadily toward the gangway which connected the ship with the shore. His object was twofold—to wash down the particles and to smuggle aboard an additional supply of spirits to that already secreted beneath the mattress in his bunk. He was a small man, with a bulbous nose and cunning, bleary eyes deeply sunken behind the swollen lids; bearing, too, on his puffy cheeks the unmistakable marks of alcoholic dissipation. The gangway, an unprotected plank, required cautious negotiation; but once ashore he steered with tolerable straightness along the quay, passed the prominent inns, and lurched down a side street toward an inn much more secluded, where, with a smile of satisfaction, he settled down to continue a briefly interrupted carouse. It appeared extremely probable that the *Silchester* would sail at midnight with a fuddled steward.

The probability was defeated by a singular compact made between Adam Daddo and a stranger who had watched him come ashore and followed him to the inn. The stranger was a contrast to Daddo—unusually tall, quite six feet three, proportionately built, and with a splendid physique, his face healthily tanned and clean shaven except for the neatly trimmed dark moustache; Daddo wore a straggling beard. The eyes of the stranger, a bluish gray, were open and fearless and very steady. He was negligently dressed in second-hand tweeds a trifle better than Daddo's, and his large head, covered with abundant brown hair, was surmounted by a peaked cap that was twin to Daddo's own. As luck would have it, and to the stranger's relief, Daddo was alone in a room called the 'snug,' a long and narrow room specially boarded off for the accommodation of men like him.

Quietly sitting down, the stranger eyed the man he had watched and followed studiously. He called for liquor, and when the landlord brought it he eyed him also, paid for it, and then allowed it to remain untasted before him. Daddo drained his own glass.

'Have another?' suggested the stranger, producing a coin.

'Thanks, matey!' responded Daddo, and another was brought.

'You belong to the *Silchester*,' said the stranger when Daddo had sipped this second supply.

'Steward,' hiccupped Daddo.

'Where is she bound to?' asked the stranger.

'Syra to unload, then to the Azov for a cargo home,' responded Daddo.

'Grain?'

'No; wool mostly, and the remainder linseed.'

'Ah, then she will lie off Taganrog.'

'In the roads, matey—the God-forsaken roads!' and Daddo shook his head lugubriously, remembering that there no liquor could be bought, and his secret resources would be quite exhausted.

'When does she sail?'

'At midnight with the tide;' and, tipping up his glass, Daddo swallowed the contents and lowered it in a reverie.

'Have another?' and again a coin appeared.

He consented with a sickly smile, and when the landlord brought it the stranger followed him out. A whispered consultation ensued. The landlord was inclined to be reticent. His

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lips were lubricated by a rustling note, and the steward's name popped out—repeated in an undertone by the stranger, to make sure of it, for to him it was unfamiliar; then a promise was given to find a bedroom for the steward, where, undisturbed and denied to all inquirers, he might slowly sleep off the effects of his intoxication.

The stranger returned to the 'snug.' 'You will be back—when?' he asked.

'In three months or thereabouts,' answered Daddo.

'And your pay will be'—— And the stranger paused.

'That depends on what I sub,' said Daddo. 'Half goes to my wife—three pounds five every month; the other comes to me.'

'Six pounds ten a month?'

'Ay, matey. You're quick to reckon.'

'Look here!' and the stranger fixed him with his eye. 'Your wife will get the half all right. I will let you have the other half, and more;' and, pulling out a sheaf of notes, he counted three, and pushed them towards him. 'Take these, and stop at home this voyage. Next voyage you can have your berth back.'

'Do you mean it, matey?' asked Daddo, his comprehension muddled, but sufficiently aware that the ready money and three months ashore would give him the opportunity of a prolonged indulgence such as his besotted soul had often craved.

'There is the proof,' replied the stranger, pointing at the notes.

'And—what'—— But Daddo's brain was confused. He was incapable of following out the thought. He folded the notes, thrust them into his pocket, and again emptied his glass.

An hour later the stranger and the landlord carried him to bed.

At a quarter to twelve Captain Chirgwin was pacing the bridge impatiently, much annoyed at the steward's delay. He had come aboard himself at nine o'clock. Half-an-hour later he had sent the ship's carpenter to search the public-houses adjacent to the quay, and to hale the steward aboard, drunk or sober, by the scruff of the neck if need be. The search was futile. Not a trace of him had the ship's carpenter come across. To depart without him meant possible inconvenience all through the voyage. He was cook and steward in one, and when sober fairly competent and trustworthy. A man before the mast might be promoted to his position, but that would leave the ship short-handed in the forecastle.

Five minutes passed, and another five, and the captain, watch in hand, stood at the end of the bridge where it was canted over toward the quay, and tried to penetrate the gloom beyond the radius of the electric light. The coal-heavers had gone ashore. The two mates, with their watches beside them, were grouped fore and aft in preparation for the departure. All was ready to cast off. He could not wait for the truant steward. Five minutes more and they must glide away.

'Captain Chirgwin!'

'What do you want, my man?' he responded, glancing down and beholding a big fellow, with his face uplifted, on the very edge of the wharf.

'A berth as steward, sir,' he replied.

'Jump aboard!' cried the captain after a moment's pause; then, abandoning Daddo, he strode to the centre of the bridge. 'Clear away for'a'd!' he bawled, and signalled the 'stand-by' to the engine-room. Soon, with answering shouts from the two mates and repeating tinkles from the recesses of the ship, the *Silchester* swung out, grimy still, and with her heavy list to starboard, and headed down the estuary toward the open sea.

The captain thought in the moment's pause that the man below him had heard of Daddo's delay, and was there waiting on the off-chance of securing the vacant berth. Then, absorbed in handling the ship, he thought no more about him. He was startled, therefore, when, at four-bells of the middle watch—although, as a matter of fact, the watches had not been set and all the men were busy—a giant figure ascended the bridge and obsequiously stepped toward him.

'A cup of coffee, sir,' said he, extending the warm and fragrant beverage.

'Who are you? Oh, the new steward!' And there was something in the man's tone and manner which led him to say, 'Thank you!'

The man retired as quietly as he had come. The captain flattered himself that he had gained a treasure. It was considerate of the steward, unasked, unthought of even, to bring him a cup of coffee at four-bells—such an excellent cup, too, made to perfection. Most stewards would have turned in and fallen asleep—Adam Daddo drunk, to a dead certainty.

In the clear morning light, with the land on the port beam, the *Silchester* steamed southward smoothly and on an even keel. The coal had been trimmed. The hatches were partially open to allow of the escape of a possible accumulation of gas from the closely laden holds. The grimy dust had all been blown away by the night breezes. The decks had been deluged with water. The newly polished brasswork was twinkling in the sunshine. As she glided gracefully over the deep every curve of her shapely hull, and the glittering spray rippling from her cut-water, repudiated, laughed to scorn, the ugly imputation that she was only an 'ocean tramp.' A tramp indeed! Why, from stem to stern and from truck to keelson she was as trim as a liner. Her cabin, too—saloon more worthily—with its spacious pier-glass and gilded pilasters and

mahogany panels, was as dainty as a lady's boudoir and as neat as a new pin. When Captain Chirgwin emerged from his sanctum and saw it, he was aware at once that another hand than Adam Daddo's had been at work. The canary, in a cage suspended from the open skylight, was singing his thanks for a supply of seed and water fresh from the filter earlier than usual; indeed, on the voyage hitherto he had been dependent upon the captain, and in port or in the roads upon the uncertain whim of Adam Daddo. But the new steward, sighting him, and pleased with his cheery call, had attended immediately to his needs. The table was laid. Whiter napery could not be desired; the crockery was clean; the plated nickel shone like real silver; the glasses were polished till there was not a speck on them.

It was close upon eight-bells, the termination of the morning watch, and breakfast was ready. Spick-and-span, the stately steward stepped in, presenting a decided contrast to the spotty appearance of Adam Daddo. He was not lurching and grumpy, as Adam Daddo would have been on this first morning at sea, but straight, grave, and alert. The covers were removed before the bells had finished sounding. The chief engineer, Mr Macpherson, and the first mate, Mr Dickenson, following closely on each other's heels, glanced at him inquisitively and with a touch of surprise. 'Good-morning!' said they involuntarily and together almost, as they took their seats. The steward stood at the captain's elbow; their wants were quickly and deferentially anticipated, and the captain flattered himself again that Daddo's singular substitute was by far the better man.

'I would like to see you after breakfast, steward, in the chart-room,' said Captain Chirgwin, rising.

'Yes, sir,' he responded smartly.

The second engineer and the second mate took the vacant places, and, much to their surprise, the steward served them courteously; maintaining, however, a reserve they were not used to. Adam Daddo had treated them as equals, or nearly so, encroaching upon their familiarity, and sometimes they had been obliged to snub him; but they could not snub the new steward—there was no occasion for it. With all his courtesy, and notwithstanding his assiduous attention, there was a certain breeding about him, a *hauteur* almost, that checked them. He might have been their superior. He unconsciously enforced their respect.

'Sign here, steward, please,' said the captain when he entered the chart-room, indicating a space in the ship's articles below the name of Adam Daddo.

The steward took the pen and began to trace the straggling lines of the signature of his predecessor.

'No,' corrected the captain, stopping him; 'that's no good. Your own name, please, below.'

'This is not erased, sir.'

'It shall be.'

'My name is Adam Daddo, sir.'

'Never!' exclaimed the captain, taken by surprise. Then, fixing his eyes upon him, 'You cannot expect me to believe that.'

'No, sir, I cannot; but that is the name I prefer to be known by.' And, dipping his pen again, he resumed the tracing, and presented the wet signature to the captain's astonished gaze.

So few words had passed between them that not until now had the captain observed his faint foreign accent. It was very faint—a mere suggestion mainly in the clipped deliberateness of his words. No abbreviations escaped him. It was the excellent English of a clever linguist.

From the wet tracing of Daddo's scrawl he turned his eyes again to the steward's face. What was he? A Lithuanian, a Swede, a Dane? The captain could not satisfactorily locate him. His eyes were clear; his features were firmly modelled; his bearing was soldierly. Beneath the ruddy tinge of his sunburnt complexion the slightly sallow skin showed itself — not sallower, however, than that of many an Englishman. His tall, straight figure impressed the captain—a figure harmoniously massive in its proportions and the repository of a gigantic reserve strength.

'Why should you masquerade as Adam Daddo?' he asked, a trifle annoyed.

'He has a wife—this Adam Daddo, sir?' returned the steward calmly.

'Yes.'

'And half his wages, sir, are paid monthly to the wife?'

'That is so.'

'I do not wish to disturb the arrangement.'

'Oh, do you know Mrs Daddo?'

'I have not that pleasure, sir.'

'And the other half of the wages?'

'Are mine, sir, I suppose.'

'I cannot reckon you up, steward.'

'Perhaps not, sir;' and he smiled.

'What about the log-book? I must make some entry to say how you came aboard.'

'I may not presume to advise you, sir. I am only your steward, and will serve you, under the name of Adam Daddo, out and home. The signature is there, mine as well as his, open to inspection. The wife may suffer. Let the log-book be.'

'I'll think about it,' said the captain, musing.

'Thank you, sir;' and, touching his cap, the steward withdrew.

The captain mused on. The steward puzzled him. Why should he personate Adam Daddo? There was some secret design in it, but what the captain could not fathom. He decided at last to

make no entry in the log-book. It was irregular; he was not quite easy about it; but he thought of Mrs Daddo. An entry in the log-book would involve the stoppage of the stipulated half-pay. For her sake partly, and partly to please the steward, also to see what would come of it—for his curiosity was aroused—he would assume that Adam Daddo was on board. The tracing of the signature was a subterfuge, one link in a scheme maybe worked out beforehand, into which events might fit subsequently, and these events he would carefully watch for and try to prevent possible unpleasant results.

The men of the forecastle, better catered for and provided with liberal rations, approved of the change of steward, although they knew absolutely nothing of the circumstances which had resulted in the change. Not a man among them had seen the new steward jump aboard. All were busy, and they had moved away under the impression that the old steward had been shipped—'Pig-face,' as they called him—and not this big stranger who served them silently but served them well. He held a little aloof, and did not return their banter. They put this down to his lack of understanding; he was a foreigner evidently, and not ready at repartee; but his faults, if faults they could be called—quietness, reserve, gravity—were more than atoned for by the excellence of his cooking, his varieties of diet, and the fact that he was always up to time.

Twice on the voyage out the captain's misgiving deepened.

They plunged across the Bay, and off Finisterre met slight head-winds which increased the draught of the flues and sent them running briskly down the coast of Portugal. Within the Strait, however, they found a steadier sea. Here, one calm evening, the captain, stepping down from the bridge, and happening to glance through the chart-room port-hole, saw the steward within. He had no business there at that hour. He was stooping over an open sheet, pencil in hand, and tracing something from it upon a piece of tissue-paper. The first impulse of the captain was to rush in and intercept him, the second to watch and discover his purpose. In less than a minute the tracing was complete. Comparing it with the original, he placed it in his pocket; folded the sheet, and put it back within the drawer; opened the door, and stepped out, leaving it open, as was usual unless the weather was stormy; and passed down the companion amidships to his own berth. There was no attempt at concealment. On going in, however, he must have closed the door.

The captain entered the chart-room. He pulled out the drawer and found that the topmost paper was the ship's articles. It was intact. Apart from the copy taken, it had not been tampered with in any way. The captain—mystified, but resolved to discover the reason—followed him, and came upon him, seated in his berth, copying from the tissue-paper Adam Daddo's signature.

The captain's mystification increased. Was he obsessed of Adam Daddo? It was a singular proceeding, to say the least of it; and the unauthorised entrance into the chart-room and the use of the ship's papers without permission was unjustifiable, an offence meriting instant punishment. But there he sat, apparently unconcerned, without the least attempt to hide his occupation, and lifting steady eyes to the captain's face.

'Do you want me, sir?' he innocently inquired.

'You've been in the chart-room,' said the captain severely.

'To make sure of the signature, sir;' and he pushed the tissue paper-toward him. 'I desire to become proficient in writing my own name.'

'Nonsense!' cried the captain, exasperated. He would have sworn had he been addicted to the habit. 'Tomfoolery like this is leading you into mischief. You had no right to enter the chart-room. A ship's papers are sacred.'

'I am sorry, sir,' replied the steward. 'I meant no offence;' and, from the steadiness of his eyes and the candour of his expression, the captain had no option but to believe him.

'What's at the bottom of it?' he demanded.

'At the bottom of it, sir?' repeated the steward in affected surprise. 'This'—and he placed his finger on the tissue-paper—'for practice, that I may write it perfectly.'

'And what else?'

'That remains to be seen; nothing, sir, that will harm you or the ship you are master of.' Then, altering his tone, he pleaded, 'Trust me!'

'You're the queerest steward I've ever sailed with, and,' added the captain, as if it were an afterthought, 'the best.'

'It would be a calamity, sir,' returned the steward gravely, 'if I were to forfeit your confidence;' then, with a swift smile, 'I hope to retain it. Pardon me this one delinquency. It was not intended. The signature may be important to me—I cannot tell; and for my safety, sir, I had to procure it. It might have been better, perhaps it would have been, to have asked your permission first.'

'It certainly would,' said the captain, and he left the cabin.

But the steward doubted it.

Eight days they remained in Syra discharging the cargo, and then proceeded northward through the narrow seas. A brief stay off Scutari brought the usual crowd of bumboats about them. The steward seldom appeared. From his berth to the galley and from the galley fore and aft he passed quietly when his duties called him. The islands of the Ægean, the classic shores of the Dardanelles, and the lovely expanse of the Sea

of Marmora had no attractions for him; nor did he venture out of his seclusion to view Stamboul. The bumboats, with their fruits and wares, appealed to him in vain. He was glad when they were moving again and the two continents were sliding by with their passage through the Bosphorus.

In the Black Sea, the morning after the Bosphorus was cleared, the captain was disturbed again. Passing the steward's berth, the door of which was slightly ajar, he glanced in, not inquisitively, but in obedience to a natural impulse, and was greatly amazed to see reflected in a small mirror the bearded features of an aged man. Surely, thought he swiftly—and, as he thought, the face vanished—the steward is not concealing a stowaway in his cabin! He tapped at the door. 'Are you there, steward?' he asked.

'Yes, sir,' came the answer on an instant, and at the same time the door swung open and the steward faced him.

'Alone?' persisted the captain.

'Quite alone, sir;' and the steward, apparently surprised, looked round the cabin, and by his manner invited the captain to search it with his eyes.

'I thought I caught the reflection of another face in your glass;' and the captain glanced curiously at the mirror.

'Indeed, sir!' returned the steward, with his steady and rather disconcerting gaze.

'Strange!' murmured the captain. 'I must have been mistaken;' and he went his way more mystified than ever.

The steward's assumed innocent gravity broke slowly into a knowing smile.

(To be continued.)

THE OPEN ROAD.

By Lawrence B. Jupp.

The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear,
Of the broad road that stretches, and the roadside fire.

YOUTH is indissolubly associated with the song of the open road; neither shall that song cease to charm so long as youth retains the freshness and buoyancy of a hope which sets the feet aswing and the high heart aglow to the ringing rhythm of the road. Old age, at ease in the chimney-corner, with stiffening limbs and relaxed sinews, must perforce live on memories; not for him the rude, friendly buffet of the blast, the sudden swoop of the kindly rain, the hot stare of the amourist sun at noontide, when the drowsy silence of the fields is only broken by the crickets chorusing in the dry, bleached grass. The clouds that gather as the day declines are purpurate and crimson with the glory of the departing sun; to old age, looking backward, the hues deepen, until their beauty, seen by those failing eyes, waxes unearthly—for them the afterglow of their life's brief evening blends with the spendours of the coming day.

From the house where I was born, near the summit of a low eminence, it was but a step to the brow of the hill. Eastwards, the broad white ribbon of road, narrowing in the far distance to a tiny thread, ran curveless between untrimmed, tangled hedges, thick-powdered with dust in the short summer solstice, withered and sear in the long gray winter months, yet not lacking a touch of colour even then, ere the questing birds had made an end of the red hips and haws, the free fruits of the highway. In late spring-time the fragrant dog-roses, pink and white-tinted like the fragile shells of the seashore, hung in arched sprays, beset with keen thorns, as childish fingers knew to their cost; the wayside ditches were matted with shy primroses and scentless violets; blue speckled eggs—choice treasures these—lay in cunningly concealed nests; and, ah! the autumn spoils of clustering blackberries (staining with purple juice the eager lips), the pale gold and hectic carmine of the hedge-leaves, the trailing wild clematis or traveller's joy, the sweet bryony, the clinging wolf's-bane, deadliest nightshade, of which we stood in certain awe.

There were hazel-trees in a small copse not far from the road, where the brown nightingale used to sing all through the balmy month of May, and goodly store of nuts matured in the mild, pensive days of misty October. The lithe red squirrel, swinging from bough to bough, chattered quite fiercely when he saw the intruders upon his domain; we were more than half-afraid of him, I believe, when he showed his sharp white teeth and grinned down at us from an inaccessible branch. Near the spinney stood a neglected orchard, beloved of green-linnet and shrill-voiced starling, haunted by gray thrush and glossy blackbird. To us children it was a veritable garden of the Hesperides; golden were the apples on those old mossed trees whose gnarled and crooked limbs swept the untended sward; russet and wrinkled the autumnal windfalls, like the weather-beaten cheeks of hale and hearty old age. In looking back it seems to me to have been ever a place of chequered sunbeams, subdued light, and dappled shade. Blossoms too, in 'warm white clouds, pink pearled,' and fragrant scents of spring in due season; innumerable bees, honey-seeking vagrants; and lush grass on which the stray cattle grazed. There was a well-worn gap in the quickset hedge, useful alike to children and predatory kine. Beyond the orchard was the farmstead garden, full of old-world flowers

—rosemary, tall hollyhocks, stocks, marjoram, wild thyme, sky-blue larkspur, frail lilies, sweet lavender (faded sprigs lay in the big linen-press diffusing a delicious perfume, which even now I can recall); and roses everywhere, deep-damask blooms, delicate buds just flecked with colour, creamy roses smothering the south wall of the house and invading the red-tiled roof stained with orange and gray-green lichens. Straw-thatched beehives stood in a sunny corner where the ivy-stems grew as thick as a man's arm, and a centenarian tortoise lived the secluded, dreamy life of extreme eld somewhere among those twisted roots. The swallows returned year by year to the snug, sheltered eaves. In the early days of summer, when the dawn awoke red-eyed, the incessant twittering of the young and hungry brood's voracious, gaping mouths, all eager to be filled, roused us from slumber. Stealing stealthily down the dim, creaking staircase, we took a hint from the swallows, and sought the dark pantry, then out into the dewy meadows, orchis-starred, where a light mist lay like thin smoke.

At the foot of the hill a little streamlet crossed the road, a slender trickle save when a sudden thunder-shower or heavy winter rain changed it into a swollen, noisy torrent hardly to be crossed by the old, rickety plank-bridge without a shudder of apprehension; but on peaceful summer evenings the swallows and swifts hawked there for insects, and the midges spun their mazy dance, golden atoms as the slanting sunbeams fell athwart the still waters. At dusk the bats flickered erratically above the hedges; every evening the barn-owl went by on his accustomed round, and the hares limped out into the quiet, twilight fields, throwing long shadows on the sward as they stayed to nibble at the succulent young shoots. Presently the dull gray of the stream was broken by a broad silvery ripple as the big moon came sailing up over the ricks in the farmyard, where the lowing cows were being milked by Molly and Jess.

In January, when the biting frost had given place to snow as soft as swan's-down, we used sometimes to search the meadows between the high-road and the hazel copse for the tracks of bird and beast—countless little patterns worked on the surface of the yielding snow; now and then the neat pad of a prowling fox, always the slurred trail of a hare or two, rabbits of course, and perhaps the tail-feather of a stray pheasant from the squire's covers three or four miles distant. Once, I recollect, we came upon a rabbit dead in a ditch half-full of ice and frozen snow, dead but still warm, with glazed, pathetic eyes, and behind one ear a single spot of crimson blood. A weasel glided away from almost beneath our feet, and vanished among the stiff, rimy grasses. Village tradition spoke of a badger's earth in a warren by an old disused sand-pit at the far side of the copse. And an aged shepherd on the farm was wont quaveringly to tell how one fine morning, when searching along the brook-banks for a ewe that had cast herself, he came across the 'seal' of an otter on a mud-flat; but it is a great while ago now, and to-day I doubt if there is an otter to be found nearer than the river which winds its way to the sea twelve miles or more from the course of the stripling stream.

On a very clear morning, looking from the summit of the hill, a keen pair of eyes might detect a faint, far-away glimmer overhung by a blue haze, and perhaps at earliest peep of dawn a pallid gleam as the uprising sun shot a silvery shaft obliquely. That, we knew, was the sea; and who can adequately express all those simple words 'the sea' mean to the properly constituted child? Buccaneers of the most pleasingly ferocious type—oh never to be sufficiently deplored Robert Louis Stevenson, and *Treasure Island*, the delight of many a schoolboy hour! Tropical forests, the haunt of savage beasts, and still more savage, primitive men, where brilliant-plumaged birds flash by, and strange, grotesque, bearded faces (mere apes these) peer impudently down through the blood-red flowering foliage. Deserted islands, with 'lazy, locked lagoons,' on whose encircling coral-reefs the ceaseless surges boom and burst in rainbow clouds of iridescent spray. Tall, feathery-crested coco-palm trees, and spicy cinnamon-groves. Foreign ports, their narrow, cut-throat streets thronged with mahogany-faced, ringleted sailors fresh from the Spanish Main, full of strange oaths, and with golden circlets in their ears. Great ocean liners, their smoke-stacks white with flying spume, pushing their way through the leaping, foam-capped waves. Cruel, uncharted rocks lying malevolently in wait for the luckless mariner. All these fancies, and many more besides, possessed us, I think, as we stood on the hill-crest and gazed eastwards at the dim haze and that pale sheeny glimmer which was the sea.

The little red-roofed country town lay in a hollow. Regularly once a week, on market-days, it awoke to life and bustle; then the quaint, crooked streets were crowded with farmers and their wives—good, honest-featured people, as unlike those old godless pirates we were so fond of reading about as it is possible to imagine folk to be. There is, or rather was, an ancient coaching inn in the principal street of the town—a hostelry full of mystery to us mainly by reason of its worm-eaten, crumbling galleries and odd, unexpected snuggeries. The old church, with its deep, dog-toothed Norman porch, was always an inviting place. Within—for it was never locked—the venerable stained-glass windows threw a shifting chequer of parti-coloured light upon the dusky chancel floor and the time-worn tombs of men and women long since dead and at rest; but whosoever lists may yet read a record of their virtues and charitable

bequests engraved with many a fine flourish and flowery capital upon their memorial stones. Crusaders too, stiff, recumbent figures, with arms and legs devoutly crossed. Tarnished mail and morion, and a tattered banner, still hung in the darksome chantry chapel, with its bare altar and saintly statues, these last sadly mutilated and defaced ever since the day Cromwell's stern troopers invaded the sanctuary with ruthless, iconoclastic hands. A 'lepers'-hole' in one of the chancel walls, through which the unfortunate afflicted ones used to snatch such stray crumbs of grace as poor humanity then thought should suffice them, was an unfailing source of attraction to us. I am afraid we were wont to impersonate lepers when the paternal or maternal eye had momentarily released its vigilance. A sonorous, sounding chime was another of our childhood's delights. From the square, sturdy church-tower one had a view of the winding river and the red-bronze sails of slow barges creeping leisurely along. Sometimes big steamers glided between the marshy banks, belching black clouds of smoke as they hurried down to the illimitable sea. Ah, how we envied the meanest, most bullyragged little cabin-boy on the dingiest, smuttiest collier of them all in those dear early days!

Even the dusty tramps who journeyed on the open road, by yellowing harvest-fields and brown fallows where the piping plovers flocked, as they passed from town to town, were objects of sympathetic interest to us. It seemed the height of earthly bliss that careless, roving life. No cramping betwixt the four stifling walls of a house, but a free, happy existence, with only the high roof of heaven above them, the cheerful light of the sun by day, and by night the watchful stars and moon, the red glow of the roadside fire, the camp on the outskirts of a shadowy wood or deep in some secluded dingle, such as sheltered George Borrow (that well-beloved vagabond), or perhaps a ragged brown tent at the edge of a breezy common—'bed in the bush with stars to see'—and ever the melancholy sough of the wind for lullaby. We took not into our youthful consideration winter's snows and iron frosts; or if we did, it was only to think of them in conjunction with a cosy gipsy caravan lumbering slowly through village and hamlet, with rakish chimney smoking like a kiln—most desirable of abodes!—snug little windows close-curtained, and a shaggy old horse—when one felt weary of wandering between the hedgerows or exploring mysterious bypaths.

Another road I remember some years later, far away in the mountainous North Country, a land made memorable by legendary lore and haunting Border minstrelsy. Nearly four hundred miles from busy, populous London, according to the moss-grown milestones by the wayside; a road that threaded a wide, fertile plain, where three winding waters hastened to join 'Tweed's fair river.' Westwards, beyond the plain, the heathery fells and immemorial hills heaved themselves up into the drifting cloud-rack—broad-shouldered Cheviot and steep Hedgehope; Homildon's green slopes and broomy hollows, once stained with gallant blood when brave Douglas and fiery Hotspur threw down the gage of battle; and low in the north-west, shelving abruptly, that fatal wooded ridge where, in the old bad times, 'all shattered was proud Scotland's might, and shivered was her spear.' Near our house stood a gray, ruined peel-tower, connected with which were numerous fascinating traditions of a sanguinary description; a decrepit relic of ancient Border-days, when feuds were many and the sword was mightier than the sheep and cattle pen. In a meadow, a few yards from the high-road, an immense boulder, lichen-stained and rather resembling a huge barbaric altar of sacrifice, marked the spot where the bones of those who fell in one of these fierce forays had long, long ago crumbled away and become even as their parent dust. The sun, I remember, seemed to my boyish fancy always to set more redly behind dark Flodden Edge than it did when viewed from any other standpoint, and dusk came down upon the sombre hills full of the whisper of an 'unrecorded woe,'

> Old as the battle of those Border kings
> Slain in the darkling hollow lands below.

The inexorable years slipped by, and the time arrived for me to quit my native shores. It was a mild day in February, with a foretaste of spring in the soft air, when the stately liner, dropping down the crowded river, passed within a comparatively short distance of that thin white ribbon of road I had known so well in former days. The wide mud-flats of the Essex coast gleamed redly in the light of the setting sun; the green, wooded Kentish heights, with here and there a peaceful homestead and a skyward-pointing spire, were clear-cut against a sky all daffodil and rose. Slowly the radiance died from the gray-bosomed river and the shadow-haunted land; the hills grew blurred and indistinct, the marsh meadows dull and ill-defined. Lights began to twinkle out alongshore in little yellow clusters, brilliant constellations. Gradually the vast cohorts of the stars wheeled silently into their appointed heavenly places, and borne to us by the desolate night-wind came 'murmurs and scents of the infinite sea.' So southwards on the out-trail, along the broad open road of the boundless ocean.

And now, to-day, where the monotonous stock-route cuts through the vast virgin forest-lands and far-reaching scrub-clad plains of wild Western Australia, I am at one with the free companions of the ever-open road. Many hundreds of leagues north and south stretches that rough and heavy track, and here, moving leisurely from camp to camp, from well to well, by day and

night the big droves of lean horned cattle come with a thunderous tramp as of an army on the march. Huddled together, roan, red, black, and white wild-eyed, bellowing mobs, that, scenting water at the end of a long and thirsty stage, suddenly stampede, an irresistible phalanx overbearing all opposition. On their flanks ride tireless drovers, lean as the cattle they tend, bestriding thin and wiry horses. The deep brool of a maddened bull, the rifle-crack of a curling stock-whip, the gruff voices of centaur-like men, these sounds come to me of an evening as I stand in the green forest-clearing gazing down the darkening track. Or, beneath the stars, by the wayside fire, when the crackling logs hurl a myriad golden sparks upward, we forgather while the billy boils and the drovers make their frugal meal. Tough, indomitable fellows these, all whipcord and sinew, as full of resource as old Ulysses himself, the 'many-counselled' wanderer; nomadic men, who by reason of their constant communing with Nature in her every mood seem to have drawn from her great bosom something of her own infinite strength in reserve-power lying latent, the quiet confidence which comes to those who dwell apart from crowded cities, who hear the call of the wild for ever ringing in their ears, and unquestionably obey its imperative command. Quaint legend and wise bush-lore I have learnt from the bearded lips of these big-hearted, kindly folk, smoking together over the camp-fire of nights, when the moon rose big and yellow above the barren ranges, and the curlews cried eerily along the flooded flats. Occasionally a plodding swagman comes by, bent beneath the weight of his worldly possessions—silent, uncommunicative vagrants for the most part, reminding me somewhat of the tramps on that old road of my boyhood's days, twelve thousand miles away now. They beg a little flour or a stick of tobacco maybe, and then on again into the unknown. I have never sighted one of these passing ships a second time; we hail one another in friendly spirit and go upon our several ways with a cheery '*Bonne fortune, camarade.*'

About a mile from my camp, when I first settled down here, a shaggy, elderly individual lived a lonely life in a flimsy hessian hut. He gained a livelihood by shooting kangaroos for their pelts, trapping dingoes for the Government reward offered for each scalp, and 'Charlie choking,' otherwise snaring opossums. He wore Robinson Crusoe-like garments of singularly evil savour, and lived principally upon kangaroo meat and damper. I used frequently to drop in for a smoke with old K. In common with most men who have for years lived an entirely solitary existence, he had contracted many of the fidgety habits of the confirmed bachelor or inveterate spinster. For instance, out of sheer love of mischief I would call when I knew him to be absent on a shooting or trapping expedition, and shift one or more of his simple home-made articles of furniture, then expectantly await his return. Entering the hut with a nod and a grunt, the old fellow's ordinary greeting, he immediately became aware that his arrangements had been tampered with; nor did he rest until he had restored to their original positions such of his belongings as I had unwarrantably disturbed. I never knew the ruse to fail.

The mere sight of a woman roused in him a species of frenzy highly diverting to behold. I fear it was for this reason that when Mr and Mrs B., worthy farming folk, were putting up at my small place for a day or two, I took them both to make the acquaintance of my old friend. He was at home, and came shuffling to the door to greet us. At the sight of poor Mrs B. he stood stock-still in the attitude of one suddenly stricken rigid—only for a moment, however; then, with a weird, semi-articulate yelp, he fled into the bush; neither did he return until we had taken our departure, creeping cautiously back to his desecrated dwelling when the shadows of night lay long and swart. His sole companions were a morose, mangy cur-dog and an excessively hideous iguana which he had caught young and tamed. His affection for these disreputable pets was touching in the extreme. His 'gohanna,' as he called it, he solicitously fed upon such comeatable dainties as the lizard tribe best love. Its untimely demise during the course of a mortal combat with a carpet-snake affected him as the loss of a favourite child affects a fond father. It was shortly after this distressing incident that old K. and his dog disappeared one hot summer night when the whole wide forest was on fire for miles around, and the heavens were hung with a murky blood-red pall, shot with twisting tongues of flame. Going across to his hut some evenings later, I found nothing remaining but a heap of charred and smouldering ashes. I fancy the unconquerable wander-lust must have seized the old man in its remorseless grip, and he, like so many of his class, had incontinently shouldered his few cherished valuables, and, valiant-hearted, taken to the open road. At all events he has passed out of my life for ever, I think. *Eheu fugaces . . . labuntur anni!*

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

BEING A PAGE FROM THE HISTORY OF A NOTABLE HOUSE.

By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE, Author of *The Lost Cause*, *The Rebel Commodore*, &c.

CHAPTER IX.—A STRANGE WOOING ON THE DUNES.

LORD THANET and his second were first on the field. They were a little before their time, indeed, although they had walked out leisurely enough from Warminster. A light mist hung over the dunes when they arrived, and the sun was not yet strong enough to dispel it; and there was an autumn keenness in the air which rendered their cloaks not altogether superfluous. As they strolled up and down beneath the walls of the round-tower, which seemed to loom bigger through the haze, the captain expounded (not from the *Gentleman's Magazine*) his theory of the art and practice of swordsmanship. He was in the highest spirits at the prospect of witnessing a pretty (and harmless) exposition, but did not scruple to express his own views with sailor-like bluntness.

'What is the rapier? Answer me that, sir! A toy, my lad; good enough for play, but of no earthly use in an honest hand-to-hand tussle!' So he declared as he hobbled along, digging a neat hole in the sand at every stage. 'Where would it be on board ship? Why, give me a sharp cutlass and a thick mob of heads to swing it among, and, by Neptune's mother-in-law, I'll show you the art of swordsmanship!'

'I have not a doubt of it, captain,' laughed my lord, remembering the joy of his last charge at Minden.

The marquis was himself in an excellent humour. He anticipated no trouble from his antagonist, and certainly bore him no grudge for his hot-headed zeal; and, after all, a few days at the most—for it was now the 12th—would make clear many dubitable questions. Even as regarded Eleanor, he was not without his hopes. As he had warned Charles Heathcote, he did not intend—it was not his nature—to draw back at the first obstacle.

Presently two figures were dimly espied emerging from the planting that hid the road. It was just on the stroke of the hour.

'There they are!' cried Gascoigne, and turned to his principal with an eager appeal. 'You'll promise me not to hurt the youngster, my lord?'

'Not a button of his shirt, if I have any skill!' he responded quite as earnestly.

Cheered by this assurance, the captain stumped forward to meet the approaching couple. The leader was muffled to the eyes in a riding-cloak; the other, as he perceived immediately, was the Heathcotes' old serving-man.

'Good-morning to you, Heathcote!' he called out heartily. 'You are in good time, but there's no sign of your second yet.'

'I'm afraid we must not expect it, Captain Gascoigne,' came the reply from the folds of the cloak. 'The truth is, an unavoidable incident last night prevented my seeking a friend, and as I had no wish to disappoint Lord Thanet—well, here I am without one.'

'Deuced awkward!' muttered Gascoigne, who was a stickler for form. 'What are we to do now, in Heaven's name?'

'You have no objection to serve for both, I hope?'

The captain looked hard at the speaker, but without the least suspicion. 'Hang it, Heathcote, 'tis not the game—against all the regulations and articles, egad! I must consult Lord Thanet about it before I agree.—My lord?'

The marquis threw off his heavy wrap and advanced towards them, lifting his hat in greeting to his opponent. From the latter, seeing him plainly for the first time, there was a quick cry: '*You!*'

The single word, forced from Eleanor by the sudden and startling recognition, laid the plan of the whole scheme in ruins. All three started at the voice; and then, as her cloak fell back, two of them stared at her as if they dared not credit the testimony of their ears. For the third, Gideon Twentypenny knew the heroic resolution which he had been forming all the way from the Tower, and which he had meant to carry out at any cost to himself, was no longer a necessity.

Eleanor herself was the earliest to recover somewhat, or at least to speak. 'So Major Courtenay has more names than one?' she inquired.

My lord's expression changed instantly. In half-a-dozen long strides he had reached the girl's side, and now seized her, not too gently, by the shoulders, looking the while into her face as if he sought evidence to dissipate the lingering remnants of doubt. Apparently he found what he wanted.

'Eleanor!—Miss Heathcote!—what does this folly mean?' he demanded in tones that were almost harsh.

She struggled a little, but ineffectually; the force of the man's mastery, the impelling power of his eyes, broke down her will for the moment. The blood flamed into her cheeks as she faltered out her explanation.

'My brother fractured his leg last night, riding home'——

'I knew he would,' put in the captain.

'And as he could not meet you himself I took his place. That is the whole story.'

The marquis's grip unconsciously tightened its hold. 'But that you should even think of such a thing—you, a mere girl! Merciful Heaven! were you mad? Surely you did not realise'——

'And surely *you* do not realise, my Lord Thanet, that you are forgetting yourself strangely! Will you be good enough to let me go, if you please?'

For now Eleanor's spirit was rising. Disgust at herself for her incriminating slip and not less for the involuntary weakness which she had just shown, and the indignation at the result that was not unnatural, enabled her to control her feelings and her voice with remarkable celerity. Her tone was so peremptory that my lord obeyed at once. But he was still too much moved to have the grace to apologise.

'Had you no idea of the risk in your mad scheme—of the danger you were running?' he asked.

'As to that,' she retorted, 'mine was also my brother's. I have his sword here, and one Heathcote may serve as well as another. Is your lordship afraid to stand the test?'

He cast the suggestion aside—it was serious enough, in all conscience—with an impatient gesture. 'Pshaw! is it not time for this folly to end?' he cried. 'You should know, madam, that even a St Aubyn does not fight with women.'

'Ah! not with swords perhaps, for then one can strike back,' said she with bitter emphasis.

Here the captain deemed it his duty to intervene. Miss Heathcote and he had always been good friends; and hitherto, barring his one interruption, he had been a silent but interested spectator of the scene. To judge from his demeanour, he found the whole situation vastly amusing.

'Let me tell you, Miss Eleanor,' he said, 'that you have been lucky to be saved from making a mighty mistake. Why, Lord Thanet is one of the three best swordsmen in England!'

'In that case, captain, his purpose would have been the more easily accomplished.'

'But it was your brother who called him out! Besides, he promised me beforehand not to harm him.'

'And you really believed him?' she cried, turning from him in scornful incredulity.

'Believed him? Of course I believed him! You are not usually so unjust, Miss Eleanor.'

A significant glance from my lord drew him up. He stepped back, chewing deep-sea ejaculations; and then, having thus refreshed himself, he fastened upon Gideon Twentypenny and took him aside. The honest captain flattered himself that he could construe a wink as well as any man living.

And he was right. The marquis had his purpose. The incidents of the morning had stirred him to an unwonted degree; with the feelings which he had been cherishing ever since the adventure of the quicksand he would have been more than human if they had not done so. Had he not seen the colour come and go in his lady's cheeks, and the light in her eyes? Now she was face to face with him, and her guise, remembering its object, but added a sauce to the meeting; and if it was perhaps foolhardiness to plead his cause at such a moment—well, on that point he was at one with my Lord Montrose, no novice in the lover's art.

He did not beat about the bush. 'I am sorry for your brother's accident, madam,' said he; 'but, now that you are here, may I speak of a matter not unimportant to myself? I am not aware if he has mentioned to you the proposal that I made to him last night—that, in short, I begged to have the honour and privilege to pay my suit to you?'

'Yes,' said Eleanor, calmly returning his look. 'If I am not mistaken, your lordship had your answer.'

'From him. May I not hope for yours, Miss Heathcote?'

'My brother's answer is mine.'

''Twas not couched in the language of compliment,' said he somewhat ruefully. 'At the least, I have the right to claim a better reason than your brother condescended to give me.'

'The right, my lord?' she flashed out in sudden anger. 'Is not our presence here a sufficient reason in itself? If you want others, they are not to seek. Read the history of your house for fifty years—examine your own heart—and ask, if you dare, why we should fling back your offer as an insult!'

Lord Thanet held himself in with an effort. 'Let us understand each other,' said he. 'I pray you to forget for a minute this miserable question of Heathcote and St Aubyn. Remember, if you can, that we are also man and woman. 'Tis not as a St Aubyn that I am speaking to you now. If you were not a Heathcote it would be all the same to me. For I love you, madam,' he said with an earnestness not to be doubted; 'there you have the whole truth. I think I have loved you ever since you came riding to me across the sands, and when I saw you again in your old garden'——

'Where you wrought so feelingly on me, and doubtless laughed in your sleeve! Has Major Courtenay heard from his friends in Germany yet, my lord?'

He did not seem to hear her. 'That is my excuse and my hope, Miss Heathcote,' he went on manfully. 'I love you. I have no greater desire than to win you for my wife. But pray do not mistake me. I would have no one-sided

bargain. If you feel that you cannot love me in turn—if you cannot throw off the ideas and traditions of your house, and come to me gladly, as a woman should come to her husband—then I declare frankly you are not for me, and our ways are better apart.'

She waited patiently until he was done, her head poised uncompromisingly high. There was no dubiety in her answer.

'I thank you, my lord,' said she in her most disdainful manner; 'and I thank you especially for reminding me that I am a Heathcote. If I hated your name before, be sure I hate it fifty-fold now! I have almost wished this morning, God forgive me! that I had allowed the Devil's Quicksand to swallow you.'

'But you did not wish it,' he said softly.

'You tempt me to do so yet! But to end this, is it enough to say that no power on earth will induce me to do what you ask?'

He bent his head. 'Quite enough, madam,' he returned gravely. 'I have nothing to add—except,' he said, as a thought struck him, 'on one small detail. May I trouble you with it? The Brayden trustees and their lawyer will be here to-morrow or the next day, and we had arranged that all the parties should meet in Warminster, say on the 15th. As your brother's mishap renders that impossible, perhaps you would like the meeting to be at your house? 'Tis necessary, of course, for him to be present.'

'You are too scrupulous,' she said in the same tones of scorn. 'The 15th is an ominous day, and nobody knows better than your lordship to whom the Tower will belong then. Is it worth while to keep up the pretence? We may have to trespass for a time on your courtesy, but at least we shall not grudge you the satisfaction of seeing your revenge completed.'

He perceived that in her mood of anger, contempt, disbelief—term it as you will—it would be worse than useless to expostulate or explain; so, 'We can consider it agreed, then, that I am to have that pleasure on the 15th, at noon, at Heathcote Tower?' he inquired quietly. 'And, with your consent, I will arrange it as I have stated.'

It was the close of the interview. He doffed his hat; and, with the slightest of bows in response, she motioned to Gideon and walked away.

The mist had now cleared, and the sun was shining brightly on the dunes and over the sand-flats and dancing waters of the bay. On the other side, the old castle of the St Aubyns was faintly visible on its rock. Lord Thanet gazed across at it meditatively.

'Is a man ever happier for his ancestors, captain?' he said, after a little. 'Here have I been trying to patch up an ancient feud, only to find that these forefathers of mine are most confoundedly in the way!'

'That was it, eh?' chuckled the captain. 'It seemed warmish work, if you 'll pardon me. But hold at it, my boy; there 's nothing in the world worth having until you 've had a good fight for it.'

The marquis assented, and applied his advice in another light. But he was not too confident.

(To be continued.)

NEW YORK'S WATERING-PLACES.

SITUATED as New York virtually is on the shore of the Atlantic Ocean, its sea-bathing facilities are, without doubt, unexcelled by those of any city of the world. Within a distance of fifteen miles from the financial and industrial heart of that immense area now designated New York there are clean, well-kept, white, shelving sandy beaches by the score, and all easily and quickly reached by the many means of transport available.

The better known of these beaches, and consequently the most popular, are Rockaway, Brighton, Manhattan, Midland, South, and, last—but to the masses the most important of all—incomparable Coney Island, of which each recurring summer the announcement is made that 'everything is new but the ocean.' Lying, as these beaches do, open to every breeze of the wide Atlantic, and being in such comparative proximity to a centre of population of nearly six millions (this includes Jersey City, Weehawken, Hoboken, &c., on the western bank of the Hudson River), the numbers patronising them daily throughout the summer are almost incredible. By an actual count of persons visiting Coney Island alone by trains, trolleys (tramcars), and excursion steamers, and estimating those reaching the resort by other vehicles, it has been found that on several of the most sultry days last summer a number closely approximating five hundred thousand enjoyed the sea-breezes, bathing, and other attractions there, and to the number of nearly fifty thousand preferred to sleep on the sand and otherwise *al fresco* rather than return to their stuffy tenements in the city.

Coney Island as a seaside resort has been in existence many years, has been well advertised, and is, in fact, kept well to the front to-day in all guide-books of New York in particular, and even in those of the United States generally. Prior to the incorporation of Coney Island with Greater New York, the place suffered from a bad name, and not without reason. Lacking proper police

protection, with a license law honoured in the breach rather than the observance, and with its many houses of doubtful repute, it was undesirable and even unsafe for unprotected women and children to visit it. Now, however, under the stricter supervision of New York's city police and other officials, respectable men, mothers of families with their children, and unprotected women need have no hesitation in visiting Coney Island by day or night, or, if necessary or desirable, spending the night on the beach under the many temporary structures erected as shelters from the sun or sudden storms.

Though the ocean is undoubtedly the main attraction, there are many others which cater to the tastes of its cosmopolitan guests; in fact, New York's Coney Island is the father of innumerable Coney Islands of smaller dimensions in every section of the American continent, and it may be in others. Refreshment-rooms, roundabouts, shooting-galleries, bowling-alleys, dance-halls, music-halls, vaudeville theatres, loop-the-loops, aerial railways, and scores of other 'shows' are provided, and are liberally patronised by a none too discriminating public.

Rockaway, Manhattan, and Brighton Beaches are situated east of Coney Island, and are patronised by people of larger means, who are less transient than the visitors to Coney Island. Rockaway is unique in respect of its city of tents inhabited by families the members of which spend the entire summer by the sea. These tents are erected equidistant from each other, and in streets which are given names; the occupants being supplied with water and other toilet necessaries as though the erections were of a permanent character. Most of the inhabitants —often amounting to thousands—close up their city homes, store their lares and penates in the spring, and remain under their temporary roofs until the Atlantic Ocean at their canvas doors begins to exhibit signs of serious uneasiness, accompanied by the chilly winds of early winter. Then an exodus is made, and, like the Arabs, they 'fold their tents' and 'silently steal away' to the confines of three or four rooms in an ill-ventilated apartment house until the summer sun once again, as a magnet, irresistibly attracts them to the ocean. In this way are avoided for a period of something like five months the unaccountably high rents charged in New York, and the immeasurable advantage gained of a residence within a few feet of the broad Atlantic.

At Manhattan and Brighton Beaches are immense permanent hotels of the highest class, occupied for the most part by well-to-do people for the entire summer season, and in some cases the year round.

On none of the American beaches are seen movable bathing-houses such as are so prominent a feature of European watering-places; these being unnecessary because of the fact that the rise and fall of the tide is so slight that the water can be reached over clean white sand even at low tide without difficulty. These beaches, too, situated as they are in such close proximity to the immense population centred in New York, are surprisingly free from flotsam and jetsam, which is often so disagreeable a feature of the bathing facilities offered in some British and Continental watering-places. Nor is there in evidence, even at Coney Island, where such an immense quantity of light beer is consumed (in ridiculously small measures called 'glasses,' it must be confessed), any noticeable drunkenness. To the disgrace of some of the most popular watering-places of England, it can with truth be said that more drunken men and women can be seen in them in one day than in an entire summer at Coney Island. And when one realises at how small an expense for transportation these beaches can be reached from New York and other surrounding cities and towns, together with the attractions and incentives to celebrate not wisely but too well, it is marvellous how such a desirable condition of affairs exists.

Comparing excursion fares from London with those from New York to and from seaside places, it is obvious that New Yorkers can reach the sea at almost 50 per cent. less cost than Londoners. There is advertised in New York to-day an excursion running every Wednesday to and from a watering-place, necessitating one hundred and ten miles of travel by train and boat, for a fare of seventy-five cents, or three shillings. An English railway advertises a day excursion from London to Eastbourne and back, about one hundred miles, for five shillings, and this, too, in a country where four shillings and twopence has a much higher purchasing-power than a dollar in America. Any resident in New York desirous of spending a day at Coney Island, or in fact at any of the watering-places specified, can reach his destination and return at a cost for travelling of not more than thirty cents (fifteenpence), and in most cases for ten cents (fivepence). From this it will be seen that even the poor of New York need not deny themselves the pleasure and benefit to be derived from an occasional trip to and dip in the broad Atlantic.

On the New Jersey coast there are still more desirable bathing-beaches extending almost without intermission from Sandy Hook to Cape May, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles. These beaches are almost ideal for sea-bathing, as they are farther from the immense population of New York and vicinity, are patronised largely by wealthier people, permanent summer residents, and are without the usual accompaniments of noisy, nerve-racking, cheap attractions of the roundabout and loop-the-loop variety. Though the various summer resorts on this coast are separate municipalities,

they are operated much along the same lines. There is usually a handsome bathing-pavilion, provided with a refreshment-room and innocent amusements, in which bathing-rooms can be rented for the season, month, week, day, or hour.

Sandy Hook, being a Government reservation, has no civilian residents; but commencing at Seabright, and continuing in an almost unbroken line for twenty-five miles, are magnificent residences, seemingly of endless design, but all maintained in the best of taste, and surrounded by lawns of the deepest green sloping to the ocean; whilst immediately at the back of these residences runs a driveway which in the summer season exhibits a panorama of perfectly appointed vehicles — motor, horse, and other — probably equalled by no other road in the world. For the use of pedestrians is reserved the 'board-walk,' which, as its name implies, is built of timber, and so constructed by the various municipalities through which it passes, of a uniform width of fifteen to twenty feet, that a person can walk for a score of miles on a perfectly level path, a view of the broad Atlantic on one hand, and on the other the magnificent residences, in their handsome open grounds, of some of America's wealthiest families. This road, known throughout as 'The Ocean Boulevard,' is now to be extended, by agreement between the Federal Government, the state of New Jersey, and the individual municipalities, in one continuous line from Sandy Hook to Cape May, a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles.

About twenty miles from Sandy Hook, and sandwiched between Asbury Park on the upper and Bradley Beach on the lower side, is that unique and widely known American Methodist summer centre of religious life, Ocean Grove. Deserted in winter, it contains in summer a population aggregating ten thousand, composed for the most part of Methodists or those sedate and peace-loving people in harmony with them, and desirous of spending the summer or some portion of it among surroundings removed from the noise and other objectionable features of the usual watering-place. Here, in the great auditorium seating ten thousand people, or in adjacent buildings, are held throughout the summer educational conventions, sacred concerts, organ recitals, religious services, and other elevating and instructive functions; and so numerous are these that hardly a day or hour passes without some attraction being presented for the edification of the adherents, principally of the Methodist faith. At Ocean Grove no liquor is sold, neither are cigars nor tobacco in any form, and the situation of the reservation is such as to permit of its being closed at the will of the authorities; and so strict are they that no goods are sold nor is any wheeled vehicle permitted to disturb the Sabbath peace by passing the gates from midnight on Saturday to midnight on Sunday. Neither is sea-bathing permitted during these restricted hours; but ever at the foot of Ocean Grove's lovely avenues rolls up, glistening in the sunshine, the surf, and from the shore can be seen immense ocean liners carrying their cargoes of passengers and freight to and from New York, or the innumerable yachts of the wealthy passing up and down the coast in an unending picture of beauty. Ocean Grove is denounced by a certain class for its exclusiveness, and many attacks have been made upon it by those desirous of its downfall; but it has so far survived, and the wishes of all believers in right living is that it be left in its entirety to satisfy the longings of those seekers after rest and peace who comprise the bulk of its population.

Still lower down on this coast is Sea Girt, which, as its names implies, is surrounded by the sea, but only at high tide, and at all times it is accessible by road or bridge. Sea Girt is the place permanently selected by the state of New Jersey for the encampment of its militia, and during the entire summer several thousand men live in the tented city by the sea, overlooked on a slight elevation by the official summer residence of the governor of the state. Wealthy people also have residences here; but recently one of those magnificent places was temporarily closed during the height of the season on account of the following somewhat ludicrous incident. The owner, a wealthy lady, who is also a 'daughter of the American Revolution,' and intensely patriotic, erected on her lawn a lofty flagstaff on which was run up at sunrise a magnificent American flag. Whether by accident or design will never be known, but one hot, sultry day two militiamen, on their return to camp, passed the house and saluted with great ceremony their flag. This patriotic act touched the responsive strings of the lady's heart, and her butler was hurriedly sent out to recall the men to partake of some light liquid refreshments. These they enjoyed as only a thirsty, footsore soldier can enjoy, and with profuse thanks they passed on. But, unwittingly, the patriotic lady had sown a little seed which in such a fertile soil germinated and, like Aaron's rod, budded. On subsequent days the same militiamen or others appeared, saluted the flag, and were entertained. Days succeeded days, and still the soldiers came. In fact, the road every evening became such a favourite promenade for military men that the lady's lawn in the neighbourhood of that flagpole was worn bare of its verdure. The consumption of lager beer was so great, and the butler and his assistants became so disgusted with the proceedings, that this ultra-patriotic 'daughter of the American Revolution' was perforce obliged to haul down her flag and surrender, and that particular residence was closed.

For the comfort, benefit, and amusement of New York's poorest inhabitants are provided, at suitable intervals on each of the rivers bordering the city, free floating baths. Bathers may bring their own bathing-suits, or may rent for a nominal sum those supplied by the authorities. Situated, as these free baths are, literally at their doors, the inhabitants, who are in so many instances crowded in loathsome tenements in the midst of industrial buildings, seize such facilities with avidity—with such eagerness, in fact, that long lines of sweltering people are formed into queues by policemen, and thus made to wait their orderly turn for a dip in the water which, though not at all times particularly clean, affords them a ready means of 'cooling-off.'

Fresh-water bathing, for which also ample facilities exist, can be indulged in on the western bank of the Hudson River under the lofty and precipitous 'Palisades,' or in the many other streams flowing into the ocean in the neighbourhood. Many families select here and elsewhere an open spot, with or without the consent of the owner, and pitch their usually primitive tents for the summer. Five hundred feet above the Hudson River, on the brink of the precipice, were recently camped several families in tents provided with rough board-floors and surrounded by rustic fences. One of the mothers of a group of children—scantily clad on account of the heat, and playing under the trees on the grass—was asked, 'Are you much bothered with mosquitoes?' and in an unmistakably Cockney accent she replied, 'Yes, they almost eat us up at times; but we don't mind them.' This family reached America from London last year, had readily absorbed American ideas, and had decided to spend the summer *al fresco* rather than live in two or three rooms in a crowded street, and it was in order for the writer to fraternise with and congratulate them on the beneficial step they had taken.

Such are New York's watering-places and bathing facilities—ample in number, convenient of access, and patronised during the almost tropical days of summer by a larger ratio of its population than is any other watering-place by the people of any other city of modern times.

THE LANDES: PAST AND PRESENT.

THE traveller by the *Midi* express, bound for Spain, Biarritz, or the health-resorts of the Pyrenees, will notice that as soon as Bordeaux is left behind the character of the scenery changes. For miles he looks out over sandy levels covered with pine-forest, with bush-heath, or with the golden gorse. A first feeling may be one of surprise that in France, land of minute and careful cultivation, so much wild country should remain. For these Landes, or 'wastes,' stretch from north to south for fully one hundred and fifty miles, away from the mouth of the Gironde to the foot of the Pyrenees, while their greatest breadth is not less than half this extent—two thousand square miles and more of pine and heath-clad wilderness. To the hasty survey of the passing traveller it is all alike, and its dead monotony becomes depressing. A glance shows that the pines are all tapped for resin; here is evidence of a great industry which goes hand in hand with that of the lumberman and woodcutter.

The sight of a shepherd, in rough skin cape and provided with an immense ancient blue gingham, propped on his stilts or leading his unkempt flock, may call to mind something that one has read of the history of the Landes; but one needs a longer acquaintance to know the why and the wherefore of a district which lies like a desert on the confines of a land of fruit and corn and wine, retaining in this twentieth century many of the characteristics which have marked it for ages. For who can tell at what remote period the wash of the tides, the scouring of the currents, and the force of the westerly gales began to drive back the alluvium carried down by the Gironde and the Adour, filling up a great estuary and piling up the drift in the form of sandbanks along that straight line of Biscayan coast till a great chain of dunes was formed, choking back and impounding the surface waters, so that, in despair of finding an outlet, they collected to leeward of the sand-hills in a series of swamps and lakes? Such is the present-day aspect of the country, for along the sea-front, smoothly rounded hill and dale, stretch the dunes of pure drift-sand. Behind them are the meres and the fen, all now fresh water save for the tidal lagoon known as the Bassin d'Arcachon, overlooked by the sunny winter health-resort of that name. And inland for league after league all is pine and heath. One may wander for hours through the forest, where the hot spring sunshine has brought out the green lizards and filled the air with the scent of the pines.

The white webs seen in every tree are those of the processionary caterpillars which, when they leave their shelters, march in a long line head to tail, as if performing a mystic rite, to find some spot where they may turn to chrysalids. Other insects there are which we should not find amongst the pines of Surrey or Hants. One may chance on a green mantis, a serio-comic Chadband amongst insects, known to be of rapacious habits in spite of his pious and self-deprecatory air. There is something equally underhand about his relative the stick-insect, for

all the world like a walking twig. Then, after the white and yellow cistus have brightened the sides of the forest rides, comes the summer, with a continuous hum of insect-life amongst the tops of the pines. There is the tiny crackle of the broom-pods as they open in the heat, and the louder report of bursting pine-cones. Now and then a green-burnished rosechafer flashes past, and never for a moment ceases the strident call of the cicadas. Coolness and shade are now to be found along the forest brooks where the oaks and alders flourish. To these the black-and-white cattle, which feed at large through the woods, betake themselves; their tinkling bells tell where they have found shelter in a jungle of sweet gale or amongst stately fronds of the royal fern.

As the afternoon wanes one emerges on to a great heath, where a harrier or blue hawk quarters to and fro above the furze, and the restless little Dartford warblers skip about the tops of the golden-blossoming gorse, later, as the fern grows up, to be transformed into a sea of feathery bracken. 'Sea' it may well be called, for the distant horizon is broken only by a few islands and promontories of forest. Here and there a blackened trunk, dead and gaunt, shows that the clearing is the result of a forest fire; but already countless seedling pines, springing up along the edge of the woods, tell how successful are nature's efforts at reafforestation. Here one feels the true spirit of the Landes, breathing in its wide spaciousness and free airs, sweet with the heath and cistus and wild thyme. Striding over bog and heather, like long-legged storks or cranes, two young shepherds on stilts pass out of sight against the crimson-barred sunset. So the colour dies away, until the lighthouse on the dunes throws its gleam across the sands and mud-banks and oozy channels of the Bassin.

But a century ago there was not much of the picturesque about these dreary wastes. Take up a handful of the surface soil, and one finds it to be a fine, compact sand, full of interwoven roots, and thus coloured by decomposing vegetable matter. Two feet down one strikes a bed of reddish sandstone, the *alios*, hard enough to blunt the sharpest pickaxe. Though only about a foot thick, this 'pan' was the cause of all the former miseries of the Landes; it prevented surface drainage, so that the soil lay cold and saturated all the winter. In early summer the evaporation of this moisture caused malarial fevers, leaving the soil subsequently parched with drought until the coming of the autumn rains. There were no running streams; the water drawn from below the *alios*, stagnant and impregnated with iron, was unfit to drink. The villages were quite isolated in winter, the tracks being deep in water. Their inhabitants rotted with the mysterious skin-disease known as the *pellagre*.

Here and there wandered a flock of lean and ragged sheep of the size of half-grown lambs. It was considered that two acres, let for pasturage at fivepence per annum, would support one sheep, which, if a particularly good specimen, sold for ten shillings. As wages the shepherd received five pounds a year and thirty bushels of mixed corn. Wolves sometimes made a descent on the flocks. Wild boars wasted the crofter's plot of rye or potatoes. Cattle and horses of the small, hardy breeds of the country wandered completely wild amongst the dunes. A sportsman might indeed half-wish himself transferred to those dark ages, when bustards and cranes alighted on the great heaths, and waterfowl of every kind, from teal and widgeon up to the wild swan, haunted the lakes or *étangs*. The coming of the quails, the return of the migratory wood-pigeons, the setting of the winter duck-nets attached to high stakes in the Bassin—every season brought its appropriate *chasse*, with seasonable addition to the larder. Every village, too, had its *domaine communale*, with free right of pasturage for the inhabitants. In 1847 the sixty-six communes of the Landes possessed in this way a total of three hundred thousand acres—enough, poor as it was, to provide fuel, fodder, and litter of a kind for all.

But, in addition to an undrained soil and unhealthy conditions, there was another enemy to contend with. The sand-dunes of the coast moved inland before the westerly gales at the rate of about twenty yards per annum. The silting up of the ports had been going on for centuries. Cap Breton had once a port. Le Vieux Boucau, where the Adour formerly reached the sea, had a *rade* or anchorage, the Port d'Albret of the fifteenth century; there is now no trace of it. Six hundred years ago the port of St Vincent, where now is the lake of Lacanau, six miles from the sea, became closed. Large vessels once went up to Bayonne; small ones can scarcely go at the present day. The Bassin d'Arcachon, spoilt as a harbour by sand-banks, is gradually closing and undergoing transformation to a fresh-water lake. Villages and fields were blotted out by the onward march of the shifting dunes. Churches were buried, tower and all, till sometimes a vane projecting from the sand alone showed the site of a former hamlet. The church of Lège, in use to-day, was three times overwhelmed by sand and three times disinterred. Near the mouth of the Gironde stands the curious little church of Nôtre Dame de Fin-des-terres, dug out of the sand and restored in the nineteenth century.

It was evident that the first essential step towards improvement was to 'fix' the dunes by means of planting. The work was commenced by Brémontier at the end of the eighteenth century. In the pinaster (*Pinus maritima*) he found a tree showing perfect adaptation to his purpose, one which will grow in pure sand and is singularly tolerant of salt-laden ocean breezes. The decree of 1810 for com-

pulsory planting of the Landes followed, the Government spending large sums yearly upon this beneficent work, itself undertaking the planting where private owners failed, and reimbursing itself by the sale of timber and resin.

A period of great activity followed. Everywhere the wastes were cleared, drains were dug, and plantations made. To the engineer Chambrelent must be attributed in the first place the present prosperity of the Landes of Gascony. The village councils sold a portion of their communal lands, thus providing money for road-making and improvements. A canal was made to carry off the water of the *étangs* to the Bassin d'Arcachon and thus drain the marshes. It was found to pay much better to raise pines than to raise sheep. There was an immediate improvement in the value of land. While in 1825 it might have been acquired for three or four shillings an acre, by 1857 the acre sold for thirty shillings. One understands how it is that at the present day almost every peasant of the Landes is a freeholder. His grandfather probably bought the plot on which his cottage stands at the rate of five pounds the acre or less. So an era of prosperity set in, which has lasted steadily till the present time. The plantations paid capital and interest in ten years. A pine may be bled continuously for forty years, beginning when it is twenty-five years old. The *résinier's* axe cuts a long scar from the surface of the trunk, the resin which exudes being directed by means of a lip of tin or zinc into an earthenware pot. The scar is carried higher from time to time, then another is made to one side of it, until the tree resembles a fluted column. Lastly, before felling, the tree is bled on all four sides at once. The wood, burnt on the spot, gives charcoal, or it may be sold in Bordeaux, dry, firm, and ready for the joiner. Oaks also were tried, and were found to do surprisingly well in the sand. This may perhaps be attributed to the *alios*, which stops the downward growth of the tap-root and encourages the formation of spreading fibrous roots. Certain it is that the oaks increase in diameter much faster than when grown in ordinary soil, while the timber is of excellent quality. Cork-oaks have been tried with considerable success. A good one yields two thousand corks, and may be stripped every ten years.

So the old hard times of disease and semi-starvation have passed away for ever. Excellent level roads and branch lines of railway have opened up the country. By every station one sees the timber-stacks, the resin-factory, the saw-mill. The crofter's cottage shelters under the side of the plantation, with his plots of rye and potatoes, his basket-work beehives plastered with mud, free pasturage for his cow or donkey, pine-logs and heath-stumps for him to burn. The Bassin d'Arcachon has its twenty thousand oyster 'parks,' providing employment for the picturesque red-pantalooned fishwives with their square *patins* or *planchettes* for walking on the soft banks. A host of small watering-places have sprung up, their principal attraction being sands dry, firm, and of a velvety smoothness unequalled elsewhere in France. Scores of tiny bungalows, dainty maisonettes, and tasteful châlets form the summer resort of countless French families, while the oleanders, magnolias, and mimosas which shelter them tell of a winter whose touch is felt but lightly. Truly a century has here seen a wonderful transformation.

WATTLE BLOSSOMS.

AN AUSTRALIAN STATION IDYLL.

Oh! those starry Austral nights, and purple golden mornings,
With the Ranges standing sentinel clear cut against the sky,
When the life was always merry, and, alas! we had no warnings
That one by one the boys would leave us—saving only Lin and I.

Was it only yestere'en that I heard the parrots shrieking?
And at sunrise in a shea-oak the laughing jackass cry?
And the curlew, plaintive calling, when in Spring a mate was seeking,
While a golden eagle circled round and cleaved his way on high.

How the sun-kissed wattles shimmered in a golden hot wind dawning!
How the locusts chirruped gaily in a scorching heat at noon,
Tho' the angels' tears were shining, where the dewdrops stayed till morning,
And the Southern Cross blinked shyly back a farewell to the Moon!

In a slender 'blue gum' sapling I can see two love-birds wooing,
Or perchance a speckled Jacksnipe whirling by to meet his fate;
Or from distant patch of timber hear a bronze-wing pigeon cooing,
And a giddy cricket piping to a lizard near a snake.

There's the scent of musk and wattle as the cool night wind drifts towards me
In a radiant summer starlight of white lustred world by night,
Or in Spring from wild grass orchids in the Paddocks by the Ti-tree,
Where a gay old bullfrog splashes 'neath a boulder, out of sight.

Is it fancy? Am I dreaming? Is it Springtime in Australia?
Are the tender green things growing answering softly to a mate?
As the smoke-wreaths curl so lightly—but I know that *inter alia*
I am far away in England, and—I am sitting up too late!

E. A. Henty
(Mrs Edward Starkey).

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE PRESENT STATE OF THE SCOTTISH TONGUE.

By W. A. CRAIGIE, LL.D., Joint-Editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*.

MORE than three centuries have now gone past since the Union of the Crowns hastened the completion of a process which had already begun, and rapidly reduced the old language of Scotland to the level of a dialect. It is about two centuries since that dialect, in the hands of Allan Ramsay and others, bravely recovered part of the ground it had lost, and became the medium of a literature which culminated, but by no means ended, in the poetry of Burns. Again, it is just a little over a hundred years since the scholarly study of the Scottish tongue was fairly set on foot by the work of Dr Jamieson, which in many ways remains of great value to this day. According to some, the present century opens with no favourable omens for the future of the old national tongue, and this question is of so much interest for all true Scots, whether at home or abroad, that some study of the signs of the times is worth the making. If it is true, as is asserted, that the Scottish speech is rapidly disappearing from the country, the question is all the more urgent and important.

A curious history this old tongue of ours has had, and its fortunes show how impossible it is to predict with any certainty what the fate of a language will be. Fifteen hundred years ago the dialects from which both English and Scottish are derived were merely the speech of three tribes living in that part of Germany which now forms the province of Schleswig-Holstein. Their nearest kinsfolk and neighbours were the Frisians, whose speech differed from theirs only in very minor points. In the fifth century of our era came that tide in the affairs of those peoples which, 'taken at the flood, led on to fortune.' The Angles, Saxons, and Jutes left their old homes, transplanted themselves and their language to British soil, and in two or three centuries had displaced the old British speech from the greater part of England and some portion of Scotland. Meanwhile the Frisians clung to their islands and marshes, and their language, in place of extending its boundaries, has steadily lost ground, till at the present day the total number of those who speak it is immensely surpassed by the population of many English towns.

The greater success of English, however, was by no means assured when it had gained the day against the Celtic tongues of Britain. In the ninth and tenth centuries came the great Scandinavian invasions, and for a time there was a possibility that nearly half of England (the east and north) might change its language a second time. In the end the English element recovered its ground, and in doing so enriched itself with hundreds of Scandinavian words, many of which are now among the commonest in the language. The victory was barely won before another danger had to be faced. The Norman Conquest of 1066 not only made French the language of the cultured and ruling class over the whole of England; it very nearly established it as the ordinary speech of the country. A century later the historian William of Malmesbury could speak of English as barely surviving among the rustics in the country districts. Rustic tenacity, however, proved more powerful in the end than culture or literature, and by the middle of the fourteenth century the supremacy of English was again assured, once more enriched with the spoils of its defeated rival.

The Anglian speech of Scotland, though less exposed to direct contact with the Scandinavian and the French invasions, shared in the benefits derived from both. During several centuries it had also made steady advances at the expense of Gaelic and British, and by the fourteenth century was undoubtedly spoken, or at least understood, over the greater part of the Scottish Lowlands. Having achieved a separate political existence, the Scottish nation not only retained its own form of speech, but steadily developed the capacity of this for literary purposes. The development can be clearly traced in the extant works of Scottish authors from the time of Barbour down to the culminating period of Dunbar and Douglas. By that time the languages of England and Scotland were so clearly different that the name of 'English,' which had satisfied Barbour and even the patriotic author of the *Wallace*, gave way to the more distinctive term 'Scottish.' During the sixteenth century, however, the southern idiom began to exercise a powerful influence on the northern, a fact in which the Reformation played no small part. Towards the end of the

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century the Anglicising tendency rapidly increased, and in the end would probably have gained the day, even without the Union of the Crowns. After that event it became impossible for Scotland to preserve the full and natural use of her own native tongue, and it soon ceased to be employed for any serious literary purpose.

Under these circumstances it would not have been surprising if the Scottish language had steadily decayed, and finally become a trivial dialect, retaining only a few traces of its former independent character. That this did not take place is a proof of the necessity for distinguishing between what a nation writes and what it speaks. It is quite clear that the Anglicised literary style of the seventeenth century does not at all represent the language which the ordinary Scot employed in the affairs of daily life, and that both the words he used and the sounds he gave to them were still of the true native stock. It was only through this that the literary revival of Scottish in the early eighteenth century became possible; and if this revival has continued to be an active force to the present day, it is only because it still has the spoken tongue behind it to give it constant renewal of life and strength. The two things are closely linked with each other, yet for a clear judgment of the present situation it is necessary to consider them apart. Unless this is done there is some danger of mistaking an artificial for a natural vitality.

From the time of Allan Ramsay to the present day the Scottish tongue holds no mean place as a literary medium, and in this respect ranks high among the subordinate languages or dialects of Europe. Through the work of Burns and Scott it has even entered the highest reaches of European literature, and in more recent times it has formed a leading feature in a highly popular school of fiction. So successful, indeed, has this been that some writers have obviously cultivated the art of writing Scottish dialogue, and do it with no little success, who might be rather puzzled to understand the spoken tongue if they heard it. Such direct imitation, however, is perhaps less important than the passage of many Scottish words and phrases into English use, a process largely fostered of late by some of the London daily papers. Within Scotland itself the newspaper press is more Scottish in respect of language than it was a quarter of a century ago, and it is clear that few writers have now much dread of allowing an occasional Scotticism to slip from their pen. The leading weekly papers have long made a special feature of a Scottish column in prose or verse, and have thereby done much to support the humbler levels of a vernacular literature. In special cases these columns are even valuable for the number of local words and expressions they contain, and their frequent lack of literary merit is thus atoned for by their linguistic worth. On the other hand, it must be said that the newspapers have not always been sufficiently careful to distinguish the vernacular from the vulgar, and have helped to lower the popular taste in this respect.

Taken at its best, the literary standing of Scottish is thus in many ways a satisfactory one, and in some respects has been so high that certain limitations attaching to it are apt to be overlooked. At the most, no higher position can be claimed for it than that of a dialect, the use of which is confined to certain spheres, chiefly those which have the closest relation to common everyday life and thought. There is a great contrast here, if we look back to the days when Scottish was a real national tongue, when it was not in any way subordinate to English, but stood side by side with it, as Portuguese with Spanish or Swedish with Danish. Before it can in any way recover its old position it must be cultivated for higher purposes than it has been in recent times. It is not enough to use it, however correctly or effectively, for the dialogue portions of tales or novels, while all the narrative and descriptive parts are in English. It is not even enough to employ it in poetry, whether of a light or serious kind; for poetic diction is a thing by itself, and affords no test of the practical value of a language. Of any such serious use of the Scottish tongue, however, there are at present no indications. Brilliant attempts were indeed made some forty years ago by Hately Waddell in his translations of the Psalms and Isaiah, but these were so marred by eccentricities of diction that the lessons they gave in the capabilities of the language remained unfruitful. Since then the course has certainly been backwards; and, with the exception of short poetical pieces, sometimes of high merit, the tendency has been to use Scottish only for dialogue or for humorous purposes.

The reason for this is not far to seek. It is a necessary result of the fact that, for a long time, even the spoken language has had only a restricted use. This is naturally most prominent among the educated classes, but affects even a large number of those who commonly speak nothing but dialect. As soon as they are set to make any kind of public utterance, or to write even a letter, they will at once abandon their natural everyday form of speech, and make use of standard English as far as lies in their power. This tendency is of so long standing that any other procedure would now be difficult, and savour of affectation, even in the case of those who can write or speak the dialect both readily and correctly.

It would be difficult to trace in detail this narrowing of the sphere within which the Scottish tongue can be naturally employed, but there can be no doubt that within the last century the contraction has been considerable. It has naturally been greater in the towns than in the country districts, but it also appears to have varied in different localities. The increased regularity of

education since the advent of the School Board has no doubt had considerable effect, but it is too early as yet to estimate the full extent of this. It is unwise to accept too hastily the statement, however well founded it may appear to be, that a given language or dialect is dying out or is certain to become extinct. We have already seen how English itself falsified this probability, and was reserved for triumphs which no one could have foretold. It would not be difficult to cite other instances where the most definite prophecies have been strikingly refuted; 'Threatened men live long' is a maxim which has also proved true in the case of languages. Even complaints as to the decline of the Scottish tongue are no new thing; there is a good specimen from the year 1788, entitled 'An Address in Scotch, on the Decay of that Language,' which is prefixed to the poems of Andrew Shirrefs, published in 1790.

The final solution of this question, however, must be left to the future; at present we can only endeavour to estimate what the present situation would naturally lead to. Some, who have the opportunity of studying the case from near at hand, are of opinion that the signs are definitely unfavourable. The chief reason for their opinion is, briefly, that the younger generation does not have the same command of the dialect as the older—that they use it less, and have a more limited stock of dialect words. Both of these points are no doubt correct, and the latter has even been demonstrated in the case of certain lists of words. The truth underlying these facts, however, may be easily overestimated. It must be remembered that the rising generation are still fresh from the influences of a systematic schooling in which English alone has had a place, and that their education in dialect is still incomplete. It is probable that, as time goes on, the field or the workshop will teach them many of the words of which they are now ignorant, and that in close association with older workers their speech will gradually enrich itself in this respect, and revert more and more to the dialect standard of the district. Moreover, even in the older generation, which must naturally as a whole be superior to the younger, there are very great differences as to knowledge of dialect-words and ability to use them with precision and effect. The truth of this will at once be recognised by all who have come much into close contact with the country population of Scotland. The language of some speakers will be wonderful in its rich variety of expressive terms, while that of their next-door neighbours is colourless or commonplace. It is obvious, therefore, that before we can forecast the future on these grounds we must be certain that the comparison between the older and younger generation is a perfectly fair one in every way.

It will do no harm, however, to accept for the present the view that the outlook is not favourable for the future of the Scottish tongue. It remains, then, to face the questions whether anything should be done to counteract the probable decline, and whether it is possible to do anything effective. Some practical persons will have no hesitation in answering the former question in the negative. They will point out that under modern conditions provincialism is a thing to be avoided, and that in certain cases the traces of it in a young man's speech may easily have a detrimental effect upon his career. That there is some truth in this may be conceded; against it, however, must be set the solid fact that the argument is applicable only to a very small number of those who pass through the schools of Scotland, and especially those in the country districts. For the great majority of the pupils in these it is quite immaterial whether in after-life they speak with a local accent or not; their success in life will depend much more on their hands and brains than on their tongues. But it is not immaterial that the many should be denationalised for the sake of the few, that the people as a whole should cease to speak good Scottish in order that some may speak better English; for that will assuredly be the result. Local accent is a subtle and a very permanent thing, and will long survive the dialect with which it was originally connected; but if the dialect itself has perished there is a clear loss of something distinctively national, without any real gain to counterbalance it. Can it be supposed that the national literature—the old songs, the poetry of Ramsay and Burns, the novels of Scott and Galt—will continue to have the same hold upon a people which no longer understands, and can no longer pronounce, the very words which give to that literature its Scottish character? Can the great wealth of Scottish anecdote, to which few countries can offer a counterpart, be perpetuated when the subtle meaning of the words and phrases is no longer caught at the moment of hearing? It is impossible; and in these facts there lies a world of argument against any suggestion that the old Scottish tongue should not only be allowed, but even assisted, to end its long career in gradual and ignoble self-effacement.

How, then, can the danger be met and averted? *Fas est et ab hoste doceri:* one may learn that from the enemy. If the dialects are suffering, it is because the present system of education tells strongly against them, and the only way open to meet this adverse influence is by counter-education. The old balance between the two tongues has been destroyed in recent years, but it is not too late to restore it in certain respects. We are perhaps apt to forget that during the past two centuries the Scottish tongue has not been kept alive merely as a means of daily intercourse. A large number of those who used it in this way were also readers of Scottish literature, and their minds were frequently stored with songs and poems which kept many an old word fresh upon their tongues. This

reading had a still greater influence upon those who wrote in Scottish, and extended their powers of expression far beyond the limits of their own dialect; the most obscure local poet shared in the common vocabulary of his greater brethren. On the other hand, the reading of English books was often very restricted, little more than the Bible and Catechism, or some other religious books, the language of which was quite remote from their daily speech, and so had little influence upon it. The younger generation is in a very different position. For seven or eight years at least they are subject to a much stronger school-influence than their parents or grandparents were, and after that the newspaper, the magazine, and the novel provide them with abundant reading which is bound to affect their manner of speaking. It is clear that under these circumstances the native tongue must inevitably recede more and more into the background.

The situation is one which is not peculiar to Scotland, or even to Great Britain; it exists, and has brought the same problems with it, in various countries of Europe. From some of these a useful lesson may be learned, and for this purpose it is not necessary to go farther than just across the North Sea, to our old kinsfolk the Frisians. Up to the present time these have been able, under conditions very similar to those which have prevailed in Scotland, to maintain their own tongue in daily use, and even to create a certain amount of literature in it. In recent years, however, it has been recognised that the situation is not the same as it was; that improved education (on a Dutch or German basis) and increased ease of communication give Frisian no fair chance of surviving. Practical reasons against its survival could easily be adduced; but there the truth has been grasped that language and national character are inseparable, and that, in the words of their own song, 'Without the Frisian tongue, no more Frisians.' Accordingly, few as they are, they have boldly faced the question in the only practical way. Both in West and North Friesland, by voluntary effort and with intentional avoidance of Government aid, instruction in Frisian has been provided in the schools, and the very school-books have been given free to the children. Now if this can be done in the little island of Sylt, with a population of some three thousand Frisians, and with scarcely any pre-existing literature, how much more could be done in Scotland! It is indeed surprising that the need for action of this kind has not already impressed itself strongly on the mind of the nation. Scots have long and justly prided themselves on their effective system of education, but they have strangely overlooked the fact that in the whole of this system no place has been found for all that is distinctively national. Circumstances have hitherto prevented this from having its full effect, but these circumstances can no longer be trusted to. If the coming generations are to retain a real and living knowledge of their own language, such a knowledge as will enable them to understand and enjoy the best of their own literature, some place must be found for it in their education. One or more reading-books for school use, containing good specimens of Scottish poetry and prose, are urgently required for this purpose. It is not a mere question of keeping the spoken dialects alive, and in itself that would not be a sufficient reason. It is a fact that the use of such books would be of great educational value. They would instruct the child from early years in the differences between two divergent forms of the same language, and with proper teaching would make it more proficient in both. To be taught to regard Scottish as a literary tongue, to be instructed in the meaning of its special words and phrases, to learn by heart some of the best pieces of Scottish verse, would assuredly have as much value for the average child as some of the subjects at present in favour in our schools. It is surely worth while to keep alive, in the country to which it rightfully belongs, a language which foreign scholars are prepared to spend time in acquiring by assiduous study.

If a good beginning were once made with this it would open up the way for still better things, and would assist immensely in keeping up the standard of both the spoken and written tongue. Great results might follow from a more careful study, on the part of those who write, of the genius of the Scottish tongue, and from a resolute endeavour to use it to its fullest capacity. The wealth of its vocabulary was long ago revealed by the work of Dr Jamieson, and has recently been demonstrated afresh by the more comprehensive achievement of Professor Wright. It now lies with the Scots themselves to see that the riches of their tongue do not remain buried in these books, and become a mere dead letter, familiar only to the diligent student. How great these riches are may be roughly estimated by an examination of the work which presents them in the most compact and unmixed form—the dictionary of modern Scottish compiled of late by Mr Warrack.* Making every allowance for words repeated under various spellings, and words which occur in English in the same or similar meanings, it is probably well within the mark to say that some thirty thousand words are here set down which can fairly be reckoned to the credit of the Scottish tongue. This does not imply that they are not used at all outside of Scotland, for many of them are also common in the north of England; but it does mean that they have a natural currency in spoken or written Scottish, and are foreign to all ordinary non-dialect English. It is clear, therefore, that both writers and readers have much to learn before

* *A Scots Dialect Dictionary*, compiled by Alexander Warrack, M.A. (W. & R. Chambers, Limited).

they can be adequately acquainted with this copious vocabulary, and that justice cannot be done to the language unless earnest endeavours are made in this direction.

This, then, would seem to be the answer to the question from which we set out. In Scotland, as in other countries, the native tongue will certainly suffer if it is left to itself and has no place in the national education. It will survive a longer or shorter time, according as circumstances vary; but without some assistance it cannot improve, and may rapidly deteriorate. This would not merely be a matter for regret on sentimental grounds; it would also involve serious loss in the sphere of national feeling, and would deprive Scotland of the natural enjoyment of its own literature. It seems worth while to make some effort to avert this result, and it has not been the habit of Scots to fail in any work which they have undertaken for Scotland's sake. The one thing needful is that it should be done in time.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER X.—A NOBLE HERITAGE IN THE BALANCE.

NOT for many years had Warminster known so much excitement. First in time was the report of Charles Heathcote's accident; and on the back of that, entirely eclipsing it in interest, came the amazing news that for more than a week the Marquis of Thanet had been living quietly and unsuspected at the 'King's Head.' It had soon spread from the club-dinner, and by next morning was common property. The manifestations were so embarrassing to a modest man that my lord found it convenient to flee them, and retire to his own house of Kingswood. Fortunately his servants had been sent down from London, and through Jackson's energy everything was ready for the reception of himself and his expected guests.

The arrival of these on the morning of the 14th gave the townsfolk a fresh topic of conversation. Two chaises-and-four, with three dignified personages in one (no less than aldermen of the City of London, it was whispered) and a brace of great lawyers in the second—such a spectacle as this was not to be seen every day on the streets of the sleepy cathedral city. They talked of it with bated breath after the chaises had rattled off to Kingswood, and of what was to be done there in the matter of the vast Brayden fortune.

Little need be said here of the three gentlemen on whom, by virtue of their offices as the senior aldermen of London, the execution of the Brayden trust had fallen under Sir Simon's will. In life they were doubtless excellent types of the merchant-prince, but as to their qualities our record is silent. They are mere lay-figures. The real head of the trust was Mr Crooks, their attorney. He was now an old man, and for forty years he had administered the estates with such fidelity and wise care that their value had almost doubled.

Headlam had accompanied him from London, and in the course of the afternoon Lord Thanet had a long consultation with him.

'You seem to have made the most of your time, my lord,' he remarked when he had heard as much of a certain matter as the marquis chose to tell him. 'If I understand rightly, you mean to have another trial when this affair is settled?'

'Faint heart—you know the proverb, Headlam.'

'And if the result is the same?'

'Why, there are always the wars for the broken-hearted swain,' the marquis replied, half in jest and half in seriousness.

'Let us hope the lady will relent then. Perhaps, when she learns the truth—— But I beg your lordship's pardon. I am not sure that I approve of all your intentions, although of course you may depend upon me to carry them out.'

'And that is all I want,' said my lord.

It was as one effect of the interview that Headlam, later in the morning, betook himself into Warminster and sought out Mr James Montgomery. The address which he had given was that of a tavern near the harbour, and was easily discovered; but the lawyer, being a man who liked to have his way clear ahead, thought it as well to make a few guarded inquiries in the neighbourhood before going in. He elicited that Mr Montgomery was a quiet and soft-spoken gentleman, did not move about much, had no ostensible business but plenty of money, and had boasted once or twice in his cups of a great fortune that was coming to him presently. Headlam smiled dryly to himself as he turned into the tavern.

Mr Montgomery was taking his ease when the lawyer was shown in. He was in his shirt-sleeves; and with his feet on the table, a long clay pipe in his mouth, and a stone jar of ample dimensions at his elbow, he was enabled to admire in reasonable comfort the changing scenes of the waterside, as seen through the open window. He was no longer the well-groomed, immaculate servant, but an Englishman in his own castle. As such he nodded pleasantly to his visitor, and disdained to alter his position.

'Glad to see you, Mr Headlam,' said he. 'You are from his lordship, I suppose? I've been expecting a message from him. Will you have anything to drink?'

'Not at present, thanks,' said Headlam, seating

himself uninvited and looking round him. 'This is a nice, cheerful spot for you, Montgomery; a difference from London and the old marquis, eh? You are down here to visit your friends?'

'Not at all. I haven't a friend in the town.'

'On business? And, as to that, I believe I have to congratulate you.'

Montgomery eyed him suspiciously. 'What about?' he demanded.

'Oh, the fortune that I hear it rumoured you are to get! It is all over the place.'

Montgomery brought his feet to the ground. 'That's as may be,' he said shortly. 'Meanwhile, what about my lord's message?'

'You are in his confidence, of course?'

'Perhaps you had better ask his lordship that question, Mr Headlam.'

'Twill be more discreet perhaps,' agreed the lawyer. 'Well, in any case, here's the message. You are to be at Heathcote Tower to-morrow at noon—not later.'

'At Heathcote Tower!' Montgomery repeated, as if he did not quite understand. 'That is young Mr Heathcote's house, isn't it?'

'Exactly. But young Mr Heathcote has broken his leg, and as he cannot come to the Brayden trustees they must perforce go to him; wherefore this meeting to-morrow. I can assure Lord Thanet that you will be there punctually and without fail?'

Montgomery nodded. 'All the same, I should like to know what he wants me to do,' he muttered.

'Perhaps you had better ask him that question,' suggested Headlam with a touch of malice.

'When shall I see him, sir? At the Tower?'

'He 'll be there, beyond a doubt.'

Montgomery was thoughtful for a minute, and then, after seeking inspiration from the stone jar, turned again to Headlam. 'How will it be settled, sir?' he asked in a persuasive tone.

'Oh, they seem to have no doubt that Sir Gilbert was killed at Minden,' said Headlam easily. 'And, by the way, were you not thereabouts? Your evidence may be useful.'

'I did not arrive until the morning after the battle.'

'That was a pity, Montgomery. Another thing, before I forget it. I believe you have a small packet of my lord's, and he desires you to bring it with you to-morrow.'

'Very well, sir.'

Headlam rose. 'On second thoughts, why should we not go up to the Tower together?' said he. 'I have to meet Mr Jackson in the morning, and if you will be at the "King's Head" about half-past eleven I can drive you out. Is that agreed upon? Good! As for that fortune of yours, Montgomery,' he said as he donned his hat, 'well, if you have any business in which I can help you I shall be very glad for old-time's sake to do my best.'

He departed therewith, leaving Montgomery, if not precisely apprehensive, with a vague sense of discomfort. Yet everything was apparently running smoothly. He had no liking for the lawyer, and never had; that must be the reason. Arguing thus, he went out after a little, and strolled up-town to witness the arrival of the London coach. A single passenger descended from it—a stalwart, sun-embrowned clergyman, and Montgomery started when he observed his face in the light of the inn lamps.

Hitherto he had made as certain of his four thousand a year as if he were actually in possession. Now he was not so sure.

. . . . . .

Mr Crooks looked at his watch. It was just twelve o'clock.

'We are all here, I think,' he said; 'and if you are ready, madam—and you, gentlemen—we can now open our business.'

The old hall of the Tower was scarcely to be recognised. Gideon and his mistress had done their utmost, not altogether without success, to hide the wideness of decay and make it appear home-like. By raiding the other rooms, and by a judicious arrangement of the furniture and hangings, they had really accomplished a wonderful transformation. Bright fires of logs burned in the two great chimney-places, and were reflected from the polished wainscotting and the arms on the walls; and, with the portraits of dead Heathcotes and the emblazoned windows, it was assuredly a more fitting scene for the last act of the Brayden drama than the parlour of an inn.

Eleanor and Dr Harris sat beside Charles Heathcote's couch, which had been wheeled close to one of the fires. Both the invalid and his sister were rather pale, but showed no outward sign of feeling. Near at hand was a long oaken table covered with neatly folded and docketed papers. Crooks, by unanimous request, was at the head; the three trustees were on one side; while Lord Thanet was seated between Headlam and the Heathcotes' lawyer, French, on the opposite. Altogether it was a grave and sober company, as beseemed the dignity and importance of the occasion.

From his post my lord had an excellent opportunity to study his lady's profile. He could do so safely; for, after the first frigid greeting, she had not a glance to spare for him. And he had an excuse, if one were needed, in the preliminary tediousness of the proceedings that now began.

Mr Crooks's first step was to read Sir Simon's will, a lengthy and highly involved document. It was here that my lord's attention strayed most. Thereafter he gave a history of the trust during the term of its existence, and enlivened his audience when he went on to describe in full the present condition of the estates—'the noblest private heritage in the three kingdoms,' as he dubbed it with a pardonable enthusiasm. Verily it was a wonderful account! As the stupendous details were unfolded, one claimant or the other

might have been pardoned if he had evinced an excitement not to be controlled. The faces of both, for good but different reasons, remained inflexibly calm.

At last the lawyer came to the important point in which they were all interested, and in a few words explained the present position.

'We have now to receive evidence,' he continued, 'as to whether the Marquis of Thanet was the first to decease, or whether it was Sir Gilbert Heathcote. It will be convenient, perhaps, to ask Mr Headlam to speak as regards his late lordship.'

Headlam did not speak, but he put in an affidavit signed by Sir Hugh Biddulph, M.D., and himself, proving that William Nassau, Marquis of Thanet, had died on the 1st of August at seven o'clock P.M. Mr Crooks noted it with a lawyer's satisfaction.

'The evidence regarding Sir Gilbert is not quite so precise, but I fear,' he resumed—with an apologetic bow towards the Heathcotes—'I greatly fear it is conclusive. Every possible effort has been made to find out the facts, and these you must judge for yourselves. With permission, I will read the various statements.'

On the face of them, they were (as he had said) absolutely conclusive. Sir Gilbert had been engaged in the battle of Minden; he had not been seen or heard of since; there was but the one inference. As the attorney read the communications one by one in his colourless voice, and doubt grew fainter and fainter, Lord Thanet saw that Eleanor's hand furtively caught her brother's; but except for a tightening of the lips she displayed no other emotion. The last paper bearing on the case was an official document from the Assistant Adjutant-General giving the time when the battle was over.

Then Charles Heathcote spoke out. 'Need we go any further with this, Mr Crooks?' he asked wearily. 'For my part, I have never expected anything else. Therefore I do not dispute my Lord Thanet's claim.'

'You will pardon me, sir, but there are certain forms to be observed,' said the lawyer. 'The question now before me is this: are we to accept the conclusions of these inquiries, and presume that Sir Gilbert Heathcote died during the forenoon of the 1st of August?'

He turned to the trustees; two of them assented without hesitation, but the third kept silence.

'And you, Sir William?'

'It strikes me as a matter for the Court of Chancery,' he replied.

'Exactly,' said Crooks. 'It must go before the Court, of course; but we want it to go backed by a united application from the trustees and unopposed by either claimant. The purpose of our meeting here, I take it, is simply to reach an agreement as to the facts, and so prevent interminable litigation.'

'I assent,' said Sir William concisely.

Mr Crooks looked round the room. Then, with an air of the deepest consequence, he rose to his feet. 'We are all at one, gentlemen,' said he, 'in finding that Sir Gilbert Heathcote died before noon on the 1st of August, and that the Marquis of Thanet died at seven o'clock P.M. on the same day. Having regard to these ascertained facts, which Mr Heathcote as his father's representative does not question, our duty is plain. The succession to Sir Simon Brayden's estate fell to the survivor and his heirs-male. Accordingly, my Lord Thanet'——

But here Lord Thanet himself intervened. 'You must excuse me, Mr Crooks,' he said quietly; 'but I have reasons for thinking that the whole truth has not been told in respect to Sir Gilbert's death. Before the case is closed may I be permitted to offer my evidence? I was at Minden, you know.'

Crooks, for once in his life, was taken aback. 'Am I to understand that *you*, of all men, dispute Sir Gilbert's death, my lord?' he asked.

'Not the fact of his death. I am sorry I cannot dispute that;' and he ventured to glance at Eleanor, who was now regarding him with wide-open eyes. 'But as to the exact hour I believe I can materially help you to decide.'

'We shall be glad to hear what your lordship has to say, of course,' returned the attorney with obvious curiosity.

As briefly and baldly as possible he related the incidents in which the Cavalier with the Cane was concerned, not failing to notice the while how Eleanor's colour came and went as the story—with which, you will remember, she was already acquainted—appealed to her with a new significance. Then he proceeded, without touching on his own share in the matter, to tell how the cavalier had been found wounded on the field, had been carried to shelter, had lingered through the night, and had died in the early morning. One could not complain now of the impassiveness of the company.

'Well, and who was he?' cried Crooks, as my lord paused.

'Unfortunately that is just what I cannot say from my personal knowledge. I had never seen him before, and his name was not mentioned in my hearing. 'Twas only the other day that, by a sheer chance, I was led to a suspicion of the truth.'

'But, my lord, we cannot take suspicions and suppositions!' expostulated Crooks. 'The man might have been anybody. Really your evidence does not seem to bring us much light.'

'A moment, sir. While I cannot do so myself, I have witnesses who may be able to prove this gentleman's identity. They are here now, at your service. If I have your consent to call them in'——

Crooks, in the name of the rest, hastened

to acquiesce; and the marquis walked to the door, where old Gideon was acting as outer guard.

'Twill be better, I suppose, to ask them in separately?' he suggested with his hand on the knob.

'Oh, as your lordship thinks best,' said Crooks impatiently.

Then my lord opened the door. 'Mr Twenty-penny,' said he, 'will you please request James Montgomery to step here?'

(To be continued.)

THE FLYING-MACHINE IN WAR.

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT.

UNLIKE any battle that has ever been fought in the world's history, the battle of the future will be a conflict waged in three dimensions. Long before its artillery will have volleyed and thundered, each great military power will have endeavoured to secure the command of the air by building more dirigible airships and aeroplanes than its rivals. The fighting arm of a nation will henceforth be extended not merely over land and sea, but upward into the hitherto unconquerable air itself. Of all this we had some indication during the remarkable French military manœuvres of 1910. Then for the first time aeroplanes were tested under conditions that approximated those of actual warfare.

To the layman the aeroplane's chief function in this battle of the future would seem to be the dropping of explosives on a hapless and helpless army below. The military strategist knows better. In the first place, he knows that the actual amount of damage which could thus be inflicted would be disappointingly small. A hole may be torn in the ground; the windows of a few buildings may be broken; a battleship's superstructure may be blown away; but that wholesale destruction of life and property which would seem obviously to follow from the mere existence of military flying-machines, freighted with bombs and grenades, is not to be looked for. Even were it possible thus to destroy part of a stronghold, the difficulty of hitting the object aimed at is nearly insurmountable.

Every small boy has attempted to hit some passer-by in the street with a missile hurled from a third-story window. Usually he failed, because the target was moving and because the wind deflected the projectile. The air-marksman is much worse off. Seated in a craft which is not only skimming at a speed hardly less than thirty-five miles an hour, and possibly as great as sixty miles an hour, but skimming at a height of perhaps half a mile, the chance that he will ever be able to hit his target by making the proper allowance for the horizontal momentum which his bomb would receive, as well as for the prevailing wind, seems woefully remote. If bombs are to be dropped on forces below, it must be by means of tubes which will both project and direct the missile, and which will be provided with wind-gauges and height-indicators for the proper guidance of the marksman. We must not allow ourselves to be misled by the skill displayed at flying exhibitions in dropping oranges on miniature battleships. Oranges are not bombs, nor are the heights at which they are dropped the half-mile at which a military aeroplane must soar if it is to elude gun-fire.

To be effective a bomb must be fairly large. Moreover, a considerable supply of bombs must be available. The aeroplane is a thing of comparative lightness. It cannot carry much ammunition of that sort. Hence, even admitting the possibility of dropping explosives upon any desired spot, the destruction wrought must necessarily be limited in extent. Lastly, there is also considerable danger in unbalancing the machine by the sudden removal of the load from one side.

During the French manœuvres of 1910 no attempt seems to have been made to drop explosives from either airships or aeroplanes. In the war of the future the aeroplane will be employed primarily for the transmission of orders and despatches; for discovering an enemy in a region in which his presence is suspected, his strength and the disposition of his forces being unknown; for ascertaining the strength of an enemy at points where he is known to be located; and for collecting sufficient information to permit siege-guns to plant their shells where they will be most effective. In other words, the future military aeroplane will do the work of a mounted scouting force; for its chief function will be that of reconnaissance. Two men will be seated in its frame—one to pilot the machine, and one to sketch and photograph the terrane below. From the trained eye of the spy in the air nothing will be concealed. He will be like a vulture wheeling in the blue, watching for carrion below. The click of his camera-shutter may be a death-knell, for it will record instantaneously the position of some battery cunningly hidden behind a ridge, an earthwork thrown up across a pass, a stream spanned by military pontoon-bridges. His pencil, when it touches the page of a notebook, may spell the death sentence of a regiment; for it will unerringly note those details of position and numbers which the photographic plate may not be able to register. When he has learned all that he can learn, he signals his companion to return. Hardly two

hours may have elapsed since he was despatched on his quest. Yet within that time he may be able to give his commanding officer information that a regiment of cavalry could not have gathered with almost unlimited time.

Both Generals Picquart and Meunier, the opposing commanders during the French manœuvres of 1910, expressed their satisfaction with the performance of aerial scouts. The machines had no difficulty in making an ascent whenever they were ordered to do so. What is more, the aviators carried out orders to the letter, and often under very unfavourable weather conditions. It was doubted at first whether they would be able to report with any degree of definiteness upon the position and number of the enemy. At a height of fifteen hundred feet it seems quite possible, however, for a practised man to discover the character of the troops below him and to distinguish whether they are infantry, cavalry, or artillery. Artillery are easily enough distinguished by the intervals between the horses. By counting the number of gun-caissons the strength of the battery can be ascertained. The strength of cavalry and infantry is arrived at by counting the companies or other group formations.

During the manœuvres in question it was sometimes difficult at the first glance to gain definite information of troops in battle formation, and at times it was possible to distinguish friend from foe only by the direction of fire. Lieutenant Sido, a French army officer and aerial scout, in commenting upon the possibility of discovering at a very great height the position of an enemy's forces, stated that a man who goes up in an aeroplane for the first time cannot distinguish anything below him; that many flights are necessary before he can form a judgment of the terrane below; that good eyesight, coupled with experience, is necessary; that field-glasses are needed only rarely; and that at a very great height, cavalry are somewhat harder to make out than artillery.

Although aeroplanes carrying but a single man did much valuable work during these manœuvres, it is generally agreed that the military aeroplane must carry at least two men, one of whom shall act as a pilot, and the other as an observer. As the field of the military aeroplane is extended, it is very likely that non-commissioned officers, and even ordinary soldiers, will be entrusted with the piloting of the machine. The observer must always be an intelligent officer of experience. Lieutenant Bellenger, who distinguished himself by his effective reconnaissances in a Blériot, maintains that one man will answer for ordinary scouting. When it is considered, however, that the machine has to be controlled, that maps have to be read, that the enemy's strength and disposition have to be discovered, that notes and sketches have to be made, it seems obvious that more than one man will be required.

It may be doubted whether the aeroplane will entirely supplant the usual forces employed for reconnaissance. The mist which usually conceals the ground early in the morning will probably interfere seriously with the activities of the aerial scout, not to mention ordinary fogs. Night marches and cavalry raids will probably be just as frequent as they have been in the past, and troops will mask themselves as they always have done by natural and artificial concealments.

No doubt new stratagems will be devised to deceive the aerial eye. It is conceivable that a regiment may group itself in battalion form, or even in brigade form, so that its strength may be overestimated. Other stratagems suggest themselves, such as the feigned movements which completely misled the observers in dirigible airships during the German manœuvres of 1910.

It is highly advisable that the aeroplane be fitted, if possible, with some form of wireless telegraph apparatus, so that the commanding officer may be kept fully informed of each new discovery. The necessity of reporting in person means the return of the aeroplane to headquarters. Up to the present time no very successful attempt has been made in this direction, although the success of the wireless installation on the dirigible 'Clement-Bayard II.' would seem to indicate that the problem is not beyond solution.

For ordinary reconnaissance on the battlefield elaborate notes are not essential. The notes that Lieutenant Bellenger took were of the most meagre character—simply sufficient to refresh his memory. They were mere memoranda which read, for example, '7 h. 47 m. Mortvillers, 3 batteries.' Such a note was all that he required when making his oral report. For siege work, on the other hand, he insists on much more detailed information. In reconnoitring of that character, the chief work to be performed by the man in the air will be the precise indication of the point to be shelled. An error of only one hundred and fifty feet in giving that position will nullify a besieging battery's best efforts. Reconnaissances in force to ascertain the enemy's disposition, a tactical necessity which may require a detachment of several thousand men from the main army for a considerable period of time, will probably be of infrequent occurrence in the future warfare. An aeroplane will accomplish the same result in a fraction of the time. One of the bloodiest encounters the world has ever seen was the Japanese attack on 203 Mètre Hill. Yet the sole purpose of that great slaughter was the placing of two or three men at the summit of the hill to direct the fire of the Japanese siege-guns upon the Russian fleet in the harbour of Port Arthur.

The realisation of aerial navigation for military purposes brings forward new questions as regards

the limitation of frontiers. So long as military operations are confined to the surface of the earth, it has been the custom to protect the geographical limits of a country by ample preparations in time of peace, such as a line of fortresses properly garrisoned. At the outbreak of war these boundaries represent real and definite limits to military operations. Excursions into the enemy's territory usually require the backing of a strong military force. Under the new conditions, however, these geographic boundaries no longer offer the same definite limits to military movements. With a third dimension added to the theatre of operations, it will be possible to pass over this boundary on rapid raids for obtaining information, accomplishing demolitions, &c., returning to safety in a minimum time. We may therefore regard the advent of military scouts of the air as, in a measure, obliterating present national frontiers in conducting military operations.

Is the enemy altogether defenceless? Can he offer no resistance? It is inconceivable that he shall lie at the mercy of a great artificial vulture as helpless as a carcass. Undoubtedly he will have his special artillery—field-pieces so constructed that they can be elevated for high angle fire. Against that military bird of prey which he sees hovering far above him, and whose errand he divines only too well, he will train this weapon. If his whistling, explosive shrapnel should strike a motor, a propeller-blade, or an ignition device; if it should cut a tiller-rope or splinter a steering-rod, that great bird above him must glide down—wounded at least. It is not necessary to kill the pilot, but merely to strike a vital part of the driving mechanism. The spy in the air may glide down in safety; but his information is lost to his commanding officer. The question arises, can the aeroplane be struck so easily? Probably not. A moving object is always difficult to hit, but trebly so when it soars half a mile up in the sky.

Such guns are made in Germany by Krupp, and by the Rheinische Metallwaaren und Maschinenfabrik, of Düsseldorf. The guns have small bores and use light projectiles, so that they can be fired quickly. The barrels are comparatively long, so that a high initial velocity and a low trajectory are obtained. Telescope sights and a range-finder are provided, the latter fitted with an arrangement which gives the necessary elevation as the distance is read off.

During the French manœuvres of 1910 a special gun was used for the repulsion of airships and aeroplanes, the invention of Captain Houbernat. Besides this piece, a mitrailleuse was used of the usual type employed by French infantry and cavalry, but modified so that it could be elevated at a high angle and fired from an automobile if necessary.

The question of ammunition most suitable for guns is also receiving attention in Germany. The Düsseldorf firm mentioned has introduced a combined shrapnel and ordinary shell for use against aircraft.

This new form of shrapnel differs from that ordinarily fired, in so far as the shell part, after the explosion of the shrapnel part, is carried on to the target or to the ground, where it detonates, giving off in its flight an observable cloud of smoke. A somewhat similar projectile is also made by the Krupps. The trail of smoke serves the purpose of indicating how close the projectile came to its mark.

Not upon such artillery and shells and shrapnel will the enemy rely, but on aeroplanes and airships of his own. He must fight steel with steel. When he sees a black speck in the sky moving towards him, he gives a quick command. A monoplane or a biplane, perhaps two, start with a whir from his camp and soar to meet that speck. When machine encounters machine in the sky, what will happen? They dare not ram each other. That would mean the inevitable destruction of both; for both would fall to the ground, a mass of twisted and splintered metal and wood. They must fire at each other, but what with? Not with revolvers or rifles, for their range is too small for effective shooting at an aeroplane wheeling round some thousands of yards away; not with a field-piece, for it could not be carried on so light a contrivance; but with a machine-gun of especially light construction—a mitrailleuse which will pour forth so many hundred shots a minute in a steady stream, like a jet of water spouting from a hose. That battle in the sky will be won by the swiftest and most readily controlled flying-machine—by the aeroplane, in a word, which can run and choose its own position and range.

The question may well be asked, what will be the relation of dirigible to aeroplane? Will the one type displace the other? Both types will probably be necessary. The dirigible and the aeroplane will bear to each other the relation of battleship to torpedo-boat. In actual war each combatant will have a fleet of both airships and aeroplanes. When an enemy appears it will be the first duty of the opposing fleet to attack him. The home fleet will have a certain advantage, because it will be nearer its base. It is not likely that an attacking fleet will sail over an enemy's country unless it is able to destroy the home fleet.

What chance has the dirigible against the aeroplane in an aerial battle? Because of its greater speed the aeroplane has the advantage of fighting or running. Moreover, the dirigible being a more expensive machine, there are always likely to be more aeroplanes than airships; so that many aeroplanes can be opposed to a single dirigible, just as many torpedo-boats are sent against a single battleship on the theory that one at least will deal a fatal blow.

For actual fighting purposes the aeroplane

cannot as yet be reckoned upon. It can be armed only with the lightest gun, and can carry only a very limited amount of ammunition and men. The dirigible, on the other hand, can carry a crew of twenty-six, and can be fitted with guns much above rifle calibre. It can remain in the air thirty or forty hours, and in that time traverse several hundred miles. When the aeroplane can carry a couple of fighting-men in addition to the pilot, and these can be armed with something in the nature of a machine-gun, the efficiency of aeroplanes will be greatly increased if they cruise in fleets against isolated dirigibles. The small target and high speed of the aeroplane will be in its favour, even though its opponent will be more heavily armed.

THE STEWARD OF THE 'SILCHESTER.'

CHAPTER II.

THE *Silchester* slowed down and came to rest at the entrance to the Straits of Yenikale. From the neighbouring town of Kertch, deep within the bay, two Russian officials pulled out, with a doctor, to inspect the vessel and the crew. Cholera was rife in some of the western Mediterranean ports, and *pratique* to proceed and traffic in the Azov could only be obtained on two conditions—that the doctor was satisfied as to the health of the crew, and that no passengers were carried. Otherwise every vessel—however vexatious the detention, and however costly—was placed in quarantine.

The whole crew, in a long semicircle, was mustered on the poop-deck. The new steward, conspicuous by his stature, immediately drew upon himself the eyes of the doctor and the eyes of the suspicious officials. Had there been any possible method of escape from the ordeal he would have taken it, but there was not. In his appointed place he stood calmly awaiting the doctor's verdict, and inwardly with a keener and more tremulous expectation than the rest for the sign of dismissal. It soon came. The medical inspection was quite perfunctory. The doctor passed along the semicircle eying each man, and nodding his approval. But when the curve broke up and the men began to descend the poop, one of the officials tapped him on the shoulder and intimated that he wished him to remain.

'Who is this?' he asked, turning to the captain when the other men had gone.

'The steward,' answered the captain.

'Your name?' he demanded abruptly, wheeling round to face the steward, and speaking in Russian. But the steward simply stared at him. 'Cannot you answer?' he went on, still in Russian, but eliciting nothing beyond a stare.

'Adam Daddo,' said the captain, coming to his relief. He knew sufficient of the Russian tongue to comprehend the official's meaning.

'Tam Tatto!' repeated the official. 'Tam Tatto! Is that a name of the English?'

'Yes, Adam Daddo,' corrected the captain, suppressing a smile.

The steward was gravity itself.

'But this man is not of the English,' asserted the official.

'He signed on as Adam Daddo,' said the captain. 'You can see the articles if you like.'

'I do like, certainly,' responded the official.—'And you, A-tam Tatto,' for he had seized the initial vowel, 'steward of this ship, have you no word?'

'As many as convenient, sir,' answered the steward, 'for those I understand.'

'Ah, you speak the English well like the capitaine himself,' said the official; 'but I fear me you are not quite of the English. No. What are you?'

'I shipped from Wales.'

'W-a-a-les! Where is that?' and the official turned to the captain.

'Where the coal comes from,' answered the captain.

'Cardiff, Newport, Swansea—there?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, now you may go,' said he, curtly dismissing the steward.

He was glad to go, and did not mean to appear again. But, to his chagrin, ten minutes afterwards the captain sent for him. He entered the cabin aft, to find the doctor and the two officials seated at the table.

'Steward,' said the captain, 'these gentlemen want you to write your name;' and he placed before him a blank sheet of notepaper and handed him a pen.

'With pleasure, sir,' the steward responded, and, dipping the pen, he scrawled the signature.

The three watched him intently. The foresight of the steward was receiving its justification. Not by the movement of a single muscle did Captain Chirgwin betray him. Here, however, in the demand for the signature, was the reason why the steward had sedulously practised it, and the first faint clue to the mystery.

'Thank you,' said the captain. The steward left the cabin, and sauntered slowly toward the galley.

Presently, from within the galley door, he saw the three assembled at the top of the companion bidding the captain farewell, and ready to descend to their boat. A wrathful desire possessed him to rush out and fling them into the sea. He restrained himself, clenching his fists till the nails bit into the palms, and biting his lips till

the blood came. He as well as they had had a narrow escape. It would have meant arrest for him, and trial and exile, and therefore the premature spoiling of his plan; but for them only a long drop and a deep immersion. The compensation was insufficient. He let them go.

'The signature satisfied them,' said the captain as he passed the galley on his way to the bridge.

'It is my misfortune, sir, to be too tall,' responded the steward. 'If I had been six inches shorter these suspicious *tchinovniks* would have overlooked me.'

The captain made no remark about the use of the word *tchinovniks*, but concluded, as he ascended the bridge, that, notwithstanding his pretended ignorance of the language, the steward was a Russian.

The light ship, riding well out of the water, steamed through the yellow straits, guided by the floating poles which marked the passage, and entered the shallow and turbid Sea of Azov. By the following day she was in the company of other steamers, five of them, anchored in the roads, and was brought up at her own anchor on a bed of silt a couple of fathoms or so beneath her keel.

To the north-west, in the direction of Taganrog, the low-lying land was visible, shimmering, however, in a glowing mirage soon to melt away. The sediment-laden sea, dotted with pelicans of a pinky white, and hovered over by stray locusts and dragon-flies, stretched on every side like a smooth plain of dull glass, reflecting the steamers and exhaling a still vapour under the fierce rays of the sun. The sky was a furnace, a vast inverted bowl of blue-white heat. The summer had come, the hot summer of the Azov, with its curious atmospheric effects and its preparations for weird electric phenomena; and the sailors settled down for a warm time of it, thankful that the stowing of the cargo had been arranged for, and that the heaviest work would be done by the stevedore's men.

These came aboard the same evening, a double score of them or more, and slept about the decks and in the holds. Morning brought the first lighter with its heaped-up cargo of bales of wool, not from Taganrog, but from Rostoff, down the estuary of the Don; and the vessel was soon resonant with a variety of sounds—the creaking of the derricks, the rattle of the winches, and the shouts of the men. A constant supply of wool was kept up by other lighters dropping alongside during the day.

The captain went ashore. His quarters were in Taganrog. A tug passed to and fro for the convenience of the captains, the provisioning of the vessels, and the transmission of the mails.

The steward was an interested spectator of the arrival of the lighters. More of his time was spent in the open on this one day than on any other single day since he had joined the vessel. The last of the lighters arrived in the dusk. In the bows stood an elderly man dexterously handling the long sweeps with a strength that seemed greater than his years warranted. He was bearded, bare-bosomed, and burned almost black by constant exposure to the sun and wind. Around his neck, as around the necks of all the labourers, a string was tied from which depended a small baptismal coin-like icon. The steward, still on the watch, was leaning over the bulwarks of the well-deck. As the lighter touched the vessel he spoke to the man in a low, aspirated undertone. Immediately, like an echo, the answer came. No one overheard them. The steward, who was nearest to the lighter, stretched out his hand, a helping hand to one so elderly, and courteously proffered; the boatman seized it with a word of thanks, and sprang aboard. Instantly the steward's palm closed upon an article left within it; and, free from observation, he walked quietly away to his berth.

Closing the door behind him, and planting his back against it, he opened his palm and smiled. A walnut lay within it. He ran the edge of his penknife round the line of jointure, and the nut fell open. Folded inside, in place of the kernel, was a briefly written note on very thin paper. To catch the light from the porthole he held it slantwise, read it rapidly, crushed it in his hand, and, still smiling, carried both it and the nut to the galley fire and burned them both.

Later, under the poop, where the shadows were deepest, the old man met him. The steward, standing erect, commanded the afterdeck and the whole space amidships as far as the chart-room. A few figures were scattered about, motionless and apparently asleep. Drawing from his bosom the coin-like icon, the old man kissed it and crossed himself, and before replacing it presented it to the lips of the steward. He reverently copied the old man's example. A whispered colloquy followed, very brief; then they parted, the old man picking his way forward among the sleepers, the steward retiring to his cabin.

When morning came the steward was gone.

Eight bells sounded, but there was no breakfast. The second mate went below to ascertain the cause. The cabin door was closed. He rapped upon it, and, receiving no reply, entered and found the cabin empty. The ship was searched; but nowhere, fore or aft, high or low, could they come across a single trace of the missing steward. He had vanished. The meal was urgent, steward or no steward; and the first mate, in the absence of the captain, appointed a man from the forecastle as steward, and set him at once upon the preparation of the belated breakfast. The captain, in response to Mr Dickenson's message, returned immediately and instituted strict inquiries, besides renewing the search. Adam Daddo's belongings were yet in the cabin. The steward's few possessions, so

far as he could tell, were left untouched. He dismissed the idea of foul play, also the idea that the steward had fallen overboard, and put down his disappearance to the mystery that still baffled him. The signature, sedulously practised, and accepted not without demur by the Kertch officials, was a clue too slight to aid in its unravelling. He could only wait. While in the roads they could manage without him, but not so easily without him on the voyage home. Before they left the roads, however, he might return.

The captain was recalled to Taganrog. During the next fortnight he paid two visits to the ship, and found everything in order, and the stowing of the cargo proceeding with commendable despatch. In another week or so the wool would all be packed tightly in the main holds, and the linseed would be ready to be run rapidly through the fore hatch. Preparations could then be completed in an hour or two for their departure. But the steward was still missing, and there was no sign of his return.

When the wool was all in, and before the lighters arrived with the linseed, the captain was obliged to visit the merchant in Rostoff. He went by train from Taganrog. The following morning, after an interview with the merchant, he was walking back to the hotel, when, crossing the road obliquely in his direction, he caught sight of an elderly man who was unusually tall even for a Russian. He shambled rather than walked, throwing his massive shoulders forward, and peering before him as if he were short-sighted and not quite sure of the way. A rough skin cap surmounted his shock of brown hair. Boots, high-fitting and patched so plentifully that little of the original leather remained, were visible beneath his long and ragged caftan. His beard was abundantly sprinkled with gray. It was his beard first of all—shaggy, untrimmed, covering his open throat and breast — which attracted the captain's attention; then the face, about which there was something suggestive, familiar; and suddenly it flashed upon him with a surprise that, in sea-phrase, brought him up 'all-standing.' Here was the face he had seen reflected in the steward's mirror!

He waited on the edge of the kerb intently watching the man's approach. When nearing the kerb, still peering, the man became aware of the captain's presence. The contracted lids lifted, and for a moment the blue-gray eyes looked steadily out. The man swerved, avoiding the captain, and took the kerb a couple of feet beyond him. But the captain was not mistaken. They were the steward's eyes!

'Steward!' said the captain softly, turning on the instant, and stepping close beside him.

He shambled on, unheeding, and deaf apparently to the captain's salutation.

'It's no use,' persisted the captain. 'You cannot deceive me; and,' as he edged away, the captain following, 'I refuse to be shaken off.'

At this he stopped, curved his hand over his right ear, bent his head down, contracted his lids more closely, and scanned the captain's face.

'You cannot deceive me, steward,' repeated the captain. 'I have seen your eyes.'

'For God's sake, sir, leave me!' the steward entreated, speaking in a vibrant whisper, but maintaining an attitude of listening surprise. 'We are watched. Treat me as a beggar;' and he held out his palm. 'I will see you to-morrow.'

The captain, moved by the poignancy of his tone, dropped a coin into his hand. The beggar crossed himself, mumbled an unintelligible word or two, and moved away. The captain, drawn against his will into the secrecy of the steward's disguise, paused, then turned upon his heel, and in a muse walked slowly back toward the hotel.

Less than half-way there his muse was abruptly broken. A young man, smartly attired in a blue uniform, brushed against him, as it were accidentally, and in passing glanced sharply into his face. He murmured a word of pardon, preceded him briskly, and entered the hotel before him. When the captain appeared, the porter obsequiously swung the doors open, and in the spacious entrance-hall stood the courteous and smiling official awaiting him. He asked him some question in Russian.

'I do not understand you,' responded Captain Chirgwin. 'I am an Englishman.'

The official called to his aid the interpreter of the hotel.

'If you cannot speak in Slav,' said he, 'why did you expect the beggar to whom you gave a coin just now to comprehend your meaning?'

'Because I thought I knew him.'

'And did you know him?'

The captain thought swiftly, remembered the mirror and the cleverness of the disguise, and replied without a perceptible pause, 'I had never seen him before.' It was the reflection he had seen.

'He reminded you of some one?'

'Of a likeness of some one.'

'A picture, do you mean?' asked the official, puzzled.

'So you may call it,' said the captain blandly.

'And because of the likeness, the picture, you spoke to him and gave him alms?'

'Only a rouble.'

'Only! You are generous, capitaine. Accept my apologies, please. I am sorry to have troubled you;' and, with a bow, he passed into the street.

The incident and the conversation recurred again and again to the mind of Captain Chirgwin during the remainder of the day. Was the steward suspected by the police? Had he assumed the disguise to deceive them? Why was he in Rostoff, and what had induced him to reach it in this roundabout way? The ordi-

nary passenger-routes were open to him. He could have come much quicker by rail. But he had chosen to travel by the *Silchester*, to manœuvre Adam Daddo out of his place that he might himself step into it. How he had done it the captain knew not; but, piecing events together, he knew that the steward had done it the more secretly to reach his destination and the more effectively to carry out his plan. The authorities at Kertch had been hoodwinked already. Would he be able by his disguise to hoodwink the Rostoff authorities? The young, lynx-eyed official might only have been impressed by the oddity of the incident. He might have had no suspicion of the steward's disguise. That seemed likely, seeing he had not followed the steward, but had questioned the captain. Anyhow, whatever the steward's plot might be, the captain had stepped into it, enforcing a recognition through his own foolish persistency perhaps; and for the steward's sake, and his own, and for the sake of the ship he was master of, it now behoved him to walk warily. The steward had said he would see him to-morrow. When—where? How would he make the appointment? They might both be under surveillance. The steward had won his admiration. He liked the man; he would gladly help him if he could; but he had his ship to think about, and the interests of his employers.

Next morning, while he was dressing, his eyes fell upon the reflection of a walnut. It was placed immediately before the mirror where he could not possibly miss it. He picked it up inquisitively and carefully examined it, persuaded that it had not been there the night before. He had slept with the window open top and bottom because of the heat. If any one had desired to do so simple and meaningless a thing, it would have been comparatively easy by climbing to the window, which opened on a separate balcony, to place the walnut in the position in which he had found it. Simple? Meaningless? Ah, as these questions suggested themselves he scrutinised the walnut closely; then, taking the two parts firmly between the thumb and finger of each hand, he gave it a sharp wrench sideways. With a little click the nut split in two and a scrap of paper fluttered to the floor. He stooped to recover it, and read: 'The wharf midday. Destroy.' He struck a match immediately and burnt the paper. The divided shell he put into his pocket. Afterwards he crushed it beneath his heel outside.

'The wharf is a public place,' thought he as he fastened his collar and went on with his dressing, 'but a public place where of all others it is most natural for me to go. My presence there will provoke no comment. Midday! The men will not be working then; in this hot weather it will be a time of siesta. Time and place are both well chosen. It was ingenious to send the message in a walnut. How innocent the thing looked! Did he bring it, I wonder, or has he a confederate in the hotel? I never expected a development like this when I told him to jump aboard.'

Five minutes before twelve he emerged upon the river-bank, on its western side, a short distance below the magnificent railway bridge, and walked slowly and observantly southwards. The wharves, backed by the warehouses, stretched before him. Lighters were lying alongside. Labourers were sleeping in the shade. He came to the place where the linseed was loaded for the completion of the *Silchester's* cargo. A lighter moored to the bank was partly filled, and left until the siesta was over. Looking over it, as if casually, he noticed that one of the sleepers stirred, turned upon his shoulder, and peered at him. He recognised the man of yesterday, the steward in disguise.

He turned away, and sauntered behind a stack of timber, where in a minute or two the steward joined him. Except from the warehouse windows they were quite hidden from view.

'We must not talk long, sir,' began the steward.

'As long as safety will permit,' said the captain.

'Safety never permits in Russia, sir,' responded the steward quietly. 'Every moment brings its risks. I have a question to ask you. When does the *Silchester* sail?'

'On Thursday, I hope; indeed, I am all but certain. I have the promise that the linseed shall be in by Thursday evening, and I shall clear my papers in preparation.'

'Thursday evening, and it is now Tuesday noon!' The steward meditated, as if he were making a careful calculation of the time at his disposal; then, in a slightly louder tone, he said, 'You will leave in the night, sir?'

'Probably.'

'I hope to be with you.'

'You must.'

'I will do my best, sir.'

'You have signed on for out and home. I can hold you to the articles.'

'If I am alive, sir, I will serve you,' said the steward solemnly.

'Alive?' queried the captain, surprised.

'So I said, sir. I may not be. Look for me at eleven; and for the sake of Him whom sometimes here we call the Little Father Christ—for His sake, sir, whose name we both revere,' and he crossed himself—'even if the *Silchester* be moving take me aboard.'

'I will, steward,' returned the captain with an emotion he had some difficulty in keeping under control. A chord in his Celtic nature, attuned by birth and training to respond to appeals like these, vibrated sympathetically; and, on the impulse, he grasped the steward's hand. 'I may not question you. But I can

trust you. When you come aboard again you will tell me everything?'

'Everything, sir;' and the steward slipped away to the lighter.

The captain went straight to the warehouse and inquired whether the linseed would all be down by Thursday night. Not that he wanted any further assurance that the merchant's promise would be fulfilled, but simply to lead any spy who might be watching his movements to infer that his conversation with the lighterman was about the cargo, and that the sole purpose of his visit to the wharf was to make sure that he would have it by the stipulated time.

(To be continued.)

DUCKER-SHOOTING ON LOCH FYNE.

IT is an open secret in Glasgow and round the shores of the Clyde that the Loch Fyne herring industry is worked out. At least that is the most plausible explanation. Twenty years ago a type of fish inhabited these waters which was known and sought after the world over—the large 'blue' herring, as it was called. Those who have tasted it will recall its wonderfully rich salmon-like flavour; those who have cooked it, the fact that its own fat was sufficient to fry it without the use of any other substitute. It had a broad, flat body, a small torpedo-shaped head, and habits that seemed to have been made to order. Huge 'eyes' of the fish used to pass up the loch about May from the spawning-beds at Ballantrae. They lay in the deep water above Otter Spit during the daytime, and at night came in close to the shore to feed. The phosphorescence on the water marked the locality of each shoal, and all that the fisherman required to do was to ring a net round it and lift it bodily into his boat. In these days it was no uncommon thing for two crews (eight men) to divide as much as four hundred pounds among them at the end of the week, and this from May to December of each year, while some figures are quoted that sound like an insult to common-sense. The fact remains, however, that 90 per cent. of the fine villas at Tarbert were built and owned by fishermen. It is still told in the village that the wives used to go to the quay on a Saturday morning with their aprons held out to receive the pound-notes—and if one or two got blown away, it didn't matter!

But the 'blue' herring has departed. No one has as much as seen it for several years. What now inhabits the loch is quite a different type of fish, known among the fisherfolk by the contemptuous names 'gut-pok' and 'feeding' herring, from the fact that its intestine is always found engorged with weed. This fish has the great disadvantage of not keeping fresh (the food-stuff in its stomach appears to decompose with great rapidity), and it is also much more difficult to catch owing to its preference for open water.

Under these depressing circumstances the Loch Fyne fishermen are having a difficult struggle to make even the barest living, and though they have almost to a man faced the change of fortune bravely and patiently, the prospects are far from reassuring. Indeed, one wonders sometimes what is to become of places like Tarbert. Last year the distress was acute, and there is little hope of a better state of things up to the present time.

On this account ducker-shooting has become one of the recognised means of replenishing the dull season larder, and is now very generally carried on throughout the lower reaches of the loch.

The ducker, or 'dooker,' as it is called locally, is a member of the guillemot family, of which three varieties are recognised—the guillemot proper, the brindled guillemot, and the razor-bill. This latter differs from the true guillemot in the shape of its bill, and belongs to an allied genus, that of the auks. All three classes present the same general characteristics—black heads, backs, and wings, and a broad white 'shirt,' which forms a conspicuous mark against the blue-green of the water. The distinguishing features are size and the shape of the bill. The guillemot is the largest, the razor-bill the smallest. The former has a long, sharp bill, notched at the tip—the so-called 'tooth;' the razor-bill possesses a broad hooked beak, black in colour, and somewhat resembling that of a parrot.

The most remarkable thing about the whole family from an anatomical point of view is their ridiculously small wings, which look quite incapable of lifting them out of the water. Yet the fact remains that duckers fly fast and far.

During the autumn and winter they are found in small flocks, or even in isolated pairs; but in the breeding-season huge numbers congregate together at certain places, to which they return with the utmost faithfulness year after year—for example, the Needle Rocks of the Farne Islands and the Bass; and in the west, Ailsa Craig. In these localities, thousands of them may be seen thronging quite restricted areas, and closely packed together. They have a peculiar bobbing motion, which they keep up almost incessantly during this period, and which, seen in bulk so to speak, resembles nothing so much as that of a field of ripe corn in a strong wind.

The ducker makes little or no nest, and lays

only one egg, which it deposits quite casually on the rock. As soon as the chick is hatched it takes its place in the crowd. With the approach of summer the conclave breaks up, the birds forsake the rocks and take to the water, moving, on the Clyde, slowly up Firth towards the various lochs. Then on a still day one hears wafted across the distance the characteristic and strangely fascinating call, 'Ara-ara-ar-r-r-r-r-ra-ara.' They are now in their best condition, very plump, and the largest approaching the size of an average blackcock. Their flesh is not unlike a duck's, and by no means unpalatable, though to some extent an acquired taste. The soup which is made from these birds is astonishingly good.

Most of the shooting is done on Saturday, which is a close day for fishing. Either one of the Loch Fyne 'skiffs' or an ordinary rowing-boat may be used, but needless to say the former is by far the preferable craft. Just lately some enterprising persons have been employing motor-launches. As a rule, one man is stationed forward with the gun, the rest keeping out of sight, for the birds are shy and very wary. They are generally sighted with marine-glasses and approached up-wind. As a plunging boat is by no means an easy stance to aim from, a short range, say about fifteen yards, is almost essential, especially in breezy weather. But if the sportsman delay over long the ducker will dive, and he will most probably lose it; though speculation as to where it is likely to come to the surface again, and the consequent manœuvring of the boat, are perhaps the most exciting phases of the sport. As a fisherman once phrased it, 'Ye hae to calculate whit meenit' she'll be divin', and let fly the meenit' afore; or ye'll hae her to find again.' But that is the beauty of it!

Sometimes the birds are very difficult to find, especially when a north wind has been blowing for a day or two. Then it is necessary to collect them if one is to have any shooting at all. A few sea-gulls gathered round the boat by means of a crust or two of bread will often attract duckers in the most remarkable way. When the charge of shot has found its mark, a rather sad sight follows. All at once the cheeky little head is drooped in the water, the stumpy wings outfall on either side; presently a wave turns up the beautiful white 'shirt,' ruffled now, and, it may be, blood-stained.

The Loch Fyne fisherman is of all men the most courteous and hospitable. He is ever ready to welcome a stranger and offer him a day's entertainment. And for those who desire a breath of the salt sea, the buffeting tang of winds, the swish and plunge of, for its size, the finest sailing-craft in the world, and, over and above, the company of free, self-reliant, breezy-hearted men, a Saturday's ducker-shooting on Loch Fyne is an ideal prescription. Apart altogether from the unique character of the sport, its thrill, and its keen excitement, there is brooding over those waters a spirit of pagan joy, free as beautiful—a naiad akin to the nymphs and fauns, rejoicing in the ambient sunlight, the scudding cloud-wrack, the delirious waves as these in the fragrant woods and the brown earth.

Ducker-shooting may have its ultra-exciting side, however, as the following incident will show. Some time ago a sportsman put out from Tarbert in a motor-launch. He sighted a bird and followed it for some considerable distance. Just as he was rising to take aim his foot slipped, and he fell. The gun struck the top of the engine-box and was discharged through the bottom of the boat. His position was now a highly precarious one—a mile or more from land, with a heavily engined craft, and the water spouting up through a large hole under the foot-boards, which were securely fastened above it. Should the carburettor or electrical gear be wetted the boat would be unmanageable. With a frantic effort, and very much at the expense of his hands, he succeeded in tearing up the obstructing boards. Then he rolled up his coat tightly, stuffed it into the hole, and made a dash for land. When brought to her slip the launch was half-full of water.

HOME-THOUGHTS FROM THE NORTH-WEST.

When you're sitting on your broncho in the darkness,
And you strive from time to time to keep the trail
(It's an easy job to miss it in the snowdrifts,
And it's ten to one against you if you fail);

When you hear the coyotes howling in the brushwood—
The moon won't rise till ten o'clock or so—
And the storm-swept prairie stretches all around you,
An empty, barren wilderness of snow;

When you rather think that both your feet are frozen,
When the Northern Lights are flickering to and fro,
With an icy rime that clings, with a knife-like blast that stings,
And the mercury at forty-five below—

Do your thoughts go homing to your native country,
To the green seas booming on the Cornish shores,
To the Sussex Downs above the English Channel,
To the purple heather on the Yorkshire moors?

Do you see again the shop-lit streets of London,
The crowds—O God! the crowds, and blaze of light?
(Piccadilly's blocked as far as Prince's,
And Covent Garden Ball is on to-night!)

Why then, perhaps, in all that wintry darkness
A half-formed prayer may flash across your brain,
That when years of toil be done, and some fair success be won,
You may come to live in England once again.

V. S. L.

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WHEN GEORGE THE FOURTH VISITED SCOTLAND.

By 'NOMAD.'

'GOOD God, what a welcome!' In such vigorous terms did King George the Fourth express his feelings to the brilliant entourage that accompanied him as he strolled along the flower-strewn roadway flanked on either side by solid masses of cheering people upon first setting foot on Scottish soil. Though not perhaps on quite so gorgeous and theatrical a scale as his Coronation pageantry, the visit of the last Georgian King to his northern capital—the period embraced was August 14 to 28, 1822—was marked by striking shows and stirring scenes, in which a pronounced Scottish national touch was ever prominent. The occasion had peculiar historic significance. Lord Rosebery has pointed out that this was the first time a king of Great Britain had been in Scotland since Charles the First, because Charles the Second, when he was here, was only crowned King of Scotland, and that by a somewhat precarious tenure; and that the visit thus once more brought Scotland into relation with its own monarchy. Indeed, although after the union of the two crowns Scotland had been visited in succession by James the Sixth and the two Charleses, none of these monarchs was particularly popular in that part of the domain. James had provoked the fears and jealousies of his Scottish subjects by his avowed hatred of the Presbyterian system and his attacks upon it, while the rapacity and meanness of the Ministers in the Carolean era did not tend to mend the Scots' wounded feelings. So the loyal Northerners—the scandal which had surrounded the King's youthful follies having now to all intents and purposes become a thing of the past, and the luckless Queen Caroline being dead—set themselves out to welcome their sovereign in thorough loyal fashion.

Right from the time when rumour began to circulate the news that the King intended to pay a visit to Scotland the country was agog with excitement, and the King was enthusiastically referred to as 'the most powerful monarch on the globe' and 'the most accomplished gentleman of the empire.' It was in great measure to the influence of Sir Walter Scott—who had described the Coronation, which he had attended, in a glowing article in the *Edinburgh Weekly Review*, and whose Waverley Novels were coming hot from the printing press (the *Fortunes of Nigel* had just been issued by the house of Constable)—that King George owed his magnificent reception. Walter Scott has been worthily called 'the King's Scottish champion,' and there is no doubt that the friendly soul and generous hand of the Wizard of the North did much to smooth over the small faction that threatened to make itself more conspicuous than was warrantable. If Sir Walter did render himself liable to slight criticism he certainly never merited the bitter attacks made upon him from some quarters, and a careful study of contemporary accounts of the visit brings one to the conclusion that the Thunderer was hardly fair when it gave vent to the vitriolic view that 'it is somewhat ludicrous to observe the pains with which the Edinburgh Government scribes endeavour to press Sir Walter Scott into the front rank of the personages who occupied the proscenium during the arrangements for his Majesty's reception in Scotland. . . . Sir Walter's Court reception had nothing to distinguish it from the formalities observed in others.' Newspapers other than those of the Government persuasion were generous enough to recognise the influence he wielded in consolidating all classes of the community in the welcome to the King.

It was on 18th July that the Lord Provost of Edinburgh and the Keeper of Holyrood received letters from Viscount Melville, Lord Privy Seal, officially confirming the rumours that the King was coming. The civic authorities seem to have lost their heads at first in their zeal to do honour to the occasion, and an official proclamation was actually issued asking the people to appear during the visit in a uniform dress, the distinguishing features of which were a blue coat, a white vest, and nankeen or white pantaloons, the ancient national emblem of the St Andrew's Cross to be placed on the left side of the hat in the manner of a cockade. True, such a rig-out might conceivably have caught the eye of the King, whose penchant for dress of however outré a description was very marked; but fortunately wiser counsels prevailed, and the crowds who thronged the capital during the sovereign's visit, when they did not don the national garb, went in for attire of rather more conventional type.

Thousands of people swarmed into the Eastern

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Metropolis from all quarters. One estimate of the crowds leaving Glasgow alone put it at not much short of twenty thousand. Every means of locomotion was pressed into service, and the capital had a sensational boom in trade. The hotels, the tariff of which ranged from ten shillings and sixpence to three guineas per night for a single bed, with five guineas per week in addition for single horses in stalls, were quite inadequate to house all who were willing to put up there; and, as the available lodgings also speedily filled up, many hundreds of people had to bivouac under canvas or sleep in caravans or boats. The erection of stands to witness the royal progress through the city was another great source of revenue, and it is estimated that the mere rent paid for the wood employed in scaffolding erected by private and public enterprise and the expense of fitting up amounted to not less than five thousand pounds.

No accident marred the whole of the fortnight's official ceremonies; but while the regalia was being removed to Holyrood prior to the King's arrival one of the stands collapsed, and over a score of persons were injured. As showing the stability of the erections an official survey after the accident resulted in only two stands being condemned. Windows having a view of the royal route were let at fancy prices, and in one instance a sum of one hundred guineas was given for the windows of a single flat.

About two o'clock in the afternoon of Wednesday, August 14, the King's yacht, the *Royal George*, which had left Greenwich four days before, cast anchor in Leith Roads amid the booming of cannon and the frantic cheers of the people, whose enthusiasm seemed to be undamped by the heavy rain that had fallen for some hours without cessation, and that caused the King's advisers to decide that his Majesty should delay his disembarkation till the following day. The crowds on shore were naturally much disappointed, but all sorts of craft were forthwith requisitioned, and buzzed round the royal yacht till dark set in. The King several times appeared on deck, and bowed in acknowledgment of the loyal greeting of his Scotch subjects. The more daring parties were rewarded with a bottle of choice wine to pledge the monarch's health. A fight ensued for possession of the empty flagon on one of the craft thus honoured, and the tussle ended in combatants and flagon flopping into the water; the former easily scrambling back into their craft, and the latter being lost for ever. Among the crowd who went out in boats to get a view of the royal squadron was a bargeful of well-dressed ladies who appeared to be quite regardless of the pelting rain. The cabin-window of the royal yacht was open, and the party had a full view of the King, whom they hailed with fervent cheers. A dinghy was sent from the royal craft in charge of a naval officer, who intimated that his Majesty had commanded him to offer the ladies for their acceptance two bottles of madeira to drink his Majesty's health, which was forthwith loyally pledged. A brawny Highlander, cheering lustily, rowed to and fro in front of the royal cabin-window for some time while the King was dining, and at last his Majesty felt constrained to order that the man might have a bottle of claret to 'tune his throat!' A Newhaven fisherman who had sailed past the royal fleet thus described the King to a reporter: 'Ay, sir, I ha'e seen his Majesty, an' a bonny, sonsie, wiselike carl he is; God bless and preserve him! When our boat was alangside his ship, and we cheered him, he bowed as frankly to us as gin he had been oor ain servant. I'm sure gin I was a young man I wad fecht for him the warld ower.'

But the most interesting visit paid to the royal squadron on the day of its arrival was that of Sir Walter Scott himself. Sir Walter, who wore a Highland suit, with bonnet decorated with eagle's feather and a bunch of heather, had a double mission to fulfil. The ladies of Edinburgh had delegated him to lay a silver St Andrew's Cross emblem at the feet of the King in token of welcome. If was of pearls on blue velvet, and was enclosed in a belt of gold with the Gaelic motto, '*Riogh Albhain gu Brath*' ('Hail to the King of Scotland!'). The belt attached had a brilliant diamond buckle, from the extremity of which hung a pearl, the product of Scotland. The whole was surmounted by the imperial crown girt with brilliants, rubies, emeralds, and topaz. The cross was the work of Mrs Skene of Rubislaw, daughter of Sir William Forbes. Sir Walter put off in a special barge, and on board of the *Royal George* was immediately ushered into the presence of his Majesty. According to some accounts, Sir Walter's visit unfortunately synchronised with the moment when the King was receiving from Peel the news of Lord Londonderry's tragic death. In any case, his Majesty graciously received the silver cross and expressed his intention, which he carried into effect, of wearing the gift at all public ceremonies. The other presentation which Sir Walter made to the King on the occasion was that of the pocket-knife, fork, and spoon which Charles Edward was believed to have used in the course of his marches and wanderings in 1745–46. In contemplation of his Scottish visit, so the story goes, the King had expressed a wish to possess some memento of the 'unfortunate Chevalier,' as he called him, and it was in acknowledgment of this fact that Mary Lady Clerk of Penicuik commissioned Sir Walter Scott to present the Jacobite mementos to his Majesty. The King, on a subsequent occasion, took an opportunity of thanking her ladyship in person.

As Sir Walter was taking his departure an incident occurred to which the satirical Thackeray refers in unduly severe terms. The King had

just descended from the deck prior to bidding the knight-errant adieu, and was prevailed upon to guard against the dangers of the hazy weather by tasting a goblet of brandy. Of course, his Majesty pledged Scott's health in tasting, and then presented the goblet to Sir Walter, who, as in duty bound, finished the royal bumper. With the King's permission he placed the goblet in his pocket for preservation as an heirloom in his family; but on his return from the royal yacht, the keepsake was smashed to pieces in Castle Street.

The following day, precisely at noon, his Majesty disembarked at Leith, and proceeded in state to Holyrood. The first log upon which the King set foot on landing in Scotland was of mahogany, and was afterwards made into souvenir snuff-boxes. The journey to town was in the nature of a triumphal procession. As already indicated, the King, who was dressed in a rich naval uniform, with a sprig of the thistle and the heath in his hat, seems to have been greatly struck with the cordiality of his reception in his northern domain. Upon his arrival at Holyrood he asked one of the Scottish retainers, 'But where are the mob?' 'Sure, your Majesty,' was the reply, 'we have no mob.' 'Ah,' quickly rejoined the King, 'you are a proud nation, and you have much cause to be proud. I thank God I have such subjects.' It is related in one of the glowing descriptions of that welcoming pageant that one little boy, observing some companions keep silent amid the huzzas, ejaculated with some heat, 'Damn you, take off your hats, you potatoes!' (the slang word for 'stupid fools!'). Another lad whose bonnet was profusely decorated with heather was rebuked by a gentleman, to whom the lad made reply, 'Hoot, man, dinna be angry the day; we are all mad.' There was much latent truth in the remark, for a contemporary scribe, unimpassionedly surveying the moods of the populace after the pageantry was all over and the monarch was safe back again in his capital, summed up thus tritely: 'The people were intoxicated with his coming, and seemed for a time to have dreamed; but the dream has melted away, and the interest seemed to be measured exactly by the time that the King had to remain. Every day it waxed less and less, until on the day of his departure it had vanished altogether.' It is a tribute to the good behaviour of the crowds that on any of the days of the royal visit scarcely one drunk person could be seen. Thieves, however, were busy enough, and no fewer than fifty-six silver and eighteen gold watches were reported at the police office to be missing. At night there was the inevitable bonfire on Arthur's Seat, the material for which had been dragged up the six hundred and fifty-six feet to the summit by horses, an ascent which probably no horse had previously made.

On the following day the King lived in retirement, though rumour had it that, incognito, he toured the town in a closed carriage the more familiarly to acquaint himself with the mood of the people.

The levee on the Saturday was attended by a wealth of Scottish beauty and Scottish manhood. The King was superbly attired in Highland costume, with trews of Stuart tartan, the Gaelic garb being also affected by the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Argyll, and many others. It is related that on donning this attire in the morning, the monarch approached the Marquis Conyngham with the question, 'Well, Conyngham, what do you think of this? For my part, I think it is the finest dress I have ever appeared in. But this is not my best suit. I have saved that to appear to the most advantage in before the ladies.' The newspapers of the day unite in referring in glowing terms to the cordiality and graciousness of the King, though rather a contrary view is taken by one Stuart, in a letter to Mr Ferguson of Raith, dated the same evening, and preserved for us in Creevy's gossipy pages. 'The King,' says the writer, 'has been received by the people in the most respectful and orderly manner. All have turned out in their holiday cloathes [*sic*] and in numbers which are hardly credible. . . . I have been much disappointed to-day in the levee. . . . There was nothing interesting or imposing about it. A vast crowd, with barely standing-room for two hours, afterwards moved to the Presence Chamber, where no one was for a minute. . . . The King did not seem to move a muscle, and we all asked each other when we came away what had made us take so much trouble. He was dressed in tartan. Sir Walter Scott has ridiculously made us appear to be a nation of Highlanders, and the bagpipe and the tartan are the order of the day.' Presentations from east and west were many, and the proceedings were somewhat enlivened when Sir Patrick Walker (White Rod) scrambled, while in his robes of office, with the Edinburgh reporters for the presentation cards. A certain learned member of the literati of Auld Reekie was recognised by the King under rather peculiar circumstances. He had had some time before to be presented at the Palace of St James's, when in the ardour of his feelings he so far forgot etiquette as to take his Majesty by the hand and give it the hearty shake of old acquaintance, which *faux pas* caused the King no little amusement. At Holyrood the man of letters, no doubt with the intention of rectifying the former error by the correctness of his courtesy, politely kissed the royal hand held out to him and was about to proceed onwards, when his Majesty said, 'Stop, friend, I always part with my old acquaintances as I meet them,' and with peculiar grace and good humour he returned the compliments of the former meeting.

An amusing feature of the presentations was the unanimity of the Edinburgh magistrates while being presented by the Duke of Montrose.

The Duke had instructed them to do in all things as he did, meaning of course that they should do so seriatim. However, in making their obeisances and bows they hung together one in the rear of the other, and ducked and scraped contemporaneously with his Grace, to the no small amusement of the courtiers, and, it is even said, of the King himself, who was doubtless well pleased to find his loving subjects thus presented before him in all their native simplicity!

Sunday was spent in quiet retirement, and the following day was dedicated to receiving numerous deputations. His Majesty was the recipient of an interesting gift during the proceedings. He had evinced some interest in Scottish literature, and Mr Auld of Ayr, therefore, presented through the medium of the Lord Justice-Clerk a library chair formed from the remains of the oaken rafters of Kirk Alloway. On the Tuesday a drawing-room was held at Holyrood, and on Wednesday evening a select company was entertained at Dalkeith House.

One of the gayest spectacular events of the fortnight was the royal procession through the town on Thursday, and lowering skies and a dreary drizzle failed to damp the ardour of either participants or spectators. During the royal progress the King's bowing was most marked. A worthy brother of the maltmen of Dundee had placed himself among a crowd upon a high wall flanking the road along which his Majesty had to pass. In bowing, his Majesty's eye operated as a gunshot to the astonished maltman. 'God bless me, he surely kens me!' he shouted, to the no small amusement of those in the vicinity, and the King himself, who appeared to overhear the remark. The excitement was too much for the worthy Dundonian's equilibrium, and he fell backwards from the top of the wall to the ground, a distance of about ten feet.

Many of the English notabilities donned Highland dress for the occasion, and several scribes have drawn a ludicrous pen-picture of Alderman Sir William Curtis, who 'attracted much attention by flourishing a huge claymore,' and whose kilt 'was so short it did not half conceal the fat and flabby flesh that came down in loose wrinkles above his knees.' His bonnet, 'graced with three large feathers and a collection of heath, was cocked in military style on the side of his head.'

A large body of Yeomanry drawn from the different counties of Scotland was reviewed by the King at Portobello on Friday, the parade showing a muster of about two thousand officers and men. The day was fine and the array was a most imposing one, as the King rode to the parade-ground from the end of the village, accompanied by Sir Thomas Bradford and a brilliant retinue. His Majesty's mount was a fine charger of the Scots Greys, regarding which an interesting story is told. Three days before, while the riding-master of the Greys was parading round one of the parks near the King's Palace, his charger attracted the notice of his Majesty, who sent his groom to the owner to see if he would sell him. The riding-master had got him when a colt, and the animal was now so completely broken in that, to use an expression of an officer, 'he could ride round a bottle,' and the owner politely put the groom off. On the day following, the riding-master was again exercising the horse in the park, and upon the King's request being repeated, the riding-master at once dismounted and made a present of the charger to the King.

All that was gay and elegant in Scotland attended the Peers' ball in the evening. His Majesty arrived about half-past nine o'clock, and called for a reel. He remained for but an hour, but the revels of the company extended far beyond the keystone of night's sable arch, and so, by all the canons of witchcraft, the charms of the ladies must have been irresistible. An amusing incident occurred at the ball. Miss ——, who was generally known to be emulous in the dance, found herself exposed to a nonplus by the absence or non-attention of her partner at the time when she was to join in a figure. She turned round on the instant to repair the wrong by impressing into her service the first gentleman who should be at liberty. So she seized the hands of the King, and, not realising who he was, implored him to join the dance. She discovered her mistake, but not before his Majesty had declined the invitation in courteous manner.

The toast-list at the civic banquet at Parliament House on Saturday was of inordinate length, but the three hundred guests appear to have enjoyed themselves to the full under Lord Provost Sir William Arbuthnot.

Quietness and decorum marked the visit to the High Church paid on Sunday by the King, who, on entering, put into the hands of Principal Baird a sealed packet which was marked, 'A donation of one hundred pounds from his Majesty,' desiring that it might be added to the ordinary collection. The Rev. Dr Lamont, Moderator of the General Assembly, preached from Colossians iii. 4. His Majesty, who was in field-marshal's uniform, was confronted, on leaving the church, by a party entering with a child for baptism. It transpired that application had been made several weeks before by the father to get the infant baptised on the day on which his Majesty might visit the church. This had been agreed to, and the child was named George Augustus Frederick, in token of respect to the King.

After attending the Caledonian Hunt Ball on Monday, the King set apart Tuesday night for a visit to the theatre, where the piece staged was the popular *Rob Roy*, with Mrs Siddons as 'Diana

Vernon,' and Mrs Renaud, Mr Mackay, and Mr Duff also in the cast. His Majesty, who was in field-marshal's undress uniform, was in most affable mood, and laughed outright at many of the jokes, applauding vigorously several of the Scotch melodies which had been interpolated for the occasion. The National Anthem, with which the King's arrival and departure were hailed, had added to it a new verse:

Bright beams are soon o'ercast,
Soon our brief hour is past,
Losing our King.
Honoured, beloved, and dear,
Still shall his parting ear
Our latest accents hear—
God save the King!

Some comment was aroused by the exclusion of several of the more pointed references in the play, such as the exclamation of the Macgregor in the College Gardens at Glasgow when Rashleigh says the warrants are out: 'A plague on all warrants! They have been the curse of puir auld Scotland for these hundred years!' And at Aberfoyle: 'Think ye, when King James's cause or the safety of Macgregor demand it that ony but women and bairns should be idle?'

On the invitation of the Earl of Hopetoun, the King took parting *déjeuner* at Hopetoun House on Wednesday, and was then rowed out to the royal yacht, which forthwith weighed anchor, and was soon out of sight.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER XI.—HOW MY LORD ENDED THE FEUD.

'THERE is one point, gentlemen, that I wish to make clear,' said Lord Thanet, when he had returned to his chair. 'This man Montgomery, who was a servant of my late father, seems to imagine he has some claim to a share of the Brayden estate, and I have thought it my duty to prevent him from trying to levy blackmail on the successful claimant. As he will probably be an unwilling witness, perhaps you will not object if Mr Headlam undertakes his examination?'

Mr Crooks looked from one to the other; he could not fathom the meaning of it all, and he hated mysteries. 'Certainly not,' he said, 'as long as we can get the truth. That is our only object here.'

'Oh, I'll warrant to get the truth from him,' remarked Headlam confidently.

Presently he was shown in. To outward appearance, as he bowed and took his stand at the foot of the table, nobody could have been more self-possessed. Nevertheless he was not quite easy in his mind. Several little things had happened that morning to disturb him—notably the marquis's failure to instruct him in his course of action, and an encounter which he had just had while waiting outside. Then the weight and gravity of the company impressed him strongly. These dignified personages had the air of judges, and if he bore their scrutiny well it was a tribute to his training. Lord Thanet alone was indifferent; he had no desire to interfere in any way, and had turned his chair so that his back was presented to the witness. The latter had a new reason for disquiet when Headlam cleared his throat and began to interrogate him.

'We have one or two questions to ask you, Mr Montgomery,' he said in the friendliest manner, 'and we shall be greatly obliged if you can answer them satisfactorily. Now, let me see. You recollect being sent by me to Germany to inform Lord St Aubyn of his father's illness, I 'm sure?'

'Perfectly, sir.'

'Well, when did you reach the army?'

'It was the morning after the battle, not long after daylight, when I found his lordship.'

'That would be the 2nd of August I think?'

'Yes, sir.'

'If I am not mistaken, Lord St Aubyn was attending to a wounded man in his quarters and requested you to look after him while he was absent getting leave to return to England?'

'I did so, sir.'

'And the man died while you were there?'

Again he assented.

'Well, I believe you recognised him, Montgomery,' he said carelessly, yet watching him keenly. 'Tell us who he was, if you please?'

But Montgomery was ready. Prompt and candid as his replies had been hitherto, his quick brain had shown him the drift of the inquiries, and he did not like it. He glanced hopelessly at the marquis's broad back. There was manifestly no aid to be got there. If he could not grasp my lord's game—and he decided either that something had transpired to force him to throw it up, or that it was deeper than he had imagined—he could at least play his own. He realised at once that it would be fatal to that game to admit his knowledge, and acted accordingly.

'I was not aware, sir, that you had any grounds for believing so,' he retorted, in tones of the most innocent surprise.

'Did you not, then?'

'Oh, Lord St Aubyn did not choose to inform me of his friend's name.'

'Perhaps because he did not know it himself; but'——

'Then why should I, sir?' he asked quickly.

'That is not the point at issue,' said Headlam patiently. 'Either you recognised this man or you did not. Now, will you tell me plainly whether you did or no?'

Montgomery flung out his hands in depreca-

tion. 'I have given you my answer, sir,' he replied.

'Which is none at all. Pray understand me, Montgomery, we want no evasions, which cannot serve any purpose you may have, and we have means of learning the truth. So I ask you again if you knew the gentleman who died in Lord St Aubyn's quarters?'

He shrugged his shoulders, and kept silence.

'Come, you must answer,' interposed Mr Crooks.

'I have done so, sir,' he said, bowing respectfully.

'And you decline to say anything further?'

'I have nothing to add, sir.'

'Very good,' resumed Headlam, leaning back in his chair. 'Now, listen to me, Montgomery. You have refused to answer a straightforward question in a straightforward manner.'

'I had no idea that I was in a court of law, Mr Headlam,' he interrupted, with a sneer.

'You may find yourself in one sooner than you expect, my man,' grimly returned the lawyer. 'Let us assume that you have reasons of your own for so refusing. We are here to ascertain certain facts, and the matter must then go before your court of law. Now, it is quite evident that you have information which you do not wish to reveal, and which it is important for us to learn. We may be able to get it from another source, for you must bear in mind that you were not the only witness at Lord St Aubyn's quarters that morning. But that is no concern of yours. What concerns you is the suspicion that you intend to try to prevent the course of justice. Well, I am in the Commission of Peace, as most of these gentlemen are also. If you persist, I mean to take it upon myself to commit you until the case comes before the Court of Chancery, which can then deal with you. 'Tis an obvious duty, indeed, for otherwise how could we be sure of laying our hands on you when your evidence was required?'

The man did not seem to be shaken in the least. 'That is all nonsense, Mr Headlam,' he said coolly. 'Why, you have no charge against me!'

'A charge will not be wanting, I assure you,' replied Headlam. 'But it is entirely a matter for yourself. Only, please do not think that we are not serious.'

'I stand by my rights,' persisted Montgomery.

'In that case, on your head be it!—Twenty-penny!' he called out.

Gideon appeared at once.

'Can you send down to Warminster immediately, and ask a couple of peace-officers to come up here?' the lawyer inquired.

'Certainly, sir.' He would have to go himself, but before that assemblage he would not have confessed it for the world.

'Do so, then—unless,' he added, as the witness made a slight movement, 'our friend has a fancy to change his mind.—Your last chance, Montgomery; and you had better consider well whether the game is worth the risk.'

He had already considered, and concluded that it was not. In view of Lord Thanet's inexplicable attitude, and the presence outside of that other witness, his game was assuredly too risky. But he did not surrender without an expiring effort.

'One minute, Mr Headlam! If I could speak to his lordship in private'——

'On no account!' snapped the marquis, without deigning to turn his head.

For the first time Montgomery had an inkling of the truth, and began to perceive how he had been deluded into overreaching himself. Not only were his beautiful dreams of fortune dispersed for ever, but he had been prevented from playing Heathcote against my lord to his own advantage. Little wonder there was an angry snarl in his voice as he said shortly, 'All right, I give in.'

'And you are wise in your generation,' commented Headlam.—'After all, Twentypenny, we need not trouble you.—Now, Montgomery,' he went on briskly, when the door was closed, 'we shall all be delighted to have the answer to my question.'

'The gentleman was Sir Gilbert Heathcote, whom I knew in a moment. It was in the interests of my Lord Thanet,' he added, with calculated malice, 'that I kept it to myself.'

The marquis started up, but recollected himself instantly. The fellow was beneath his notice.

'You are sure of it—that it was veritably Sir Gilbert?' put in Mr Crooks.

'I will take my oath on it, sir.'

'And at what hour did he die?'

'At twenty minutes past eight o'clock. I gave a note of the exact time to his lordship on his return, knowing the importance of it in the event of the old marquis's death.'

Again Lord Thanet ignored the imputation, and it was doubtful if the others remarked it. For now the secret was out. The faces of those most concerned, which had become rigid with expectancy, relaxed; the trustees sat up with an air of huge relief; Crooks beamed through his spectacles; and even the unsuccessful claimant and his adviser, to whom the credit fell, seemed to be wholly without regret or envy. Then, after a little, Crooks busied himself in preparing a statement of the evidence, which was read over and signed by Montgomery, and witnessed by all present. That done, my lord whispered a few words in Headlam's ear.

'Yes, of course,' he said in reply, and turned again to the witness. 'Before you leave us, Montgomery,' he suggested, 'will you be good enough to hand me the little packet now in your possession? Thank you!—These trinkets were, as I understand,' he went on, having opened the packet, 'all that Sir Gilbert had on his person when he died, and my Lord Thanet is glad to have the privilege of restoring them to his family.'

It was to Eleanor, who had started eagerly forward to the table, that he transferred the precious relics; and if corroboration of the valet's story had been necessary she had it in the watch and snuff-box and the two rings; for all were familiar to her, and the sight of them brought her father's loss home to her more poignantly than perhaps anything else could have done. Yet it is probable that at the moment she was more gratified by receiving these mementos of one whom she had loved than by the prospects which were now opening out of a new fortune, with riches and honour and the restoration of an ancient house.

Meanwhile Montgomery was still hanging on, as if he had more to say.

'Well, what is it?' demanded Headlam sharply.

'I wish to repeat, gentlemen,' he said, with a wicked look in his close-set eyes, 'that what I did was done in Lord Thanet's interests alone, and to assert—his lordship will not deny it—that he promised me four thousand pounds a year if he got the Brayden fortune and if I kept silence.'

Lord Thanet wheeled round at last. 'You infernal scoundrel!' he cried. 'I promised you the money *when* I succeeded; and when I do you shall have it, and welcome! My sole purpose was to see that you did not reap the fruits of villainy either at my expense or Mr Heathcote's. For yourself, let me advise you not to make such a proposal again to a man of honour unless you wish to be thrashed within an inch of your miserable life. Now be off, or I may be tempted to do it yet!'

He went speedily and without ceremony; and it was the last my lord—or indeed any of them—saw of Mr James Montgomery.

'My other witness is of a different breed, gentlemen,' proceeded Lord Thanet, smiling. 'He is chaplain to the Welsh Fusiliers, and attended Sir Gilbert before the end. By the greatest luck, Mr Headlam was able to catch him in London on his way through to Ireland on some family business. Legally, I am not sure how far his testimony would go. But it will be valuable as confirmation of Montgomery's.'

The Reverend Denis Fitzgerald, on being ushered in, soon made himself quite at home; he seemed to carry an atmosphere of geniality about with him. He it was to whom my lord had written just after his discovery in the old garden, although he had no certainty either that Denis had any information, or even that the communication would reach him in time to be of immediate service. But the chance was worth trying, and had providentially succeeded.

'We want you to tell us, Fitzgerald, exactly what happened in my hut on the morning after Minden,' explained the marquis.

'I don't know that I should be justified in doing any such thing,' said the chaplain; 'not in an ordinary case, I mean. What I learnt was in confidence, you 'll understand—under the seal of confession, as a Catholic would have it. But I am no Roman, thank goodness! and as I believe a deal depends upon it, and I 've no grounds for thinking it would be against the wishes of the dead, why, I 'm going to stretch a point for once. Faith! the poor gentleman was pretty bad when I got to him, and just managed to whisper that he was Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a proscribed Jacobite. But on no condition, on my honour as a clergyman, was I to divulge his name to a soul—and you were specially barred, marquis. His reason for it was that some old—a certain—gentleman in England would benefit hugely by his death, but as long as he could not prove it he was checkmated.—I 'm afraid,' said he, glancing apologetically at Miss Heathcote, 'he wasn't in a very forgiving mood, and hankered to give this old enemy of his as much trouble as he could, even after he was dead.'

'And he had good cause, sir!' Eleanor flashed out.

'No doubt, madam. Well, he was too bad to say much. He asked me to take charge of some little bits of trinkets, and, if ever the chance came in my way, to convey them to his son and daughter with his heart's love. I had to leave him for another duty, and when I got back it was to find the hut empty; he had already been buried, and my lord here was on his road home. But I 'm thankful to see he has been mindful of the valuables, madam. I was mistrustful of their fate with so many rapparees about. And that 's about all, except that Sir Gilbert's last word was to ask me to thank Lord St Aubyn for his kindness to him. He had acted like a gentleman, he said; as if that were something beyond the common.'

'He thought it was—in a St Aubyn,' remarked my lord in an aside.

The rest was matter of formality, and the little business remaining was pleasantly carried through. Mr Crooks had a second opportunity of exercising his peroration, with the simple difference that the claimants' names were transposed; while Charles Heathcote, who had been a pauper in the morning, had a struggle to realise that, subject to the forms of law, he was now the undisputed inheritor of the Brayden fortune, and one of the greatest landowners in the country. It was from Eleanor, strangely enough, that the sole protest had come.

'Why cannot we divide all this?' she cried. 'Surely it is big enough, and in common fairness it ought to be done. Have both not an equal right to it?'

'Unfortunately, Miss Heathcote, that is precisely what the will was devised to prevent,' said Mr Crooks indulgently. 'Your brother has no more power to divide the estate than I have.—Which reminds me, sir, you will have to assume the name of Brayden. You have no objection, I suppose?'

'Is it necessary, Mr Crooks?' asked Heathcote with a wry face.

'It is an absolute stipulation.'

'Oh, if I must there's no more to be said.'

In the congratulations and hand-shakings that ensued around the couch Lord Thanet had at first no part, but held aloof until the others had spoken. Then he approached. He felt that it was a moment big with fate for himself—and, it might be, for another.

Heathcote's pale face flushed up, and after a second's hesitation he proffered his hand.

'We owe much to you, marquis,' he said; 'and if I cannot thank you as is fitting—yet, at least, you will pardon one who has no skill in words.'

'No thanks are due, Mr Heathcote,' he replied, with a cordial hand-grip. 'After all, I was only a humble instrument in setting a wrong to rights. Let me add my sincere felicitations on your good fortune. As to business, I believe Mr Headlam and Mr French have arranged our little matters to their satisfaction. And if you desire to buy back the Heathcote estates which my father purchased, Headlam will hold them at your disposal at the price paid for them.'

'You are too kind,' said Heathcote, evidently much touched.

Then my lord turned to Eleanor. She had risen, and was standing erect at the couch-foot. The others had retired to a little distance, so that, except for Charles, they were alone. Her face was almost as white as her brother's.

'And you, Miss Heathcote?' he asked. 'Will you not tell me if the past is forgotten—if you have forgiven me for the wrongdoings of my ancestors?'

'I, too, thank you, Lord Thanet,' she replied, in a voice that was without expression. 'I thank you from my heart. If I did you injustice I crave your pardon. You have acted throughout, as my father said, like a man of honour. But the past cannot be blotted out, nor can one forget in an hour what lies between us—the suffering and misery, perhaps even the blood—— Let us at least have the honesty to say so plainly. How can there be friendship between Heathcote and St Aubyn? I am a Heathcote, my lord, and I —I cannot forgive. Our paths in life must needs be far apart, yet for what you have done this day I thank you again, and pray God to bless you.'

'That is your last word, madam?'

'It is my last word.'

For an instant he looked her full in the eyes, as if he would search her very soul. Eleanor did not flinch. Then he bowed his head; the die had been thrown, and he recognised that he had lost.

Straightening himself, he rejoined the group at the table. 'For the present, gentlemen,' he said to his guests with an unmoved countenance, 'I must entrust you to Mr Headlam's good care. The carriages will be ready for you when you wish to return to Kingswood. Meantime, while we are all here,' he went on, raising his voice a little, 'I have one statement to make, and I should like to make it as publicly as I can. For fifty years this house and mine have been engaged in a stupid and hateful war. Well, there must be two parties to every quarrel, and for one I decline to fight any longer. Here and now, as far as I am concerned, I give warning that the feud is at an end.'

He took his leave therewith, and departed alone.

When Gideon brought him his horse there were tears in the old fellow's eyes. 'Thank God, the Heathcote luck has turned at last, my lord!' he cried.

'Amen, Twentypenny!' he responded. 'And mine—the luck of the St Aubyns,' he said to himself, as he rode away from Heathcote Tower and the woman he loved, 'faith! it seems to have turned too. Doubtless there's a rude justice in it all—"the sins of the fathers;" but at the best 'tis precious small comfort for the children.'

And it was not of the loss of the Brayden fortune that he was thinking.

(To be concluded.)

THE TENNANTS OF ST ROLLOX.

A CHAPTER IN INDUSTRIAL HISTORY.

THE name St Rollox is of somewhat obscure origin. Prior to the Reformation there was a chapel in Glasgow, and others elsewhere in Scotland, dedicated to St Roche, a thirteenth-century French saint, specially honoured by physicians and hospitals, whose name seems later to have taken here the form of Rolloch and Rollock. For present purposes we recognise him as a patron of the chemical industry of Glasgow. Until the last quarter of the eighteenth century chemical processes were very imperfectly understood, and the need for a rationale of them was hardly realised. But the labours of Black, Priestley, and others in this country and on the Continent, were beginning to attract the attention of a few practical men who saw possibilities in the theories and laboratory experiments of the scientists.

The bleaching of cloth in Scotland was then carried on in a very primitive fashion by a Dutch process, wherein sour milk was the active agent employed. The Swedish chemist Scheele having discovered chlorine gas in 1774, its properties in bleaching by destroying vegetable colours were noted in 1785 by Berthollet, who in 1786 at Paris showed the process to James

Watt the engineer. Watt caused it to be tried in Glasgow on a commercial scale; but, as then employed, the fibre of the cloth was injured by the chlorine, and the workmen were seriously affected by it also. Various means were introduced to remedy these objections to the general adoption of chlorine as a bleaching agent.

Charles Tennant (the first), who was born at Ochiltree in Ayrshire in 1768, was the fourth son of 'Auld Glenconner'—John Tennant, farmer at the small farm of Glenconner in Ochiltree parish, an intimate friend of the poet Burns (see the Wallace-Chambers *Burns*, Vol. III., p. 79). Charles, bred a weaver and bleacher, patented in 1798 a greatly improved process for the employment of liquid chloride of lime, followed in 1799 by a second patent for dry chloride of lime, which soon superseded the first. The name of Charles Macintosh, the inventor of waterproofing, also appears at this time in this connection. A company was formed consisting of Charles Tennant, James Knox, Charles Macintosh, and Dr Couper. The site chosen for their works was at St Rollox, on the north bank of the branch of the canal which connects that between the Forth and the Clyde on the west with the west end of the Monkland Canal. The works were started in 1800 to take advantage of the patents obtained for the manufacture of bleaching-powder. The success of the undertaking was assured from the first, as the cost of bleaching cotton cloth was reduced from seven and sixpence to sixpence, or a fall of 93 per cent. The interests of the firm soon extended to the manufacture of various associated products, such as vitriol, washing-soda, soap, &c. The abolition of the salt-duties in 1823 gave an enormous impetus to these industries, as the price of salt (which is an important raw material in the manufacture) then fell from thirty-five pounds to two pounds ten shillings per ton. The growth of the industry was such that in 1824 these works were consuming about thirty thousand tons of coal annually.

The quantity of raw materials and of finished products having become so extensive, the question of cheap and efficient transport assumed commanding importance. Outside of communication by canal, there was no alternative to cartage by road, the cost of which latter then ranged from ninepence to one shilling and sixpence per ton per mile. The new system for conveying goods and passengers on tram-rails laid on a level road by wagons drawn by a steam-engine in the circumstances named early attracted the attention and secured the support of Charles Tennant. Although in 1826 railways were but in their infancy, yet we read in that year that he visited the north of England to inspect the various collieries and railways there, and interviewed thereanent, at Killingworth, Nicholas Wood, the associate of George Stephenson, on these matters. On his return to Glasgow, Charles Tennant threw himself with vigour into movements for the introduction of the new method of transport, and in a short time we find him standing sponsor or publicly identified with several of these—namely, the St Rollox and Garnkirk line, the Monkland and Kirkintilloch line (opened in 1827), the Ballochney line (opened in 1828), the Wishaw and Coltness line (opened in 1831), and the Edinburgh and Glasgow line *vid* Bathgate, reported on in 1831 by George Stephenson. These are now included in the Caledonian and North British Railways. Charles Tennant, who was present at the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway in 1830, when poor Huskisson lost his life, died in Glasgow in 1838.

Between 1838 and 1845 the St Rollox Chemical Works were recognised as the most extensive and important of the kind in Europe. They then covered ten acres, and the buildings extended over twenty-seven thousand three hundred and forty square yards. There were one hundred furnaces, retorts, and fire-flues. In one department there was an installation of vessels made of platinum valued at seven thousand pounds. About 1843 the tall chimney, measuring originally a little short of four hundred and fifty feet, was erected to carry off the fumes and effect their dilution by mixture with the atmosphere sufficient to render them innocuous. For a few weeks before the chimney was so used, picnic parties of friends of the firm were conveyed to the top, from which an extensive view of the surrounding country was obtained. The gases, &c., then permitted to escape are now retained within the works, and utilised in reproduction. The height of the chimney has been, therefore, much reduced in recent years.

About 1875 these works covered fifty acres of ground, and gave employment to one thousand two hundred men, while the raw products used amounted to more than eighty thousand tons, exclusive of coal. To this must be added several similar or complementary works in various parts of the country, which the firm either owned or were the principal partners directly interested. During the middle portion of last century the control and management of these centred chiefly in the hands of John Tennant, the son of Charles Tennant (the first), and father of the late Sir Charles Tennant, Bart. John Tennant did much to promote the spread of positive knowledge and technical education, by encouraging in various ways the Mechanics' Institute in Bath Street and Anderson's University in George Street, both of which are now merged in the Technical College. The management of these chemical works have continued to be carried on with that anticipative insight as to possible but practicable economy and improvement in the methods of manufacture, the ascertainment of new sources of raw

materials, and the commercial distribution of the manufactured products which have characterised the operations of the firm from its inception. Towards their employés they have been impartially considerate in providing for them the most sanitary working conditions possible, and generous in voluntarily giving compensation for temporary injury, permanent disablement, and death very long before legislation stepped in and compelled manufacturers to recognise and discharge their obligations in this respect.

During the last fifty years or so the Tennant family, in addition to their many other interests, have been closely identified with various important metallurgical undertakings. Foremost among these is the Tharsis Copper Company, which owed to them its inception in 1866. This enterprise, which carries on its operations partly in Glasgow and partly in Spain, although having a paid-up capital of a million and a quarter sterling, has time and again repaid this capital in dividends to its shareholders. Another of these successful projects is the Steel Company of Scotland, which, started in 1872, and after a long experimental period, occupying nearly a decade, led to the introduction of mild steel as a reliable shipbuilding material, and very soon obtained for vessels so constructed a preferred risk at Lloyds over others built of the best iron plates. From these works came also the materials for the construction of the Forth Bridge, which after twenty years of public service remains not only unsurpassed but unequalled by any similar structure in any country, and to-day stands alike a memorial to the genius of the engineer (Sir Benjamin Baker), the building constructors (Tancred & Arrol), the manufacturers of the materials, and the gentlemen (notably the late Sir Charles Tennant, Bart.) who, amid successive disappointments, with dogged perseverance and tenacity of purpose, continued to find new capital till entire success crowned their labours. Sir Charles's son is now Lord Glenconner.

THE STEWARD OF THE 'SILCHESTER.'

CHAPTER III.

THE elderly man whom the steward had helped aboard the *Silchester*, and received the walnut from, remained and mingled with the forty or fifty others. One more or less among the many who were so much alike was not noticed by the ship's crew. The stevedore knew he had obtained an extra man. He was not inquisitive. From words dropped here and there he inferred that the extra man had come aboard from one of the lighters; that, rather than wield the sweeps and travel to and from the river, he preferred to stow the wool within the holds; and it mattered little to him, if the man were strong and willing, whether he brought the wool or packed it. His affair was to superintend the work, not to identify the workmen. They were Russians, all of them, and each one answerable for his identity to the Russian authorities. He thanked the lucky stars that he was a Greek.

This extra man, settling quietly to the morning's labours, was the only man on board who could have told the searchers where the missing steward was. But no one thought of asking him; and certainly no one dreamed that while the search was being made the steward in disguise, and except in stature not unlike the lighterman whose place he had taken, was pulling the barge with powerful strokes, and delighting in the exercise, over the bar at the mouth of the Don.

When the wharf was reached the overseer marked him, and, forestalling an inquiry, the steward explained the change. His friend had stayed on board. He had come ashore in place of him to work at the wharf. It was a mutual arrangement, meeting their separate wishes, and satisfactory to both. He hoped the overseer would concur in it, and allow him to remain ashore and assist in the loading of the lighters.

The overseer, listening attentively but unconvinced, ran a measuring eye across the stooping shoulders of the new arrival, noted his stalwart proportions, his corded muscles, his capable hands, and without a single question agreed and set him to work. Whatever his story might conceal—and that it did conceal something the overseer felt sure—he was a man of great physical strength, the sort of man he needed, and out of whom he could get a full share of labour for the standard rate of pay.

Better pleased would the steward have been if the overseer had questioned him. His story was accepted too silently. He wanted above all things to avoid suspicion, to be free like any other workman to come and go as a matter of course. The work itself was a ruse, he would rather not have done it; it was necessary, however, as a foothold, a sure standing-ground, a confident point of vantage, whence he could prosecute his design, and, as he dared to hope, bring it to a successful issue. It was necessary, too, as a cover. Under the guise of a workman he desired to conceal his identity. The taciturnity of the overseer, the quiet way in which he had received the story, and scrutinised him while he listened, was like a treacherous wind ruffling the calm surface of his mind. The

depths in him were too profound for anything short of a catastrophe to ruffle. He was wary with the overseer, and never certain of him. For three weeks he worked on the wharf, and the overseer spoke not a dozen words to him, but watched him quietly, secretly, and expectant, crouched like a panther for the spring.

It was early in the afternoon when the steward pulled in from the middle of the river and moored the empty lighter to the wharf. He had to exercise a patient reserve and control his longings inflexibly to keep steadily at work during the remainder of the day. His mind was elsewhere. His heart protested against the delay. At times, when the attraction of the magnet which had drawn him was almost irresistible, he was ready to throw off all precautions and rush away and close with it; but he braced himself against it by the firmness of his will, and worked on, waiting for the sunset, aware that a reckless precipitancy would ruin all. Nor, when the evening came, and the work was over, did he betray himself by any unusual hurry. With an outward calm that deceived the overseer, and belied the passion which was surging within, he almost loitered along the wharves, peering ahead through his purposely contracted eyelids, and entered uncertainly the wide and busy thoroughfare he had not seen for years. He bent his footsteps toward the centre of the town, stopping once only, and then at a fruiterer's to spend a kopeck in walnuts, which he dropped with a smile into the side-pocket of his tattered caftan.

Near the centre of the town he turned out of the main thoroughfare southwards, parallel with the river, and sought for lodgings among the meaner houses. Thrice he was turned away, but the fourth time he succeeded, and paid beforehand for a week's shelter and such simple food as the people could supply. It was a small house of two rooms, both on the ground floor, built of wood, a mere hut indeed, with waste land behind it that stretched nearly to the river. The people, who were old and poor, gave him the back room, and made him the more welcome because he seemed to belong to the same class as themselves. He shared the evening meal with them, crossed himself before the tawdry icon in the corner of the cot, bade them good-night, and retired early.

Removing his heavy boots and his long caftan, but nothing else, he flung himself upon the bed, not to sleep, however, only to rest and to listen. He was too excited to sleep. Rest, such as he could get by reclining, he needed, and must have. For forty-eight hours or more, most of them working hours, on the lighter and on the wharf, he had not been able to lie down. Now it was a luxury. Shuffling sounds from the front room and a low, monotonous hum were audible. The old people were talking about him in their movements and preparations for the nightly slumber. Soon the droning and the shuffling ceased, and within the hut all was quiet. Outside, some distance away, a cur was barking, and occasionally a vodka-saturated peasant stumbled by, muttering incoherently or bawling forth a ribald song. Still he listened and waited for two long hours, until the midnight bells rang out, then cautiously he rose, unfastened the door, picked up his boots, flung his caftan over his arm, and as silently as a shadow stepped forth into the night.

The stars were showing dimly through a soft haze. There was no moon. Under the walls of the hut he pulled on his boots and slipped into his caftan. The waste land was deserted. He glanced along the backs of the houses, and, seeing no one, straightened himself, opening his shoulders and taking in a delightful draught of the fresh night-air. His eyes, too, were open, not peering between the drawn lids as if he were half-blind. He was glad to be free from the strain of the stoop and the contraction of the eyelids, and to resume once more his natural walk and posture. He went round to the front of the hut. The whole street was in darkness. With roving eyes and vigorous steps he made his way westward, his heart elated and beating joyously in anticipation of the interview.

Ten short minutes brought him to a better quarter of the town. The houses were larger, all detached, and each set in its own square of garden. So excited was he as he drew near to his destination that he could have run. He held himself in check, however, maintaining an even pace, his eyes in search of any furtive movement, his ears alert to catch the faintest sound, until he pulled up sharply at the solid folding doors that broke the length of a high wall.

The doors were closed. He tried the handle, and the latch lifted with a click; but when he set his shoulder against the leaf that should have opened, and pressed heavily, he failed to move it. Undaunted, rather pleased than otherwise to find the leaf secured within and against the other by a stout cross-bar, he first made sure that no one was watching him, then, grasping the top of the leaf, he drew himself breast-high, rolled his body over, and dropped lightly inside. Here, behind the wall and the folding doors, he was screened from observation.

A short drive curved before him. Light-footed and with a singing heart he sped along it. Before him was a double-storied, squarely built, substantial dwelling, its windows balconied and shuttered closely, its porch dark, and all its rooms apparently buried in midnight silence. Nevertheless, after a pause to grip himself and quell the tumult of his emotions, he tapped upon the door and bent his ear to listen. No light appeared. Muffled footsteps were audible; the bolts were drawn back softly; and the door was held ajar. Into a hand held out as if by accident

he placed a walnut. The door was opened a little wider, and the steward slipped within. The door was closed instantly; a thick portière, impervious to the light, automatically fell to; and the lubricated bolts were shot almost silently into their sockets. It was so intensely dark he could see no one; but the bast-slippered feet of the person who had admitted him rustled upon his ear like a low whisper, and suddenly a flood of light illuminated the spacious hall.

The servant turned smiling; but when he saw the steward he started and gazed at him with an expression of alarm.

'What is it, Ivan? You have the walnut,' said the steward.

'But—but'—— and the servant approached him, tentatively measuring his form and stature, and yet puzzled with his face. 'You are changed. You have become an old man.'

'I am not so old as I seem, Ivan,' and he whisked off his false beard. 'Now!'

'Ah,' responded Ivan, with a sigh of relief, 'you are yourself, Count Michael, your own self, and scarcely changed at all.'

'Where is Dmitri?'

'In his arm-chair, sound asleep, wearied out, your Highness, with the long delay.'

'And Marya?'

'She also is asleep in her own room.'

'Was I not expected, Ivan?'

'For six nights in succession I have stayed in the hall ready to admit you; and for five nights Marya and Dmitri have waited in the library, cheering each other, and saying, "He will come! Surely he will come!" Their heavy eyelids drooped. Sleep overpowered them. They were worn out. Still, a whisper, a breath even, from you would wake them both.'

'The gates were barred.'

'They are always. We kept them barred to ward off suspicion. We knew that you would climb them. That was the lesser risk. If we had left them open the police might have come and searched the premises.'

'It is but two days since Ilya brought the message.'

'He has had it a week. We calculated carefully the probable time of your arrival. Was the vessel detained?'

'We were eight days unloading in Syra.'

'Ah, that explains it! We did not reckon upon that. Shall I rouse Dmitri?'

'No, Ivan. You too are heavy with sleep. Rest you, my friend! I will rouse him myself.'

He adjusted his beard and stepped into the library. Reposing in a large arm-chair was a man in evening dress. His white shirt-front creaked faintly as it rose and fell to his slow respiration. His long limbs were relaxed in a dreamless sleep. He was slimmer than the steward, and not so tall; his face, with its slightly receding chin and the pendulous lower lip lacked firmness; but that might have been because he was asleep; his high cheek-bones were accentuated, and his dark hair was a trifle disarranged and tumbled across a brow both broad and clear. He had a healthy look, notwithstanding his weariness. He was probably twenty-five, perhaps a little under. He stirred as the steward gazed at him, drew his lip up with a soft sigh, and slowly opened his eyes.

At first he did not realise where he was. Then, with a quicker return of consciousness, he started, rubbed his eyes, and stared incredulously at this elderly midnight visitor standing before him in peasant's attire.

'How came you here?' he inquired wonderingly, and taking in his unusual size.

'Through the door, Dmitri.'

'Michael!'

The sob in his throat made the gladsome shout pathetic. He sprang to his feet and clasped his visitor, kissing him on both cheeks, a double salute which the visitor returned.

'You know me?'

'Your voice, Michael! your voice!' said he eagerly; 'but not the monstrous beard nor yet the moujik's dress. It is you, that is enough.'

'I can strip the beard—there!' and off it came—'but not the dress. I must keep that. It becomes me.'

'Y-e-s,' responded Dmitri doubtfully, 'as a disguise. But, tell me, how did you come? What is your plan? Ah, I forget. You are hungry, and tired perhaps. Be seated, Michael,' and he drew him towards the chair. 'You shall eat, you shall rest. I don't know where to begin,' and he seemed bewildered, almost beside himself with joy.

'Do not begin, Dmitri. I have had supper—yes, I assure you. And I am not tired. We have little time for talk to-night. I *am* hungry, Dmitri, with a soul-hunger for a sight of Marya, for a word with Marya. The single hour I can spare is entirely hers.'

'You will come again?'

'Often, if God pleases, before we leave.'

'I will call her. She has the right, not I. The hour shall be hers. Then, when next you come, perhaps you will give a little time to me;' and, with a beaming face, he hurried from the room.

The steward stood up to listen. His face worked nervously with the intensity of his emotions, his body quivered as they surged within him tumultuously and threatened to break him down. The seconds were minutes, the minutes hours. His eyes were fastened upon the door. His ears were strained to catch the sounds of her coming. The rustle of her dress ran through him like an electric thrill. His heart sprang to meet her as the door opened. With a low cry she rushed into his arms.

Neither spoke for quite a long while. They could not. Speech was a helpless vehicle; its springs were broken, its wheels gone. The silent embrace only, the contact of face with breast, the arms around the shoulders, could convey the gladness of their meeting. She sobbed a little, pressing her face still closer against him; he patted her shoulder softly as if to soothe her, and then began to smooth back tenderly her ruffled hair.

The sobs ceased.

Taking her head between his hands, he forced it from him slowly, caressingly, and gazed into her eyes. Still he spoke not, nor did she. He kissed her on the brow reverently, then upon the lips, unsealing them.

She smiled. 'Michael!' she whispered, in an affectionate, agitated tone.

'Marya!' he responded, whispering also, speaking consolingly as to a little child, and again smoothing back her hair.

Then her questions came quicker and with ever-increasing eagerness, as he told her how, when the news of her escape reached him, by her own messenger, and he had sent his reply, he went immediately to South Wales, inquired quietly about an outgoing vessel chartered for the Azov, came across the *Silchester*, dodged Adam Daddo out of his stewardship, and sailed himself under that singular name; how he had treated Adam Daddo, giving him his wages, and more, beforehand, and arranged with the captain that his wife should receive the stipulated half-pay as usual; how they in Rostoff had not reckoned, as he had already explained to Ivan, on the eight days' delay in Syra unloading, and so expected him sooner than he could possibly arrive; how the signature at Kertch had hoodwinked the *tchinovniks;* how, when Ilya brought the belated message down the Don, and delivered it, he had left the same night, disguised, and taken Ilya's place as a lighterman, and pulled alongside the wharf that very afternoon, and obtained employment as a common labourer; how, in a very few minutes—for the time had flown—he must return to the back room of a hut he had hired barely a mile away, whence, when midnight came, he had stolen forth to visit her. It was imperative that before the dawn he should regain it. Her own safety demanded this, and his, and Dmitri's; therefore, much as he would like to stay, she must not detain him.

'You have worked out a plan?'

'Except the minor details.'

'When can we leave?'

'In a month or under.'

'I pray it may be under;' and as she said it concernedly he knew she was thinking about the suspense and the risk that would be run daily. He ventured no reply. There was a moment's pause; then she said, 'Michael dear, you must not reproach Dmitri.'

'Openly, Marya, I will not; but it was wrong of him, base almost, to allow you to do it. I find it difficult to forgive him.'

'You must, Michael, you must forgive him. He could not prevent me. I did it to shield him of my own free will.'

'That may be. But he ought to have freed you, Marya—to have proved your innocence.'

'It would have meant the mines for him.'

'And for you, dear, it meant exile.'

'But I am back again.'

'Fortunately, but concealed; and your recapture, Marya, would mean Siberia.'

'For all of us, I fear,' and she shuddered. 'You will be careful, Michael?' for he was preparing to leave. 'And, please, for my sake, forgive him,' she pleaded. And he kissed her. She was satisfied.

Dmitri came in, and they parted, with a promise on Michael's part that if the way were clear he would return the following night. They let him out at the back of the house, and, climbing the wall, he dropped into a narrow lane. It was still dark, but the slightly lower temperature indicated as by a shivering promise that the dawn was not far off. Unobserved, and by a different route, he reached the hut and disappeared within it just as the silvery light of the morning began to tinge the eastern sky.

In the third hour of his heavy sleep he was disturbed by the movements of the moujik and his wife in the front room. He rose and joined them at the morning meal—thin *shtchi* and rye bread, fare he had not been used to. He made the best of it, breaking the brown crusts into the hot cabbage-soup and consuming both with what relish he could muster. It was not very palatable, but hunger helped him, and he went forth appeased to commence his daily toil.

The silent overseer watched him like a cat, ready to pounce upon him, but discovering no occasion. He worked well, he could find no fault with him neither that day nor for many a day afterwards. He had demanded his name, and the man had given it readily, a distinctively Russian name, and referred him without hesitation to the locality he came from, a locality farther inland, equidistant from Rostoff and Taganrog. It was not unusual for a peasant of the neighbourhood to labour at the wharf. He had no reason to doubt him except—— And here the overseer always paused. He remembered his story. His speech and manner were not quite those of an ordinary workman. There was a suggestion of superiority about him. He was not given to vodka. He kept scrupulously aloof from the rest of the men. He was quiet, thoughtful, secretive, probably a man with a past, certainly a man to beware of, and upon the first false step to seize and hand over to the authorities. He, the overseer, might win influence thereby, and promotion and reward.

(To be continued.)

BOLIVAR AND SOUTH AMERICA'S INDEPENDENCE.

A CENTENARY.

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

ON 5th July 1811 the independence of Venezuela was solemnly proclaimed at Carácas, the capital, this solemn declaration having been immediately preceded by a revolutionary outbreak against the hated power of Spain. The principal actor in this picturesque scene was the celebrated Simon Bolivar, then a young man of eight-and-twenty, but already renowned on three continents as *El Libertador*—the South American patriot and soldier who during the second and third decades of the nineteenth century was successful, after numberless reverses and the most incredible hardships, in freeing his beloved country from the Spanish yoke. Bolivar's peculiar position 'compelled him to assume a dictator's power, but there is no proof that he was ever insincere in his devotion to liberty; and in the service of his country he not only gained no wealth, but freely spent his own large fortune.' For he belonged to one of the noblest and wealthiest families of what was then designated Spanish South America, where he was born, at Carácas, in July 1783.

Venezuela is the 'Little Venice' of the early Spanish navigators, and Bolivar was imbued from birth with a passionate devotion to his native land. During his adolescence he visited Europe for the first time, and it must surely have been more than mere coincidence that caused him to 'assist'—even in the capacity of a mere spectator—at some of the most striking scenes in the French Revolution.

Bolivar returns to his native Carácas in 1801, and marries, only to become a widower after three years. Still a very young man, the grief-stricken widower—he had been tenderly attached to his young wife—recommences his roving existence, and presently we find him in the United States closely observing their methods of government. Most that he learns here is perhaps dangerously doctrinaire; but once more he returns home, this time to place himself at the head of a little party solemnly pledged to bring about the independence of their native Venezuela.

This was the fateful moment when, as stated in our opening paragraph, the young Patriot Party in the capital publicly proclaimed their independence of Spain, exactly one hundred years ago. But for the moment nothing tangible could be achieved against the mighty power of Spain. Her wretched monarch, King Ferdinand, had conferred plenary powers upon the infamous General Morillo, who, jealous of the growing influence of Bolivar and the magic of his name, hired a gang of assassins to attempt his life. In this they so nearly succeeded that Bolivar—who in the meantime had been compelled to escape to Jamaica—was only preserved at the cost of his secretary's life, a hired negro cut-throat stabbing him in mistake for the Liberator. The murderer was tried and hanged at Port Kingston.

We are now arrived at the year 1815, the period of Napoleon's downfall. Quitting Jamaica for San Domingo (where the black president warmly supported his cause), Bolivar here enlisted the sympathy and very tangible co-operation of a Dutch shipbuilder named Brion, with whose good help a little flotilla was fitted out for operating against the Spanish power in South America. And none too soon, for General Morillo had been practising the most unthinkable barbarities upon the wretched inhabitants in the course of his 'war of suppression'—horrors so unspeakable that they may not be set down here. Small wonder that the attenuated but undaunted band of patriots in the cause of Venezuelan freedom vowed a 'war to the knife' until the life-and-death struggle should be ended.

It was during this period of General Bolivar's enforced absence from the theatre of operations that the celebrated Paez—a poor and illiterate herdsman who in after life was destined to be nominated president of the Venezuelan Republic—rendered magnificent service to the patriotic cause. Considerable assistance, both in men and arms, came also from Great Britain and Ireland, where the close of the Napoleonic wars had let loose a great number of 'soldiers of fortune.' Conspicuous among these fine fellows was General Devereux, who took out to Venezuela an Irish Legion worthy of Fontenoy (if only eight hundred strong), and General Miller, who piloted across the seas another twelve hundred gallant men from these islands. The tide was on the turn; but, as M. Reclus has appropriately said, 'more than once the patriotic party seemed on the point of being crushed, and the cause of the revolution was seriously endangered by the earthquake which destroyed Carácas in 1812. The indirect consequences of this disaster were even more deplorable than the catastrophe itself. It certainly prolonged the ruinous war for years, and greatly intensified its horrors. The event having taken place on Holy Thursday, the first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the priests declared that the hand of God had wrought the mischief in order to crush the revolution. Most of the towns besieged by the Spaniards fell into their hands, and Miranda, general-in-chief of the insurgents, capitulated, leaving the remains of Carácas to its old masters. But the revolution broke out again, thanks especially to foreign aid. Owing to its geographical position in proximity to the Antilles, North America, and Europe, Venezuela received more volunteers from abroad

than any of the other revolted provinces. As many as nine thousand English, Americans, and French are said to have served in her armies, besides a thousand blacks from Hayti. But the same geographical position also facilitated the landing of Spanish troops. The issue might have been long retarded but for the action of the *Llaneros*—cowboys of the *Llanos*—who at a critical moment joined the revolution, and, under their leader Paez, introduced a system of guerilla tactics against which the resources of regular warfare proved ineffectual. After eleven years of incessant struggle the battle of Carobobo put an end to the Spanish dominion, and the former *capituneria* of Carácas became an integral part of the great republic of Colombia. In the collective war of South American emancipation the merit of final success was largely attributed to the Venezuelan general and diplomatist, Simon Bolivar. Every town in Venezuela has perpetuated the memory of the Liberator by naming some street or erecting some public monument in his honour.

The returned Bolivar eventually resumed the offensive at the head of a force of only about two thousand five hundred English, Irish, Americans, and others. What it lacked in numbers, however, this highly heterogeneous brigade atoned for in enthusiasm and singleness of purpose, and it proceeded to carry out, in the face of fearful odds, a bold and masterly conception of Bolivar's. This was nothing less than the seemingly desperate plan of crossing the presumably impassable Andes in the depth of winter, so as to fall upon the flank of the Spanish resistance. Having despatched a supply of arms to the patriot General Santander, whose co-operation was of the highest importance, Bolivar issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of New Granada. 'The day of America has come!' he announced in quite Napoleonic accents. 'No human power can stay the force of nature directed by Providence. Before the sun has again run its annual course, altars of liberty shall arise throughout your land!' And on 11th June 1819 the little army formed junction with Santander's still more slender command. From now onward, the march across the mighty Andes occupied a month. The sufferings endured were of the acutest, and at a moment when his worn-out troops were murmuring and on the verge of mutiny, the situation was only saved by Bolivar's unique personality. The Liberator bluntly and bluffly told them that, so far from their being near the goal of their ambition, there were innumerable further difficulties and hardships to be encountered. Would they, then, advance or retreat? A shout of enthusiasm went up from the toil-worn and weary men, and the ragged and half-starved contingent struggled manfully on. In the picturesque diction of Mr W. B. Robertson: 'The snowy peaks of the Cordillera appeared in the distance, while, instead of the peaceful lake through which they had waded, they were met by great masses of water tumbling from the heights. The roads ran along the edge of precipices and were bordered by gigantic trees, upon whose tops rested the clouds which dissolved themselves in incessant rain. After four days' march the horses were foundered; an entire squadron of *Llaneros* deserted on finding themselves on foot. . . . As they ascended the mountain the scene changed again. Immense rocks piled one upon another, and hills of snow bounded the view on every side; below lay the clouds, veiling the depths of the abyss; an ice-cold wind cut through the stoutest clothing. To make the scene more dreary yet, the path was marked out by crosses erected in memory of travellers who had perished by the way.'

In the profoundest ignorance as to Bolivar's march was his immediate opponent, Colonel Barreiro, who at the head of twenty-five hundred horse and foot, with substantial reserves at easy call, occupied the fortified town of Tunja, leading into the wealthy province of that name. Not supposing for one instant that any one short of a madman would brave the passage of the mighty Cordillera at that inclement season, the Spaniards were almost too dumfounded to offer adequate resistance when Bolivar's ragged regiments burst over its frozen heights and descended upon them with all the velocity of a mountain torrent!

Nevertheless, the decisive engagement which followed, and which is known in military annals as the battle of Boyaca, was not altogether child's-play. It was preceded by a successful but unimportant engagement, in which Colonel Rooke, of Bolivar's British contingent, had an arm shot off. Boldly leaving his Spanish adversaries directly in his rear, the Liberator—who had to get possession of stores and war-material, or perish in the attempt—made a forced march on Tunja, whose inhabitants were fortunately loyal to the patriot cause. Here the requisite stores and equipment fell into his possession without striking a blow, and Barreiro, fearful for his line of communication, was compelled to give battle. Boyaca was fought and won on 17th August 1819. It was gained by means of the very ordinary device of an ambush, into which the Spaniards easily fell. Rarely, too, has so signal a success been gained at so infinitesimal a cost, for Bolivar's entire casualties were thirteen killed and fifty-three wounded! As against this paltry list of casualties, Barreiro himself (who in the fury of humiliation broke his sword rather than surrender it) and sixteen hundred of his men became prisoners of war, with all their equipage. The English Legion had not a little to do with this happy result, and, in his joy at their behaviour, Bolivar created every one of them a member of his 'Order of the Liberator,' and a few days afterwards he entered Bogota in triumph. This victory not merely settled the fate of New

Granada, but it practically isolated the hated General Morillo in Venezuela. It left that province, Ecuador, and Colombia all free from the power of Spain, and it also left Bolivar at liberty to lead his all-conquering legions into Peru by the end of 1823.

'From the Plate, the Maule, the Magdalena, and the Orinoco come the deliverers of Peru!' proudly announced General Bolivar to the National Assembly at Lima. And in June 1824 he took the field for this final act of the drama, establishing his headquarters at Truxillo, and being able to dispose of about twelve thousand men, including a strong brigade of cavalry. The Spaniards, under General Canterac, were perhaps in equal strength, but they were considerably scattered pending the calling in of various detachments, while desertions are said to have been numerous. Haranguing his heterogeneous but well-seasoned and well-drilled little army (which included many roving Britons set free by the close of the Napoleonic wars) amid the sublime scenery of the snow-capped Andes, *El Libertador* said: 'Soldiers, you are about to complete the greatest undertaking Heaven has confided to men—that of saving an entire world from slavery! Soldiers, the enemies you have to overthrow boast of fourteen years of triumphs; they are therefore ready to measure their swords with ours, which have glittered in a thousand combats! Soldiers, Peru and America expect from you Peace, the daughter of Victory! Even liberal Europe beholds you with delight, because the freedom of the New World is the hope of the universe. Will you disappoint it? No, no! You are invincible.'

After this Napoleonic utterance the hostile armies rapidly got in touch. In a smart cavalry action the patriot troops killed or wounded three hundred and fifty of the enemy and made eighty prisoners, whilst Canterac also lost many more by desertion. He accordingly fell back to his base, Cuzco, and after some days of feinting and manœuvring without much definite result, Bolivar left his headquarters to the care of his second in command, General Sucre, and went off to hurry up reinforcements.

This was Sucre's chance, and he took it. He had the Dictator's positive instructions not to fight; but, disregarding this, he took council with his three principal subordinates, La Mar, Lara, and the English General Miller. It is a received maxim that a council of war never fights, but this was the exception that proves the rule. It was imperative, thought Sucre, to prevent a junction which was imminent between Canterac and the Spanish Governor-General Laserna. Eventually the hostile armies confronted each other, after weeks of weary counter-marching, at the great altitude of eleven thousand feet above sea-level. On paper the patriots were considerably outnumbered, but one has to allow for the inferior *morale* of their opponents. As they joined battle, General Sucre exclaimed in piercing accents, 'Soldiers, remember that upon your efforts hangs the fate of South America!'

It was a great, a tense moment. Like another Warwick the King-Maker on Barnet Field, one of Sucre's Brigadiers (General Cordova) killed his charger before the eyes of his men, remarking, 'There goes my last horse. I have no means of escape, and we fight it out together. Onward, men, with the step of conquerors!'

For a while the field was stubbornly contested, even unto the crossing of bayonets in the charge. A well-led flanking movement by General Valdez threatened discomfiture to the patriots, but Valdez was in turn outflanked by a brilliant charge led by the Englishman Miller. Another soldier of fortune battling in freedom's cause was General Francis O'Connor, a brother of Fergus O'Connor. Quite early in the day General Laserna himself was wounded and taken, and in the final result the Spaniards broke and fled. 'For miles the landscape was dotted with the silver helmets of the Spanish hussars.' For the vanquished this deciding conquest of the long and bitter struggle represented a heavy butcher's bill—something upwards of two thousand killed and wounded and three thousand seven hundred and fifty prisoners, as against a total patriot loss of a thousand officers and men.

While lamenting his own absence from this brilliant field of Ayacucho, Bolivar was in no position to censure the General who had so splendidly disobeyed his instructions. For it represented the last scene in the liberation of South America; and henceforward, until his decease at the end of 1830, Bolivar ruled over his country as an enlightened despot. He passed away at the age of forty-seven, a type of the worn-out hero. He sleeps in the old city that gave him birth, Carácas, while Bolivia owes its name to him. In the hearts of his admiring countrymen, Simon Bolivar is ever enshrined as the George Washington of South America.

THE FAIRY-PIPER.

FLUTING with a faint long fall,
Hear the fairy-piper call:
'Gone is winter, blue the sky,
Warm the air, the sun is high,
Green the bracken, gold the whin.
Come, come out! Why stay within?
Wander now on summer days,
O'er the hill, by muirland ways,
When the fairy-piper plays.

And at night, when all is still,
One can hear his pipes' sweet trill,
Fast or slow, now soft, now loud,
Piping to a merry crowd
Gathered in the sleeping woods.
Little folk in peaked green hoods—
All the elves, the gnomes, and fays—
Dancing in the woodland ways
When the fairy-piper plays.

MARIA STEUART.

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REFLECTIONS AT INVERAWE.

By Lady MARGARET SACKVILLE.

IT will be long, I think, before the Highland country becomes untrue to itself. At a time when the most beautiful portions of the earth are being banalised and greedily exploited for commercial purposes, the Highlands preserve a certain strange aloofness as of something remote from the affairs of mankind. Nowhere else is the soul of the country, as it were, so near the surface or nowhere does it plead so eloquently to be the background of a passionate and romantic life. It is enigmatic, only yielding its meaning to those who possess the key.

Some country districts seem to live with an intense secret inner life of their own, of which we get glimpses in occasional imaginative moods. Other country places have no secrets. The usual French countryside, for instance—practical, monotonous, and hard—suggests nothing of mystery. Fontainebleau is a forest which only plays at being romantic; but it has a trim bourgeois soul, and its wildness is only make-believe. But take the New Forest, and you will feel that it keeps some undeclared, perhaps savage, thing in the background over which it broods deeply. The few who pay attention catch hints of it from the solitary moors piled on autumn evenings with white mists, from the green spaces suddenly opening out among the thick trees, from a hundred subtle and fantastic signs.

And in the Highlands this secret life is redoubled. The Highlanders, who are more acute of hearing, and whose nature—like that of all people when their peculiar characteristics are undisturbed by alien influences—is in some measure the human expression of the country in which they live, have written down some of this mystery in the form of songs whose words are, you feel, merely the music turned for the moment into speech. Sometimes in the strange, suggestive name of a place or district a whole poem may lie embedded, like the princess's gown which was folded in a walnut, or in legend and tradition a portion of the mystery is revealed. It is certain that none sensitive to such influences could feel the enchantment of the Highland scenery without finding their lives in some degree coloured and changed by it. It is the glamour of fairyland with a human and tragic element added. In this region life to match should be extreme, the fullness of happiness or despair. Here is no place for mediocre emotion.

Through the Highlands the fairies have ridden and left the consciousness of their presence for ever. Nothing strange occurring here astonishes so much as the continuance of the commonplace. It seems impossible that men should not instinctively set their lives in tune with the surrounding powerful influences. Magic rises from the earth like an invisible mist, inevitable as the air. And all who have lived in such country, indifferent though they may be at heart, carry always some trace of the glamour about them which separates them, however imperceptibly, from their fellows. The Highlands speak little or nothing to the unsympathetic listener, and they have bestowed some measure of this proud reserve on those who dwell among them, who will not speak indiscriminately of the legends and lore which are a part of their being. To those who understand, a whisper may come which may kindle their souls into a blaze of intense life, but there are few whose minds are sufficiently unoccupied to hear with such intensity. To most the voices are indefinite as though they were muffled in many veils, or as music heard across water. These hear without danger and without much wonder. But to the few, the acuteness of whose spirits leave them almost unprotected, the terrible, beautiful voices of the mountains and lochs must come like a devastation. What wonder that, having once heard, they are like those who have been snatched away to live for a space in fairyland; and none who has tasted fairy bread and wine can ever be satisfied with earthly food again.

Yet sometimes, in spring for instance, the tragic element is in abeyance and a gentler mood predominates. The land suggests immemorial age and immemorial youth—the young green of larches seen against black firs. The hills are stern yet at the same time lavish, clothed with grass and light waving woods where the birds sing. It is the union of masculine and feminine elements, forming one perfect land. In the fairy seasons, when it snows white hawthorn, at certain moments of twilight or early dawn the silence almost forms itself into notes of magic music, so that one feels it would only need a slight change to render the lovely secret

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presences visible, or a turn of the head to see the white road to fairyland winding over the hills.

Over the Highland lochs and mountains spreads an indefinable glamour hardly to be found anywhere else. It is as though one looked on a scene which belonged neither to the present nor the past nor to any special country, but was dateless. There is an extravagance of colour which surprises—the water the very soul of blue, and the hills glowing at sunset in a haze of pure amethyst. Here indeed the known trespasses so closely on the unknown that the two are difficult indeed to disentangle. They form a variegated veil through which the worn features of everyday shine with a new beauty, and in it the gray threads of ordinary life are closely turned with the fantastic, glowing strands of the imagination.

THE LUCK OF THE ST AUBYNS.

CHAPTER XII. (THE LAST).—HOW MY LORD FOUND THE ST AUBYN LUCK.

NEARLY two years had passed away, and the people of Warminster and the country round were offering thanks in the cathedral for the coronation of his Majesty George the Third of blessed memory.

It must be confessed that many of the worshippers paid less heed to the Dean's eloquence than they should have done. They seemed vastly more interested in a soldier who sat in one of the stalls of the choir, with his left sleeve pinned empty across his breast, and who, indeed, was no other than my Lord Thanet, back at last from foreign service. He was a colonel at twenty-seven—for promotion was quick in those days for a nobleman of influence and wealth—but had nevertheless a record of good work behind him, and the regard of his superior officers. These two years had been years of hard campaigning and not a little danger. Now, browner and older-looking, he was home again in the place to which his heart had been turned in exile.

Was it to be home for him? Well, that he had yet to learn. The last anthem was being sung, when suddenly he picked out a face in the dense throng—the one face in the world that he desired to see—and immediately the question clamoured for an answer. It was a torture to wait for the few remaining minutes.

They met near the great door. While they were still somewhat apart in the slowly moving crowd their eyes sought each other's, and apparently found there a solution to their doubts. For the faces of both were radiant as they clasped hands.

'A thousand welcomes home, Cousin George!' she cried.

''Tis my first! Then I am forgiven, Eleanor?' he whispered, as she took his arm and passed on with the stream.

'Is the forgiveness due from me?' she asked him.

No more could be said just then, half a dozen people were pressing forward to greet them. Aloud, 'I hope you are back in England for good, Lord Thanet?'

'Now that the wars are over, what can the poor soldier do?'

'He must live on his laurels. Have you not enough, sir?'

He looked down ruefully at his armless sleeve. 'I shall carry mine to the grave,' said he.

'Was it very hard, then?' she inquired softly.

''Twas the worst of it, but I should not have been here to-day if it had not been for your old friend Denis Fitzgerald. He nursed me back to life—and hope.'

She said something below her breath. It sounded like a benediction. But they were now outside, and my lord smiled when he saw the company of gallants who were waiting, hats in hand, to contest his honour of conducting the beautiful Miss Heathcote—or was it Miss Brayden he wondered?—to her carriage. Still smiling, he led her past the line of glum visages.

'We cannot speak here,' he said, handing her in. 'Tell me when I shall see you again, and alone?'

She threw him a demure glance. ''They say an early morning ride is excellent for the health, and'——

'Yes?'

'Well, the tide is out about seven o'clock,' said she.

He laughed, and stepped back; the carriage rolled away, to the accompaniment of much bowing and many flourishes. The music of the *Deus Pacis* was pealing from the organ, and echoing in the marquis's heart; for had he not seen her, more lovely and a hundred times more winsome than ever, and changed towards himself by some wonderful transformation? He did not waste conjecture on the cause, but turned in high good-humour to salute Captain Gascoigne and a score of old acquaintances.

It was a remarkable coincidence that happened on the next morning. Just before seven, my lord (riding out early for the benefit of his health) had a fancy to strike across the sands of St Aubyn's Bay towards the Devil's Quicksand. He was dressed in a black suit which had manifestly done much service, and he seemed in no particular haste. Nor did he venture too near the patch of darker colour that marked the danger-spot, but halted presently and kept his

gaze fixed upon a certain point on the shore. He had not long to wait. Strangely enough, the girl, with flushed cheeks and laughing eyes, who came racing to him over the sands was also dressed in an old habit, and the colour was Lincoln green.

So they met once more.

'Does the quicksand tempt you, that you were making for it again?' she asked.

'Not yet,' said he with a mock gravity. 'It depends on you, madam, whether it shall tempt me or no later on.'

'If you are a stranger here, sir,' she returned, wilfully ignoring his meaning, 'I shall gladly show you the road to Warminster—or elsewhere.'

He grasped both her hands, reins and all, in his one. 'Sweetheart, will you show me the road through this world of ours—the road bordered by roses of love?' he pleaded. 'Are you content to ride with me always, or must I ride alone?'

'I am content,' she whispered. And, well, there was nobody to see, and the horses were both steady and discreet animals.

'Miscall not this Devil's Quicksand!' he said after a little. 'Twas here that I saw you first, love, and here it is that you have come to me.'

'"Gladly, as a woman should come to her husband,"' she quoted.

They rode slowly back to the shore, with the joy of young life and the gladness of the summer morning in their hearts; and if they were somewhat silent and ridiculously happy—why, love had a speech of its own even in the eighteenth century. But love-making on horseback has its drawbacks, especially when a man has only one arm; and perhaps it was not altogether an accident that a soldierly groom met them near a gate leading into Lord Thanet's park.

'Let us take the path through the woods,' suggested my lord. 'Peter, here, will be in waiting with the horses at the other side.'

It is to be hoped that Peter had too much sense to hurry unduly, for the lovers assuredly did not. It was too pleasant to wander idly through this new fairyland, and linger among the flowers.

'You have not told me yet when and how you forgave me,' my lord reminded her.

'Must I confess a woman's weakness? If you *will* have it, then, you were not well away before I wished my words unspoken. But it was Mr Fitzgerald who opened my eyes to the real truth when he described to us how gallantly you had fought in the battle, and how you had gone back to search for my father and had nursed him through the night. He had his own opinion of me, and did not mince his language.'

'Brave Denis! If I have any influence he shall have the bishopric of Warminster for his reward! But go on, sweetheart. Was it forgiveness alone, or did love follow charity?'

'I—I think I have always loved you, George,' she admitted shyly. 'I did not know it at first, for our honour seemed at stake, and pride hardened my heart. Oh, it all looked so miserably small, so mean—this Heathcote pride and honour—when I heard of your wound, and knew not whether you were dead or alive!'

'Dear lass! and I had not a sign to comfort me in my days of affliction and darkness!'

'How could I be sure that you had not plucked me from your heart, as I deserved—as I still deserve? If I had a hope—— But it was not until I saw you in the cathedral yesterday,' she said, her eyes filling, 'that I felt certain you had not forgotten, and that God in His great mercy had answered my prayers.'

After an interval, the marquis came to business. 'When is the wedding to be, Miss Nell?' he demanded. 'But I have an idea! The 15th of September is not too soon for you, is it? I shall have to consult your brother of course.'

'Charles is in London,' she interposed.

'I saw him there; and I don't think, when I announce my views, my Lord Heathcote will be so ready to call me out to the dunes as Mr Charles was. Not that I should object if the same substitute appeared in the same'——

Blushing prettily, she laid an arresting hand on his lips.

'Twas an entrancing costume nevertheless,' he managed to say.

'Charles has always been your friend,' she ran on. 'Good lad! 'twill be a huge relief to him to hide the name of Brayden, which he dislikes, in this new peerage of his. How would you care to add another name to St Aubyn, my lord?'

'As long as it is Heathcote I am quite willing,' he responded promptly.

'I am afraid you will have to, willy-nilly. For Charles settled the estate on me, and the name perforce goes with it.'

The prospect did not seem to daunt him in the least. 'The conjunction is an excellent one, my dear,' said he. 'The only pity is that 'twas not made long ago. But that is a matter which, please God, we 'll right on the 15th of September! They talked in the clubs of the St Aubyn luck, and how it had changed when old Sir Simon's fortune went to your brother, and they talked like fools. For here, in your love, dear heart, the true luck of the St Aubyns has been awaiting me!'

So they walked hand in hand through the great park of Kingswood; and so, lovers still, they walked to the end of life's journey.

THE END.

THE TRIUMPH OF MOTOR-TRACTION.

By the Right Hon. Sir J. H. A. MACDONALD, K.C.B., LL.D.

MANY will think the title too strong, but that is because many are slow to see what is passing before their eyes. The supersession of what seemed to be stereotyped in the past is, and must be, gradual, and to some it is for long a thing impossible of belief that what they have for a lifetime witnessed as a normal state of things is gradually passing away. This is particularly marked in the case of the inhabitants of these islands, whose natural conservatism causes them to treat the new thing with contempt when it first endeavours to assert itself, to resist it and put obstacles in its path when it shows signs of forcing its way, and to be wilfully blind to the certainty of its victory for a long time after that victory has been practically assured. The British subject has a repute for not knowing when he is beaten, and it is a valuable quality for a martial race. When fighting man to man an unshakable confidence is a valuable possession. But it has often been an injurious hindrance where the question was not of war with enemies, but of progress in things practical, especially in mechanical developments. It is told of the tenants of Lord Cathcart that when in 1753 he offered to supply them with carts at his own expense the gift was refused, wheeled vehicles being looked on as a 'newfangled' device unsuitable for commercial purposes. An elaborate book written by Post-Office officials in 1839 is a monument of folly, as it professed to prove that penny postage was a mad and impossible scheme. 'Father Thames' and the canals were backed for passenger transit against the railways, and every successive invention of the nineteenth century for lighting, telegraphing, telephoning, electric engines, and many other conveniences now matters of course in life, have been pooh-poohed or given the cold shoulder, and 'not by fools exclusively,' as Mrs Browning says. Many a scientific man dead—ay, many a living one—would have had a much better reputation for foresight if the expression of his *ex cathedrâ* utterances of condemnation of the inventions of others could be taken out of his record. It has been so with the road-vehicle mechanically driven. What showers of abuse were poured upon it by thousands who now are daily availing themselves of its services! How contemptuously did the *Engineer* write of it! How eagerly was its practicality disputed, and what determination was shown to crush it out! Never in the history of the world has there been an instance so extraordinary of an invention being brought to success in spite of ridicule, abuse, vituperation, and condemnation, and that in the course of less than a decade, counting from the time when partial leave was granted to utilise the invention. Those who foresaw the great future that was before it did not themselves dream of so rapid a consummation of their hopes. They contemplated a long struggle, and braced themselves to endure it; but it proved to be short. The merits of the power-vehicle were so manifest that it is already in a predominant position, from which its bitterest enemy does not hope to oust it. First it asserted itself in the pleasure-vehicle, then it showed itself to be as popular in the passenger-vehicle, and now, and last, it is penetrating into the commercial region, goods being carried in large quantities and over long distances by mechanical haulage. Every day bears witness to the fact that the power-vehicle is no longer a suppliant for toleration, but is rapidly attaining a pre-eminent position in road-traffic.

In a former paper by the present writer, in the year 1909, the progress of automobilism was proved by statistics taken in London, bringing out that already by that time the number of motor-vehicles in the busy streets of London was practically equal to the number of vehicles hauled by animal power, the figures on three tests showing five thousand and three of the former, as against four thousand nine hundred and eighty-eight of the latter, thus bringing out fifteen of a majority for the motor. Six years had been sufficient to bring about this marvellous change, as there was no real liberty accorded to the mechanical road-vehicle till the year 1903. The figures are all the more extraordinary when the fact is taken into account that when they were recorded goods traffic by power-haulage was still in its infancy, the horsed traffic of carts, lorries, and vans being still in overwhelming preponderance, not more than 5 per cent. of the slow commercial traffic being worked by mechanical power. To bring about equality in numbers between the two classes of traction it was, therefore, necessary that the fast passenger-vehicles should exceed the fast horse-vehicles by a very large proportion. In June of 1909, on a test made, the following was the result: motor-passenger, six hundred and eighty-one; horse-passenger, one hundred and eleven; motor-commercial, twenty-one; horse-commercial, two hundred and fifty-three. From these figures it will be seen that while the motor-commercial vehicles were not 10 per cent. of the horsed-commercial vehicles, the preponderance of motor fast vehicles over the horsed-passenger and horsed-commercial vehicles put together was even then marked. An amazing result truly of six years' progress! But it is as nothing to what has happened within the brief two years that have passed since. Equality is a thing of the

past. The negligible majorities which occasionally occurred in 1909 have given place to increases by leaps and bounds. Records carefully taken during the opening months of the present year have demonstrated that the motor-vehicle is steadily and rapidly crushing the horsed-vehicle out of existence. At all gatherings where carriages assemble the preponderance of the power-vehicle is most remarkable both in country and in town. The horsed-carriage is disappearing, and the motor-car is taking its place. During last February on a road-journey made from Edinburgh to Woking in two days—upwards of four hundred miles—there were seen of private conveyances one hundred and twenty-three motor-carriages, and only forty-nine horsed-carriages. But the most extraordinary fact was that among all these carriages for personal use there was not one two-horse carriage, and there was only a single one-horse brougham. All the other forty-eight vehicles were dogcarts or gigs. When witnessing this, it was impossible not to recall the prediction mentioned in the former article when a motorphobe was quoted as declaring solemnly in 1906, 'In another ten years there will not be half the autocars on the roads that there are now.' Four years have passed, and certainly in that time the number on the country roads has quadrupled; in the towns it has more than quadrupled. A return obtained recently shows that in 1911 there are two hundred and eighteen thousand six hundred and eighty motor-vehicles in the three kingdoms, to which London alone contributes more than sixty thousand.*

Another oft-repeated fallacy has been completely exploded. It was the constant cry of the anti-motorist that the autocar was the luxury of the rich—a mere pleasure vehicle, but that sensible business people would never have anything to do with it. Note has been taken both in Edinburgh and in London to test this.†

In Edinburgh the private vehicles were observed at the go-to-business half-hour—between half-past nine and ten. Taking at random one week in each of three years, ending with the present year, the numbers seen during the walk-to-business half-hour were:

MOTOR-CARS.

First year	54 = 78·3	per cent.
Second year	61 = 87·1	"
Third year	64 = 91·4	"

HORSED-CARRIAGES.

First year	15 = 21·7	per cent.
Second year	9 = 12·9	"
Third year	6 = 8·6	"

* Of course it is not to be understood that all these motor-cars are running on the roads every day. It is only intended to point out that this number of vehicles has been registered.

† The figures for Edinburgh include only private vehicles, as the proportion of hired vehicles is not yet so great as in London. The Embankment figures include all vehicles —whether private or hired—for passenger traffic, except omnibuses, which do not ply on the Embankment.

The figures for the Embankment in London at the same time for going to business, but extending over more than an hour each time, and taking three weeks in the same years, were:

MOTOR-CARS.

First year	1103 = 70	per cent.
Second year	3989 = 81·8	"
Third year	5362 = 87·5	"

HORSED-VEHICLES.

First year	472 = 30	per cent.
Second year	889 = 18·2	"
Third year	763 = 12·5	"

It will be noted that although the figures give very different proportions in totals on the particular weeks, from the fact that the taking of observations varied in point of duration of time on particular days, the percentages show that there has been a steady increase in the proportion of motor-vehicles and a corresponding decrease in the proportion of horse-drawn vehicles. The contention that autocars are playthings of the idle rich is thus finally negatived; and those who know are aware that persons who require conveyances for the carrying on of their business —medical men, chief-constables, road surveyors commercial travellers, and business men who require to go from place to place daily, are adopting the motor-car in their thousands. Perhaps most significant of all is the fact that a common gift to a bishop is a motor-car, by which he can conduct visitations in his diocese with less loss of time and with greater convenience than by any other mode of travelling. If facts are still 'chiels that winna ding' no more need be said on the 'idle rich' fallacy.

But if progress in past years has given cause for surprise both to friend and foe, it is nothing to what the present year is revealing. Again statistics in Edinburgh and London can be offered with confidence. Thus, in Edinburgh, counting private vehicles only, a week's observation gave three hundred and sixty-seven autocars to one hundred and twenty-one horsed-vehicles, or practically three to one. But the London figures are more indicative of the rapid character of the change that is occurring. In London the change in all classes of vehicles is so great that a comparison may be made between all motor-vehicles and all animal-haulage vehicles. The word 'animal' is used advisedly, as in the following figures every costermonger's donkey-cart has been included. Taking a day's observation during March of this year, two thousand eight hundred and five power-vehicles and six hundred and eighty animal-haulage vehicles were seen, which gives a majority to the mechanical vehicle of no less than four to one and eighty-five over. But this is not all. On that occasion forty-seven commercial motor-vehicles and four hundred and thirty-five commercial animal-haulage vehicles were seen, and are included in the figures given above. If these be deducted from the totals the

figures are reduced to two thousand seven hundred and fifty-eight and two hundred and forty-five respectively, with the result that the fast traffic motor-vehicles exceeded the fast horsed-vehicles by no less a figure than eleven to one and sixty-three over. That this was not a merely exceptional occasion, may be illustrated by two other tests, when a short-time observation was taken in the middle of the day. On the first the fast power-vehicles numbered six hundred and forty-seven and the fast horsed-vehicles numbered fifty-seven, the result being eleven to one and twenty over in favour of the motor. On the second occasion the figures were six hundred and fifty-eight to forty-six, giving a majority of fourteen to one and fourteen over. These figures may be held to give the present highest watermarks of the daily rising tide. It never now in London registers less on any day than four to one, and on many days in succession shows from six to one to ten to one. Now and again it rises to such figures as those given above.

Since the above was written, another test has been made, with the result that one thousand four hundred and ninety-eight fast power-vehicles were run, and one hundred fast horsed-vehicles, or practically fifteen to one.

It is the same with the omnibus as it is with other vehicles. One thousand two hundred horse-omnibuses have been taken off the streets of London, and the two hundred odd that remain will certainly disappear in a very short period. Numerous new and empty motor-omnibuses are to be seen daily on the streets undergoing their trials to prove that they come up to the standard fixed by the Commissioner of Police. Omnibuses built for horse-traction are unsaleable, and hundreds of them are crowded up in waste places, hopelessly derelict. There is no demand for them either in town or country. As for the horsed-cab, its fate is also sealed. Although the taxi motor-cab can charge one shilling for a mile and a half against one shilling for two miles in the case of the horsed-cab, the increased speed and the much increased comfort of the motor-cab has given it a popularity which is fatal to the cab of the past. Tests of cabs running on the streets of London, which were taken recently, gave the following results:

TAXICABS.	HANSOMS.	FOUR-WHEELERS.
300	11	6
283	12	24
159	4	4

The hansom cab is moribund. The capacity of the four-wheel cab for carrying luggage in large quantities may tend to save it from extermination for some short time, but its extreme slowness and the shabby character of its fittings are such that it will soon cease to be tolerated, and doubtless the luggage-carrying difficulty will be solved in the near future.

As regards the fast-moving motor-vehicles of all classes, no one can have failed to notice the extraordinary change that has taken place in their efficiency within the last few years. Time was when, upon the streets and roads, power-vehicles were seen broken down—*en panne*, as the French call it—here, there, and everywhere. Many of the opponents chuckled with delight when they saw a car laid up at the side of the way, or stood to watch the motorist wildly turning the starting-handle and obtaining no response, the unfortunate having to endure the sarcastic jeering of the hansom cabby. A tow home with the aid of a horse was a common occurrence. Bad material, bad design, and bad management were often combined to lead to disaster, and a non-stop run for fifty miles, or even less, was a thing to boast of. And even when not absolutely held up on the road, what noise, what smell, what blowing of steam from overheated cooling water, what fizzling of cracked plugs, what choking of carburettors, what failures of accumulators and coils, what bangs from exhaust explosions, &c. Motoring was a precarious mode of travel. It was impossible to rely on a motor-car if an appointment had to be kept or a station to be reached in time to catch a train, and it caused recurring discomfort to users and to the public. These days are past. The motorist steps into his car with no misgivings, starts with confidence for the railway station with a smaller allowance of minutes than he used to give to his horses, and can keep his appointments with all reasonable certainty. No one now, whether pro-motor or anti-motor in his tendencies, expects to see autocars broken down on the road, or doubts whether friends coming to him by car will arrive punctually. Traffic of public or private vehicles is carried on with all reasonable certainty and regularity, and with an amount of convenience to which in the past the public were strangers. The title of this paper is thus amply justified.

There is, however, one department of traffic in which the power-vehicle has not asserted itself so speedily as it has done in others. The replacing of the horsed-vehicle by the motor-vehicle for commercial work has until lately been a very slow process. Two causes contributed to this. One cause was that the commercial man, to whom the question of business profit alone presented itself for consideration, was critical and would not take up a new mode of carriage for his goods, even if prompted by promise of diminished expense, until he could be satisfied that the goods would be carried as conveniently and as safely, and with the same certainty and regularity of delivery, as with the horsed-vehicles he already possessed. He could not face the risk of diminution of profit, or the wrath of disappointed customers, and he would not expend large capital sums on new vehicles without seeing his way to better his position by their use. He could not afford to experiment like the 'idle rich,' nor could he ask the public to

put their money into his business. Promoters might get money from the public for large omnibus or cab schemes, and the tradesman saw many of such limited company schemes come to winding-up in a very short time, the experiment proving a failure, both because public confidence had not been established and because the plant obtained proved to be ill-designed, or badly put together, or made of unfit or bad material. The tradesman, therefore, preferred to wait and profit by the experience and the failures of others before entering upon a doubtful venture, which might affect his business unfavourably. The other reason was that in many cases merchants who did make the experiment met with disappointment. Too often in the early days those who built power-vehicles thought that to supply a car for carrying merchandise it was only necessary to take an ordinary autocar frame, and, instead of putting a passenger body on it, to fit a lorry or van body to it. The result was that the frame, with its engines, gearing, &c., being quite unsuitable for the heavy loads which were piled on it, soon failed to give satisfaction. Commercial motor-vehicles got a bad name, and progress was stayed. And by this time the market for fast pleasure and passenger vehicles had increased to such an extent that the manufacturing power was absorbed in producing passenger carriages, and both as regarded designing and building of commercial vehicles little energy was shown in the manufacturing world.

Within the last four or five years, however, there has been a great change. The manufacture of trade motors has been taken up energetically, and commercial vehicle makers find a rapidly increasing market for their wares. Many large firms have already considerable fleets of delivery vans, and are so satisfied that they give out fresh orders. Commercial automobilism already supports two journals devoted entirely to that branch of the industry. Any one who observes can see how week after week the number of such vehicles is increasing. Time was when no one who was well-informed and independent in opinion would have advised any tradesman to experiment with motor-haulage, and it is certain that many commercial men, after making experiment, reverted to horse-haulage. This was necessarily a very bad advertisement for the power-vehicle. The man who thinks he has been 'let in' is not slow to spread abroad his sentiment of annoyance and disgust at his having lost money invested in a new contrivance, and possibly having lost custom by its failures, and not unusually he uses language more forcible than fair. The manufacturer begins to feel he is a loser by carrying on this branch of his business, and abandons it, and he too acts as a wet blanket upon the customers proposing to purchase wares with which he himself has been disappointed. Thus a movement, sound in idea, is given a set-back due to the sound idea not meeting with wise management in the working out, and those who persevere do so under the handicap of the bad name that has unfortunately fastened itself more or less firmly to the manufacture, in consequence of crudeness or unwisdom in the first attempt to carry the idea to success.

To the writer it has always appeared that from the point of view of benefit to the community at large the development of the commercial power-vehicle was of immeasurably greater importance than the promotion of the pleasure carriage or the vehicle for the conveyance of persons. These necessarily come first, but they bring little advantage to the general public; they minister only to the convenience and profit of the owner and user. But if, by a change of the mode of carriage, goods can be transported long distances in short time by road, at an expense not greater or even less than is involved in cartage to railway, rail journey, and cartage from railway, with a double breaking of bulk, much gain will be made, much expense may be saved, and even loss of time avoided. For distances which can be compassed in a day—which in the case of power road-haulage may be put at one hundred and thirty miles for a single journey, or at sixty miles out and sixty in for an out-and-home journey—the road is preferable to the railway, if for no other reason than that the time of despatch is at the choice of the sender, the risk of railway delays is eliminated, and the goods can be taken from door to door, or direct to market, thus avoiding the frequent damage caused to the goods in transit, and endless disputes as to whether the damage occurred before, during, or after the railway journey. This is specially true of farm and garden produce being conveyed to distant markets. These are some of the principal advantages, but there are others. One is that the conveyance going by road to the customer's door, its driver can take orders and convey them back for delivery next day. Wagons taken to a market town can pick up supplies required at home. These things cannot be done when a railway journey intervenes. It will be evident also that in the case of certain classes of goods, such as pianos, crockery, plants, and many others, it may be much safer for the merchandise to be conveyed by road, even if the journey should occupy more than a day.

From information obtained, it has come to be demonstrable that progress in the direction indicated is already taking place, and that merchants who have been hesitating to adopt power-traction for their business need hesitate no longer. Indeed, for large dealers who do business at considerable distances from their centre it will soon become a question whether, if they do not move with the times, their business may not fall off in substantial degree. When the Harrods and the

Whiteleys, the Co-operative Stores, the Maples, and the Shoolbreds, the Liptons, and the Lyons, and many others, have established fleets of motor-wagons, and are constantly increasing their numbers, carrying goods daily thirty and even forty miles from the centre, and returning in one day, it is very clear that the country trade of those who cannot move out for a day's journey on a radius of more than ten or at the utmost fifteen miles must soon find custom transferred from them to those who are able to serve the customer more quickly and conveniently, and to serve customers farther out from the centre.

Information has been obtained in regard to a very large number of firms who have used motor-traction, and the reports have been most favourable. In many cases they contain enthusiastic praise. It is proposed to give some indication of the progress and success of commercial motor-haulage by quoting from reports obtained, these being from all parts of the country and from all classes of trade. Before doing so, it is only fair to say that all reports are not favourable, although none indicate that motor-traction has been a cause of loss. Out of about fifty reports that have been examined only two were in terms of doubt or faint praise, and it is not wonderful that there should be here and there an unsuccessful adoption of a new mode of traction. There must occasionally be selection of an unsuitable vehicle for a particular service, there may be mismanagement of the machine, and there undoubtedly often is an inconsiderate overloading and consequent straining of the engine or failure on steep hills. Such things will happen, and where such a machine as a road-motor is used ignorantly or carelessly it cannot give satisfaction any more than success can be expected with horse-haulage if horses are ill-groomed, carelessly handled, irregularly fed, or overworked, or badly selected for the gradients they have to be driven over. But the few discordant sounds which may be raised on this matter are completely overwhelmed and made inaudible by the loud and harmonious volume of praise from the great chorus of opinion which rings out from the reports of a crowd of users. It is, therefore, proposed in concluding this paper to call attention to some of the views expressed by experienced users, and in doing so the reader will kindly assume that the words used are the very words occurring in reports, and that they are given in a quasi-narrative form to save a continuous resort to inverted commas. It will, of course, be understood that no names of makers or of users are to be given, as they themselves would not wish to be advertised in an article such as this, and therefore the use of inverted commas is unnecessary, as the writer is responsible not to state what he has not got before him in black and white.

The first service to be referred to is that of the General Post-Office; for although it is not a commercial service in the strict sense, it is nevertheless a money-making service, the profit on it annually being millions of pounds sterling. Moreover, it is conducted under strict supervision of another department—the Treasury—without whose sanction it can neither inaugurate new services nor alter the conduct of services already existing. When, therefore, it is found that mail-road services by motor-power are adopted by the Postmaster-General it is certain that the economy of the change has been well ascertained, seeing that the sanction of the Treasury has been given. During the last few years service after service has been established, at first mainly over short distances, but recently over such routes as London to Dover, London to Birmingham, London to Southampton, London to Bath, Edinburgh to Glasgow, while in the far north an efficient daily service has been running successfully in the wilds of Sutherlandshire from Lairg to Tongue, an indication of how parts of the country formerly debarred from advantages of rapid postal communication can now be served with post-in and post-out on the same day.

It may suffice to refer to two facts as regards economy. The Post-Office, which in former days did its whole road-work by contract, is now acquiring power-vehicles of its own, and doing the work at its own charges, and the Postmaster-General is able to justify this by appealing to the fact that upon a few routes—thirteen in all—he has been able to effect an annual saving of no less than sixty thousand pounds, in addition to the increase of efficiency of the service. As regards the Sutherlandshire service, it is testified that the cost of upkeep of vehicles is infinitely less than that of horse-transit—the roads being so severe and bad—and that the work now done—namely, the double journey forty miles out and forty miles back in one day—could not be undertaken with horses.

The testimony from traders is expressed in such terms as: Very satisfied, glad we made the change, surpassing our expectations, should not like to go back to horses for long journeys. As regards efficiency: one hundred and fifty miles a day over very bad roads, surprisingly little trouble, constantly travels on bad roads and steep hills and in very satisfactory manner, efficient for all purposes of our trade, a great help to business, places visited that could not be reached by horse-vehicle, exceedingly reliable, what should we do without it? all round superior to old mode of transit, indispensable in our business, the working of our business greatly eased. As regards the customer: customers appreciate this mode of delivery, goods in better condition, never found goods damaged, much less friction with customers, has helped to obtain and hold business that we could not have held otherwise, deliveries increased over 100 per cent.

Upon the question of cost, the reports are also remarkable: One van has replaced eight horses, six horses and carts replaced by one motor, most economical to run, economical in every respect, very economical, saving of 41 per cent. over horses, cost threepence halfpenny per ton-mile as against sevenpence halfpenny for railroad carriage; with horse-haulage of flour sixpence a sack for ten miles, with power-haulage fourpence a sack for eighteen miles, the change spells a saving of sixpence halfpenny per service-mile.

All these instances relate to tradesmen using vehicles of their own. But the following instance of the use of a hired vehicle gives equally emphatic testimony as to convenience, saving of time, and economy in cost. A contractor for house removals was employed to send from a town by horse-haulage the luggage and other effects required in summer quarters, to a distance of thirty-six miles. By horse traction, two days were occupied, and drivers and horses had to be lodged overnight. The expense was nine pounds four shillings and sixpence. When power-traction was employed the journey was made and the wagon brought home on the same day, the cost being six pounds nineteen shillings, or a saving of two pounds five shillings and sixpence. The saving would have been greater had the motor-wagon belonged to the contractor, as the hire of the wagon was three pounds sixteen shillings, or more than half the whole expense. As it was, there was the above saving, amounting to more than 20 per cent.

In view of all these facts it is impossible not to agree with what is said by the *Scientific American*: 'In the light of what has been accomplished, it seems absurd ever to have doubted that ultimately mechanical transport of materials and merchandise of all sorts would supersede their movement in the old, slow, and inadequate way of horseflesh. . . . It is not too much to say that the time is not far off when no up-to-date business, dependent upon a delivery or drayage [*sic*] service, can afford to employ horses in or near a great city. . . . Such a business will lose trade to competitors who, by the use of motor transportation, will be able to make deliveries in less time and at greater distances, or will be able to transact a greater volume of business in a given time. . . . Sufficient data are available to any earnest inquirer to convince the reasonable mind of the all-round serviceability of the industrial motor-vehicle. . . . There is ample proof that to-day the cost is actually less than that by the old system.'

With these facts ascertained, it will not surprise the reader to learn that the number of commercial motor-vehicles is increasing with great rapidity. Last year in London they but rarely reached 5 per cent. of the whole. During the month of April and on 30th May of this present year, the following figures, taken at different times, speak for themselves:

COMMERCIAL	
HORSED-VEHICLES.	MOTOR-VEHICLES.
345	66
70	17
46	12
72	18
90	14
89	23
34	16

It is for the reader who does not shut his eyes to facts to ask himself whether the title of this paper is not justified. The obviously unavoidable answer may to some be unpalatable, but that is not an uncommon quality of truth when it goes contrary to a not unnatural conservatism. Most improvements have to force their way against opposition at first: so it has been with the road power-vehicle. But its triumph has come with amazing swiftness. Nine-tenths of the denouncers of a few years ago are the users of to-day. Those who still hold aloof are already the exceptions proving the rule.

THE STEWARD OF THE 'SILCHESTER.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE Russian calendar is punctuated with saint-days. Past these ecclesiastical points, without observing them, the overseer could not go. His men must pause to honour the saints. And so the *Silchester* was kept in the roads four days longer than she needed to have been by the four days' festivals that broke the monotony of the labour at the wharf. They were only welcome to Michael because of the opportunities they gave him to spend the greater part of the precious daylight hours with Marya.

What happy days they were when he and Marya and little Dmitri, as he was then, played together on the two estates! Their parents were friends. The lands marched side by side, and displayed exactly the same characteristics—occasional clumps of birch and alder; intersecting shallow watercourses fringed with willows and haunted by gorgeous kingfishers; the two ancestral homes; the peasants' huts, backed by little gardens gay with sunflowers, and musical in the summer-time with the hum of bees; and, surrounding all, stretching away to the distant horizon, the softly undulating spaces continually changing with the succession of the seasons, arched in like a tent by the wide-spreading sky. In the spring the spaces were green, vividly green with the freshly shooting cereals, an

emerald sea; with the approach of summer the green was tinged with yellow, and the yellow deepened as the summer advanced into russety gold, until the autumn came, and it was all swept away. Then the naked earth appeared, brownish-black, speckled with stubble; and in pity of its nakedness the watchers in the sky cried to the wizard of the north, and he sent his frosted silvery mantle floating downwards and covered it with snow.

In scenes like these their childhood was spent. Marya was four years older than her brother Dmitri, and Michael was one year older than Marya. She was a little mother to the motherless Dmitri. When Michael, big and strong, proposed a game more boisterous and daring than the youngster Dmitri could compass, Marya so adapted it and helped him that he was never defrauded of his share. When Dmitri, petulant or mischievous or resentful, transgressed, Marya shielded him and became the scapegoat. The cattle might stray into the corn, a bell might be missing from the *douga*, the hungry *borzoi* might be discovered devouring a peasant's black bread filched from his tied-up handkerchief; the samovar-tap might be turned and the hot tea spreading into a miniature pool upon the table and dripping over the edge like a tiny cataract; but Dmitri was not to blame. She took the punishment without a whimper, and he stood by calmly and stared, his round eyes often reproachful, but with no confession on his lips; and afterward he kissed her. Once, in crossing a stream in one of the hollows, he dropped a heavy log and muddily splashed her dainty dress from neck to knee, utterly spoiling it. In her dismay she cried 'Dmitri!' then, flushing, she turned and went quietly home. There, questioned, she remained silent, not perversely, as the indiscriminating governess thought, but to cover Dmitri; and, submissive to the sternly expressed command, mounted the stairs to the attic and spent in solitary confinement the remainder of the day.

'Where is Marya?' demanded Michael, when Dmitri appeared alone.

'She cannot come out to-day,' lisped Dmitri sweetly.

'Where is Marya?' repeated Michael, undeceived by Dmitri's innocent eyes.

'Kept in,' responded Dmitri, 'because of her muddy dress. It is soiled all over.'

'Who did it?' and Michael compressed his lips ominously.

'Come! I'll show you,' said Dmitri; and, taking him into the hollow, he pointed at the log. 'That did it.'

'That!' Then the truth flashed upon him, and with a scorn quite lost upon Dmitri he said, 'You mean little beast!' and walked away.

Dmitri returned home wondering. His widely opened eyes, his unfaltering stare straight before him, a face placid as a mere on a still summer day, or sheeted like a mere in winter with thin cold ice, and almost as expressionless, all were accepted beforehand as evidences of his innocence. His would-be interrogators were mute, the words died on the tips of their tongues. Before that mere-like face, in its summer or winter guise, they paused as if mistaken, persuaded of its harmlessness, nor gave a thought to the secret depths below.

This strange brother, with his deceptive, cherubic face, made Marya's task to shield him all the easier. He was a strange brother, too, in his inventiveness, in the ingenuity of his brain. The time came when Michael, under a tutor, was kept closely at his lessons; when Marya, also growing tall, was not allowed the same freedom as heretofore, and they could not often meet. Then Dmitri played the go-between. Innocent little missives were sent from one to the other. Marya's governess found one ready written for Michael, but not yet committed to Dmitri's willing fingers, perused it, soundly scolded her, and tore it in pieces. Then it was that Dmitri suggested the walnut. He prepared it, extracting the kernel, and folded within it Marya's next note; the tiny hemispheres were sealed; and so, secretly, the correspondence went on. The walnut became the symbol of their compact—a device, too, which by the ease of its transmission and its disarming simplicity served them safely in the later serious days.

These came on all too swiftly. Michael went to Moscow, then to St Petersburg. He was brought into contact with the liberal traditions and polity of western Europe. Association with men of generous ideas, increasing acquaintance with the educational methods of Germany and England, the broadening of his mind by a literature which the strictest censorship could not suppress, awakened within him a sense of responsibility toward his countrymen, and particularly toward the peasantry on his paternal estate.

In early manhood—his mother having died previously—he was bereft of his father, and unexpectedly recalled to the management of the farms. He declined to leave them in the hands of a bailiff. Power had come to him to put his plans into practice. He was not revolutionary. He was simply philanthropic. Politics, as such, did not enter into his schemes. They were mildly socialistic, but not in a political sense, co-operative rather, tending toward a communal ownership of the estate when the people who worked upon it were prepared to appreciate his views. These, with a difference, Michael fondly thought, had already obtained in Russia. They were simply a reversion to the oldest agricultural system he knew of, and the fairest, a kind of sublimated *mir*. He began, and continued for a while, unaware of the argus eyes that were watching him, until the beast sprang,

and he leaped aside, barely escaping its cruel claws.

The warning came from Dmitri. He sent it through Marya. He was in St Petersburg, and before his recall Michael had met him there. The old friendly relationship continued, but not so closely as when they were both at home. Sources of information were open to Dmitri that were denied to Michael. Dmitri was one of a group of younger students with whom Michael had little in common. When he opened the walnut, Marya looking on, and read the startling news that already a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and unless he fled at once nothing could prevent his administrative exile, he was scornfully incredulous. Dmitri was joking; and yet, when he came to think of it, it was past a joke. There might be truth in it. His conscience was clear. He would stay, and brave it out.

Marya, his betrothed, fatherless now, and with her marriage quickly approaching, urged him to flee. Would she go with him? he asked. No, Dmitri needed her. The estate needed her. But, when Dmitri's education was completed, and the property became his in law and by natural succession, she would follow him and marry him, and share his exile; and with this promise he had to be contented. He still delayed, and still she urged him. Arrest was preposterous, said he. It might be, she replied; but others, and for less, had been arrested, and were eating out their hearts in Siberia. He must go—he *must* go; and he went in the nick of time, for on the morrow of the night he left the warrant-bearers arrived; but before they could communicate with the western frontier he had crossed it, and was beyond their reach.

Thrice in two years the walnuts came by special messenger. For the fourth he waited patiently, in the hope that it would contain news of Dmitri's return home and Marya's release from her self-imposed obligation. Information about Dmitri filtered through the Russian community in London. He was clever, a chemist of promise, famous for his original research and inventiveness, only—and here the sinister side came in—he must be cautious, extremely cautious. Once won over by the revolutionaries, his knowledge and ingenuity would be invaluable. Sometimes, from hints dropped in secret quarters, Michael trembled for him, and waited with a waning patience for the arrival of the fourth walnut, now long overdue.

Six months passed, and Michael was sorely tempted to visit Russia and find out for himself why Marya had not written. Then a rumour reached him that Dmitri was in trouble, and on the heels of the rumour Marya's messenger came with the fourth walnut. He parted the shells eagerly, and drew out the letter, a long letter, but not long enough to give him half the information he desired. For supplementary details Marya referred him to the messenger.

From beyond the Urals, whither she had been banished, she had escaped, disguised as a peasant, and was now in Rostoff, hidden there in a house Dmitri had taken, longing for him to come and help her away before the authorities discovered her. She dared not venture alone any farther, and she could not trust Dmitri. Not that Dmitri would betray her—she had no fear of that—but because of his bravado. And yet it was not bravado. It was a species of courage which had grown up with him, and had become a part of his nature along with that baffling assumption of innocence displayed when he was quite a child. He carried himself openly before the whole town. He seemed to be absolutely fearless. The very tranquillity with which he moved about was his securest protection. Suspicion passed him by. He outstared the chief of the secret police himself. Nothing disturbed him. But she was in peril. So was he, and knew it, and faced it, and saved himself by his imperturbable placidity. She could not do this. It was not in her to do it, and her banishment made the attempt impracticable. Michael must save her. He must come soon. The messenger, Ivan, with the return walnut, must bring her word how and when. She would count the days against his arrival, and be ready to do what he thought best.

'Why was she banished, Ivan?'

'Suddenly, your Highness, without warning, a search was made, and a heap of charred papers were found in her room.'

'Nothing else?'

'Nothing, except that she would not say what the burnt documents were.'

'And Dmitri, where was he?'

'He had returned the night before. The papers were his.'

'And he never confessed? He saw her arrested? He let her go?' Michael, barely able to control himself, turned away to hide his indignation. 'Why did you not tell, Ivan?'

'I could not, your Highness, when I saw her face.'

'Was there no trial?'

'No public trial. She was removed by administrative order.'

'And went without a word?'

'Silently. What could she say? It would have meant a prolonged exile, Eastern Siberia, the mines perhaps, and death for Dmitri.'

Little more could Michael glean from the continuance of the conversation. His own imagination, based upon his knowledge of Dmitri's character, filled in the rest. Delay could not be thought of; and the following

day the messenger returned with the answering walnut and an outline of Michael's plan, not yet developed, for secretly reaching the Azov, and securing Marya's escape by sea.

All this he lived over again as he toiled at the wharf, watched by the overseer, and under the daily strain. The saints' days were a blessed relief, and yet for the sake of a speedier departure he would have forfeited them gladly. The three that had come and gone he had spent mostly with Marya. Several times, in the evenings when the day's work was over, and he was walking to his lodgings, he met with Dmitri. Not a flicker of recognition escaped them. They might have been the greatest strangers in the world. This mutual precaution—though they were not aware of it—contributed materially to their escape.

The overseer's suspicion increased. He tracked Michael to his room. He questioned the moujik and his wife closely about his habits. They said little, and what they said was to the lodger's credit, for in their eyes he was a peaceable man, who paid them well, and they liked him. Still, they were nervous; and their nervousness increased when, at the end of the third week, a *tchinovnik* appeared and followed up the inquiries of the overseer by more systematic and shrewder inquiries of his own.

The overseer had called the *tchinovnik's* attention to Michael, and Michael's veiled eyes had observed an alteration in the overseer's demeanour. He knew that he was watched, not now by the overseer only, but by the police. There was a half-hidden gleam of malicious triumph in the overseer's treatment of him. With redoubled precautions he paid two more night-visits to Dmitri and Marya; but when the saint's day came, the fourth, he refrained. It was too risky. He spent the morning in the public gardens, quietly observant, and assured by what he saw that he was under scrupulous surveillance. This was the morning when, crossing the road, he almost collided with Captain Chirgwin, and, responsive to his beseeching appeal, the captain had treated him as a beggar.

He went forward, with the rouble in his hand, a pathetic figure, apparently half-blind, his wits, however, sharply exercised as to what he ought to do. He must do the natural thing, quietly and without hesitation, giving no sign of his own settled conviction that he was watched. Suddenly, as he saw before him a crowd of people gathered about the porch of one of the prominent churches, it came to him that a part of the rouble might be spent upon a votive candle, and he could then pass in and lose himself among the worshippers.

In a brilliantly illuminated recess, or side-chapel, to the left of the main aisle, which terminated eastward in a magnificent dome, the people were wedged in a dense mass; but in other parts of the building they were not so numerous, and movement was easily possible. The sonorous bass of the priest's intonation filled the building like the hum of some enormous bee; the choir's responses rolled along the arches and swelled within the dome, rising and falling in waves of sound as if the choir were an organ perfectly attuned, self-played, and every pipe instinct with intelligent life.

Candle in hand, Michael passed on meekly to the farthest recess on the opposite side. Here there was room for him. Save for the scanty daylight and the feeble burning of the sacred lamps this recess was shady. He lit the candle, which had cost him half of the rouble—a large one, spirally moulded—and fixed it in one of the empty sconces fronting a picture of his saintly namesake, then knelt devoutly and crossed himself. For a long time he knelt, trying in vain to concentrate his mind upon his devotions, aware of the music, aware of his candle, aware of the warrior archangel pictured before him, but thinking of Marya and Captain Chirgwin and the interview of the morrow, and how exactly to time the escape with the departure of the *Silchester*.

A consciousness dawned within him, and gradually deepened, of a sympathetic presence close beside him, kneeling so near that they were shoulder to shoulder. This worshipper, also, had fixed a candle, the duplicate of his own, before the icon of the soldier-saint. He dared not turn his head. But the consciousness was strong and clear; and, motionless, apparently absorbed in prayer, he awaited a friendly development.

'It is I—Dmitri,' came a whispered voice, as the loudly swelling harmonies beat upon their ears.

'Thank God!' was the whispered reply; but neither of them moved a hair's-breadth.

Then, at intervals, as the music rose to its higher tones, Michael told him what had happened, briefly and in the tersest sentences; and Dmitri promised to apprise the captain of the time and place of to-morrow's interview. That night, said Michael, he could not visit the villa. The watch was growing keener. For Marya's sake no false step must be taken. The night following, late, he would be there.

Rising from his knees, his candle half-burned, Michael made his way out, and left Dmitri still kneeling before the picture. For nearly an hour he continued to kneel, until the hum ended, and the music ceased, and the bells burst into a clamorous peal; then, with the crowd, he passed out unobserved, an ordinary worshipper like the rest, no one dreaming that he had anything in common with the beggar he had knelt beside, and who, long before, had preceded him from the building.

Dmitri placed the walnut before the captain's mirror.

Not until one o'clock on the Wednesday morning did Michael reach the villa.

'When can we leave?' asked Marya.

'To-night,' he replied joyously; and Marya's swift smile, breaking through the suspense which had clouded her face so long, and effectually scattering it, fell upon him like a radiant beam of sunshine. 'The *Silchester* will leave to-morrow night,' he proceeded. 'The captain will keep her till eleven o'clock. We must time our arrival to join her precisely at eleven o'clock, when she begins to move, and he will take us aboard; not before, because that would place us in peril, and the ship too; not after, because we could not overtake the ship if once she got into her stride. We should be snapped up later like birds abandoned with broken wings.'

'How will you do it?' queried Dmitri.

'I shall work to-day as usual,' answered Michael; 'otherwise inquiry would be made and we might be intercepted or pursued, both of which we must be careful to avoid. To-night, soon after sunset, I will be here; not disguised, but as I am now, for the disguise will no longer serve me. The most effective disguise now, after masquerading on the wharf as an elderly peasant-labourer, will be my natural self.'

'True,' said Dmitri.

'You will be ready, Marya?' Michael inquired eagerly.

'As soon as you arrive,' she replied, in gladsome confidence, and without a tinge of fear.

'The walk will be trying,' said Michael, surveying her with tender concern, and wondering whether she would be equal to it. 'We must reach some point far down the Don where we can hide securely when the daylight comes. And you must sleep, Marya—I will watch; and the following evening, in the dusk, we must buy, or beg, or steal a boat, a river-boat if possible, light, easy to pull, and make for the roads. The darkness will cover us. There is no moon. And I know the position of the *Silchester*.'

'The boat is bought already,' responded Dmitri.

'How?' exclaimed Michael, with gleaming eyes, and turning suddenly upon Dmitri. 'What do you mean?'

'I have seen to that,' said Dmitri, with his customary coolness, as if it were an ordinary business affair or the preparation for a pleasant picnic, 'and provisioned her in readiness.' They both regarded him with undisguised amazement. 'She is waiting for you,' he continued, staring at them, 'three miles or so below the bridge, on this side of the river.'

Marya, in tearful gratitude, kissed him, and Michael grasped him by the hand. His forethought had lessened the risks immeasurably, especially for the first night; for the second they must trust to Michael's skill and the friendly heavens.

No untoward incident occurred during the day. Affecting still a number of years twice too many for him, bearded, and clad to the heels in his ragged caftan, he passed through the streets, and gained his lowly room. For the last time he joined the moujik and his wife in their poor supper of thin *schtchi* and black bread, and to their surprise retired much earlier than usual. Leaving the caftan for the man, and in the pocket a solatium of a hundred roubles for the wife, he slipped out almost immediately, and made his way to the villa.

Marya was waiting for him. Dmitri was ready to guide them to the boat. The villa was silent. The servants had gone. 'Strange!' thought Michael. 'But perhaps Dmitri intends returning to the estate.' He made no remark about it. Dmitri barred the front door, saw them out at the back, locked it, and placed the key in his pocket; and, accompanied by Michael and Marya, went off quietly, as if for an evening walk, in the direction of the river.

The boat, with several others, was moored to a small jetty, quite public, and there were two or three loungers about, who, however, took little notice of the three. Dmitri they had seen before, and knew him for the owner of the boat; it had been in his possession a fortnight or more, and he had used it frequently; and the only thought they had was that he had brought down two of his friends for an evening's row. It was a lightly constructed craft, a shell merely, long and narrow, designed for speed, and of its kind one of the swiftest and safest on the river—a pleasure-boat, not a racer—resilient, responding instantly like a thing with life in it to the dip of the oar or the turn of the rudder.

Dmitri handed in his sister, seating her in a shallow cushioned well slightly aft; Michael faced her, taking the oars, and waited for, while he dreaded, Dmitri's farewell. He expected him to step ashore after the word was spoken, and push them off; but instead of that he freed the painter, dropped abruptly into the stern, gathered the rudder-bands about him, and, pressing his hands against the jetty, set them floating outward and past the other craft to a point where the current caught them and drew them softly away.

'Now!' said he, with a nod at Michael.

Marya, trembling with excitement, and striving hard to suppress it, raised herself, and half-turned; then, resuming her former position, sank lower into the cushions and buried her face in her hands.

'But, Dmitri'—— began Michael, in remonstrant surprise.

'I am going with you,' interposed Dmitri decisively. 'All my arrangements are made.

Pull!' and as Michael obeyed he tautened the rudder-band and sent them slantwise toward the middle of the river, where the current was deep and strong.

The night was sultry. There was no wind except what was caused by the motion of the boat. Haze began to form upon the river. The stars were almost hidden, and reflected dimly in wavering points before and behind them. The stillness was like balm. The oars were dipped slowly and deeply, and Michael pulled with an exultant power; but, thanks to the precautionary forethought of Dmitri, he made no noise. The rowlocks had been lubricated and the leather binding of the oars soaked in oil.

Michael began to wonder how he would be able to excuse himself to Captain Chirgwin for the two companions he was bringing with him. He had said nothing to him about one companion even, Marya, but had trusted to his good-nature to receive her when the time came, and allow her to travel as a passenger to England. But two! Would he consent to take two? Doubtless Dmitri's intention, though he had not questioned him about it, was to accompany them all the way. What if Captain Chirgwin refused to take him? They could not leave him. He might refuse to take Marya. It was not an absolute certainty that he would take her; and now, through Dmitri's unexpected action, they must all go or none. Instead of easing the task he had made it harder, or so it seemed prospectively to Michael. Should Captain Chirgwin decline to take them all, then, if they were not snapped up, they would have to put in somewhere, Taganrog or Nicolaieff, and reprovision, running countless risks; and, supposing they succeeded, and crept through the straits of Yenikale, feeling their way in the darkness by the aid of the floating poles, and escaped the vigilant eyes of the Kertch officials, it would be folly in a boat so frail to venture across the treacherous breadth of the Euxine. Another boat, and larger, a seaworthy sailing-boat, would be necessary. The difficulties increased with the forecast. Almost everything depended upon the friendliness and generosity of Captain Chirgwin. As he gazed at Dmitri's shadowy figure sitting silently astern he thought he would have helped them better by remaining behind.

In Dmitri's pocket, on the left hand, was the house door-key. In the other pocket, balancing it, and easier to get at, were two walnuts, imitations made of corrugated bronze and coloured to resemble closely the innocent edibles themselves. The eyes of any casual onlooker would have been deceived by their appearance, he would only have considered them unusually fine specimens of their kind; but had he felt them his hands would not have been deceived. They were heavier than walnuts, and metallic to the touch. Of these Michael knew nothing. He was not surprised, however, when, far down the river, Dmitri produced the key.

'I will sink this,' said Dmitri, holding it aloft, and rousing Marya. She had sat so still for the last two hours that they both thought she must be asleep.

'What is it?' she asked.

'The key,' answered Dmitri. 'I shall have no further use for it; and I had better sink it here, where the stream is deep, than in the shallow waters of the Azov.'

It was a proof, the proof that Michael wanted without questioning him, that he did not intend to return. Marya needed no proof. She knew when he pushed them out from the jetty that he had cast in his lot with theirs.

'Stay!' said Michael, interpreting his purpose, 'I have something also that it would be better to sink here than in the Azov, and the key will help to sink it and keep it down. Tie them together, Dmitri, and let them go,' and he tossed him the false beard.

They were dropped overboard, and soon buried doubtless beneath the ooze of the river. They could never be recovered. It was necessary, perhaps, to get rid of the beard. But why had Dmitri sunk the key? His object in bringing it was to delay the authorities, if by any mischance their suspicions had been awakened, and they had decided to visit the villa. To keep them out of it, even for an hour or two, might mean to them all the difference between escape and capture. And, having brought the key, it was just as necessary to sink it as to sink the beard, and for the same reason, that neither might be used as evidence against them.

On either side of the river, but mostly on the western bank, specks of light from fishermen's huts and occasional farms appeared through the haze; but as the night advanced they died out. The silence was broken once by the creaking sweeps of a great barge crawling upward in the slack water inshore. Each of the three knew that any noise, whispered conversation even, would travel far; the smoothly flowing water would convey it, the air, apparently motionless, would vibrate, wavelike, responsive to the low syllables; so they refrained from speech, and slipped through the night like shadows. The estuary widened, the banks became level, they drew abreast of the delta, and none too soon. Far away to the eastward, across the sea itself, where on its margin rose the fortress-city of Azov, the first faint signs of the dawn were showing. They must needs pull in to find a hiding-place among the closely growing reeds in which to pass the more dangerous hours of the approaching day.

(To be continued.)

TURNPIKE TOLL.

By C. G. HARPER, Author of *The Great North Road*, &c.

'EVEN turnpike-people have children, and seem to like them,' wrote Dickens in *The Holly-Tree Inn*. The bitter feeling underlying that remark is a reflection of the grievance nursed by the public in the early years of the nineteenth century against what was then certainly the crushing burden of turnpike-tolls upon road-users. 'What a delightful thing's a turnpike-road,' says Byron. True, but as he proceeds he comes in his verse inevitably, as did the traveller of that day, to the toll-gate:

> But onward as we roll,
> *Surgit amari aliquid*—the toll!

Lord William Lennox, curious to know if Vauxhall Bridge—at that time a commercial venture—was successful, asked Theodore Hook, 'I wonder whether Vauxhall Bridge pays?' 'Go over it, and you'll be tolled,' replied the humorist.

Few roads and fewer bridges were free to vehicles in that era. Indeed, although the pedestrian went free through the gates along the highway, not even he commonly escaped paying at the bridges. London was especially afflicted with turnpike-gates. It seems to the present generation scarcely credible, but it is none the less a fact, that the capital was ringed round with toll-gates until the middle of the sixties of the nineteenth century. Early in the fifties it had been felt that this was not only burdensome to users of the roads, but exceedingly harmful to property situated just outside the toll-gates; and a Toll Reform Association for London was formed in 1855, which vigorously took up the question of the abolition of metropolitan gates and bars. The question had already thrice come before Parliament, and had been inquired into by a committee in 1825, by a Select Committee in 1836, and by a Committee on Metropolitan Communications in the very year when the Reform Association was founded. Those who founded it were weary of those long-drawn inquiries and of the reports they had issued, only to be shelved. Disraeli once said that a Royal Commission was a lengthy and expensive way of finding out what every one knew already; and we might say even as much of a Parliamentary Committee. The Reform Association urged the abolition of all gates and bars within a radius of six miles of Charing Cross. The plea for reform seems so reasonable that it is matter for wonder it was ever withstood, yet the association only gained its point after some ten years' agitation and pamphleteering. At the time there existed within that radius no fewer than one hundred and seventeen toll-gates and bars on roads totalling but one hundred and twenty-three miles, or nearly one gate to every mile. The vexation and delay consequent upon this state of affairs, in addition to the expense, is not easy to picture; but the scenes at some of the gates on special occasions beggared description, although the by no means mealy-mouthed writers of that era often attempted to describe the pandemonium at Kennington Gate on Derby Day, when visitors returning from the races, having mostly lost their tickets which freed the gates on returning the same day, insisted upon fighting the pikeman for the amount. In any case the pikeman was a mark for insult. Cruikshank, in one of the inimitable sketches he contributed to the old *Comic Almanac*, shows us some young bloods driving past a turnpike and evidently hurling gibes at the man who stands beside the gate, for he is indulging in that pantomimic form of repartee which has long since died out, but was very effective in its time and never failed to arouse fury, known as 'cocking a snook.' This consisted in putting thumb to nose and spreading out the fingers.

The pikeman was very much of a pariah, and the treatment he received did not lead him to take a favourable view of humanity. Any treatment was good enough for him, and he generally hit back. Thus there is the incident told of the gate at Lee, near Blackheath, when the surly driver of a trap flung down half-a-crown upon the road, to pay his toll, instead of handing it to the pikeman. The man picked it up and took the amount of the toll, and flung the change upon the ground, compelling the driver of the trap to get down and pick it up in his turn. The metropolitan district gates were only finally freed at the stroke of midnight on October 31, 1865, when sixty-one were abolished in the south of London. It should, however, be noted that the famous highway to Brighton was not freed from tolls until October 31, 1881, and that the toll and turnpike-gates were continued in the Isle of Anglesey until November 1, 1895. Those people who advocate a return of the system, by way of discrimination against motor-cars, scarcely perceive the difficulties and the annoyances that would be involved in such a reaction.

Although turnpike-gates and tolls in general are a thing of the past, motorists know well enough that not absolutely all roads are free. A bridge made to span the river Avon at Littlehampton, and opened in May 1909, by which direct access is gained between that town and Bognor, without the necessity of going the circuitous route by Arundel and Ford, involves a payment. Telford's great Menai Suspension Bridge, opened so long ago as 1825, mulcts the automobilist who would enter Anglesey in a heavy fee. The bridge that carries the main Oxford and Gloucester road across the Thames

at Eynsham levies a toll in which the Earl of Abingdon of the neighbouring Wytham Abbey owns the rights, by reason of the bridge—whose alternative name is Swinford Bridge—being built by an ancestor in 1799. Was this the scene, one wonders, where a bygone Master of Balliol, Dr Jenkins, riding along the road, was challenged by the pikeman, who held out his hand for the toll? The Master fumbled in all his pockets, but never a coin could he find. He had no doubt, however, that he could pass. 'I am Master of Balliol,' said he, 'but I have left my purse at Oxford. I will give orders that you shall be paid.' Saying so, he made to go through the gate, but it was slammed against him. He did not know the pikeman-nature. A man more worldly than a College Head would not have tried that kind of thing upon such an one. 'If you ain't master o' tuppence,' said the man, 'you don't go through this gate!' And the Master had indeed to go round another way.

There are numerous other toll-gates still in existence, but they are either upon private roads or at bridges. The tourist by motor-car who comes to Porlock, in Somerset, and seeks to travel on to Lynmouth, cannot by any means negotiate the fearful hill up whose steep, rugged, and dusty side goes the highway. It is a mile-long hill, and the gradient rises to one in six. He cannot choose, therefore, but take the private road engineered some forty years ago by Colonel Blathwayt through his domain of Whitestone Park, an easy road, ascending by zigzags, with a ruling gradient of one in ten, nor can he grudge the shilling toll that enables him to do as much.

A toll of doubtful legality is asked at Honiton, where, at either end of the town, the traveller by motor-car appears still to be sometimes met with a demand for threepence, although how the Honiton Paving Trust, which owns the tolls, expects to collect them when the gates are always open is beyond the ordinary comprehension. Cycles and motor-cycles go free. The gate-houses date from the time of George the Third, and are of a curiously castellated type. The one known as the King's Road Gate was long called Copper Castle, from its peaked roof in that metal, which has now disappeared. A like doubtful toll is sometimes claimed at Newport, Essex, on the road between Bishop's Stortford and Saffron Walden. Here wagons pay twopence each either way, higglers' horses a halfpenny each, and sheep and cattle fourpence a score. A number of neighbouring villages are especially exempted, including Newport itself. The long story of Newport Toll may be summarised here. It seems that the little stream which even now runs across the highway, and is variously known as the Wicken and the Granta, was many years ago unbridged, and crossed only by a ford. Neither the county nor the parish would be at the expense of building a bridge, and at length the lord of the manor of Newport obtained a private Act of Parliament which conferred upon him the right of constructing one, and authorised the levying of those tolls which, after a fashion, are collected to this day. They are still vested in the lord of the manor, but not strictly enforced, and as the gate for many years past has not been closed, and is indeed half-buried in the ground and nearly rotted away, a good many wagons and many sheep and cattle must, especially at night, escape paying. Another curious survival is found in an old toll-house on the Leeds and Tadcaster road, between Seacroft and Tadcaster. The tenant of the cottage which forms the tollhouse may, if he wishes to do so, collect a penny per wheel from any passing vehicle. The toll is vested in the lord of the manor by the Barwick Enclosure Act of 1796, and may still be legally claimed, although it is not often done. The occupier of the cottage was formerly under obligation to provide on demand a horse to convey travellers across Whinmoor.

THE OLD HALL

(HOLT).

A DUSTY strip of road unwinds
Across the breathing earth,
And under the broad summer sky
The fields give patient birth.
Only the wide submissive plain,
The ragged hedgerow tree,
And in the north, 'twixt green and blue,
Steel-keen, the northern sea!

Across the upland track, a gate
Would bar the steep incline;
A valley like a sudden smile,
Green lawns and water-shine.
What blue-eyed robber from the North
For gear and thralls a-roam,
Found this green dimple in the hills,
And builded safe his home?

The cattle loiter by the pool,
And, like a mighty wall,
The rounded rampart of the hills
Enshrines the ancient Hall.
What fugitives from rooftree blaze,
The weaklings and the child,
In fear and hope first beat this track
Inland across the wild?

A still and mournful silence broods
Where, centuries, was rife,
About the byre, the fields, the hearth,
The strenuous stir of life.
This was the cradle of a race—
A race of men—but all
Passed inland o'er the dusty track,
And empty is the Hall.

I hear th' unseen returning feet
Of generations old,
Whose names are writ on mossy stones
Deep sunken in the mould.
Long have they lain in exile drear
Beside the churchyard wall,
Who now may take the homeward path,
For—empty is the Hall.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, Yesterday.

RICHARD WAGNER, having been deprived of the celebration of his fame in one way this season, has obtained it for himself in another. He has been out of the bill of grand opera to an extent that is unprecedented in modern times; but the lovers of music who are also students of men and genius could bear with such an omission for even another season were it the price of the autobiography that they now enjoy, while those who have not the trained ear for the great composer would suffer the silence for a lifetime rather than miss this amazing record of a man's thoughts and beliefs—in himself—and his ruthless development of a gigantic Ego. One is inclined to doubt if any completer self-revelation of its kind has ever been made than this one. It sets forth not merely with all lack of modesty, but with the most extraordinary frankness—a candour which some sensitive people may regard as bordering on the improper—the author's every thought concerning himself and others—but chiefly himself.

* * *

Genius is arrogant, but it seldom writes about itself in long books, and even when it does there sometimes creeps into its mind a nuance of a regard for others and a feeling of fear for posterity not exhibited on other occasions; and so we do not get the whole truth but only a piece of it. The great autobiographies are exceeding scarce. In the English translation of *My Life*, by Richard Wagner (Constable & Co.), the writer has told the whole truth; constantly in his pages one is assured that he is determined to convince you that he is keeping nothing back. He is, in the colloquialism, 'letting them have it,' and he cares not a discord for the consequences. Here is he dictating to his second wife the secret history of his attitude towards her predecessor, and how he came to contemplate a divorce in order to contract a rich marriage as a way out of his pecuniary difficulties! He tells you how all his works were great—his 'great overture in C,' his 'great adagio passage,' and so forth. By this book we come to a new view of the greatness of this German genius, his greatness as a man, apart from the musician. His personality is tremendous. Napoleon himself had no greater self-confidence. The music-people of Europe wanted none of Wagner and his musical ways when he presented himself to them. They said he would not do. But he absolutely forced himself and his ideals on them. He advertised himself most thoroughly, and made it plain that he believed every word of his advertisements, that he was not merely colouring them for the sake of business. He proclaimed the magnificence of his Ego, and the multitude, asking themselves why they were thus led away as by a hypnotist, accepted him and glorified him. 'Oh, I am I—I, the great Richard Wagner—Wagner the incomparable—listen to me as I tell you something of what I have thought and done; I'—— you seem to hear him all through his autobiography, and it is a wonderful book in consequence, one of the most wonderful ever written. Wagner died twenty-eight years ago, and this book carries the narrative up to the year 1864. For reasons which are obvious to publishers and readers, it could not have been printed for general circulation before. It was, of course, written in German.

* * *

Regarding inspirations and compositions there are some interesting details told by the composer. The first conception of an idea, and particularly an idea in music, is a matter of peculiar interest, and frequently reveals incongruous circumstances. It is told that the opening of the *Rheingold*, on the broken chord of E flat, occurred to him in a dreamy stupor in which he felt he was sinking in swiftly flowing water! One day a tinker established himself outside Wagner's house at Zurich, greatly to his annoyance, and this gave him the theme for Siegfried's tirade against the stupid Mime. Then once upon a time Wagner went to Marienbad for the usual cure; let him tell you how it ended, and why: 'No sooner had I got into my bath at noon than I felt an overpowering desire to write out *Lohengrin*, and this longing so overcame me that I could not wait the prescribed hour for the bath, but, when a few minutes had elapsed, jumped out, and, barely giving myself time to dress, ran home to write out what I had in my mind. I repeated this for several days until the complete sketch of *Lohengrin* was on paper. The doctor then told me that I had better give

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up taking the waters and baths, saying emphatically that I was quite unfit for such cures.' While upon this consideration, it is impossible to escape remembrance of the manner and circumstances of the creation and composition of the famous *Funeral March* by Chopin, since in their own special way they seem to represent one of the most extraordinary caprices of genius applying itself. The story was given a little while since in an article in one of the French reviews by M. Ziem, the nonagenarian artist, and its authenticity in the circumstances is beyond dispute. M. Ziem told us in this paper that, when he was not much more than a boy, a dinner-party was given in the studio of a friend, to which he was bidden, and after the feast, in a mood of spirits and pranks, he brought a skeleton out from a cupboard. A member of the party was the Prince de Polignac, and this nobleman conceived the admirable and enlivening idea of placing the skeleton sitting-wise on the music-stool and guiding the bones of the fingers over the keys of the piano. Splendid! Well then, some little time later Chopin made a visit to M. Ziem for the purpose, as he explained, of seeking respite after an appalling night passed in a struggle with ghosts that had stroked him, twined round him, and sought to entice him to the under-world. This strange business naturally reminded M. Ziem of the adventure of the Prince de Polignac with the skeleton at the piano, and he told Chopin all about it. It made Chopin shudder, but he asked at once, 'Have you a skeleton?' The artist had not, but he agreed to obtain one by that same evening. 'Then,' related M. Ziem long afterwards in the review mentioned, 'what had been only a frolic became something grand, agonising, terrible. Livid, his eyes burning with fever, Chopin wrapped himself in a long winding-sheet, and as he sat at the piano held against his bosom the skeleton, the spectre of his sleepless nights. In the lugubrious silence the notes streamed from the piano, broadly, slowly, overwhelmingly —an unimagined music—the *Funeral March!* It was created there before our eyes, and it dragged our souls into its unholy rhythm. Then the strains died down. We rushed towards Chopin. He had put forward an effort so prodigious that we thought he had fainted in his winding-sheet.' Not a very good story to go to bed upon. The march was subsequently made part of the composer's sonata in B flat minor, and it is followed by an extremely weird finale which Rubinstein once described as 'night winds sweeping over a desolate churchyard.' But, to Wagner again, one would like to have mentioned something of his confidences about his disappointments in Schumann and Mendelssohn—'I was so amazed by this complete absence of feeling on the part of the famous musician that I was struck dumb, and thenceforward my own particular opinion of Mendelssohn gradually matured,' &c.—and others of his contemporaries; and, sparing him no less than he spared others, to show how genius in its selfishness can sometimes fall to deep ingratitude and almost falsity in friendship, which is a fault that is not to be excused even to the genius with its arrogance and all its allowable eccentricity.

* * *

The passing of Judge Bacon the other day stimulated a thought which in a way had been associated with some considerations of this very busy London season, which is nearly over, and of the manner in which it has been exploited by visitors of various types, and will be again on much the same lines. That old and troublesome question is still more frequently asked than ever, as to what is the best way of seeing and coming to understand something about the big town within a limited space of time; and, as always, it has to be said in reply that it depends upon the sightseer and his tastes and temperament. You may get a good picture of London from the top of a motor-omnibus or in a wagonette that is driven through a series of the chief thoroughfares, another one telling almost as much of the great and busy appearance of things by a sail on board a steamer along the Thames to the mouth of it. It is an education in the differences of circumstances and the strife of life in varying social grades to walk along the Commercial Road in the east and past the banks of Lombard Street to the great heart of the City in front of the Mansion House, and thence down Cheapside and Ludgate Hill and the Strand, and away through Leicester Square to Piccadilly, leading on to the Park, where on a morning of the season there is to be found in the Row as good a contrast to the Commercial Road at the same time as is to be discovered anywhere within the space of four miles. If the interrogator is a humble sightseer of whose individuality and taste one has no knowledge, there is safety in the recommendation of this instructive walk. There are others who, for their satisfaction, need a course of architecture and relics. It is better for them that they should visit the Abbey three times on three successive visits than risk a failure in a morning journey to some institution to which they have been recommended, but with which they have not that sympathy that comes from previous knowledge. Theatres and the evening sights are another aspect of London that makes the best appeal to a different class. But, after all, what can they possibly know of the life of the town who only make passing acquaintance with such slight features of the great whole as these things are! And again, there has surely never been a year since London first emerged in huts and narrow paths from its primitive natural state—nothing then upon the site save trees and grassy, bushy growths and a few little rills running along to the then wide and unordered river—when it has been so little like itself and so calculated to

convey a wrong impression to those who wished more for knowledge of the great city of the world than for emblems of the greatest Empire, as it has been in the summer that soon will close and leave the darkening Metropolis once again to the people who specially belong to it and who do their busy work within it. London was so disguised, and she bore so uncomfortably—if it must be said—the tinsel and the timbering that were laid upon her, that for sheer temporary aversion a very large proportion of those who belonged to her fled away for a period. For my own part, in a reckoning of the innumerable and vastly varied elements that make up the grand complexity of this life of London, I have always thought that there is one place, to which the visitor would hardly ever think of going, where more of the really human side of that life in all its contrast and its wonder and its grimness, affording such a revelation of the possibilities of development of human nature along different routes, is to be discovered than elsewhere in the world. It is to be found in the minor law courts of London, by which one means some of the police and county courts. Many strangers fill the galleries at the great Law Courts in the Strand, but you see nothing there that you might not see at Wigan or Inverness if the place of the administration of this higher and more expensive justice were moved to one of those places.

* * *

But it is very different at the London police and county courts. Here, on the one hand, you see the very seamy side of things, and much of it is more pitiable than contemptible. These police and county courts are not at all the same as those in the provinces, although they might be so imagined. The people who come before them are not the same, their instincts and impulses and the causes of their various disasters are different. Whether they are the better or worse for the fact, these people are in some respects more sophisticated than those of their kind in the country; they have been living their lives at a higher pressure; and one might say they have lived more. The vast variety of the cases that come up in a police court in a morning is extraordinary. A man of title may obey a summons—or he may not—to explain why he protracted his festivities the preceding evening to a degree that interfered both with the comfort and convenience of others and his own health and safety; and a lady of position may have a certain irresponsibility pleaded for her when she is charged with pilferings from a great store; while some poor wretch of a woman begs now for mercy, having been arrested for begging for money. Causes, motives, palliations are different here from what they are elsewhere, and the cases need a different mode of treatment. The first essential in the qualification of the judges is that they shall understand the peculiar people, and then that they shall be the very keenest judges of human nature, and be possessed of exceptional powers of discernment and penetration.

* * *

Judge Bacon, who has just gone, was one of the very finest examples of the great human London judge of the wonderful penetration, the keen sympathy, and the wise decision. To pass a morning in his county court was at the same time a fine entertainment and a good piece of instruction. I remember a case that came before him last November at Whitechapel, in which a Jewish defendant, sued on a judgment summons, stated that he made no profit from his business. The man produced a statement of his accounts, and after the judge had looked at it, he said, 'You must be on the verge of bankruptcy.' 'It is true,' said the defendant. 'Will you swear it?' asked the judge; and the man answered readily, 'Yes, I will swear it.' The judge paused for a moment, and then he leaned forward and said slowly and solemnly, 'In the synagogue, with the praying-shawl on your shoulders and the Scroll of the Law in your arms?' The man hung down his head in silence. There was a pause. Then the judge leaned forward again, and just whispered to him, 'Ten days.' This should have been the curtain; but the man, taken unawares, recovered, and said he did not mind. Judge Bacon retorted, 'I think you are a very obstinate man. Twenty-one days.' The anti-climax was good enough in a sense, but the little beauty that had peeped out from this ugly patch of life had faded away. At his court at Bloomsbury he once asked a man who came with an application to him, 'Are you a bachelor?' and the man answered, 'No, I am very much married.' 'How many wives?' asked the judge, the people in court laughing loudly, and the answer was 'Only one.' 'Then don't talk such nonsense,' said the judge. Once from his bench, from which many wise reflections on the manners of life were uttered, and many bright sparks of humour hammered out, he said, 'In the days of my youth we were always told to spend a tenth of our income upon rent. Now it appears that people pay a third.' A woman in court said to him one time, 'I do not then lose everything, your Honour.' The judge answered her, 'You have not lost the power of speech, and what a relief that must be—to you!' 'There is not a woman outside the realms of fiction who does not know her legal position,' he said once. 'The truth will out, even in the witness-box,' he commented. 'When a man is in debt, and the pressure comes, the finer feelings go away through the window,' was another reflection. One time a witness described a person as having been so drunk that he had to hold himself up by the wall, adding that no doubt his Honour would understand. But the judge answered that he had never heard of such an expression, and after a little while he added, 'I never feign judicial ignorance, but I have heard of people trying to

hold themselves up by the pattern on the carpet.' One day a very loquacious young barrister, who suspected, not without reason, that he was rather boring the judge with the great length of his arguments, expressed the hope that he was not unduly trespassing upon the time of the court in his mode of presentation of his case. 'There is a difference,' said Judge Bacon, 'between trespassing upon time and encroaching upon eternity.' As one who listened to him many years ago, and often since, merely for the entertainment that was provided, and the sense that was disseminated, I feel that when Judge Bacon went away one of the sights of London, using the term in the most respectful and appreciative sense, was lost, and the place was much the poorer.

THE STEWARD OF THE 'SILCHESTER.'

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

THEY dared not hesitate. The dawn would be followed quickly by the clear light of the morning. Distinctly, inviting attention, provoking inquiry, which at all costs they must avoid, the boat would stand out like an ebony carving on a sheet of silver.

'Shall we cross the bar?' whispered Dmitri.

'No,' answered Michael; 'we can find a shelter within it. We will run in to the eastward.'

Pulling them half-round while the words were on his lips, he bent himself to his task strenuously, and the little craft, responsive to the gathering impulse and the quicker strokes, shot athwart the current and speedily left it. The water became shallower as they approached the reedy shore. Soon there was scarcely sufficient to float them; then, close to the reeds, the boat grounded. Michael, placing the oars inboard, leapt over the bows, followed at once by Dmitri. Relieved of their weight she floated again; and, together, Marya still seated, they drew her within. The reeds fell to behind her. She was securely hidden.

The awakening wildfowl, disturbed, protesting against such rude and early intruders, rose clamorously, and with a scurry of wings left them in possession. It was yet twilight. The sun had not risen; he was nearing the horizon, sending before him shafts of golden light across the spreading gray. They were only just in time. A little later, and the rising wildfowl, crying out and forsaking their haunts so hurriedly, might have led some solitary sportsman to investigate and ascertain the cause.

The first thought of the men was for Marya's comfort. Although she had sat so still she had had no sleep. The excitement of the night, and the fear that they might be followed, had prevented it; and now she was weary. They prepared a couch for her in the bottom of the boat. Michael drew the reeds over, and tied them lightly, arch-like, within which the boat reposed as in a sheath. Soon Marya was mercifully lost to all her surroundings.

Dmitri insisted upon keeping the first watch. They were so snugly sheltered that a watch was scarcely necessary; not from above even could they have been easily detected, and from around, on the same level, they were quite invisible. They were like birds upon the nest. Only by beating the cover could they have been driven out. But Dmitri would watch. And, careful for the preservation of Michael's strength, great as it was, remembering that a day's labour on the wharf had been succeeded by a night's toil at the oars, and anticipating a struggle before they joined the *Silchester*, he almost made Michael lie down and sleep, promising to rouse him instantly at the slightest sign of danger.

Of the three, Dmitri, with all his outward placidity, was the most alert and the most sensitive to the peril yet to come. He had no actual proof of it, but he felt certain that before now Michael's lodgings and the villa had been visited; that their walk to the jetty had been traced, and the loungers questioned; that the upcoming barge had been spoken to, and a launch requisitioned and armed for the chase and capture. Not without a fight for it—so he feared, unless the darkness favoured them, and they could dodge the launch or whatever else was after them—would they gain the *Silchester*.

Michael awoke four hours later to a consciousness of stifling heat. Marya was still sleeping. Dmitri was seated on the stern with his feet in the water. The sun was pouring his fiery beams into the sedge. The shadow afforded by the curved reeds was some little protection; but, while the rays of the sun were intercepted, the hot air within the enclosure was quite stagnant and scarcely breathable. It was like the air of an oven. The sultry night had been succeeded by a sultrier day. The reeds were motionless. Across the lambent heavens the sun moved like a pitiless eye, gazing earthward and scorching all it beheld. Steamy exhalations rose from the river and the sea, and filled the spaces between the reeds with a glowing haze. Winged insects innumerable, small, voracious, danced above the boat, singing madly, and darting down to exact their tribute from the veins of its occupiers. Michael suspended his handkerchief, awning-like, over Marya's face, and covered her hands with the folds of her dress. She slept on undisturbed. He passed aft to Dmitri, and intimated in a whisper that it was his turn to rest.

'I do not require it,' answered Dmitri.

'You will later,' protested Michael.

'Perhaps,' replied Dmitri; 'then I will take it.'

'Before night?' queried Michael.

'Or after,' said Dmitri enigmatically. Then abruptly changing the subject, 'Put your feet in, Michael. It is cooler.'

So Michael found it. The temperature of the reed-protected water was lower than that of the water in the open. They sat side by side speechless till Marya awoke. Her few brief questions were answered in tones as low as they were put; then, woman-like and silently, she spread the provisions, and, while she ate but little, the men made a hearty meal.

Late in the afternoon, when the heat had moderated and the mosquitoes were not so virulently active, they heard the successive piffs of a steam-launch intermingled with the churning of the propeller. Faint at first, the sounds increased in sharpness as the launch drew perilously near; then, to their relief, as it receded, whether up the river or into the sea they could not say, the sounds gradually died away.

Dmitri released a few of the reeds, raised himself cautiously and parted them, and looked out over the sea. He was not mistaken. The launch was visible and steaming steadily southward toward the roadstead. A man in the bows was searching the surface of the sea with a pair of binoculars; another, aft, was steering; a third was seated on the cabin-skylight examining what appeared to be a rifle; and there must have been a fourth, out of view, attending to the engine. Michael and Marya, crouching below, and intently watching him, awaited the result of the survey. He told them about the launch, but continued gazing, profoundly interested in what he saw. As the launch increased her distance, and lessened thereby the risk of detection—for the man with the glasses never looked behind him—Dmitri beckoned to his companions to stand beside him.

The rest of the reeds were released, and sprang back to their upright position. The three pairs of eyes now followed the launch. Beyond it, far away, was a wonderful sight. The horizon was as sharply defined as a curved line drawn upon a sheet of paper. Except for the objects near it, and standing well out of the water, it should have marked the limit of their vision; but by the magic effect of a singular mirage they could see a fleet of vessels, seven in all, suspended in the heavens. It was only the reflection of the fleet beneath, but the reflection was perfect. There was no distortion, and there was no magnification. The fleet appeared to be real. It swung in the skies. Fascinated, they watched the progress of the launch. She approached the horizon, crossed it, and continued her journey, suspended also, but moving straight ahead in the direction of the aerial fleet. As she drew away farther and farther the smoke from her funnel doubled itself, one line trailing upward into the skies, the other trailing downward to the point where she had left the horizon, the two together forming the angle of refraction, undisturbed by a breath of air. They lost her at last in the midst of the fleet, and the fleet itself faded, receding apparently into the steely gray of the evening sky.

That steely gray was ominous. The sinking sun, obscured and sickly, robed himself in dull saffron and sulkily withdrew. The darkness settled broodingly over the motionless sea. The fugitives disposed of the remnant of their provisions. Dmitri, over the stern, dragged, and Michael, over the bows, pushed, and freed the boat from the reeds. When the water deepened they scrambled aboard, and commenced the second half of their journey, Dmitri steering and Michael at the oars. Marya sat as before in the cushioned well, only so sultry was it, and so still, that she threw her cloak back, and was thus unencumbered.

They were crossing the bar when the lightnings began to play. There was no thunder. The darkling scene was steeped in deepest silence. First faint flickerings softly illuminated the southern sky. They passed no remark about them, but each one hoped, and Marya prayed, that they would not continue, or if they did continue that they would not develop. But, as if to mock their hopes and paralyse the praying lips of Marya, suddenly, when they had cleared the bar, the whole heavens opened into one vast sheet of white flame. For the moment the brilliance was intense. Everything about them, and far away to the distant horizon, on the land and on the sea, stood out vividly in almost supernatural distinctness. Had they been within the launch's range of vision the men upon her must have spotted them. But they were not. They were not yet near enough to the roadstead, where, puzzled and waiting after many inquiries, the men of the launch were cruising to and fro. As suddenly as the heavens had opened out they closed again, and buried everything in thick darkness. Michael, astounded by the bewildering blaze, had raised his oars, and held them, gazing into the pallid faces of Marya and Dmitri; but, recovering himself in the quickly enfolding darkness, he plunged in the oars and swept them along at a tremendous pace, lifting the bows of the boat clear of the water.

The lightnings had not exhausted themselves by this all-revealing illumination; they continued to play, not in faint flickers, however, as if they were dying out, but in long streamers, as if they had renewed their vitality. Some fiery giant hidden below the southern horizon might have been flinging his flaming javelins in ill-timed sport toward the zenith, for the spears lit up the sea and everything upon it. As they flamed skyward, sometimes straight, hurled with precision and forcible directness, sometimes quivering, as if his hand shook before they left

it, and imparted its tremor to their flight, the little craft was more conspicuous than it would have been in the open light of the day. Then, tired with his display, the giant gathered his spears into a sheaf and withdrew them. Again there was dense darkness, but only for a short spell. Another display began more brilliant than before, and this time it must have been the giant's wife, who, using the rim of the horizon as a resting-place, spread the lightnings out fan-wise, unfolding the long rays jerkily, and abruptly closing them, unfolding them again, and by some ingenious contrivance like the touching of an electric button shooting out each gleaming ray telescopically, and covering half the heavens. Noiselessly, when the rays where at their brightest, they sprang together, gathered into her hand, and disappeared. The darkness rushed in, and hid everything.

Michael, bathed in perspiration, pulled on mightily. He had his back to these displays. He spoke not. All his strength was in his toil. He saw the faces of his companions. Marya's eyes were fixed upon his, Dmitri's were far out, searching the sea before them. The vessels were in sight. Under the more brilliant illuminations they appeared nearer than they really were. The distance could be measured more correctly in the darkness by the feeble riding-lights of the vessels themselves. But the darkness never lasted long. The fantastic illuminations, always silent, always assuming new forms, succeeded each other with nervous rapidity. If the launch were in the roadstead they must be seen. And yet unswervingly, straight for their goal, seen or not seen, they must still go on, for the time was passing, and it would be all that they could do to reach the *Silchester* by eleven o'clock.

It wanted but a quarter to eleven. In the light of the last quivering spears Michael had located the *Silchester*, and was striving his hardest to reach her. Could he manage it? She would certainly be moving, indeed, she was moving already slowly in the flow of the current, anchors up, and the man at the wheel to steady her; but the propeller was quiet. Captain Chirgwin, expectant, pacing the bridge, true to his promise, kept her. He had spotted the oncoming boat. Surely that was the steward straining his sinewy arms to catch her! He would give him the chance. The 'stand-by' signal had been sent below. Macpherson was at the engines. All was ready. But he refrained from the further signal to start her.

The men on the launch had spotted her too. The real race began—a short one. A peremptory command rang through the darkness. Michael heeded it not. Marya cowered in the well. Dmitri stood up. The boat rocked dangerously. Her speed was checked. A flaming banner was suddenly flung across the darkened sky. In the white glare of it, vivid, intense, the whole scene was revealed. Dmitri's ruse succeeded. The rifle spat its ball viciously across the intervening space. The leaden missile whizzed past him, taking with it a scorched strip of cloth from the shoulder of his coat. Michael was safe, and Marya.

'Pull!' he cried, as he dropped into his seat again.

The flaming banner vanished as suddenly as it came. The black night once more enshrouded them. Nearer and nearer came the rushing launch. They could hear the mad whirling of her screw, and mingled with it the slow beat of the *Silchester's* propeller. In the crisis which was occurring, and which he only half-understood, Captain Chirgwin concluded that he could best serve the steward, and probably save a collision, by setting the engines going. Again Dmitri stood up, and almost immediately the launch crashed into them, cutting through the thin, shell-like timbers abaft where Marya was sitting, and throwing both her and Michael into the water. Dmitri leaped at the launch, seized the bulwarks, and rolled aboard. Two of the men ran towards him, the soldier from the bows, the *tchinovnik* from the skylight; but he was on his feet in an instant. The bronze walnuts were in his hand. He flung them together upon the deck directly before him. A deafening double explosion rent the launch asunder. Dmitri fell backward. The two men were killed by the flying metal. The stoker perished in the well. The hinder part of the broken launch pinned the wretched overseer to the bed of the sea.

When next the lightnings played fan-wise neither launch nor boat was visible, only a pair of oars, with Michael's arm thrown over them, and his other arm supporting Marya, both swimming as best they could on the starboard side of the *Silchester*.

Captain Chirgwin was startled by the explosion. So were all the crew. It had occurred abeam, within the ship's length—so close, indeed, that the detonation of the bronze bombs had slightly rocked her. He ran to the starboard-end of the bridge. There, as the lightnings leaped out and spread themselves, he detected Michael and Marya.

'South by west half-west,' said he, striding quickly back to the wheel.

'South by west half-west, sir,' answered the helmsman.

As the ship swung to the course indicated—a course to intercept the swimmers, and help them to reach her—the captain hurried away. The companion was down on the starboard side. Soon, guided by the captain's voice, the steward reached it. He grasped the grating, pushed Marya into safety, and then mounted himself; the oars were taken aboard, the companion was hoisted. Not a vestige of what had taken place remained upon the surface of the sea.

'South-west by south,' cried the captain to the bridge.

'South-west by south it is, sir,' came the reply.

'Mr Dickenson,' said the captain to the wondering first mate, 'signal full steam ahead. I will join you on the bridge in a few minutes.'

Answering to the impetus, the *Silchester* shook herself, rattling her rudder chains, and plunged away.

The captain considerately forbore to question either Michael or Marya. They were wet and weary, and in urgent need of rest. He led the way to the after-cabin, and placed his own room at Marya's disposal. She retired at once. Michael was left to shift for himself.

Marya did not appear again till the afternoon of the following day. The captain made use of the chart-room. Michael had re-entered upon his duties as steward exactly as if nothing had happened. They had cleared the Straits of Yenikale. Westward the Crimean heights were visible. The Kertch officials had allowed them to pass without a warning sign. Before Marya reappeared Michael disclosed his identity and hers, much to the captain's amazement, and related in detail his life ashore.

There was no need to plead for Marya. The captain acceded immediately to Michael's request, not, however, in its exactness, for he set aside, brusquely but kindly, his offer to pay for her passage. He should consider it an honour, said he, if she would travel to England as his guest. 'But what about you?' The captain was concerned, now that he knew who Michael was.

'I am your steward, sir,' he gravely replied.

'My steward! H'm! Not'—— He paused.

'No,' responded Michael; 'Adam Daddo, please, till I get my discharge.'

The *Silchester* was chartered for Hull, and there, upon her arrival, Michael and Marya were married. To their great surprise, the messenger Ivan was the first to greet them when they reached Michael's apartments in London.

'From Dmitri,' said he, passing a walnut to Michael.

'From Dmitri?' echoed Marya distressfully, incredulously.

'When did he send you?' queried Michael.

'The morning you left,' replied Ivan. 'He gave me instructions to wait for you, and to hand you this. I have been here five weeks.'

It was a final message, explaining briefly the settlement of his affairs, and leaving all he had that was available to Marya; a manly message, too, of affectionate farewell.

A slight newspaper sensation was caused by the reported mysterious catastrophe in the Azov. The paragraphs were suppressed in Russia. No details transpired. It passed speedily into the realm of things forgotten.

Ivan never returned.

THE END.

MILLSTONES *VERSUS* ROLLERS.

By W. O. HORSNAILL, A.M.I.M.E., A.M.I.E.E.

FEW people who have tasted the bread made in the old millstone days have ever been satisfied with the white, flavourless loaves produced from roller-flour; and as this opinion seems now likely to become general, some description of the differences between the old and existing methods of milling should possess particular interest at the present time.

In a stone-mill the grinding is done between millstones, the wheat being introduced into a central hole in the upper stone to come out round the edge in the form of meal. This upper stone, which rotates at one hundred and twenty-five turns a minute, is set almost touching the lower stone, and the wheat can only escape by passing between the two. After grinding it is simply a question of sifting out the flour and separating the coarser stuff into various saleable products.

The roller system, which came into general use about thirty years ago, consists of breaking and grinding the wheat between steel rollers; but instead of doing the work in one operation, as with millstones, a large number of roller-machines are used in succession, the rollers being set closer together towards the end of the series. The aim of the roller system is to grind only the white portion of the wheat-berry, as should any part of the brown husk be ground fine enough to pass through the flour sieves the colour of the flour would be spoilt, hence all the husk must be extracted after each pass between the rollers. Then again a certain amount of flour is made by each grinding operation, and this flour has to be sifted out before the stuff goes on to the following roller-machine. The wheat, therefore, first passes through a pair of rollers and then on to at least two machines for taking out the husk and the flour respectively, the remainder being carried on for further grinding. There will seldom be less than a dozen pairs of rollers in succession with these flour and husk extraction machines between each grinding, hence the system is exceedingly complicated. Most of this complicated system is needed to ensure the whiteness of the flour which is now demanded by the consumer. The wholesomeness of the product is not considered at all; and, as has been recently demonstrated, parts of the wheat-berry having a high food-value are thrown out by the present roller system of milling.

Stone-milling as already described seems absurdly simple when compared to the above

process; whilst for making 'standard' flour still less machinery is required, as only the coarse part of the husk is taken out and the flour need not be so finely sifted. Many people still seem inclined to associate 'stone' flour with dirt, but this idea is entirely erroneous in connection with a modern stone flour-mill. It is simply a question of cleaning the wheat before grinding, and exactly similar machinery is used for this purpose as that employed in a roller-mill. The old-fashioned stone-mills were often exceedingly dirty, whilst the wheat was not cleaned so carefully as is now the case; but it is doubtful whether enough dirt got into the flour to affect the colour, the darker shade being caused by ground-up parts of the husk. Practically no dust or dirt is to be seen about a modern roller-mill, and there is no reason whatever why equal cleanliness should not be observed in the stone-mill. Another objection urged against the latter is that particles of stone chip off and mix with the flour. This is the case to a very slight extent; but the pieces must be exceedingly small and very minute in quantity, as millstones will run night and day for a fortnight before the tiny grooves in the grinding surfaces require redressing, hence the wear is almost infinitesimal.

The millstone method is very much cheaper than the roller process as at present used, with its numerous passes between different sets of rollers before the husk and flour are completely separated. On the other hand, the roller system could be greatly simplified if applied to the production of 'standard' flour with only the bran taken out instead of excluding every part of the wheat-berry except the white portion. 'Standard' flour can also be made by mixing in some of the darker-coloured products of the roller system; but it is no easy matter to get a thorough mixture, hence the result is apt to be patchy. Moreover, there is no advantage to be gained in using complicated machinery to take out certain parts of the wheat-berry if they are to be put back again afterwards.

It is difficult to foresee the end of the present agitation; but a good many millstones are now being ordered, whilst old stone-mills which have long been idle are being set to work again, and it is not improbable that we shall see a general return to the older and simpler method.

THE COURAGEOUS MISS STUYVESANT.

By F. G. Aflalo.

AN August sun shone brightly on the pretty and popular watering-place of Sunbourne-on-Sea. About its popularity, even at this early hour of the day, there could be no question, for the parade was already alive with people, and the whole foreshore as far as the pier was dotted with bathers, either in or out of the dancing waves. A white-funnelled steamer was moored to either side of the pierhead, and from these pleasure-craft inviting screams came from powerful sirens, luring the holiday-folk on short sea-trips east or west. One happy party of six had just come from the bathing-tents and was making for the Imperial Hotel, which, as most of us know, lies at the foot of the west cliff. Two were children, brother and sister at a glance, and these, with towels and bathing-costumes streaming behind, went racing along the parade. The others fell naturally into twos, those in front silent yet clearly happy, the two behind engaged in banter that might argue that fancy-freedom which is the liberty that youth least cherishes.

'Well,' the girl was saying, 'I believe in asking for what you want. We do that over in my country anyway.' And the musical drawl, no less than the clear olive complexion and velvet eyes, left little doubt as to what 'my country' was, for there spoke and looked the Californian, with a dash of Spanish blood.

'Ask, then, oh fair! and thou shalt have even to the half of my kingdom.'

No sooner had Spencer Lathom uttered the jesting words than he realised, with a little bitterness, that his kingdom consisted of the pay he drew as special correspondent, in peace or war, of the *Morning News*, a comfortable salary for any bachelor who looks to Fleet Street for his bread, but no more than poverty by comparison with Miss Stuyvesant's millions; they might be dollars, but even so they made four hundred a year seem beggary. But Lathom was a healthy, clean-minded fellow enough, and anything but a fortune-hunter, so he ruefully admitted to himself that she must marry someone else, a title perhaps, if she had the alleged national weakness for such a distinction. There had been moments during these pleasant weeks —there had been a moment, to be more precise, just before they said good-night on the moonlit terrace of the hotel the evening before —when—— But, hang it! she was not for him, and he must just amuse himself and her until the other man should come along into his kingdom.

They had stayed a little longer than usual in the water, and were late for breakfast. A few minutes before they crowded into the porch the great dining-room looked empty, though half-a-dozen of its forty tables were already occupied, and there was the spasmodic hum of conversation which usually accompanies the cracking of eggs, stirring of coffee, and rustle of newspapers that mark the English breakfast-table. In the centre of the room stood a table larger than the

rest, and laid for eight, and to this there came an old gentleman, prosperous and rubicund, with hair as white as his waistcoat, nodding here and there to some acquaintance at one or other of the smaller tables through which he had to thread his way. On four of the eight plates, his own included, were little piles of letters, two of them surmounted by telegrams. Mr Richard Bontine gave only casual attention to such correspondence as followed him on his holiday. His confidential clerk saw to it that he was troubled as little as possible; and moreover, one of the other partners was in town. Then, by way of more interesting literature, he opened his *Daily Mail* just as his wife passed on to her seat behind the tea and coffee pots; she was a somewhat faded matron, whose face yet had that compelling charm which we all know in women, once comely, who know how to grow old gracefully. Then, as his eye roved from the paper to those yellow envelopes, he emitted a low whistle.

'What is it, Richard?' asked the lady, who had also looked at the telegrams with the nervousness which the sight of them always caused her.

'Oh nothing, my dear; nothing.' Anxious to make light of the situation, until at any rate he knew the worst, Mr Bontine gave a laugh that was a little forced. 'Only another little kick-up—er—in India. *Quite* a small affair, really!'

A small affair! And there, staring him in the face, were those confounded leaded headlines:

TROUBLE ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER.
HURRIED DESPATCH OF TROOPS.
RUSSIAN COMPLICATIONS FEARED.
CABINET COUNCIL SUMMONED.

Of course! Those infernal telegrams could mean nothing else. One was for Blake, Bobbie Blake, who was to marry Pearl (the pearl these fond parents set above price) in October; the other for Spencer Lathom, who was to him as an elder son—Blake the soldier, who no doubt had to report immediately for foreign service; Spencer the war-correspondent, who would have, with all the risk and none of the glory, to go out to those pitiless mountain passes, perhaps to be sniped or knifed by Afridis. It is to be feared that, as the excellent Mr Bontine reflected on the obligations of those who serve the Empire on which the sun has not set these hundred years, he uttered, under his breath, a word which would have greatly shocked his gentle *vis-à-vis*. He yielded to no one in robust patriotism, not he; but that his son-in-law elect should be called away to fight within two months, or less, of the date fixed for Pearl's wedding—well, there was no other word for it!

Poor Mrs Bontine realised, with a woman's quick intuition, all that those telegrams might mean, and her motherly heart fluttered painfully, but she composed her features and busied herself with Richard's coffee just as the others burst into the room, all talking at once, all happy, alas! for the last time for who could say how long. Then, at sight of two grave faces at the table, perhaps also at sight of the yellow messages of fate, a sudden silence fell on them, and only the mercurial Geoffrey, a budding Harrovian of fifteen, got as far as 'What's the row, mater? Anything up?'

There was a sympathetic silence through the great room, for the other visitors had read the news. They knew what was probably in those yellow envelopes, for some of them, too, had dear ones serving their country overseas.

Silently young Blake read his wire, then handed it to his host, who, reading it, laid a sympathetic hand over his eldest girl's as she sat down beside him. Pearl did not need to be told. She had so often dwelt, in her hours of happiness, on the privileges of a soldier's wife that she had not overlooked its obligations. She went deathly pale, but carried herself finely.

'Well,' ejaculated Mr Bontine, 'it's d—— H'm, beg pardon, my dear.—It's hard lines, Robert. But duty calls, my boy, eh?' And the old gentleman turned, with a suspicious moisture in his eye, and blustered about the waiters not bringing the food.—'And yours, Spencer? Same job, I suppose—what?'

'Yes, sir,' was the reply, as the war-correspondent scented battle. 'And I'm off to Peshawur on Friday.'

'You don't say!' drawled Dolores Stuyvesant, as she, with some difficulty, took a triangle of toast from the rack. 'My, how interesting!' But a pink spot burned in either cheek, and the little Californian's indifference was too forced to deceive even the German waiter, who, an interested spectator of this little drama, had at that moment stood unnoticed with the hot dishes. Waiters are very human, even German waiters.

As a matter of fact, Miss Stuyvesant had no secrets from herself, and she was quite convinced that if she had to go through life without Mr Spencer Lathom in close proximity it was not going to be her fault. Some such notion, indeed—call it unmaidenly, gentle reader, if you like; I call it fine—had been at the back of that rally on the way home from the sea. As a matter of fact, her company was no less necessary to the happiness of young Lathom; but he was a hard-working journalist, and she an orphan with a big fortune of her own. This, of itself, would have been a barrier between him and his heart's desire; but, in addition, he felt his obligation to his host and hostess under whose roof he had met her. She had been spending the London season at Claridge's, with an effaceable chaperon; and having, a year or two earlier, been Pearl's bosom-friend at a Neuchâtel *pension*, had gladly spent August with her family by the sea. It did

not, she declared, come up to Santa Barbara or Narragansett, but it had been a happy time, and how much of her enjoyment had been due to Spencer Lathom she never concealed from either Pearl or herself. As for him, he had been as a son to the Bontines ever since he could remember. Twenty years earlier his own father, Bontine's closest friend, had shot himself in a moment of unreasoning panic on the Stock Exchange, and his broken-hearted mother had died within the year. So the Bontines had taken the homeless lad of seven into their home, an arrangement in which his uncles and aunts had seen no occasion to interfere, and there he had spent his holidays. There had in those early times been an agreeable fiction of 'something saved from the wreck,' which the large-hearted Richard had found increasing difficulty in explaining as the years rolled by; but, as a matter of fact, the poor worried suicide had left nothing more than would pay his liabilities, and even that was only accomplished by weeks of hard work on the part of his faithful friend, who had never ceased to regret him. Still, young Lathom had done so creditably at Harrow and later at Balliol, and had been so quick to win his spurs in the one career for which he was plainly fitted, that old Bontine was proud of his protégé, and never tired of singing his praises or of holding him up as a model and pattern to the somewhat indolent Geoffrey. Fortunately the lad was without a spark of jealousy, and he had from the nursery conceived such a hero-worship for Spencer that nothing could dethrone him. His one ambition, after getting his eleven, was to be a war-correspondent like Lathom, without more 'mugging' over books than necessary.

During the past week or two the kindly old man had arrived at a pretty shrewd notion of how matters were going between his adopted son and the pretty American, and though wholly innocent of matchmaking, he would have asked nothing better than to see a double wedding in the autumn. Mrs Bontine's approval was less passive. From the far-off days when, as a young matron of assured position, she had loved nothing better than to take a long succession of girl-friends under her wing and marry them off to suitable admirers, she had continually had a hand in such matters. Not even now did Pearl guess the extent to which her mother's unobtrusive connivance had facilitated Bobbie's rather nervous declaration, nor did Spencer and Dolores dream that they owed many a quiet hour to her good offices in disposing of the others elsewhere.

Indeed, only the night before this dreadful breakfast, just after Spencer and Dolores had parted, more softly than usual, on the terrace, old Bontine had rallied the younger man in the billiard-room on 'making the running with the little Yankee,' only to be checked by the other's earnest admission that he loved her, but that, in view of the difference in their fortunes, it 'would have to go at that.' For one wild moment the generous old fellow had a wild plan of miraculous recovery of ten thousand shares in some South American mine or other, which had, like most of his dead friend's assets, proved worthless, only, however, to realise with a sigh that the day of these pleasant fictions was gone, and that the steely-eyed man opposite, who was making futile attempts to bring off easy cannons, would have none of his bounty. But, as he reluctantly relinquished the idea, he had been filled with another no less daring. After all, he was only an old fossil, and old fossils have privileges. Well, he would sleep on it anyway, and see how it looked in the morning!

The morning brought the news and the telegrams, and his hand was forced. Whether, in other circumstances, he would have been so greatly daring without, at any rate, consulting his Lavinia, he never stopped to ask himself. Whether, again, it would be any happiness for their little guest to be pledged to a man about to go half-across the world on a dangerous errand he never asked himself either. The game was new to him, and, like an old man taking up golf, he threw himself into it with an impetuosity that long afterwards amazed him.

The whole party were returning to town that afternoon. With Spencer leaving town in three days' time, and Bobby no doubt within the week, there was a lot to be seen to, and all the savour had gone out of the seaside. The gleam of sunshine on the bay, the merriment of the bathers, the reiterated summons of the steamers, all seemed a mockery. They would be better back in the great house in Cavendish Square. Of course, breakfast was a failure for all the party, with the solitary exception of Master Geoffrey, who would have had his second plate of eggs and bacon, his marmalade, and his fruit if the world had been threatened with immediate annihilation by a comet. The rest got through the meal perfunctorily, and when it was over the two younger men went off arm in arm to the telegraph-office, while Pearl went 'to have a good cry' in her mother's room. Poor girl, she had borne up bravely enough; but there could be no real relief till she could sob her heart out at her mother's knee. Oh, the blessedness of tears! Oh, the dull despair of those eyes which can no longer shed them! There can be no tears in hell!

Dolores Stuyvesant walked a little apart. Her grief was deep also; but, as he had not given her the precious right to show it, she would keep it to herself. In any case, she had no mother to go to, for hers had died years ago, and she had indeed no living relative nearer than her three brothers in Los Angeles. So she crept away to the deserted croquet-lawn behind the hotel, and sat down on a rustic bench facing the sea. Slowly the tears, that would take no denial now

that she was no longer watched, gathered in the soft eyes, her Spanish mother's eyes. He could not care! How his eye had lighted at the prospect of action! That was ever the way of men, she reflected, with all the worldly wisdom of her nineteen years. For them, the stir of life, travel, action, change; for women, staying at home weeping, watching, waiting! The cruelty of it! Well, since he did not care, nothing mattered much. And yet, last evening, in the moonlight, she had been quite sure, and a girl's heart does not deceive her at such moments. And still the tears gathered, and at last they fell.

A heavy step crushed the gravel path, and hastily her handkerchief went to her eyes as she gave a very creditable imitation of a sneeze. Then she looked round. Old Bontine was looking at her with eyes full of sympathy.

'Eh, my dear, it's a bad business—what?' And he sat down beside her.

'Oh, dreadful, Mr Bontine! So terrible for dear Pearl. And she was so lovely about it. Oh, it—it—makes me so unhappy!'

The lip was quivering again, and the tears would not be kept back; but at least she might shed them for another.

'Yes, my dear, but she has to be a soldier's wife and to get used to this sort of thing. It's worse in a way for poor Spencer.' He was watching her narrowly now. She knew it, but could she keep the hot blood from mantling her cheek? 'These war-correspondents, you see, are non-combatants, and they run all the risks—eh, my dear, did you say anything?' For she had uttered a sound that might have been a sob. The old gentleman felt that he was being a villain, but he had set out to play providence, and, egad, he must see it through!

'Yes,' he went on ruthlessly, 'it's such a pity, because he gets no glory. But it's his living, he says, and he's too proud to let me—— Oh bother!' he continued, as if struck by a sudden idea, 'why can't he marry? But it's no use. The very fact of a girl having sixpence to bless herself with would choke him off, even if he worshipped the ground she walked on. He told me so.'

He paused suddenly, half-frightened at the effect of his words. For she was leaning forward now, scarcely breathing, her great eyes fixed on his, as she said, almost inaudibly, 'He—told—you so! When?'

Then he dashed straight ahead. It was now or never!

'Why, only last night, after you had all gone to bed. I chaffed him; only my little joke, you know, and he—— Yes,' he concluded defiantly, 'I *meant* to tell you this. It seemed a shame to let everything go wrong for want of a meddlesome old fool to put it right. You—you are not angry with me, my dear—what?'

But Dolores most unexpectedly hid her burning face against the old gentleman's arm.

'*Angry* with you! I? Oh you old dear! You lovely man!'

Mr Bontine was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable. What, he wondered, would his sedate partners in Eastcheap think to see a beautiful maiden sobbing on his shoulder and calling him a 'lovely man'? Oh, decidedly, this must stop!

But she was laughing and crying and laughing again. And 'Oh, I should like to kiss you, if I may!' she said.

'My dear, pray let there be no obstacle.'

And, with a silent prayer that his Lavinia, to whom he had been faithful all their wedded days, might not at that dreadful moment be looking in their direction, he suffered her to press her cool young lips to his rosy old cheek.

. . . . . .

And still the August sun shone brightly, though this time we see it over London town, where Balham and Belgravia alike looked up at the cloudless sky, though Suburbia, the Greater London beyond Baker Street on the one hand, and the Thames on the other, was silent, denuded of the happy children who were far away, planting Teddy-bears on sand-castles along five hundred miles of the English coast. Bond Street, however, was packed with Americans and other foreigners, who seem to appreciate London best when its own love it least. This was the last Thursday in the month, and those who had not gone to the moors would, in a few days, be tramping through the stubble after partridges. Yet smart cars and carriages rolled in and out of the side streets that led to the squares, and it was hard to believe that the great city was as empty as the newspapers would have their readers think it. So, at any rate, thought Spencer Lathom, as, a minute before noon, he passed into the shade under the portico of Claridge's, and sent his name up to Miss Dolores Stuyvesant. Which accomplished, this ordinarily self-possessed young man, who had even under fire often remained as cool as one of Shackleton's penguins on an ice-floe, felt so nervous that he actually contemplated seeking safety in flight, and was only indeed stayed from making so ignominious a retreat by the vision that suddenly barred the way. For the lift had descended noiselessly to the ground floor, its doors were flung open, and, after some little altercation between them and the brim of her seventy-four inch hat, Miss Dolores Stuyvesant emerged radiant, and came towards him, both hands outstretched in welcome.

'Ah, this is just lovely of you! So you got my letter, say?'

'And here I am,' was the reply.

Yes, here he was; that was the deuce. But for the life of him he could get no farther. Over the little American, too, there had fallen an unwonted reserve. She, usually so audacious, so ready of repartee, so brimming with mischief,

was at a strange loss for words. She stood there, swinging her long gloves, looking past him at the staircase, hating herself for *gaucherie* more worthy of a naughty schoolgirl caught in the act of stealing candies; but she was dumb. And he stood gaping like any sort of fool. At last she could bear it no longer.

'Well,' she said, with an effort, 'I thought it would be nicer to say our really own good-bye right here. Of course, we 'll meet again to-night' —this in reference to a farewell dinner in his honour at Cavendish Square that evening; but I wanted to wish you God speed, and—and' (the musical voice was nearly breaking now) 'good—luck. What time is it you go from Waterloo to-morrow?' Even at this moment, when her heart felt like breaking, she must tease him. As if she didn't know the hour and the station! As if they had not been in her mind any time these two days!

'Nine,' was the answer. 'And' (with a touch of reproach) 'not Waterloo; Victoria!'

'Oh of course!' Then she hesitated. It must be now. He was going—going—she would never have the chance again. Oh what would he think of her? Yet not for nothing was she the child of the man who had made two fortunes out of scrap-iron. She felt as if some of the iron had got into her blood. With a sudden air of decision she led the way into an alcove.

'Come in right here,' she said, then bit her lip. 'Now, look here, Mr Spencer Lathom, I 'm going to say what 's in my mind. It 's a way we have in God's Country. And, whatever you may think of it, I know that you are a gentleman and will say nothing to any one.'

Not daring to think what this wonderful darling was going to say next, he could only feebly bow his assent.

'Very well then. You do—rather like me—don't you?'

Like her! *Like her!* He wanted to fall down and kiss her feet, but he was not going to tell this Dollar Princess what was in his mind. Yet the look which he could not keep out of his eyes sent the blood mantling her throat and face.

'You know you do! Why, you told Mr Bontine so only the other night.'

Again he bowed in silence. Good Lord! how much, he wondered, had old Bontine told her, bless his heart?

As his confusion became more evident, she grew calmer. It is a way women have.

'Yes,' she proceeded with deliberation, 'you also told him that those blamed dollars of mine —which I can't help a little mite, and which are rather nice after all—were in the way, and —oh Spencer Lathom, Spencer Lathom, I 'm thinking you 're just a coward after all!'

'But'—— he stammered, white as a sheet.

'But,' she interrupted, 'I 'm not anyway, not me. Spencer Lathom, will you marry me?'

It took him a bare instant to collect his senses and realise that he was not dreaming; yet even in that instant, fearful lest she had made a mistake, and overcome with shame, she all but swooned. Then he caught her in his arms.

'Dear little girl! Brave little woman!' And she sobbed on his shoulder, then stood away from him with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes.

'Oh Spencer Lathom, I just hate you! I guess the pride of some of you English just beats the band! The *idea* of making *me* say such a thing! Oh,' stamping her little foot, 'you ought to be ashamed of yourself!'

'I 'm not,' he answered reverently. 'I was never so proud before in my life. And, as she lay once more in his arms, a very pale waiter, passing at the moment behind a palm, forgot his errand and stole away on tiptoe to tell the news to the pretty chambermaid on the first floor with whom he had been walking out for a week.

'So that 's all right, Spencer dear. And now you 'll stay to lunch. Stay, though, I 've forgotten something.' And she went to the telephone and rang up Mr Richard Bontine, who, as she knew, was not going Citywards that morning.

'Yes.—Oh, you don't say! Yes, all fixed up. *I* did it—*I*, not he—no—hadn't the pluck —frightened as a rabbit, the dear. Yes, I guess so.—Dance at the wedding?—Why, sure—with *me*. You old dear, I say! *You old dear!* Well, good-bye.' And she rang off.

. . . . . .

The welcome news of Dolores' engagement had served in a measure to relieve the strain of that not too bright little dinner-party; but it was a painful function at best, and even Float the dignified butler seemed to radiate gloom. Now and again, whether realising that as much was expected of him, or in sheer desperation to save the situation, which was becoming unbearable, Mr Bontine, whenever he noticed his daughter's misery, tried one of his simple jokes; but something always caught in his throat. Then came a welcome diversion. Just as the tension was growing unendurable with that sensation of electricity in the air which marks such moments in our lives, just as Dolores, for all her happiness, felt as if she must scream unless something happened, lo and behold! something did happen. The telephone-bell in the hall rang defiantly, stopped, then rang again more insistently than before. Then Float, having reduced it to silence, ascertained that it wanted Mr Lathom.

'Hold the line, please,' they heard him say, and Spencer, excusing himself, went to the instrument, leaving the dining-room door ajar. No one spoke. The food was left untouched even by Geoffrey. Every ear was strained to catch such fragments of the one-sided conversation as were available. A good deal of what a telephone may reveal under such conditions depends on the user, and Spencer, out of regard

for their feelings, spoke loud enough for his words to be heard, and those of the party at the other end to be inferred, without difficulty.

'Hallo!—Ha—l—lo! Ay, there you are. Yes, it's Lathom. Yes, Spencer Lathom. What? —Who? Speak up please. Something wrong with this receiver. Ah, that's better. Oh, it's you, Marlowe, is it? Sorry, I *cannot* hear a word. Oh yes, dining out. What? Yes, Cavendish Square. Eh? What? *What's that?* No expedition? Things settled? Thank God! I say, that's good!—we—so I did. What's that to you, old chap? Yes, I know—but—things are different now. Yes, I *don't* want to go out. Never you mind. No doubt you could. Ha! ha!—I *don't* think! Right, I'll be round. Yes, 'bout eleven. Bye-bye.'

The telephone rang off. Not a word had been spoken in the room, and, as he stood again in the doorway they stared at him in stupid silence. Even Geoffrey turned away from his strawberries. Then Dolores, the first to recover herself, stood up and held out her hands.

'Say, Spencer dear, is it really true?'

'Yes; they've squared it this time.—No step for you, Bobbie! Ah, look out there!'

For Pearl had swooned, and Blake turned just in time to catch her in his arms.

From the *Morning Post*, August 29, 19—:

'A marriage has been arranged between Spencer, son of the late Willis D. Lathom, and Dolores Annabel, daughter of the late Otis B. Stuyvesant of Pasadena, California, U.S.A.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

COOKING BY ELECTRICITY.

OWING to the greater display of enterprise that is now being evinced by electricity generating corporations, in conjunction with inventive effort, the advantages of cooking by electricity are being brought more forcibly before the housewife. Certainly it constitutes the most hygienic and simple form of preparing dishes for the table that has yet been devised, free from all danger and the risk of contamination from fumes of combustion such as arise from the use of gas. The one great drawback to the system, however, has been the woeful lack of initiative on the part of the supply concerns. They have failed to profit from the experience of the gas companies. The electrical cooker is expensive in first cost, and there are very few people who are prepared to purchase a cooker whether it be operated by gas or electricity. On the other hand, if the stoves were hired out upon a quarterly rental, as is the practice among the gas companies, the resort to electricity for cooking purposes would advance by leaps and bounds. The electricity generating companies have shown more sympathy with the movement by supplying current at a low rate for cooking purposes, and this has enabled electricity to compete more favourably with its powerful rival. Moreover, inventive ingenuity has secured improvement upon improvement to such an extent that the electric cooker is now highly economical, and the utmost service from the unit of current is secured. In the 'tricity cooker' which has been devised by Mr A. F. Berry, the designer and builder of the special high-pressure transformers employed to transmit the first Marconigrams between Great Britain and America, economy has been brought to a high stage of perfection. For instance, with this cooker the loss by shrinkage during cooking has been reduced to the minimum. Comparative tests have shown that where a ten-pound sirloin of beef lost nearly three pounds when prepared in the ordinary cooking-range, and where there was a still greater waste under gas-cooking, when submitted to the 'tricity' appliance the loss was but one and half pounds. Such a saving in cash alone is sufficient to pronounce the advantage of this method. Another point is that this stove occupies less space than its rivals, and can be placed at any convenient point, inasmuch as it is unaffected by draughts, as no flames or products of combustion have to be studied or carried away. The temperature can be adjusted to a nicety by means of switches, which is impossible with either gas or coal. From the safety point of view the advantage is overwhelmingly in its favour. The consumption of fuel is also to the advantage of the new system, as less current is consumed to prepare dishes for table by this system than any other. For instance, whereas it was found to cost threepence in a working-class neighbourhood to cook two pounds of meat and cake respectively by gas on the penny-in-the-slot principle, a four-course dinner for six people was cooked for fourpence in the same neighbourhood by electricity. The more enterprising electricity supply companies are hiring out these cookers, and in London the simplicity and perfection of the system has created such a favourable impression upon the housewife that they are coming rapidly into vogue.

WATERPROOFING LEATHER BY RUBBER TANNING.

For years past considerable ingenuity has been expended towards discovering a practical means of rendering leather impervious to moisture, thereby extending the durability and utility of this material. Hitherto heavy dressing by oil and grease has been found to secure the desired

end with the most conspicuous success, but such a palliative has many decided drawbacks. It appears that a commercial process has now been perfected whereby practical waterproofing is secured, and the resultant product is a material more durable than commercial leather, with at the same time no depreciation in its pliable and soft qualities. It is pointed out that these features are retained even after the fabric has been submitted to immersion in water for long periods. The process is described as 'rubber tanning,' and a factory has been established in Herefordshire for carrying it on. It is described as being peculiarly efficient for boots, and has been highly appreciated by anglers, golfers, and other sportsmen, as well as by those industrial workers who stand at their tasks with their boots immersed in water. It has also proved highly suited to the preservation of leather belting, washers, harness, and trunks—in fact, for every article in which leather is employed and which is required to withstand the ill-effects of moisture in some form or other. Cricket-ball manufacturers pronounce it to be well adapted for this purpose, and balls made of such leather have been used at Lord's Cricket Ground for some time past with perfect satisfaction both upon hard and soft wickets. Hockey-balls and footballs have also been prepared with this material, and have been found to possess a far longer life than usual. The material should meet with wide success in tropical countries, inasmuch as it is stated that leather so prepared is immune from the attacks of the white ant. The process can be applied with equal facility and success to all kinds of hides, so that its possibilities appear to be extensive.

IS SACCHARINE USELESS?

Industrial circles in America have been somewhat perturbed by the remarkable pronunciation of the Department of Agriculture, which has declared saccharine to be a useless article of commerce, and has forbidden its utilisation as a sweetening agent in any kind of food-stuffs whatsoever. It has been guided in this decision by the experiments of Dr Wiley, chief chemist of the Agricultural Department, and, parenthetically, one of the most erratic authorities in regard to dietetics. Time after time he has attacked some popular comestible, and has emphasised the dangers attending its use only to incur the ridicule of the whole world. Fortunately, Dr Wiley is not autocratic in his pronunciations, as interests affected may appeal to a Referee Board. This board is so little in sympathy with Dr Wiley that it has refused to see eye to eye with him time after time; but, curiously enough, it has agreed with him that saccharine, the chemical name of which is benzoic sulphinide, is a worthless coal-tar product. This remarkable decision recalls the position in which the late Dr Perkin found himself after his discovery of purple and the aniline dyes, which are also derived from coal-tar products. The English people declined to regard the discovery as of any commercial value, with the result that the German chemists seized the idea, and have now built up one of the largest and most prosperous industries in the world. There are not many people who will agree with Dr Wiley in this latest outbreak of prohibition; and although it will strike a heavy blow at certain American interests, it will react to advantage upon manufacturers in other countries, for saccharine has secured too firm a foothold as a sweetening agent to be upset by an irresponsible critic. Dr Wiley, however, appears to have been somewhat uncertain in his judgment, since he admits that it possesses a certain medicinal value, and should only be dispensed upon a doctor's prescription. This is a valuable saving clause, inasmuch as it enables sufferers from diabetes to secure the benefits they derive from the eating of food-stuffs sweetened with saccharine. His sole reason for prohibiting its use appears to be that it impairs digestion; but the question arises as to whether the foods themselves with which the saccharine is associated, and with which the Americans regale themselves so extensively, are not the sole cause of this physical derangement. The probability is that a great number of these articles of diet are highly indigestible, and would cause just as much havoc without saccharine as when treated with this powerful substitute for sugar. The discovery of saccharine has always been regarded as one of the greatest economic triumphs of the age, and it is scarcely probable that its use will be abandoned by other nations. Indeed, facts show rather a contrary tendency, as the resort to this substance, which is five hundred and fifty times as sweet as the product of the cane, is every year entering more extensively into the manufacture of food-products.

THE COMING OF THE MOTOR-DRIVEN VESSEL.

Although the displacement of steam by oil-motors has been discussed for some time past, it is only recently that theory has given place to practice. At present the largest vessel of this type afloat is the *Toiler*, built by Messrs Swan, Hunter, & Wigham Richardson (Limited) for service on the canals and lakes of Canada. The boat measures two hundred and forty-eight feet in length by forty-two and a half feet beam, and is driven by two sets of two-cycle reversible Diesel oil-engines developing three hundred and sixty brake-horse-power. On a recent round trip from the Tyne to Calais, with a total dead-weight of nearly two thousand seven hundred tons, she made an average speed of six and three quarter miles per hour on the outward run, and nine and a half miles per hour on the homeward trip, when she was light in ballast. The consumption of oil-fuel averaged about one and three quarter ton per day. Not only does the oil-

motor represent a great saving in weight and space as compared with the steam-engine, but the stoking staff is dispensed with entirely, while greater space for cargo is provided, the oil being carried in the double bottom. The comparative cost of oil and coal obviously depends upon the facilities for obtaining these commodities in the territory to which the vessel trades. On the Clyde a large vessel designed to have a speed of twelve knots per hour is under construction. This vessel will be of five thousand tons, and have a deadweight capacity of seven thousand tons. The propelling engines will be Diesel two-cycle reversing oil-engines, driving twin screws.

A NITROGEN-DRIVEN MOTOR.

The possibility of driving engines by other than combustible gases has occupied the attention of chemical engineers for many years. Motors driven by chemicals, wherein the power is generated by the expansion of gases arising from chemical action, have appeared from time to time, but the idea has never been advanced to a practical stage. In Germany, however, it has received greater attention of late, and a marine-motor has been designed in which the fuel is nitrogen in a compressed form. This engine develops four horse-power, is of the double acting two-cylinder type, is coupled direct to the propeller-shaft, and the speed is governed by a throttle-valve which when opened to its fullest extremity enables the engine to make five hundred revolutions per minute. The motor is a clever piece of mechanical engineering, and the simplicity of control is a conspicuous feature. The nitrogen will start up the motor irrespective of the position of the piston immediately the gas is admitted into the expansion-chamber, while the crank runs in an oil-bath. Moreover, a charge of oil will last for several hundred working hours — in short, until its lubricating functions are absolutely expended, as it undergoes no additional destructive action such as prevails in the ordinary explosion-motor. Other advantages are the safety of the system, the dispensing with ignition and cooling facilities, and the absence of odour. Nitrogen, being an inert gas, is safe from combustion and consequently explosion, with the result that it is an ideal fuel to handle and to operate. The great difficulty hitherto in this direction has been the devising of a vessel capable of containing the compressed nitrogen in large quantities, and of sufficient strength to withstand handling and transportation. A new process of manufacturing large flasks, capable of containing from two hundred and fifty to three hundred litres of nitrogen compressed to two hundred atmospheres, has now been designed. The weight of a reservoir containing fuel sufficient for about twenty hours' service is about three hundred pounds. The nitrogen is prepared by a new and interesting process, with liquid carbonic acid as the by-product. So far as results have been carried at present, it is stated that the cost of operating a one hundred and twenty-five horse-power stationary nitrogen-motor is approximately that of an electro-motor, and considerably less than the cost of driving internal-combustion engines with petrol or alcohol.

NIGHT SIGNALS FOR AERIAL CRAFT.

An ingenious system of signalling to aeroplanes and airships at night has been devised by a German inventor, and experiments with it have been highly satisfactory. Aerial navigation at night is rendered dangerous from the absence of guiding facilities, as lights are as essential to this form of locomotion as to vessels at sea. The system this ingenious inventor has adopted is the preparation of a spherical balloon, the fabric of which is transparent; it is about eight feet in diameter, and carries inside an electric lamp emitting one hundred candle-power. The balloon is held captive by means of thin wires, which also serve to convey the current to the lamp. When aloft, the signal thus given is plainly visible for a considerable distance, and can be readily distinguished from a star or a terrestrial light. By colouring the outer fabric red, green, or white, varying information can be conveyed and picked up readily. The same inventor has also devised an ingenious system whereby the depth of a bank of fog enshrouding the ground can be determined. A special device is attached to the signalling balloon, and directly the latter has emerged from the belt of fog a contact is made despatching an electric current to the ground and ringing a bell which is placed in the circuit. By referring to the length of line which has been paid out the height at which the balloon has entered into transparent air above the fog can be deduced.

BLASTING BY HYDRAULIC CARTRIDGES.

Though high explosives are a powerful weapon for the dislodgment of rock, their utilisation in many instances is delicate, dangerous, and difficult. In order to overcome these obstacles a hydraulic system of blasting has been devised. It consists of a cylinder of steel some twenty inches in length by three inches in diameter. Along this cartridge eight small duplex rams are placed radially, and so designed that they act simultaneously. The cartridge is operated by a small pump fitted with a special water-tank, and the volume of water required for the operation is about one and a half pint. The cartridge is inserted in the drilled hole, and the water-pressure is applied by means of a handle. The maximum attained is about three tons per square inch, which is adequate for general purposes, and the rock is completely split up. The system can be used with conspicuous success in coal-mining, for which purpose it is eminently adapted, as it

is free from all danger; but its utility is far more extensive, as results have shown, since it has proved highly efficient for the breaking up of rock in the vicinity of constructional work, the rock being broken up without imperilling the safety of the work. For driving tunnels under buildings it has proved a valuable tool, as there is a complete absence of shock and shattering incidental to the use of ordinary explosives, as with this hydraulic cartridge the disintegration is purely local.

CLEANING WATER-MAINS.

A novel system has been devised by a well-known water-engineer for the periodical cleaning of mains. In an opening of nine feet about the main to be treated a bracket is fixed, carrying two rails and a screw of coarse pitch. A petrol-engine is lowered into this hole in such a way that its wheels rest on the rails, whilst the screw passes through the centre of the machine, and the shaft of the motor is brought central with the main. There is a hand-wheel attached to the frame of the machine which serves to move the motor along the rails in either direction. A special appliance carrying a knife is inserted in the main, and being attached to the shaft of the machine it is revolved, scraping the internal surface of the pipe. This simple machine is so devised that it will clean two hundred yards of main on either side of the opening from the one point. The cleaning speed is about fifty yards per hour, and in ordinary practice five hundred yards per working day can be carried out. The appliance has been subjected to severe tests and has proved so efficient that it is employed for the cleaning of the water-mains of Liverpool.

'ADVANCE, AUSTRALIA!'

The retiring Governor-General of an Australian state said, 'I shall tell people that Victoria is a country in which any self-helping man can do very well indeed.' This is amply borne out by what the twelve members of the Scottish Agricultural Commission of 1910–11 have said of the Commonwealth through the capable pen of their chairman, Sir T. Carlaw Martin. As we hope to print a special article from his pen on an Australian subject, we content ourselves in the meantime with recommending the published report to all concerned. It is entitled *Australia: its Land, Conditions, and Prospects* (Blackwood), and is well illustrated from photographs by the commissioners on tour. These have thus a special interest and value. The commissioners cross-examined the farmer in his harvest-field, the dairyman in his milking-shed, the pastoralist amongst his flocks, and the timber getter in his forest reserves. We have, therefore, a dependable and extremely interesting collection of facts concerning Australia, with hints to intending settlers, information on live-stock, wool, wheat, fruit, and the wine-making industries, neither overstated nor understated. No intending emigrant, nor any one wishing first-hand knowledge of Australia, can afford to neglect this report.

PEAT-POWDER AS FUEL.

From the results of numerous tests carried out in Sweden it is asserted that peat-powder can compete successfully with coal as a fuel for boiler purposes, one ton of the former being equivalent to one ton of good English coal. At a factory in Jönköping several thousand tons of peat-powder have been used for this purpose. It is stated that the best results are secured from first-class peat where the refining process is not carried too far, and with peat in which the water content has not been reduced below 15 per cent. The powder can be produced for about nine shillings per ton, inclusive of all charges, as compared with twice that price for coal delivered inland in Sweden. The Swedish Union of Boiler Owners are undertaking exhaustive tests with this new fuel, and the leading State expert states unhesitatingly that in his opinion peat-powder as a boiler-fuel may be more useful than coal.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

SUNSET AT BOURNEMOUTH.

Dark, on my left the nooks of column'd pine,
Fair homes with their nestling pleasant shade;
And on my right the thunderous ocean played
Reverberating throes of strength divine;
Athwart the cliffs the sunset made a shrine
For some strong god, with lofty towers of flame
And arches crumbling into light, while came
One voice of trees, one of the pearling brine!

Oh wondrous hour! What riches all in one!
A spot which dips and circles into vast
And never-ceasing change, and o'er it cast
Such splendour of the skies as day is done;
Soft eyes are softened into starry calm,
And even sufferers know a magic balm!

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE trouble arose primarily out of the very hard and long-protracted frost. If mud and rain and general mugginess had ushered in the New Year in the usual way, the house-party gathered at Canonsthorpe Hall to celebrate the coming of age of Sir Humphrey Spurway would have employed the hours of daylight in other ways than in skating on the big lake in the park, and Sir Humphrey would not have met the minister's daughter; at all events, he would not have met her under circumstances in which she was so calculated to shine or which would have fostered so sudden an intimacy, and Lady Spurway would have been saved a great deal of annoyance and anxiety.

Lady Spurway was a woman of remarkable force of character. She was the sole heiress of the eminent banker, Sir Peter Lombard, and inherited, besides his large fortune, not a little of his business acumen. When she had married Sir Humphrey Spurway's father, the estate of Canonsthorpe had been heavily mortgaged, and its returns had been practically nil. Sir William, an amiable, irresponsible gentleman, with a love of the good things of life, and small capability of providing himself with the means of obtaining them, had left everything unreservedly in her hands, and died five years after their marriage, quite at ease concerning the future of his heir and only child. When Sir Humphrey came of age, he succeeded to a property unencumbered of debt and bringing in a fair return. He owed this to his mother. He also owed it to her, though he was not aware of it, that he had hitherto gone through life without making an egregious fool of himself. This omission, however, he proceeded to rectify with the utmost promptitude within three days of attaining his majority.

Since the frost had held for a week, and only seemed to be getting harder, it had been thought safe to arrange for a skating carnival. Guests who had danced at Sir Humphrey's coming-of-age ball had been invited by word of mouth to come again two nights later, in fancy-dress, and disport themselves on the ice; and most of them had accepted. When Lady Spurway did a thing at all she did it well. In preparation for the carnival, a great marquee was erected on the bank of the lake, electric light was brought down from the house and installed in lamps on the tops of high poles and in festoons and devices of coloured lights round the edge of the ice, and other preparations were made for the great night.

These preparations were in busy progress when Sir Humphrey came hurrying down to the lake at about eleven o'clock in the morning to join his guests, most of whom were on or about the ice. He had been kept for an hour over certain legal matters connected with his estate, which had bored him considerably, and he ran across the beaten snow of the track down the park slope like a schoolboy let loose. It was a heavenly morning. The sky was of most delicate and translucent blue, and the breath went up to it like smoke. Snow had fallen the night before and lay thick and glistening wherever it had fallen, even on the branches of trees and shrubs; but a small army of sweepers had cleared it off the whole expanse of ice, which lay like dark steel between the white banks, and rang to the blades of the skaters.

Canonsthorpe Hall lay just on the outskirts of Canonsthorpe town, and besides Lady Spurway's guests there were some scores of the townspeople on the ice and about the banks. They kept mostly to the lower end of the lake, and the house-party congregated, when they were resting, at the point where the marquee had been set up.

When Sir Humphrey sat down to change his boots for those to which his blades had been screwed, a young man of about his own age swung up to the bank and said, 'I say, Humphrey, who is the girl in the green coat with the brown fur?'

'Where is she?' asked Sir Humphrey, already incipiently interested, for his friend's tone had implied admiration.

She had, it appeared, gone behind the island; but before she was to be seen again, Lady Isabelle Floyd, to whom Sir Humphrey was to be encouraged to pay his attentions, when he should be prepared to pay them to anybody of the opposite sex, also came up to the bank, and

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asked him, 'Who is the lady with the sables, Humphrey?'

And again, Captain Edward Gore, accompanied by Miss Veronica Pemberthy, joined the group, and asked, 'Who's the pretty girl skating all by herself, Humphrey?'

And Miss Pemberthy added, 'And where did she learn to do it?'

Sir Humphrey stood up, and got on to the ice in the manner of a duck taking the water, and just then the girl came round the corner of the island. At that distance she appeared as a slight, graceful figure in a long green coat trimmed with brown fur, and a cap of the same perched jauntily on hair that seemed to match it. But her skating was quite out of the common. She swayed lightly from one blade to the other, apparently without the smallest effort, sweeping in wide arcs—now to the right, now to the left, her head gracefully poised, her hands in her big muff. Certainly no one within sight was skating like that, not even Lord Ronald Sator and Mr Ralph Hall, who, in the middle distance, were working out complicated figures with the help of an orange and a handbook.

'I say!' exclaimed Sir Humphrey, standing on the ice and looking straight before him, his eyes wide open; for she was near enough now to enable him to see that she was very pretty, with blue eyes, a straight little nose, and a fair skin.

So was Lady Isabelle Floyd pretty, and this eager admiration was not pleasing to her. 'Come, Veronica,' she said; and the two girls skated away, leaving the three men together.

When the girl in the sables came near to where they were standing, and saw their eyes fixed upon her, she turned with a flush on her cheeks and skated away again.

Who was she? Nobody seemed to know, and there were people on the ice from most of the big houses near. Surely she could not belong to the townspeople?

But apparently she did. There came across the snow from the direction of the town lodge, a little, round, black figure of a man, with hair falling over his coat-collar, accompanied by two small replicas of himself, who sat down on the edge of the lake and busied themselves with the screws and straps of their wooden skates; and the girl in the sables skated up to them and stood talking until they were ready to take the ice.

Dr Rorke, who knew everybody within a radius of ten miles and more, supplied the answer to the riddle. The figure in the squash hat with the long black hair was the new minister of the red-brick chapel in the town.

'A Welshman,' said Dr Rorke, 'as you can see if you have ever seen a Welshman before, and a cushion-thumper of astonishing power. So they all tell me. His name is Evans-Jones or Jones-Evans, I don't remember which, and it doesn't much matter.'

But the girl?

The girl was his daughter, governess in a Russian family of incredible wealth, and home for a Christmas holiday. So, perhaps, the sables were explained, but hardly the blue eyes and the fair hair and skin. These, said Dr Rorke, came from the minister's wife, and not from the minister, which was, at any rate, plain.

Sir Humphrey thought he ought to be introduced to the minister. He ought to know all his tenants. So Dr Rorke, with a laugh, led him up to where the minister was standing. As they approached, the girl, who had been turning about on her skates as she talked to her father, made a wider circle, and then, easily and naturally, glided off.

The introduction was made. The minister was first a little surprised, then a little flurried, then a little self-important, and finally more than a little pleased, especially as the conversation he was carrying on with the young squire was in full view of the rector and his wife, who were standing on the bank a short distance away. Sir Humphrey was rather volubly friendly, and took particular notice of the two small, black-haired, beady-eyed boys, who gazed at him with interest not unmixed with awe.

'Hope you'll be comfortable here, Mr Jones. Anything we can do for you let us know, don't you know.' This was the type of sentence upon which Sir Humphrey's side of the conversation rang the changes. Mr Evans-Jones put it all down to the fame of his preaching, and pleasing visions crossed his mind of a mild triumph over the rector when the people from the Hall should attend church in the morning and chapel in the evening. For the rector had not yet held out to him the right hand of fellowship. He was not even undeceived when Sir Humphrey asked point-blank for an introduction to his daughter, taking it merely as another sign of interest in himself and his belongings. A diminutive Celt was sent to summon the young lady, who came sweeping gracefully up to the bank, with cheeks slightly flushed, whether pleased or otherwise at being so singled out for attention it was impossible to say, and the introduction was formally made, in the sight of the populace, who by this time had enough to talk about to last them for the rest of the day.

For the rest of the morning Sir Humphrey forsook the society of his and his mother's guests, and devoted himself to the entertainment of the minister's daughter. The minister departed early, with a cumbrously humorous apology. He had, he said, to immerse himself among his tomes, and Sir Humphrey was glad to see his black back. After that, he had the girl to himself, and she allowed him to monopolise her, although she fenced off his attempts at flirtation, which was not difficult, for he

was, in spite of his folly and innocent youth, unskilled in the art. He actually asked her to come sleighing with the party from the Hall that afternoon, and, when she refused that invitation, said that, after all, skating was more fun than sleighing, and he thought he would come down to the ice instead of going with the rest, if she would be there. But he could not get her to promise.

Then he said he supposed she would be at the carnival that night, and she fenced with that too. She might come to look on, perhaps. Oh, but of course she must skate. Had she got a fancy-dress? She had a coat and cap of white fur which the Baroness had given her for an ice-carnival at Petersburg, but she didn't think she would wear it.

At last she said, with a spurt of impatience, after having been further pressed, 'How can I come if I haven't been asked?'

Sir Humphrey brushed that objection away gaily. He would introduce her to his mother, and she would call on Mrs Jones the next day. He was afraid she couldn't that afternoon, with all these people staying in the house. The minister's daughter, who had not yet seen Lady Spurway, wavered; but she left the ice without making any promise, and refused Sir Humphrey's offer of escort across the park.

Over the luncheon table at the Hall, the young man, who sat at the head of it, was subjected to a fire of chaff which did not altogether displease him; but it gravely displeased Lady Spurway, who was soon in possession of all the facts relating to his behaviour.

She made no comment, however, until after luncheon, when Sir Humphrey, with fatuous assurance, announced his intention of skating during the afternoon instead of joining the sleighing-party. Then she looked him up and down, and said in a low voice, 'You will do nothing of the sort. I cannot help your having been born a fool; but as long as our guests are here you shall at least behave as a gentleman.' Then she turned away; and Sir Humphrey put on a fur coat and invited Lady Isabelle to accompany him in a sleigh which held two only. This invitation was declined.

While the party from the Hall were enjoying their afternoon diversion, a discussion was proceeding in the minister's villa residence. The question was whether Sir Humphrey Spurway's request that the minister's daughter should attend the evening's entertainment in fancy-dress might be considered in the light of an invitation, and if so, whether it would be becoming to comply with it.

It might be thought that, under the circumstances, there could only be one answer to the question; but the minister and his wife were unsophisticated people, and the minister's head—indignant as he would have been to be told so—had been ever so little turned by the young man's friendly overtures. 'He seems a nice, unassuming young fellow,' he said, with a touch of patronage; 'and if her ladyship is coming to call on you, my dear, I do not see any harm in the child's enjoying herself there this evening.'

Mrs Evans-Jones, a mild, fair-haired little woman, with a great admiration of her husband's powers of oratory, who was unaware that her ladyship was about as likely to call on the Grand Llama of Tibet as upon her placid, unassuming self, thought there could not be much harm either; but it might be as well to wait and see whether she would send an invitation in the meantime.

The young lady most concerned in the discussion was rather more versed in the ways of the world than either of her parents, and was pretty well convinced in her own mind that there would be no invitation. She was also more than a little doubtful whether the expected 'call' would materialise. But she wanted to wear her beautiful coat, and she wanted to skate again to the music of a band. She had been glad to get home; but Canonsthorpe was more than a little dull after St Petersburg, and she did not suppose that anything very dreadful would befall her if she were to seize a little enjoyment for that one evening.

Finally, the question was decided, as such questions are apt to be, by concentration on a side-issue. It was agreed that the coat and the cap were not, strictly speaking, 'fancy-dress,' and that there could be no objection to their being worn on the ice; for a part of the lower end of the lake was to be roped off, and on it those not invited to the entertainment might skate if they wished to. The minister's daughter should go down to the lake, and she should skate within the permitted bounds. What should happen thereafter was tacitly left to the ordering of Providence.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE LABRADOR.

By H. Hesketh Prichard, F.R.G.S.,
Author of *Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness, Through the Heart of Patagonia, &c.*

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

ALL the world over—in Alaska, in Tibet, in Africa, in Nicaragua, in Labrador, in the West Indies, and in many other lands—are set the missionary outposts of the Moravian Church. Their converts outnumber the members of the parent establishment in the proportion of five to one, a record in which this 'ancient episcopal sect' stands alone. Their labours reach strange races whose names are still to the world at large only a whisper in the hush of romance. Tibetans, Eskimo, and Indians, hunters, tillers of the soil, shepherds and fishermen, swamp-dwellers and mountaineers, all have been gathered in to the simple and earnest faith of the Moravian Brethren, who, starting from Hernhut in Saxony, have gained the goodwill and help of the Churches of so many countries.

Yet few really know or understand the work the Moravians are doing. At the conclusion of close upon two hundred years of missionary effort they remain unadvertised to the general public, and even to their co-workers in Christ almost unknown, so much so that if you ask many a minister of other Churches, 'Who are the Moravians?' he will answer, 'They are a missionary Church of German origin. I believe they do an immense amount of good.' But where or how the good is being done he is often utterly unable to tell you.

As these missionaries never advertise themselves, the very word Moravian rarely finds its way into the newspapers; when it does it is generally in connection with the notice of the return of some explorer 'who is at present recruiting at the Moravian mission-station at Leh in Tibet,' or 'who touched at the Moravian settlement of Killinek, near Cape Chidley, before proceeding on his interesting voyage to Cape Wolstenholme.' For far and wide on the shores of the sea of heathenism are set these lighthouses of the Moravian Brethren.

Thus silently and steadily they do the work to which they have been called, the extent and scope of which they alone know. Nowhere is this work more interesting than in Labrador, where, at the six stations scattered over some five hundred miles of a coast bitterly barren, they live a life hardly to be matched in modern times.

I will touch but shortly on the history of the Labrador Mission, as, however interesting events of the past may be, the events of the present that are happening to-day must in the nature of things be more interesting still.

In 1750 a Moravian named Erhardt, having visited a successful Moravian settlement in Greenland, petitioned his bishop to be allowed to found a similar one in Labrador. In his letter he says: 'I have also an amazing affection for these countries, Indians and other barbarians, and it would be a source of the greatest joy if the Saviour would discover to me that He has chosen me, and would make me fit for His service.' The end showed that John Erhardt, though not chosen for service, was given the higher glory of martyrdom. Two years later he landed with four other Brethren near the present site of Nain, or as some maintain at Ford's Harbour; and, after building a house for the mission, was treacherously murdered with six companions by the, till then, apparently friendly Eskimo.

Indeed at this time the Eskimo had a villainous reputation, for the contemporary Governor of Newfoundland describes them as 'the most savage race of people in the whole continent of America.' Yet within a few years another devoted missionary pioneer, Jens Haven, having prepared himself by acquiring the Eskimo tongue, set out for Labrador, and it is interesting to learn that the great Captain Cook, who was at that time engaged in the first Admiralty survey of those waters, received him on board his ship and aided him forward on his travels. Labrador was not easy of access in those days, but at length Haven met with the Eskimo, and, landing alone among them, was accepted as a friend, and in due course of time the mission was established. Since then the work has not been allowed to languish. And now all along the bleak and forbidding coasts of Labrador the traveller on rounding some barren headland, or after threading a hundred miles of narrow channels between a maze of islands and the sea, comes upon a Moravian settlement built among the rocks of some little bay lipped by the Arctic current and backed by huge bluffs—a wooden church with a pointed spire, a long dwelling-house two stories high, mostly white-faced and red-roofed, and about this nucleus a gathering of discoloured Eskimo huts, which grow ever ruder in make and material the farther one advances towards the north.

The three southerly stations, Makkovik, Hopedale, and Nain are framed during the brief summer in the green of luxuriant mosses and in dwarf, hard-grown woods of the spruce and juniper; but Okkak, with its church and hospital, lies exposed under the dark mountains. Hebron is beyond the timber limit, as is of

course the most northerly station of all, Killinek. This last 'ultimate footstep' of the Moravian Brethren, is, in spite of its neat church, mission-house and store, a dreary spot, with an average temperature much below freezing-point, the home of clouds, squalls, and sunless days. The buildings seem tossed down at random in the mouth of a deep gully of naked rock. Yet the spot is the resort of numbers of Eskimo, many of them heathens, who find it a good fishing-place for walrus, white whale, and seal. Killinek is the last-founded station of the Moravian Brethren; but they had there a predecessor, the Rev. S. M. Stewart, of the Colonial and Continental Missions, who, after ten years spent at Killinek, has now moved on to Chimo, and every year travels over a thousand miles round the shores of Ungava Bay, following his nomadic parishioners, the Eskimo, and on occasion meeting with the Indians who come out to trade from the interior.

At each of the Moravian stations there is a missionary, the house-father, as he is called, with his wife and younger children, and, if the number of the Eskimo make it necessary, a second ordained assistant, also (except at Makkovik, where the parishioners are few) a storekeeper, who is a layman and attends to the industrial business of the store. The trade done in this way by the mission is of great value to the Eskimo, though to the missionaries themselves it brings many a troublesome hour. Then why, it has been asked, should sale and barter be connected with the salvation of souls? That any thinking man or woman could ask such a question argues entire ignorance of the country, the people, and the conditions under which they live. The settlers and Eskimo bring their fish, furs, sealskin boots, or other articles of barter, many miles by sea or sledge to the mission store, and can there provide themselves with barrels of salt, different kinds of necessary gear for fishing or hunting as may be, provisions, garments, in fact all the supplies they need. If the missions possessed no stores these same people would be obliged to go perhaps double or treble the distance to some private trader, with the added temptation of finding it possible to buy undesirable things.

The Eskimo is, of course, an absolutely free agent, and can trade where he pleases, no pressure whatever being put upon him. Even in extreme cases, where a man who is heavily in debt to the mission store takes his fur or fish to some outside trader, no word is said to hinder his doing so. Yet that same individual and his family may, and inevitably do, in the winter become chargeable upon the mission funds. For the Eskimo is a far from thrifty person.

The prices paid by the mission are fair and liberal, and in the case of valuable pelts, such as silver and black fox, the mission storekeeper pays a deposit at once, and when the skin has been disposed of in the London market he passes over the whole amount of the sum obtained, after the deduction of a small percentage, to the hunter. But the possession of a round sum of money is of no permanent use to the Eskimo. He knows nothing of a bank account, and as long as he has a cent he spends it, not by any means at the mission store, but probably in making many useless and worse than useless purchases from the schoonermen who come in summer to trade along the coast. Thus a man who has perhaps drawn three hundred to six hundred dollars in one haul often comes upon the mission funds as a starving pauper two or three months later. It must be remembered that the mission, from the very nature of their calling, undertake to feed the poor, to aid those who are sick or helpless, as well as to teach them the Way of Life. Thus their trade always assumes the aspect of the game 'Heads you win, tails I lose.'

Furthermore, throughout the year, the mission provides work for most of their people, and the rate of wages is certainly in excess of that at which passing ships value their aid. The scale runs from forty to fifty cents per day for a man, and twenty-five to thirty-five cents for a woman. As a matter of fact, the Eskimo are not usually enthusiastic workers. Dr Grenfell, of the Deep Sea Mission, in his book on Labrador, says, 'They [the Eskimo] are not able to persevere, regular work is certainly not to their taste.' I personally once hired an Eskimo to go into the interior at a rate of one dollar fifty a day. This man came to me at the end of a week and explained that if he were expected to cut wood for our camp *regularly* he must have a rise in wage. Not receiving it, he decamped, preferring the gamble of the cod-fishing season, during which he could daily choose to work or not as he liked.

There is no doubt that the trade holds the Eskimo together, and to a great degree prevents their getting into bad hands. The missionaries never sell anything on their own behalf, the rules of the society forbid it. For instance, when I wished to add to my stock of fish-hooks and flies, and asked a Brother who had a small supply to allow me to purchase some from him, he could only say, 'Take what you want.' But he would receive no payment whatever. The mission trade is undertaken purely in the interest of the Eskimo. Without its supplies the conditions of life in Labrador would bring about the inevitable—the Eskimo, forced to become the dependants of the few stores which exist at immense intervals on the coast, would crowd together in their vicinity, the most insanitary conditions would result, in a bad season disease and starvation would fasten upon them, with the natural outcome of a generation of misery followed by final extinction.

And then you must not imagine the missionaries to be merely preachers and men of sanctified

life. That they are, but in addition every one of them is master of some useful trade or handicraft. Mr Jannasch (recently retired) was a builder of boats and dwellings, Dr Hettasch has studied medicine, Bishop Martin is a gardener and architect, others are skilled in carpentry, tailoring, baking, and mechanics. They can mend a motor-launch, fashion a boat, indeed turn their hands to most things with success. Their wives, the Moravian Sisters, not only help in the schools, and teach the women to clean, cook, and do various kinds of work, but they tend the sick, not shrinking from the dressing of ghastly wounds or from nursing those suffering from loathsome imported —mark that *imported*—disease.

And it must not be forgotten that this life of devotion and exile has but few breaks, the missionaries returning to visit their homes in England or in Germany on an average only once in about ten years—unless, of course, in the rare cases of sick-leave. The salaries paid to the Brothers used to range from seventy-five to one hundred and ten dollars per annum, but this has now been somewhat increased, owing to alterations in the routine life of the mission-houses, whereby the parent society sends out less provision at its own cost, but permits each family to order, and enables it to pay for its own share.

The Sisters, with the exception of one unmarried lady who is nurse in the hospital at Okkak, receive no return for their many labours, though undoubtedly the life is far more trying for them than for their husbands. To begin with, their children must be sent home to the mission schools at seven years of age. No one who has witnessed such partings can forget them, they often mean the practical separation of parents and children for a lifetime—for after ten years of absence how can father or mother hope to find their old place in their child's love and confidence? Moreover, even communication with home is restricted to one or two mails a year in most of the stations.

These noble ladies bear their children and tend them through illnesses usually without medical aid, doctors' visits being few and never to be counted upon. Dr Grenfell, who is looked for and welcomed at the settlements as is no other man, goes north generally once a year; the winter brings another Deep Sea doctor, and until recently the Moravian Society had a doctor of its own on the coast. It is a coastline of six hundred miles of deeply indented fiords, and if the difficulties of travel in the snows and frosts of winter can be even faintly realised, it will be seen how much the Moravian ladies are thrown upon their own resources at times of the gravest and most sickening anxiety. Nor must the large amount of consequent suffering be overlooked. Chloroform is often absent when it is most needed.

The severity of the climate falls more heavily on the women also. During the months of snow the missionaries travel many scores of miles by dog-sledge to visit the outlying settlers and Eskimo, they shoot birds for food, and superintend such outdoor work as the weather permits. But their wives have their duties in the close and stove-warmed houses; and though some of the Sisters are energetic enough to take long walks in the crisp snow, others are unable or unwilling to make the effort. The children are hardy little folks, and play a good deal in the open air. But in spite of the cold, many, indeed most, of the Moravian ladies prefer winter to summer, for though the summer brings a certain amount of warmth, it also awakens the curse of the Labrador, the innumerable mosquitoes and black flies which make sitting out of doors quite impossible, for the swarms gather and intolerably harass the unfortunate human being who stands still for even a moment. Walking when enveloped in a veil thick enough to keep out the tiny, wriggling black fly cannot be accounted among the pleasures of life. Thus the long and lovely summer evenings, steeped in the pure, intense colours that belong to the earth and sky of Labrador, can seldom be fully enjoyed, for the flies are always present. A smut in the eye will destroy in the loftiest artistic nature all delight in the most beautiful view in the world, and the Labrador mosquito is far more destructive of appreciation than any smut.

(To be concluded.)

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

By P. L. M'Dermott.

IN EIGHT CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.—EXPECTATIONS.

MR JOSHUA TOOTING was the oldest resident of Sandfields Common, and, in fact, the founder of that select residential district. All those fine houses and villas on the west side of the Common stand on his land. Through an opening was visible, some distance back amongst elm-trees, the weather-darkened old farmhouse (unchanged, save by time, since he inherited it from his father forty years ago) in which he lived, and in which he meant to die. When the extension of the railway was projected about twenty years back to the hamlet of Claypits (now a flourishing suburb), on the opposite side, Joshua Tooting took time by the forelock, divided up his old freehold farm along the side of the Common into building sites, and made a

comfortable fortune out of his sandy and barren acres.

Joshua Tooting was unmarried, lived a secluded life in his old house, with the services of a housekeeper named Ann Cox, and was little known to the well-to-do residents on his estate. These, being all new-comers, were alike ignorant of his past history, and indifferent concerning what possessed no interest for them, until an event occurred which caused Joshua Tooting and his affairs to engross a good deal of their thoughts.

The old man was stricken with paralysis early in the winter of 1903. Interest became at once stimulated on account of his solitude, the absence of all known relations, and his property, to the discussion of the important question, 'Who should have the estate?' There was only one man in the locality who knew anything of Tooting's affairs, or of his life prior to the creation of 'The Common,' and he was staying just now in the south of France for his health. This was Mr Meredith, the solicitor of Claypits. Besides the solicitor, there remained only Mr Colam Roper the builder, and Dr Black, who were in a position to know anything. The former (who resided on the Claypits side of the Common), had had business relations with Joshua Tooting for many years in connection with the estate.

'I only know this,' Mr Roper declared, 'that in nearly twenty years since I came here I have never heard him allude to his private affairs except once. He then remarked that, since his sister's death in the Brazils, he had no one left in the world.'

'But was she not married? Had she a child?'

'She was married; but as he didn't mention a child there could not have been one. Her husband also was dead. No, he hasn't a relative in the world. I fancy the Claypits hospital will get a good bit, and the rest will go to other charities. That is my opinion,' pronounced Mr Roper, with a melancholy that was reflected in the faces of his hearers. So very sad does it seem, even to the most disinterested, to see a lot of property going to charities for want of heirs and legatees.

The opinion of Mr Colam Roper was entitled to consideration, and it made an impression. But as the opinion could not be conclusive, the interest still continued alive, and gradually developed in two directions, both of which concern this story.

First, it began to be suspected and whispered that if Mr Roper knew nothing of the testamentary intentions of Joshua Tooting, he had private hopes; and, with these in his mind, desired to divert attention from them by the foregoing opinion. The builder's daughter (and only child), Hilda Roper, was, alone of all around the Common, the only privileged intruder on the seclusion of The Roost, as Tooting's house was called. She was now nineteen, a girl of considerable beauty, quiet in her ways, and the solitude and wild floral luxuriance of the neglected old garden had tempted her to trespass at a time when her frocks were still short. The old man discovered her, one afternoon, framed within a decayed and long-disused summer-house overgrown with roses and honeysuckle, with a pile of blossoms in her lap and the sun glinting through on her hair. The girl was a pretty and unconscious picture, and revived a memory that sent him quietly away with his head bowed.

Afterwards, from his window, he looked for her daily visits as a regular thing, a sort of interest. He sometimes met and spoke a few words to her, as to tell her to go in and see Mrs Cox (who generally had something dainty ready for her), and occasionally relaxed so far as to gather some flowers she desired from thorny and inaccessible places; but the old man's intercourse with the girl hardly went further. He had an odd fancy for seeing her in the garden, that was all.

Still, the Common only knew that Hilda Roper visited The Roost and that nobody else did, and it became easy to infer that Mr Tooting took an interest in her. It was only one step further to name her in his will as an heiress, and of course that step was soon taken. No one wished a disappointment to Hilda Roper, because the girl was pretty and shy; and being —as the daughter of a builder, living on the Claypits side—socially inferior to the City families, she was believed to show a proper consciousness of the fact by modestly keeping herself aloof. The feeling did her credit, and her expectations were accordingly favoured by the friendly wishes of the Common.

The old housekeeper at The Roost, Ann Cox, was inaccessible, as well by reason of the retirement in which she lived amongst her domestic duties as on account of a secretiveness and taciturnity of manner which none ever penetrated. Perhaps she had acquired this characteristic from long association with her master. But, like him—perhaps also for the same reason—Mrs Cox unbent to the girl who had gradually become almost a feature of the old garden.

'I don't know, Miss Hilda,' Mrs Cox said to her one afternoon in the last autumn, when the girl was eating a favourite pink jelly made specially for her, 'why you spend so much time in that garden, tearing your frocks. I imagine master wonders too, because he often stands for minutes at his window looking at you.'

'Oh, but I never break a branch or anything!' the girl exclaimed, as if she were being watched in view of depredation or damage.

'And if you did what would it matter? He likes to see you; that's what it means. You don't know him, Miss Hilda, or you might understand. Master likes to see you. And here are some apples now.'

'How lovely!' said Hilda, viewing the bright fruit on the dish. 'I have looked up at them often, at the end of the garden, but they were too high to reach.'

'Master gathered them for you this morning; all the apples on that tree—it doesn't bear many now—will be kept for you. And I tell you this, Miss Hilda,' said the housekeeper after a pause, 'master would let no one else have an apple from that tree.'

After the paralytic seizure, a nurse was brought down from London to take charge of Joshua Tooting. No one ever saw her on the Common; when she needed air and exercise she took these in the seclusion of the old hedge-bound garden. Dr Black said he had engaged her on the warm recommendation of Mr Colam Roper, whom she had nursed in the London 'home' after that operation two months ago. She knew her business, and the doctor was entirely satisfied with her. Moreover, she was a person of lady-like manner, good figure, and engaging looks, about thirty or thirty-five years of age. And the patient was reported to be also much satisfied with the nurse.

A noticeable thing was, that within a week of the nurse's arrival the regular daily visits of Hilda Roper to The Roost were discontinued. Perhaps once or twice a week she called to inquire. Her father, however, called daily, which was regarded as natural for an old neighbour, and this excited no comment. For the girl's behaviour no reason could be assigned. Slowly it began to be suggested that perhaps the lady-like nurse—a personality to whose influence the lonely old man might be the more amenable from his inexperience—was supplanting Hilda in Joshua Tooting's interest; and some colour was lent to the idea by the only account of the matter which the doctor was able to give.

'I thought the old man, in his silent way, rather liked Roper's girl,' he said; 'indeed, I am sure he did. He certainly likes the attentions of the nurse, and gets on well with her. But from the first there seemed to be some sort of instinctive antagonism, entirely personal to themselves, between the girl and the nurse.'

'Does he notice Hilda keeping away?'

'Yes, he noticed it quickly; but was told she was nervous of being in the nurse's way, and that her father called every day to inquire. That seemed to satisfy him; at least, he said nothing. Hilda,' the doctor added, 'used to gather roses in the garden every morning for his bedside, but the nurse does it now.'

'Ah!' murmured the listeners, realising in their thoughts a good deal which the discreet doctor had left unsaid.

So now it came to be believed that the lady-like nurse might so manage the peculiar influences of her position as to make herself a principal object of the testator's interest. No one could really blame her; the estate must go to some one, or else be sunk in charities. The partisans of Hilda Roper—who were many, although now with shaken confidence—still stipulated that there should, at least, be a division of the property.

Thus matters stood at a date a few weeks after Joshua Tooting's 'stroke.' He was still in his bed, and was likely to remain there; but his mind was clear, and his faculties were as alert as ever, and the doctor was of opinion that he only required careful attendance, which the nurse was giving him.

One afternoon about this time, Hilda Roper came to The Roost at the hour when the nurse happened to be out for an airing in the garden. Mrs Cox at once told her—which was not true, but she fancied it would please the old master—that Mr Tooting wondered at her always going away without seeing him and bringing him flowers. So, with some hesitation, and a few flowers in her hand which she had brought from home, the girl went up.

'I hope you are better to-day, Mr Tooting,' she said timidly, approaching the bedside; 'and here are a few flowers.'

'Ah, Miss Hilda, is it?' he answered, with just a flicker of light in his sunken eyes. 'Bring the flowers near—to my face. Ah!' He inhaled one breath of their mild fragrance, and signed to her to put them on the table close to him.

'I brought them from home,' she explained, 'because the flowers in your garden are now all dead, except some roses I cannot reach.'

'I know, child. I shall never come down to reach them for you again.'

'Oh yes, Mr Tooting,' she said quickly; 'in spring!'

'No, not in spring. I shall not see another spring. I feel fairly well, Miss Hilda; but I shall be under the earth before the flowers blow again.'

This kind of talk frightened and awed the young girl. She unconsciously shrank from the unnatural neighbourhood of death.

He noticed this, and remarked, 'You don't understand such things, Miss Hilda. How should you? They are too far away from you. What is your age?'

'Nineteen, Mr Tooting.'

'Nineteen!' His thoughts dwelt on the fact for a space, and he continued, with a talkativeness unusual to him in her experience, 'Before you came up I was thinking of a girl as young and bright as you, who once lived here light-hearted and happy, and as fond of the flowers as you are. The garden has run wild since she left it.'

Hilda Roper had a vague sense that he was speaking of his sister, of whom she had just caught an echo from the remote past before her own birth. It was very solemn to be in the presence of such a memory, on such an occasion.

'She was a bright girl, innocent and happy like you,' he continued, closing his eyes and half-addressing himself. 'Life was all sunshine and birds' music to her. There were only we two, and the plans we made for our future, the castles in air we built together in the evenings out in the garden! Poor Fanny! Very like you she was, I fancy. Don't you think so?'

The abruptness of the question startled her. He had raised his head, and taken a photograph from beneath the pillow. When he held it to her she took it from him with a trembling hand.

The picture was faded; but after looking at it for a quarter of a minute the lineaments cleared. The girl experienced a strange feeling of vague recognition, a passing but elusive resemblance to some face, or shadow of one, she had seen before; but it immediately vanished like the transient glimpse of a previous existence. The picture was that of a girl of her own age, a very sweet face lit with large and dark eyes—earnest, honest eyes. A little droop at the corners of the mouth lent the face a piquancy which was not its least interesting feature. And that was Joshua Tooting's sister, who had loved the old garden and brightened the old house so long ago—before Hilda Roper was born! The tears rose to her eyes.

'Well, wasn't she like you, Miss Hilda?' pursuing his fancy, for it was nothing else.

'Oh, I don't know, Mr Tooting,' she answered. 'I—I was not comparing myself at all. How could I know? And did you love her very dearly?' she burst out naturally.

'Ah! well, no matter,' he said quickly, replacing the picture under the pillow.

The nurse entered the room, halting an instant, and glancing from one to the other. She gave her hand to Hilda with a courteous word or two, and the girl turned to leave.

Joshua stretched out his thin hand to her, held her fingers in his own for a moment, and allowed her to go without speaking again.

Hilda Roper felt a sense of relief as she went down the stairs. She found her father in the parlour, on his usual call of inquiry, and he remarked that as the nurse had gone upstairs he would wait until she came down. Hilda dropped into the kitchen to see Mrs Cox again.

'Good-evening, Mrs Cox. Mr Tooting was quite chatty, about the garden, and things. Father is in the parlour, waiting to see the nurse.'

'The nurse requires a lot of seeing to satisfy your father,' said the old woman peevishly. 'He is seeing her every day, and has been seeing her round the garden this half-hour. Tell you what, Miss Hilda, is it true you are going to be married?'

Hilda reddened to her hair.

'Oh no, Mrs Cox—at least, I don't really know,' she answered frankly, but in confusion. 'Father would like me to, I think.'

'Just so. The sooner the better, my pretty—if he will be a kind man to you.'

'But I do not want—— Oh there is plenty of time, Mrs Cox!' the girl protested.

'Marry at once, dearie, if you care for him, and he will be kind and good to you. Maybe there 's some one—a pair of them—waiting for you to leave the house!'

'Who is—waiting?' demanded the bewildered girl, not in the least understanding the innuendo.

For answer, the housekeeper merely pointed with her thumb upstairs, and emphasised the gesture with two significant nods.

'Oh Mrs Cox!' cried Hilda, putting her hands to her face to shut out the idea. It was not to be thus shut out, however; and the sound of the nurse's light step coming down the stairs caused her to realise the thing with a force beyond words.

Such news is sometimes unreflectingly communicated, but the effect is not always unsalutary. Hilda Roper felt pulled up on the threshold of life, and brought face to face with the first of many situations which life in due course provides for the trial of most. After the natural shock of the discovery, the matter began to wear aspects that could be examined. Why should not Mr Roper, still not much past the prime of life, have another wife to share his home when his daughter left him? Hilda's good sense saw no reason against it. Only her prepossessions were against the nurse. From the first the two had been silently antagonistic; the girl could not think why, but she felt the fact. She could have remained in the house and welcomed another Mrs Roper, but not Nurse Dunning.

Hilda did not see that she was precipitate, and that there probably was nothing yet between Mr Roper and the lady beyond partiality to the company of an interesting woman who had nursed him through his own illness. More might come of it as quickly as the nurse desired to stimulate it, and it was the confident anticipation of this that prompted Mrs Cox. However, if Hilda was opposed to Nurse Dunning, the old woman's advice to herself had special point: 'Marry at once, if you care for him, and he will be kind and good to you.' Hilda did not 'care for him,' neither was she indifferent, and she believed he would be kind and good to her if she were his wife. At nineteen, her heart was still free from the experience of love. It was warm and ripe, ready to yield at the touch of the appointed master; but he had not yet come within her maiden consciousness. So that when her father brought in her way one to whom she knew he wished to give her—one not a hero, nor even a lover, but an admiring suitor whom she respected, and who was anxious to please her—her attitude was prone to become one of satisfied compliance with the wishes of both. She had much to press her forward, and no claim to pull her back.

It so chanced that as she sat alone that evening this suitor came, and he had occupied her thoughts so much that she hardly felt surprised on seeing him. But informing him where her father was, she stood for a few seconds hesitating, when he addressed her in a soft, smooth voice, 'I am glad to find you alone. Will you permit me to speak a word to you?'

No girl could hear such a speech and fail to grasp its meaning, and Hilda caught her breath and waited, with eyes half-raised. Mr Felix Fitz stood on the hearthrug facing her, and if Hilda was making a mental photograph of him during those few important minutes it would have been that of a very well-groomed man, giving promise of future stoutness, on the whole good-looking, and offering no point for criticism. He was much older than the girl he was wooing—exactly twice her age; but no one would have described him as too old for a wife of nineteen. His business was on the Stock Exchange, and he was reputed a successful man there.

There was no cause to make the proposal a long ceremony. The girl was unconscious of wanting, or being wanted by, any one else. Mr Fitz wanted her, her father favoured him, and with the thought of Nurse Dunning as an active influence she was willing to be married and taken away.

'Will you be my wife?' he asked deferentially, at the end of such a speech as is usual in proposing.

Hilda raised her eyes timidly. He looked very kind, very anxious to be accepted, and why should she not say 'Yes'? She said the word; and in a minute her fresh lips felt the first kiss they had received from any man save her father, and Mr Felix Fitz was placing a glittering ring on her finger. The ring and the kiss were both confusing novelties for some little time; she glanced shyly at the one, and thought curiously about the other, ignorant (and happily so) that there was anything wanting in regard to either.

'Well! well! well!' exclaimed Mr Colam Roper later on (when he had sent his daughter to her room), filled with surprise at his happiness; 'she is a good girl, Fitz—the best of girls—and I don't know what I shall do without her. I really don't. Hilda was all I had, my only pet-lamb,' he said pathetically, and not without a hopeful thought of another possible pet-lamb across the Common. 'I say, you are a lucky fellow!'

Mr Fitz murmured that he was alive to this fact. He looked it all over, and if Colam Roper had been at all anxious (which he was not) for his daughter's happiness, the lover's looks afforded full reassurance on the point. He kept Mr Fitz for dinner, and the interval he spent in his own room before coming down was pregnant with pleasant thoughts. His dearest wishes were being realised. Hilda was going to a desirable husband, and a prosperous one. He himself was undoubtedly in love—as far as a man of his age could be, and sometimes this is to a serious extent. The adage says that love resembles the measles, in that the older the victim the more severely he catches the disease. He had come under the influence of Nurse Dunning (as men often do) when she nursed him in London after an operation; and in the earnestness of his invitation to her to accept the post at The Roost when Dr Black offered it, her intelligence would have been less than usual in her sex had she failed to see through his motive. When she came, and he saw her daily, he became quite subjugated by the spell which her personality exercised over him. The desire to win her grew almost to a passion; he was studious to conceal it as far as such concealment were possible; but he was not without hope, because, while she must guess something of his feeling for her, she was always gracious with him. A lady, he declared, to the tips of her fingers; if she cared for him he was a fortunate man.

He could tell her next day that his daughter was soon to leave him for another home. His imagination was full of what that significant communication might lead to; might it not even surprise Miss Dunning into some unconscious betrayal of herself?

No man was ever happier than Mr Colam Roper that evening. His daughter, seeing him, could not but feel that she had done right. Mr Fitz behaved in all respects as a fortunate suitor. After dinner, when the two men were for a while alone, Mr Fitz referred to the settlements, as a generous lover should do. He left nothing to be desired. But before joining Hilda, Mr Roper, in the fullness of his heart, could not withhold from his prospective son-in-law another prospect which filled his mind. It was the probability—Mr Roper regarded it as more than a probability—of Hilda finding favour in Joshua Tooting's will.

'The old man hasn't a relation in the world, Fitz—poor, lonely old chap!—and he has taken to Hilda very much the past year or two. Everybody talks of it as a certainty. He had her up with him in his room for two hours to-day, and the nurse told me that he thought more of Hilda than of any one living. Undoubtedly he is much attached to her; and he has no one, absolutely no one, poor fellow!'

This was not all strictly true, but it must have made Hilda Roper more desirable in most men's eyes.

Mr Fitz looked interested; but he startled Mr Roper by asking, 'And the nurse—she has expectations too?'

'I don't believe it, really. He may remember her, and very properly if he did; but she doesn't look for it.'

'Why shouldn't she?'

'There has been gossip about the place, of course,' said Mr Roper, feeling a little annoyed;

'but that is natural. I didn't suppose you would have heard it.'

'I haven't heard it, as I don't know the people. But she is said to be an attractive person; of good breeding too.'

'A lady all over, Fitz; there 's no doubt of that. Where did you hear about her?'

'In London. There is a solicitor, whom I know something of, who is said to have his eye upon her, and I believe he has hinted to some one that she is likely to benefit largely under Mr Tooting's will. Has the will been made yet?'

'I believe not. No one believes that it has.'

'I don't know how Grimesey could have heard of it except from the lady herself.'

'She is acquainted with him, then — this Grimesey?' Mr Roper inquired uneasily.

'I couldn't say in the least. I only heard the thing floating about. Your allusion reminded me of it; and, after all, there may be no foundation for it. Even if the nurse does get a legacy, what does it matter? It will benefit her, and harm no one else.'

There was comfort in the indifference Mr Fitz displayed regarding the property being shared, but there was anything except comfort in his allusions to Nurse Dunning. This might be nothing to Mr Fitz, but it was very much to Mr Roper.

As they rose from the table, the door was thrown open by Hilda Roper. 'Father,' she exclaimed, 'Mr Tooting has had a change, and a lawyer has been sent for to London! Dr Black has just told me in passing.'

(To be continued.)

THE THRUSTING POWER OF HABIT.

By the Right Rev. WILLIAM LAWRENCE, Bishop of Massachusetts.

WHEN the full-back of the school team catches the ball, and almost before it has settled in his hands darts forward, dodges, and breaks away for the goal, and when a few seconds later he falls across the line, every boy shouts and cheers. 'How did he do it?' one and another exclaims. Each boy points out this or that place where the runner found a hole or made a lucky turn. Few of them remember that for weeks the full-back has been training eye and hand and foot to obey his brain like lightning. Hundreds of times he has practised the motions until running, dodging, looking, catching, become almost an instinct; he cannot tell you how he does it. Habit has trained him, and when his chance came the power of habit thrust him across the line almost before he knew that he had got there.

Only a few of our readers have seen the statue of Colonel Shaw opposite the State House in Boston, United States, the young officer sitting his horse so firmly that they seem one, leading the negro soldiers. Shaw stands to-day as one of the heroes of New England. What brought him to this pinnacle of fame? What brought the heroes of other portions of our country, men who differed diametrically from Shaw in their views of duty and service, to their similar places of honour?

A few years ago I had the privilege of reading all the letters that Shaw wrote from his boyhood until the day of his death. There is not a word of the heroic in them. He was a boy like other boys, no brighter, no stronger than the rest. He had one habit, that of meeting his duty promptly and cheerfully. Upon the first call for troops in the civil war he went as a private. Soon he was captain in another regiment. Governor Andrews wanted a colonel for the first negro regiment raised in the North, a place of honour and of supreme danger. The young captain had met duty after duty so well that the Governor asked him to take command. Shaw hesitated. He felt unequal to the responsibility, and wrote declining. His sense of duty came to the front, and a telegram accepting passed the letter. One day he with his regiment marched by the State House, the Governor reviewing them just where the statue is. All Boston was out. Down State Street they moved, and took ship for the South. Drill, discipline, duty by day and duty by night was the habit of the Fifty-fourth Regiment.

One day an assault on Fort Wagner was ordered. Shaw asked for the most dangerous position for his men. He led the charge, gained the top of the rampart, and, riddled with bullets, fell inside.

What was it that made Shaw a hero? What sent him to the head of the Fifty-fourth and then on to that rampart? Courage, patriotism? Yes. But also the habit of always doing his duty as it came. That power of habit thrust him up on to the plane of the heroic, and he never knew that he got there.

You know what courtesy is. It is more than good manners, more than politeness. It is the habit of thinking of others and considering their comfort. What a lot of trouble this habit saves us sometimes! Watch a boy in the tram as an old woman gets in. He looks around to see if any one is going to give her a seat; he knows he ought to, but he doesn't want to stand. He tries to make room, hopes that at the next stop some one will get out and leave an empty seat; again he looks around for somebody to stand, and finally, making a big effort, he pulls himself up and lets the woman sit down. What a hard job! Watch another boy as a woman enters, and on the moment he is up and without thought.

is standing and talking to his friend. The act of courtesy has cost him nothing—no thought, no bother—it is simply his habit. He was brought up to think of others—he just does it before he knows it.

I suppose that all of us like to take our chances on getting through difficulties—school examinations, for instance. Suppose we do shirk a lesson here or there, or learn by heart what we can't understand, we shall probably get through the world somehow. Perhaps we will. But the trouble is not in the examination or the loss of learning so much as it is in failing to get the habit of doing thorough work. If you ever go to Virginia, visit Hampton, where hundreds of negro and Indian boys and girls are at school. There is a spirit, an atmosphere about the place that makes work, and thorough work, a joy; so that when they graduate and go back to the farms or the West the habit of cheerful work goes with them.

The story is told of Daniel Webster that as he was passing through New York on the way from Washington to Boston a great lawsuit was before the courts. The lawyers of one side, hearing that Webster was in town, called at his hotel and asked him to argue the case for them the next morning.

'Of course I can't,' said Mr Webster. 'I know nothing about the case.'

'True,' replied the lawyers; 'but we want your name and prestige, and we believe that you can make an argument. Here is the evidence, the brief, and here are we to help you work all night.'

Mr Webster looked at the papers and in a moment said, 'I will. I can do it.'

The next day he made a great argument which impressed the judge and astounded the lawyers. 'How,' they asked him, 'did you master that case and marshal your points so skilfully with so little preparation?'

'When I was a young lawyer in Portsmouth,' said Mr Webster, 'one of the first cases I took was about a very small sum of money, but I learned that it involved some great principles. I worked weeks on that case, and mastered the principles. When you showed me your papers I recognised the same problems. All that I had to do was to marshal my points, adapt them to your case, and make my argument.' The habit of thorough work even when small issues were at stake was the background of his success.

Some men never seem to be able to tackle a hard job, they get tired just looking at it; they always have got tired, it was their habit when they were boys. Other men step up to a hard job as Shackleton moved toward the South Pole. Whether they succeed is not the chief question, they will do each day the best bit of work possible; and it is the habit that drives them cheerily and successfully through life.

'You can never believe that boy's word,' said one teacher to another.

'Why? I am surprised to hear you say so!' was the answer. 'I have had him in my room a term now, and I suppose that I have asked him a thousand questions, and have never caught him deceiving me but once.'

'You can never trust him, I say.'

'Why not?'

'You never know which is the thousandth time.'

We know men of a degraded sort who have the habit of lying; it does not seem to mean any more to them than talking, and they will talk on either side, whichever is easiest at the time. We know others who lie only occasionally, and others very rarely and under great stress. But the only habit that is really a habit in truth-speaking is one that has no exceptions. You know boys—I do—who have so formed the habit of truth-speaking that you turn to them, and no matter what the stress or temptation or result they are out with the truth frankly almost before they know it. The truth comes so easily and it makes life so open and simple! It isn't that they think what they ought to say, they just say it; the thrust of habit sends the word forth, and people trust them.

There happened a bit of heroism on a battleship some six years ago which I have never forgotten. When there is gun-practice the ammunition is passed out from the magazine through a steel door to the handling-room in the lower part of the turret, and thence above to the turret and gun. An explosion in the turret or handling-room means death to all inside, an explosion of the magazine means destruction of the ship and death to all. Every man has his place and duty, and by habit moves to each as by instinct. It was during gun-practice one afternoon on the American battleship *Missouri*. Three shots had been fired. In loading the fourth there was a flash in the turret and a sullen roar, another loud roar in the handling-room. Twenty-five men were dead.

Chief-Gunner's Mate Monson leaped for the steel door of the magazine. The heated gas might already have been inside; he did not think to shut himself outside, it was quicker to *pull* the door and shut himself inside. No one saw him. Already the order had been given to turn on the sea-cocks and drown the magazine. In the heat and darkness, knowing not if further explosions would follow, Monson felt the water rising to his knees, his waist, his neck; then the flow stopped, the magazine was drowned. The steel door was opened, and there Monson was discovered barely alive, but a hero. What made him a hero? Pluck, quickness, loyalty to the ship. All these. It was, however, the thrusting power of habit that shot him up on to the plane of the heroic; and he could not tell you how he got there.

SHARKS OF FACT AND OF FICTION.

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, Author of *A Manual of Marine Meteorology*, &c.

SHARKS are both cowardly and cruel; but it is difficult to study their ways from the deck of a ship as they move slowly in a refractive medium such as water some twenty or thirty feet below the observer. Hence the many erroneous deductions of seamen with respect to these unsociable denizens of the deep which appear to justify not only the statement of Le Conte that the evidence of the senses is often unreliable, but also the jocular opinion of a novelist that 'no story with a shark incidentally thrown in can fail to be interesting.' If told by a young sailor 'who possesses a lively imagination, and who is at the same time devoid of all scruples, such a story may frequently become enthralling.' Yet the shark belongs to a type which has survived the flight of time, while other more attractive species have ceased to exist. The early voyagers were wont to attribute supernatural prescience to the shark. Often, during light winds, one of these sea-scavengers will follow a slow-sailing ship for several successive days and nights; and it was erroneously assumed that he does so because aware in some mysterious way of an impending death on board which will ensure for him a sumptuous repast. Heredity has similarly been put forward as an explanation of this tendency for a solitary shark to keep company with a ship; although the experience of countless generations has not sufficed to impress upon him that death by torture awaits any shark who dares seize a bait that trails attractively from a ship's stern, and encloses a stout hook that will not be denied. Natural history notes by illiterate seamen, on imperfectly appreciated data, are worse than useless, for they are misleading.

Many a shark is preceded by a few shimmering companions known as pilot-fish because they are supposed to warn the shark of danger ahead; but they never prevent this *hostis humani generis* from swallowing the tempting morsel and its cunningly concealed hook. These iridescent pilot-fish move hither and thither in close proximity to the shark's cruel mouth; and some assert that they occasionally take refuge therein should danger threaten. Inasmuch as the shark's mouth is inconveniently placed behind his snout and underneath his body, this can only be discerned from above when he turns on his back; and, despite travellers' tales to the contrary, it is simply unbelievable that either pilot-fish or young sharks seek safety within the cavernous jaws of a mature shark, for he would never permit egress to any *bonne bouche* so easily obtainable. Nearly nineteen centuries ago it was asserted by Appian the Greek poet that sharks,

> When big with secret guilt the waters heave
> They in their mouths their threatened young receive;
> But when the waves at their own leisure roll,
> And no fierce robber drives the scatter'd shoal,
> Again the parent's pointed jaws compressed
> By force expel them from their pleasing nest.

'Our knowledge of sharks,' said an eminent authority, G. A. Boulenger, F.R.S., in the *Antarctic Manual* of 1901, 'is still very incomplete;' and he might have correctly added that there is much to unlearn with respect to them, so grossly are they misrepresented at times in poetry and in prose.

A shark's voracity is not less marvellous than his digestion. Whether he be a man-eater by choice (as seems the more probable) or by the compulsion of hunger (as is occasionally asserted), the fact remains that any one who happens to fall overboard in the vicinity of a shark is likely to be snapped up by the latter without ceremony. It is the evil reputation attaching to the whole shark tribe as regards indifference whence comes a meal that renders them so abhorrent to seafarers. Steamers travel too fast for the purpose of a shark-catcher; but every effort is made by the crew of a sailing ship in light winds, should a shark's fin be observed cleaving the rippling wave, to ensure his capture. The late James Payn in one of his numerous novels rather neatly sums up the penchant of the shark for human flesh from the sailor's point of view. 'How the dreary dons,' he wrote, 'snapped at the subject like sharks who, after a long fish-diet, share among them a plump sailor boy.' They are by no means epicures. Failing other food, a shark will devour a relative that is either dead or moribund.

Old sailors never weary of enlarging upon the voracity and the digestion of sharks. When in the China Seas, as related by the late Captain Basil Hall, R.N., a large shark was caught by H.M.S. *Alceste*, which was found to contain, among other things, a buffalo hide that had been thrown overboard the preceding day. One of the sailors explained this in a way which seemed irresistibly logical in the opinion of his shipmates. 'There, my lads,' said Jack, 'what d'ye think of that? He swallowed the whole buffalo right enough, but he couldn't digest the hide.' As a matter of fact, the carcass of the buffalo, unknown to these amateur makers of history, was still on board the *Alceste*. The following canards are as reliable as many statements made by untrained seafaring observers with respect to the flora and the fauna of old ocean. It is said that a Jew who chanced to fall overboard with a stool and a bag of lemons was subsequently found in the stomach of a

shark, seated on the stool and offering the lemons for sale. Strange sounds being heard proceeding from a captured shark, he was opened without delay; and there were thus disclosed a man grinding an axe on a stone turned by a boy preparatory to hewing a way out of their living tomb. The man had been committed to the deep while in a state of suspended animation, sewn up in a canvas shroud, with the grindstone as a sinker. His son leaped after him, and both were swallowed by a waiting shark. There is a venerable story afloat of a shark that swallowed in one gulp a man in armour. Another canard which went the round of the world's press in 1904 unites the supernatural with the voracious. Collies were bought in Scotland to serve as field-hospital aids during the war between Russia and Japan. Their instructor asserted that they would not help Japanese, differentiating them from Russians by the sense of smell, for 'even the lowest animals can distinguish between Europeans and Asiatics. Sharks which will devour Europeans will not touch Chinese.' Needless to say, this statement is absolutely untrue. At Chefoo, for example, Chinamen who dive for *bêche-de-mer* not infrequently suffer loss of limb or life by shark-bite, although armed with a sharp knife; and Asiatics engaged in the Ceylon pearl-fishery hire an astrologer to indicate the favourable days and to charm away the sharks ever eager to dine off a diver.

There are not wanting writers who would have us believe that men lose their lives owing to panic when in the presence of a shark in his native element, but probably the result is equally against the man did he have all his wits about him. Nevertheless, circumstantial accounts are in evidence of instances where the shark has been defeated by the man. At Jamaica, for example, a huge shark is said to have been a terror to frequenters of the harbour he affected. Once he overturned a boat carrying provisions to the shipping, and devoured the wife of the boatman. The maddened widower reached the nearest ship, seized a sharp knife, invoked the aid of his patron saint, leaped into the water, gave battle to the shark despite the awful odds, and succeeded in avenging his wife by slaying her destroyer. At Barbadoes, similarly, if we may accept the report as authentic, a seaman fought with and killed a shark that had eaten a shipmate. Young Maoris, male and female, were once proficient in the slaying of sharks in open water. They would swim into the surf, armed with a knife, dive under the nearest shark, rip open their enemy, and return to the shore. During the past decade it is said that the sailmaker of the American warship *Alliance*, then at anchor at St Thomas, West Indies, leaped overboard and killed with a knife a huge shark which was gaining upon some of the vessel's crew who had disobeyed orders by venturing on a swim. A dog which was with them was seized by the shark, but the latter did not get beyond this *hors-d'œuvre*.

A single female shark is quite capable of stocking a modern aquarium with young of considerable size at one birth; and, were it not for the want of something to eat, and the liability to be eaten, certain parts of the ocean must teem with such voracious and fecund visitors. In July 1910, on the passage from Australia to New Zealand, the crew of a sailing vessel caught a shark containing forty-four young; and in 1906 a nine-foot-long specimen captured on the Australian coast had twenty-seven young almost mature. Records of catches set forth in ships' log-books show that the number of young sharks produced at one birth may vary from eighty-three to two. With this minimum total a doubt is pardonable; because parturition may have been nearly completed just prior to the shark's capture. In 1872, near Mauritius, Captain Kerr, of the *Ardgowan*, caught a shark which may perhaps be rightly regarded as at the head of her class in so far as the power of procreation is concerned. She was but ten feet in length; did not struggle on the hook; and never were mortals more surprised at a gift from Neptune. No fewer than eighty-three young sharks were taken from this prolific female, each of which was about fifteen inches in length. In 1871, Captain Johnson, of the *St Lawrence*, captured two sharks when six hundred miles north of Amsterdam Island. Upon opening them, one was found to contain sixty-five young, and the other thirty. Each of these welcome additions to the crew's menu measured over thirteen inches in length. Ten years later, six hundred miles west of Cape Palmas, a nine-foot blue shark was caught by Captain Benson, of the *Woodburn*, which would shortly have added over fifty well-developed young sharks to the terrors of the deep sea.

In 1855, an eight-foot shark was secured by the crew of the *Queen's Hill*, when fifteen hundred miles east of the Cape of Good Hope, which was found to contain thirty young varying in length from fifteen to eighteen inches, all of which were vigorous and apparently able to look after themselves. In 1869, Captain Vinnis, of the *Robinson Crusoe*, when three hundred miles west of the island of Diego Garcia, caught a female shark which, although only six feet long, contained not fewer than thirty-seven young, each the size of an average sprat. They were thrown overboard. Not infrequently these immature man-eaters are placed in tubs of salt water, where they play about in blissful ignorance of what the future has in store for them, and are eventually converted by the ruthless cook into a meal for such as can relish a course of this peculiar kind. In 1885 Captain Bennett, of the *Thessalus*, twelve hundred miles west of Perth, Western Australia, hooked a shark having twenty-six young inside; and four years

later, three hundred miles west of Santa Barbara, California, he caught another which would soon have been the mother of thirty-nine.

In 1886, an excellent day's shark-fishing was afforded the crew of the *Sierra Estrella*, Captain Murdoch, as she sailed slowly over the Indian Ocean some six hundred miles from Ceylon. A nine-foot shovel-nosed specimen was landed at eight o'clock, an hour later a ten-foot blue shark was keeping him close company on deck, at noon a like addition was made to the larder, and two hours later a female which had contained thirty-five fully developed six-inch young was breathing her last. In 1891 Captain Baxter, of the *City of York*, succeeded in capturing a very hungry shark, which was found to contain thirty-four young, when one thousand miles east of the Hawaiian Islands; and about the same date, near St Paul's Island, North Atlantic, Captain Frazer, of the barque *Michael Hutchinson*, caught a ten-foot blue shark which yielded forty-five young. In 1895 Captain Renant, of the *Timaru*, five hundred miles north of that pinnacle, caught a shark having twenty-three young. Captain Smith, of the barque *Kingdom of Sweden*, when close to the island of Trinidad, South Atlantic, in 1881, captured a shark which had but two young inside. In 1887, twelve hundred miles west of Clipperton Island, North Pacific, two female sharks were hooked by Captain Baxter, of the *City of York*, one of which contained seventeen young, and the other only nine. Close to that position, a decade later, Captain Bright, of the *Hornby Castle*, caught four sharks, one of which contained five young, each fifteen inches in length, all able to swim strongly when placed in a tub of sea-water. Eight hundred miles east of Rio Janeiro, in 1897, a shark containing a dozen young was captured by Captain Martin, of the *Loch Tay*.

A shark is very tenacious of life; and Dr Günther the ichthyologist has pointed out, in one of his contributions to the literature of his subject, that 'wounds affect fishes generally much less than higher vertebrates. A Greenland shark continues to feed whilst his head is pierced by a harpoon or by a knife, as long as the nervous centre is not touched.' Dr Wilson, writing of the ocean as a health-resort, called attention to his experience under this category. After a shark's backbone has been removed, and he is decapitated, the headless trunk will squirm about on the vessel's deck for a considerable interval of time, and the heart pulsates strongly quite twenty minutes after extraction. At the Iceland fishery, sharks are often hooked again after having been returned to the sea destitute of the oil-producing livers which make them valuable. A Norwegian Antarctic explorer, Mr H. J. Bull, gives a startling word-picture of a shark's tenacity of life. This man-eater was caught at the Iceland cod-fishery; his liver, heart, and internal arrangements were removed, so as to put a period to his career; and the thus mutilated body was then cast into the sea. He simply gave a leisurely wag of his tail, and swam rapidly out of sight. In the Indian Ocean, some years since, during a calm, the ship *British India*, Captain Raymond, was visited by a shark which showed a deep and jagged wound extending from snout to tail along his back; which had probably been inflicted either by the pitiless knife of a sailor or by a sword-fish. He had apparently lost the use of his tail, yet followed in the ship's wake until her speed increased under the influence of a favourable breeze.

The shark is comparatively clumsy in his movements, and is compelled to turn over in order to seize his prey; and his many enemies are not slow in availing themselves of these peculiarities. In 1889, Captain Fraser, of the barque *Thomas S. Stowe*, when one hundred miles west of the Galapagos Islands, caught a shark which had been carrying about in its body the weapons of offence of two sword-fish. The latter class of sea-dwellers are plucky fighters; and occasionally break off their swords in the body of an opponent who would perhaps rather flee than fight.

Shark-stories lose nothing by repetition among seamen; but it would appear that there is a suspicion of truth in the statement that a shark may attack a boat in the hope of ensuring a meal. An early missionary to the South Sea Islands, a Mr Ellis, was journeying in an open boat which was endangered by the unwelcome attentions of a ravenous shark. The shark seized the blade of an oar, and shook the keel of the boat in an effort to capsize her. A boatman grasped the tail of the finny enemy; the other members of the coloured crew assisted in dragging the shark into the boat, where he was despatched; and the alarmed missionaries returned from the coign of vantage whither they had fled after gathering an inkling of the course of procedure to be adopted. This was truly a *dernier ressort;* and had only success to commend it. Towards the close of 1908, during a strong gale, eight hundred miles west of Scilly, the steamer *Lord Devonshire* shipped a huge sea which left a five-foot-long shark floundering about the deck after the water had subsided.

Innumerable sharks are sometimes observed from a sailing ship during a passage of twelve thousand miles; and yet on returning in a few months along the same route not one is visible. Near the Cape Verde Islands the shark-tribe find plenty of food. On one occasion the *Harlech Castle*, Captain Clinock, passed sharks either in groups or in solitary state throughout a run of sixty miles; and ten months later the 'thousands' of sharks observed almost in the same geographical position afforded a couple of hours' sport with the rifle to the passengers of the Aberdeen White Star liner *Moravian*, Captain A. Simpson.

In November 1908, while navigating the classic waters of the Red Sea, the Orient Line steamer *Oroya* impaled a large shark on her stem; and was compelled to go astern so as to get rid of the encumbrance. Six years previously, near Colombo, the French steamer *Armand Behic* wasted an hour endeavouring to clear her bows of a thirty-foot man-eater of the sea which had been similarly caught. In 1890 the steamer *Rosetta* ran down a shark near Aden which was said to be thirty feet long. One night a passenger died from heat-apoplexy, and next morning the vessel was stopped in order to commit the body to the deep with the usual ceremony; and this shark was impaled immediately full speed ahead was resumed. Various theories were broached to account for the coincidence of the burial and the shark; but a shark cannot divine the running down of the sand of a human hour-glass, even though he is admittedly a picker-up of unconsidered trifles, from a shrouded seafarer to the fan of a metal machine for registering a ship's speed. The steamer *Goorkha* had a like experience, also in the Red Sea.

A shark once served as a policeman, even perhaps against his will. In 1799, the brig *Nancy* was captured by a British warship as a suspected slaver; and her release by the prize court at Jamaica, whither she had been brought for trial, seemed inevitable, owing to the absence of incriminatory documents. Curiously enough, the officers of the *Abergavenny* hooked a shark soon afterwards in the neighbourhood, which was found to contain a bundle of papers relative to the *Nancy*. These were preserved in ignorance of the capture of the brig, and eventually led to her condemnation. These interesting documents are said to have been stored in the museum at Jamaica, and perished in the great earthquake there a few years ago; but the head of the shark is still on view at the Royal United Service Institution, London.

The late Captain J. W. Jennings, R.N.R., formerly a well-known commander of the White Star Line of steamships, had a somewhat remarkable experience when in command of a sailing ship. He caught a shark inside of which was discovered a copy of the *Illustrated London News*, of a then recent date, bearing the address 'Captain Jennings, Earl's Court Terrace, Kensington, London.' Inquiry showed that a little daughter of a passenger, in a mischievous mood, must have thrown overboard the newspaper packet; and it was forthwith swallowed by this shark in close proximity. In 1893, half a copy of *Tit-Bits* was extracted from the stomach of a shark caught by the crew of the sailing ship *Lauriston* on her way from Wales to India.

Sharks often attain to a great size on the coast of Southern California. In 1906 apparently the largest on record became involved in some fishermen's nets, and was subsequently despatched. He measured thirty-two feet from the tip of his tail to the end of his snout; and had a girth of fifteen feet just forward of his dorsal fin. Two children of about six years of age were depicted sitting erect within the extended jaws of the slain shark, their legs dangling in space. A blue shark captured near Kinsale in a similar way not long since is reported to have had in his stomach three four-foot-long members of his own tribe upon which he had preyed. One was partly digested, another had been bitten in two, and the third was swallowed whole.

Sharks are voracious, cowardly, and stupid. At the same time they are man-eaters; and no quarter is shown them by seafaring captors. Occasionally a stout spar is securely lashed between the jaws of a shark, a sharp stake may be driven through his ugly head in order to effectually close his mouth, or his tail is lopped off by the carpenter's axe; and thus, unable to help himself, the enemy of the human race is consigned to the deep and a lingering death. A shark-steak, properly cooked, is neither lightly despised nor ignored by a sailing ship's crew who may not have tasted fresh meat or fresh fish for six months of leaden-footed hours, though some cannot forget that the shark is a man-eater by choice. Travellers' tales with respect to sharks (and the same may be said as to whales) will not stand the test of scientific analysis.

A DUTCH PAINTER.

Lapped in a golden mellowness of haze
The old Dutch city lies
Beside its broad and silent waterways,
And under dreaming skies.

I love its homely brick-built walls. I love
The drowsy tune which swells
Out on the old flagged streets from high above—
The lilt of many bells.

City of belfries! All its peaceful day
Goes to a beaten song,
As towers and steeples near and far away
The melody prolong.

Surely it is the music of content,
Such homely, happy pride
As once a painter, loving all it meant,
Portrayed and glorified.

Vermeer of Delft. Not his to paint the star,
The vision, and the gleam,
But just the friendly warmth of things which are—
The broad canal a-dream,

The silent shipping mirrored in the tide,
The comely market-wives,
The pleasant houses and the folk inside,
The gardens, and the hives.

These things he painted, lingering lover-wise
On every pictured scene,
Until for evermore his city lies
In loveliness serene.

F. W. Saunderson.

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AN OLD MAIL-BAG.

A VERY curious discovery, which throws some interesting sidelights on the life of sixteenth-century Europe, was made some years ago, when the contents of the old post-office at Frankfort-on-Maine were transferred to the new premises. A complete mail-bag, full of letters and apparently officially sealed, was discovered hidden among the rafters of the old post-office, where it had lain forgotten for over three hundred years.

The bag was at first deposited intact among the State archives; but it has recently been handed over to the Imperial Postal Museum, where the Curator, Dr Sautter, has been occupied in examining the contents. Dr Sautter has published the results of his examination in the *Imperial Post and Telegraph Archives*.

The mail comprised one hundred and seventy-five packages, containing in all two hundred and seventy-two letters; in some instances several different letters were enclosed in one package, either for the sake of economy or in the hope of greater security.

Most of the letters were addressed to persons residing in Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Antwerp, besides a number intended to reach officers and soldiers of the Spanish army then operating in the Netherlands.

One can but vainly speculate upon the disappointments, quarrels, and losses that may have resulted from the miscarriage of all these messages. They were no doubt serious, for in those days letter-writing was too costly and troublesome to be undertaken without real need. Dr Sautter has classified the letters, and published a selection of those that contain items of general interest.

The 'aviso,' or despatch-note, found in the bag is written in Italian, though signed by the Spanish postmaster at Milan. It is dated May 16, 1585, and consigns the mail to the Imperial postmaster then resident in Cologne. The letters themselves are dated from various towns in northern Italy.

It is impossible now to say how these letters came to be deposited in the roof of the Frankfort post-office, though there can be little doubt that it was the result of some mail-robbery—which was no uncommon event at that period. The peculiar fact remains, however, that the thieves selected a post-office for the concealment of their haul.

Dr Sautter offers two theories that may account for this. It has been ascertained from other sources that the municipal authorities of Frankfort were at that time very indignant at what they considered the arbitrary manner in which the Imperial postmaster overrode the ancient rights of Frankfort, and it is possible that they caused the mail to be intercepted and confiscated just to cause him annoyance. Or the theft may have been carried out on political grounds. In order to understand this we must recall that there was then open war between the Pope and the Prince-Archbishop of Cologne. The Archbishop had gone over to Protestantism, burnt the Pope's bull, and appealed to the 'secular arm' of the Emperor. In an age when even official 'safe-conducts' were often deliberately used as a snare to catch an enemy, the mere robbery of despatches by the emissaries of contending parties was a matter of ordinary occurrence; and it is significant that among all these letters there is not one addressed to any person of political or clerical eminence. Dr Sautter surmises that the thieves may have helped themselves to any letters that looked like political despatches before hiding the remainder so safely that, as we have seen, only an accident brought them to light after lying over three hundred years among dust and cobwebs.

The majority of the letters are commercial, for the most part written in Italian, though a few are in French, Flemish, and Spanish, and they clearly indicate that Venice, Milan, Genoa, and Verona were conducting a regular and thriving trade with Cologne and Antwerp. In the case of the latter this is all the more surprising, as Antwerp was at this very time undergoing a prolonged and severe siege by the Spanish army under the command of the Duke of Parma. It is surprising, then, to find that letters from Italy for Antwerp, containing invoices, cheques, and contract-notes, show that there was a continuous business intercourse going on just as though the city were enjoying perfect peace.

It is significant that most of the letters intended for Antwerp were enclosed under cover to Cologne merchants, whom the Italian traders relied upon to find means to get them through the Spanish lines.

A glance at some of the business letters causes one to marvel, not at the change and improvements in business methods which one might have

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expected to have arisen since the advent of steam and electricity, but rather, on the contrary, at the small change that three hundred years have wrought. The cheques enclosed in some of the letters are almost identical, in size and wording, with those we handle to-day. The letters are usually headed with the words, '*Al nome de Dio*,' and conclude with '*A Dio*'—a formal piety which does not, however, prevent the writer from complaining about goods not coming up to sample submitted, with a frank rudeness that a modern trader even in Manchester goods could not desire to surpass.

Information about the crops, political affairs, and the state of markets occurs frequently; and the fairs at Piacenza, Lyons, Besançon, and Frankfort are referred to as important events in the business world.

Letters to officers of the Spanish army, then fighting the Pope's battles in the Netherlands, are usually addressed, 'Al Campo Catto, Fiandra'—i.e. 'In the Catholic Camp, Flanders;' and a touch of the grim reality of war is supplied in a letter addressed to Antonio d'Olivera, governor of Ghent, by a cousin in Italy, sympathetically informing him of the death of his brother on the field of battle, and commending to his care a young son of the deceased officer, who was now left destitute.

Letters from schoolboys to their parents in all ages form a fertile source of unconscious humour. In the ruins of Babylon there has been dug up one in which a boy urgently reminds his father of the long-delayed remittance, and concludes with the intimation: 'If you will send the money without delay I will again pray for you daily.'

Among several letters from young priests and others studying in Italy to their parents in their northern homes, there is one from a young law-student in equally dire, if somewhat different, straits. It is a long-winded and bombastic epistle, flamboyantly addressed in Latin 'To the highly esteemed Gentleman Magister Steinrich Sudermann, Syndic of the Hausa, my highly revered father, in Cologne.'

If an overwhelmed postman had delivered that letter to its proper destination, the highly revered addressee would have found in it an epistle clearly designed to appease the wrath of a severe father on hearing that his son had been 'ploughed' in his examination. After some soothing blandishments, Sudermann junior suggests that he should make another attempt to gain his diploma by the help of what we should call a 'crammer.' He writes: 'There are men here who teach law by a very short method, and by such guides that they pledge themselves to make a full Doctor of Law of a novice, scarcely able to speak Latin, in the space of six months.'

Even this short cut to learning does not entirely suit the tastes of Master Sudermann. He intimates that he would rather be let off the doctorate examination completely, and endeavours to show his father by an example that high preferment can be obtained without any fatiguing study. He concludes: 'Here is ex-student Mantius—a man of renown. You may know that without any knowledge of the law he was appointed Privy Councillor to the Prince of Bavaria with a salary of 100 ducats a month, besides fodder for six horses. Later on he took up the office of Legate, so that within the space of two years he is said to have saved nearly 10,000 ducats.

'By this example I would point out that without the title of Doctor, one can attain to the position of Councillor to Princes and to States. Please decide, after due consideration, and you will always find me ready and obedient.'

Human nature has not altered much in three hundred years, as testified by the contents of this old mail-bag.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER II.—THE WILL IS EXECUTED.

THE announcement made by his daughter caused Mr Roper to drop into his chair again. A message had been sent to London for a lawyer. It was necessary, because Joshua Tooting's own solicitor, Mr Meredith, was in France. The critical hour was at hand, when all speculation would be set at rest. Perhaps there was no one so absorbed with Joshua Tooting's will as Mr Colam Roper. How could it be otherwise, expectation being divided between two in whom he was directly interested?

His first thought was a practical one. Was it a bad change? Was Joshua likely to hold out till next day? It would be like the catastrophe of the end of the world if, after all, he died intestate, and all went to the Crown in default of heirs! The matter was so important that neighbourly obligation made it imperative on Mr Roper to go over to The Roost at once after hearing such news.

'It was Dr Black,' Hilda repeated, still standing by the half-opened dining-room door, 'who looked in when passing and told me. Mr Tooting had a fit, or paroxysm, or something.'

'Fitz, will you excuse me if I go across at once?' Mr Roper asked. 'I am so anxious to know exactly how matters are. Perhaps you will stay a little longer with Hilda? I may be delayed, you see.'

Mr Fitz glanced at the girl, and noticing that her face expressed neither invitation nor objection in relation to her father's proposal, he

pleaded the lateness of the hour, and said he would get back to town. They put on their coats, and Fitz pressed her hand and bade her good-night. He might legitimately have kissed her; but perhaps her attitude was not expectant or inviting, and she thought of something else. It is certain that after he was gone Hilda Roper did not remember that her fiancé had omitted something in the parting of engaged couples.

Mr Colam Roper was indeed anxious as he hurried across the Common. It was not alone the question of Joshua Tooting being able to execute his will, important as that matter was, nor even the probable amounts of the respective interests of his daughter and the nurse. These touched him closely. Satisfied as he was with Hilda's match, he could not exactly anticipate with relish Mr Fitz carrying off the girl with a large slice of the dying man's fortune. And if the nurse proved the more fortunate beneficiary, who was to have the winning and wearing of that prize?

As a lover, he was much disquieted by the allusions of Mr Fitz. All the world knows what lovers are, and Mr Roper was like the rest. But he should see her in a few minutes; and, with his daughter's approaching marriage to help him in his advances, he would try to get nearer to Miss Dunning's thoughts and feelings. He might very possibly be able to return happier and more reassured. He found the nurse alone in the parlour reading, and she showed natural surprise at his unusual visit. But he noticed that she seemed—he was not quite sure in the light—to colour slightly too, but not with displeasure.

'I have intruded, Miss Dunning,' he said, flushed from walking, 'on account of some news we heard from Dr Black. He was passing, and told Hilda there had been a change. I could not rest till I came over.'

'It was nothing very much,' she answered quietly. 'Mr Tooting found a photograph among some old papers, and it excited him.'

'Whose photograph?'

'I did not see it; but Dr Black, who called soon afterwards, told me it was the brother-in-law, the sister's husband.'

'Ah, ah!' murmured Mr Roper. 'I understand. Tooting did hate that man bitterly, and the memory of him darkened his life. I don't wonder at its upsetting him. Well?'

'There is not much more. When he became quiet, he told the doctor he wanted to make his will. His own solicitor is away, and, on being referred to, I suggested obtaining one from London. I knew the name of a solicitor who had attended an important patient at the nursing home, and I was requested to summon him.'

'And he is coming to-morrow?'

'Yes, at ten o'clock. Doctor Black will be here, and I think Mr Tooting would like to have you also.'

'Certainly, Miss Dunning; I shall be here. The patient is no worse, then?'

'No, not at all, apparently; he merely wants to have his affairs settled. I have a fancy,' she added, smiling, 'that some revival of feeling due to the unexpected discovery of the photograph may have to do with it.'

'A very shrewd opinion,' remarked Mr Roper. 'There is not known to be any child existing of his sister's unhappy marriage; but if any issue—real or spurious—of that man were to come into Tooting's property through an intestacy, the old man would never rest in his grave. He means to dispose of it otherwise. Well, I hope we may have him for a good while yet.'

The ostensible purpose of Mr Roper's visit called for no further stay; and as the conversation paused, the nurse looked as though she expected him to go. But he had more to say.

'I cannot leave without telling you, Miss Dunning,' he said, regarding her attentively, 'that I received a surprise—a most agreeable surprise—on returning to my house this evening. Mr Fitz was there, and Hilda had accepted him; his ring was on her finger. I am very happy about it.'

Miss Dunning looked up—as far as his chin—and two or three expressions passed quickly over her face. They were changes too fine for Mr Roper's perception, but she expressed her pleasure very agreeably, and her wishes for Miss Roper's happiness.

'Fitz is a prosperous and substantial man, and a gentleman, and will be the best of husbands to my girl. I have reason to be satisfied; but every happiness, Miss Dunning,' he added, sinking his voice to a more sentimental key, 'has its qualifications. I shall be left alone now, with a house and servants, but without a home.'

Something like a smile played for an instant about the corner of the lady's lips. 'You will not find it so bad as you imagine, Mr Roper.'

'Ah, I don't know. If I could hope'——

Before he could put any more in words—his looks were sufficiently eloquent—the nurse rose quickly and extended her hand. 'I must go upstairs to my patient, Mr Roper. I am sorry to send you away, but he has touched his bell. You will come to-morrow at ten?'

On the whole, when his mind ran over it outside on the Common, Mr Roper was inclined to be satisfied. The patient was in no danger of dying before executing his will. No kindred—if any existed—would ever touch a penny of his money. There were only two in 'the running,' and the interests of both concerned Mr Roper nearly, those of one more nearly than those of the other. Now, how far was he warranted in his hopes?

She had, he felt convinced, betrayed a personal interest in the news of Hilda's engagement. The more he thought of it, the surer he was of

this. And then the suddenness of her act in closing the visit! He had heard no bell, and did not believe in the bell. Was it not the pretty subterfuge of a woman to avoid embarrassment? She foresaw—her feelings forewarned her—what he might have said on the impulse of the moment—and she heard the bell. Mr Roper liked that. And she had never been so interesting. He had not felt so young for twenty years.

Hilda Roper was in bed and asleep when her father returned.

'You are a good girl, Hilda,' he said at breakfast the next morning, 'and you have pleased me very much. Your happiness for life is now assured; no girl could wish for a better husband. I feel very happy.'

'Thank you, father,' she answered, looking at her plate.

'And now,' he went on, 'I must attend at The Roost at ten o'clock to meet the doctor and solicitor, and what will you do with yourself? Of course no date has been spoken of as yet?'

'Mr Fitz mentioned five weeks,' said Hilda, as though recalling something forgotten; 'the 10th of January.'

'And you agreed, did you? When men are in love,' said Mr Roper, with the impressiveness of experience, 'they do not like to be kept waiting.'

But Hilda had agreed, and was quite ready to agree to anything; so that point was settled. Mr Roper rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

'Now, run off to London to the shops, and begin buying all you will want. Here is money to start with;' and he gave her some notes. 'You may ask Madge Black to go with you if you like. And I tell you what,' he added; 'it will please Felix Fitz immensely, and be pleasant for yourself—nothing could be better, just the right thing to do!' He wrote some words on the leaf of a pocket-book, and handed the paper to his daughter. 'On your way to the station send that telegram off; it will delight Fitz.'

Hilda read: 'Fitzjohn, London.' This was a telegraphic address. 'Coming to town, shopping. Will be at Oxford Circus one o'clock, if you are idle.—HILDA.'

'He will give you your lunch, and go round the shops with you,' said Mr Roper, much satisfied.

Hilda Roper would obey her father in the matter as a thing of course, believing it must be the right thing to do, and if it pleased Mr Fitz, and did not inconvenience him, she would be glad. Nor would she feel disappointed if he should be too busy to meet her. That was all she thought about it, and with the paper in her bag, and the bank-notes, she started off for Miss Black.

That young lady, being quite ready to join the expedition, was dumfounded at the amount of spending-money wherewith her friend was supplied. 'Fifty—pounds, Hilda!'

The astonishment of Miss Black brought from the other girl an explanatory confession which overwhelmed her with confusion, because she had not thought of it as the first thing to announce.

'It is for—things, Madge,' she faltered, with crimson face, 'because I'm—engaged. It's Mr Fitz, you know.'

'Oh Hilda!' Miss Black's breath was taken away, and her face underwent a succession of changes. An engagement being the most momentous event in a girl's life, Madge glanced at the glittering symbol on her friend's finger with mingled admiration and awe. That she was unable at the moment to command the most fitting sentiment for the occasion appeared from her unpremeditated exclamation, 'I wonder what Mr Wace will think!'

Hilda Roper, all innocent and unconscious, was startled by the words, and indignant tears burst from her eyes that her friend should be so unkind at such a time. Miss Black felt the reproach, and flung herself, penitent, on the other's neck.

'Oh, what a silly I was, Hilda, to say that! As if it mattered to anybody at all! Dear Hilda, I am so glad you came to tell me. And may I come with you shopping? Oh dear! and what a lovely ring!'

So that little cloud, 'no bigger than a girl's hand,' passed out of view for the time, and was forgotten by the two happy maidens on their way to London with fifty pounds. And, in justice to Miss Black, it must be added that she had no knowledge of the telegram to Mr Felix Fitz, which lay, forgotten and unsent, in Hilda Roper's small hand-bag.

(To be continued.)

HEROES OF THE LABRADOR.

PART II.

ONE story which the traveller is always told of the Moravians, touching the marriages between the young missionaries and wives whom they have never seen, but who are chosen for them by the committee in Hernhut or England, has in it only a small share of the truth. It used to be a fact that if a missionary in a remote spot desired to be married—and all must marry within a certain time of entering upon their ministry—he wrote home to that effect, and his letter was read aloud in the Moravian church of the locality where he had been brought up, and where, there-

fore, not only was he well known, but he himself was acquainted with most of the girl-members of the congregation. Consequently the chances were that the young woman who accepted the offer and her future husband were not altogether strangers to each other. Nowadays, however, the young men invariably come home and choose for themselves. But I heard it said by one who knew that the arranged marriages were in the bulk as happy as, if not happier than, those resulting from personal selection in more favoured climes.

To live among savage rocks; to endure bitter winter cold, the long, bleak days of spring, the pest of mosquitoes and flies which destroy the pleasure of summer; to remain cut off from the world for the greater part of the year, visited, as in Killinek, by one ship annually; to give of strength and time generously to the ignorant and the ailing; to remain far from home and children for intervals of ten to fifteen years until the memory of the homeland must surely be as a dream; to meet with ingratitude—and, still worse, with misrepresentation—these are heavy crosses; but all these things count as nothing, all are included in the splendid self-sacrifice of the missionary life. Can any other show a finer record?

They are, furthermore, a cheery community, finding much in life to content them, and taking a strong and absorbing interest in their work, and ever ready to feel sympathy for the troubles of their people. Many lie buried in the graveyards under the bare bluffs of the coast, a row of white wooden squares on one side of the separating path bearing the names of the men, and a row on the other those of the women, who have died at their posts; for the rigid separation of the sexes in their quiet church services lasts beyond the end of life, and in their graves mothers and sons, wives and husbands, lie apart while dust returns to dust.

It is impossible not to feel the glory and the pathos of the gentle courage which has stood for so many generations between the Eskimo of the coast and extinction.

And now to deal with another aspect. It has already been stated that the Eskimo were once a fierce and treacherous people; they had slain many a shipwrecked crew, and the fear of them was acknowledged all along the wild shores. Sailors who passed through the Strait of Belle Isle told appalling stories of the bloodthirsty doings of the beings who lurked among the rocks and ice of the fjords and islands on the northern side, and unquestionably many of the stories were true. The Eskimo had lived at war with the Indians for generations, and cruelty and treachery had been bred into their bones. The Governor of Newfoundland, Admiral His Excellency Sir Hugh Palliser, in a proclamation marked them with the brand of Barabbas. He writes: 'Hitherto the Eskimaux have been considered in no other light than as thieves and murderers.'

In fact, it would seem that at the time of the first Moravian efforts matters had come to a crucial pass; peace or a sword was the alternative which the British Government was forced to lay before the Eskimo. If the mission had not taken the situation in hand an expedition would have gone in their place, and the Eskimo, instead of being converted to peaceful ways by teaching and example, would have learned their value by musket and cutlass; for the tribes were becoming a menace to the expansion of the fishing industry in the north—though it must be admitted that, as usual, they had only returned treachery for treachery. The early voyagers to Labrador, as elsewhere, certainly treated the natives abominably. But adventurers never, and the Powers behind them rarely, make any allowances for the savage, and we can conceive that Sir Hugh Palliser's attitude of encouragement towards the Moravians embodied the intention of giving the Eskimo a last chance before writing them down as incorrigible; and of course it is certain that incorrigible races of savages are, in the advance of men so-called civilised, inevitably doomed.

Thus—and here comes the point I would make—from the very outset the mission stood between this people and partial, if not entire, annihilation. In 1773 we find a naval officer who had been sent to Nain to report on the mission writing: 'By means of this laudable society, a herd of barbarous savages are in a fair way to become useful subjects.' Of the missionaries he declares: 'Shielded by virtue, they find the protection of arms unnecessary.' Such was the first service rendered to the Eskimo by the Moravians. Slowly the savages became tamed, and war, cruelty, and murderous reprisals passed away from the Labrador for ever. It is to-day, thanks to the Moravians and the Deep Sea Mission, the most God-fearing coast the writer has ever visited.

Then followed halcyon days. But as the years went on the Brethren had to face a more insidious enemy of their people than war could have been. Fishermen and traders began to push farther up the coast, and the evil influences which civilisation of that kind carries with it threatened the settlements. Once more the missionaries arose to save the Eskimo. They demanded grants of land in the vicinity of their stations. This request was looked upon with idiotic suspicion; but the society stood firm, and finally gained the day. The plea put forward by the Moravian historian, Hutton (*History of the Moravian Church*, Moravian Publication Office, 32 Fetter Lane), on this question is so conclusive that I must give it in his own words: 'It would be better to leave them [the Eskimo] ignorant of the Gospel than that by means of spirituous liquors, quarrels, brutal lusts, or bad neighbourhood, they should draw back from the Gospel. The only way to prevent quarrelling and violence would be to grant us absolute property in the land, upon which none

should be allowed to stay except on good behaviour.'

It has, even to this day, ever been the wise aim of the Moravians to hold the Eskimo as close as possible to the only life which suits them—the life of that hunter-people who alone of all the races upon earth have solved the problem of permanent life upon the Arctic. The Eskimo are the sole conquerors of the North. But it is a well-proven fact that civilised foods are unsuitable to their constitutions and sow the seeds of weakness and disease. Civilised clothes, the products of European looms, are not adapted to either the climate or the race. In Killinek, where the people are just emerging from their wild state, they rarely wear other than skin garments. A tunic and trousers of sealskin comprise their protection against the coldest weather; and their babies are carried mostly quite naked in the long, pointed hoods of the mother's *sillipaks*, as they are called. Yet no ill effects result.

And if ever a policy in the world's history has been proved correct, that of the Moravian Brethren in wishing to keep the Eskimo to their old customs has been justified by events; for as civilisation advances up the coast outside the limit of mission influence the Eskimo race dies out and vanishes. Formerly many Eskimo were to be found on the southern shore of Labrador, but now there are few or none. Makkovik, the first mission-station going north, has to do chiefly with settlers and half-breeds; at the next, Hopedale, the numbers of Eskimo are dwindling. At Nain, one hundred miles nearer the Pole, the death and birth rates balance each other. In the still more northerly posts of Okkak and Hebron a hardier breed face the problem of life with success; and at Killinek, near Cape Chidley, the old methods and the old life hold their own, as they do over all the vast snowfields of the ultimate north. But should the Moravian mission be withdrawn, civilised foods and clothes and civilised indulgence will do their work quickly, and the Eskimo will pass for ever from eastern Labrador. The survival of the race is due altogether to the wholesome influence brought to bear by the Brethren.

The Eskimo, moreover, are not only preserved from extinction, but they have become by means of missionary teaching fairly educated, very few indeed being unable to read and write. In this they are in the aggregate very far ahead of many of the white settlers in southern Labrador, and even of a large proportion of the population in some of the Newfoundland outports. About the Moravian stations the settlers share in each and all of the benefits of the mission. During winter-time the boys and girls from distant bays and islands are sent to Nain or to Hopedale, where they are boarded out with responsible families and attend school daily under the superintendence of the missionaries and their wives. The good results of this teaching are not far to seek, and it is a pleasure to meet the kindly, well-spoken men and women who come in with their trap-boats to the stations from time to time. In fact, most of the families have nice, neatly built 'town houses,' their quarter being on one side of the mission house and church, while the Eskimo dwellings stand, as usual, a good deal too close together upon the other.

During the summer the settlements are almost deserted, as the people are away at their fishing-camps; but the Eskimo generally return to the neighbourhood of the missions for the winter. They delight in the services, and are very regular in their attendance; a baptism specially seems to appeal to every Eskimo within leagues. The organist is very often an Eskimo man or woman; and an Eskimo 'chapel-servant,' or elder, as we might say, sometimes leads the service, and can preach and pray with both vigour and fluency. The settlers, who mostly have good houses at their fishing-stations in the bays, come in only for the Church festivals.

The scene on a Sunday is interesting. The churches are very simple—a platform and desk are occupied by the minister, and the congregation sit, the men on the right, the women on the left, in the severe division I have already noted. Very small children are brought to the services (the mothers cannot leave them at home), and they behave as a rule with quite extraordinary decorum. Every one is as neat and as smart as circumstances permit; the men with snowy *sillipaks*—the cotton covering for the hooded blanket dickie—and the white, square flipper soles of their high sealskin boots carefully cleaned, while the boys mostly affect bright-coloured jerseys. Most of the girls favour the demure three-cornered Moravian cap of net, with a bow of coloured ribbon, and skirts down to their ankles which would have done credit to the fashions of seventy years ago.

The people are fond of music, and will, if they are given the smallest encouragement, indulge strenuously in Salvation Army or Moody and Sankey hymns when the service is over.

Morning service opens with a hymn, which they sing seated. At the end of each line there is a pause; at the beginning of the next the organist strikes the note, then he strikes it a second time, whereupon the people chime in with him. The pause and the double notes are repeated at every line; it is purely an Eskimo custom, but somehow suits the leisurely and rather Gregorian music which the mission brought with it from its birth-place. Following the hymn, the congregation stand up for prayer and Bible-reading, and after that come the sermon, hymn, and blessing. The services are short, lasting about half-an-hour, and while they are going on one can see through the windows the dogs prowling like stealthy wolves about the hillside.

A burial at one of the stations is a strange

and impressive sight. I can remember one in detail. After a brief service in the church—a hymn, a kind of liturgy, and a prayer—we filed out to the little mortuary close by, for the dead are not taken into the church. From there we started in procession towards the cemetery. The coffin occupied first place, women helping to balance and carry it on a *komatik*. The bishop and another Moravian Brother followed immediately behind, and after them the people.

Arrived at the cemetery by the bluff, the bishop read the service, the people responding sonorously; then the coffin was lowered to the sound of soft staccato singing, while shadows stretched out across the graveyard under its high green bluff, and below the picket fence the pale sea shone. From the far side of the bay black headlands frowned sullenly, but beyond them the heights of Paul's Island burned ruby red in the level sunlight. All was wonderfully still and beautiful and sad.

THE END

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER II.

THE scene on the lake that night was a very creditable imitation of the fêtes of colder countries than ours. The ring of Venetian masts, with hundreds of coloured lights suspended on connecting cords between them, had a good effect; torches flared on the banks, and a constantly replenished bonfire, where the carpet was set for Lady Spurway and her guests near the marquee. There were lights amongst the trees which bordered the lower part of the lake, and a bright moon, riding high in the clear sky, further lit up the floor of ice and the snow-covered undulations of the park.

The guests numbered a hundred or more, in all manner of gay costumes; and when the first set of lancers was in full swing, to the accompaniment of peals of laughter, which sometimes drowned the efforts of the musicians, the sight drew a spontaneous burst of applause from the spectators, who lined the dividing rope in such numbers as to have been dangerous if the ice by this time had not become thick enough to withstand almost any strain that might be put upon it.

Lady Spurway, voluminously swathed in furs, sat surrounded by some of the older ladies and men, and surveyed the scene through her lorgnette. She had received her guests in the house, and had not come down to the lake until the first dance was well advanced, and her lips tightened ominously as she saw in the set nearest to her a slim figure dressed in a beautiful costume of white fur, as striking a dress as was to be seen anywhere around her.

It had been explained to Sir Humphrey by his own particular friend amongst the young men in the house that although he had made, and would probably go on making, an egregious fool of himself, his chief mistake had been in keeping the minister's daughter entirely to himself. It made people talk. If he would introduce her to one or two of them they would keep him in countenance by skating with her once or twice, and he himself could pay *some* attention, to other ladies—which of course he ought to do. His friend refused all thanks for his kind offer. He said a man ought to see his pals through.

So immediately after his arrival on the scene of the night's festivities, Sir Humphrey had sought out the minister's daughter from amongst the crowd of sombre figures on the lower half of the lake, and introduced to her, in quick succession, a Pierrot, a Red Indian, a Highlander, a Dutch Peasant, and a Corporal of the Swiss Guard, each of whom had immediately engaged her to dance or skate in his company, somewhat to the alarm of Sir Humphrey, who did not wish entirely to lose his rights of priority.

It was as partner to the Pierrot that the minister's daughter was engaged in threading the mazes of the grand chain when Lady Spurway's gaze first fell upon her, and he, when they came together in the course of the figure, was engaging her in conversation as sprightly as the discomfort of a costume unfitted to protect him from the extreme cold would permit. At any rate, he seemed to be amusing his companion very successfully, for she was laughing gaily, and had every appearance of enjoying herself. The expression on Lady Spurway's face after she had watched her for a few minutes might have been taken to mean that that state of mind should very soon be put an end to. But she had no intention of making a scene before her guests, even for the sake of punishing an interloper.

When the dance was over the performers scattered themselves in pairs over the lake, and amongst them the Pierrot and the girl in the snow-white fur, who seemed to be making, probably unawares to one of them, for the darkest corner of the tree-bordered lake. They were, however, overtaken by a Hungarian Jaegar, who said to the Pierrot, 'Lady Spurway told me to ask you to bring your partner and introduce her to her;' and then made off again.

The minister's daughter caught her breath; but she was a plucky girl. 'I hope it won't be very dreadful,' she said, as they skated back to the upper end of the lake.

It *was* rather dreadful. The Pierrot made

the introduction. Lady Spurway bowed to the minister's daughter, and said, 'I am pleased to see you here, but I am afraid your answer to my invitation must have miscarried.'

The girl, blushing and rather flustered, fell at once into the rather cruel little trap. 'The invitation never reached me,' she replied.

'Ah!' said Lady Spurway, 'I have no recollection of having sent you one; but I thought I must have done so, or I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you. However, now you are here, I hope you will stay and enjoy yourself. —Lord Ronald, let me introduce you to Miss Jones. Will you take her into the tent and give her some refreshment?—Mr Pierse, please lend me your hand up this bank.'

Pierrot, rather apprehensive as to what was about to be said to him, was agreeably surprised to be instructed to 'find the girl some partners,' and then dismissed. The minister's daughter went off on the arm of a kilted Highlander, feeling as if her beautiful dress belonged to somebody else.

The sting of the encounter was, however, made innocuous, for the time being, by other considerations which were presently forced upon her. Sir Humphrey Spurway disregarded the unselfish advice of his friend, devoted himself completely to the minister's daughter for the rest of the evening, glared at those who would have resisted his claims, and cut his legitimate partners without compunction. He was now deeply in love, and as long as she stayed on the ice—which she would have left immediately after Lady Spurway's nicely calculated snub if she had not been taken almost forcible possession of—the minister's daughter had to exercise all her wits to stave off a declaration, for which she was as yet by no means prepared. As she walked home, under the escort of a tired, hungry, and rather cross little Dissenting minister, she could think of nothing but the possibilities that were forcing themselves upon her, introduced by the events of this long and very exciting day.

CHAPTER III.

THE day after the ice-carnival the house-party at Canonsthorpe dispersed. Indeed, certain members of it may be said to have been driven away. Lady Hampstead, for instance, with her daughter, Lady Isabelle Floyd, was to have stayed on quietly for a few days; but Lady Hampstead announced her intention in the morning of departing with the bulk of the guests.

'On account of Humphrey's behaviour, I suppose,' said Lady Spurway when this decision was made known to her.

'My dear Emma,' replied Lady Hampstead, 'it is beyond all bounds. I should not like to subject Isabelle again to the treatment she received from him last night.' Then followed a long tale of Sir Humphrey's misdeeds, which had the effect of making Lady Spurway furiously angry.

'Perhaps you are quite right to go, Louisa,' she said. 'You may leave me to bring him to his senses. When I have done so, I hope things may go on as before. There is plenty of time. Humphrey is still very young, though I do not urge that as an excuse for his behaviour.'

'I am not sure that I want things to go on as before,' returned Lady Hampstead. 'One can make excuses for a boy who is struck with a pretty face. But Humphrey's really atrocious behaviour seems to me to point to a defect of character which may have serious effects in after-life.'

'I think you are wrong, Louisa,' said Lady Spurway, controlling her temper with difficulty. 'He will behave very differently when I have talked to him. He is weak—I don't deny it—but not vicious. However, I think you are right to go now; but I hope you will come back next week, when he has gone to Florence. He is to read there for his examination, and by the time he returns, in six months or so, this absurd affair will have blown over.'

So the ladies parted on amicable terms; but Lady Spurway's wrath burned hot against her son, and still hotter against the girl who, in her view of the matter, had entrapped him.

Most of the men went off in the morning; and Sir Humphrey, leaving those guests who remained in the house to their own devices, hurried down to the lake, his heart throbbing with expectation.

But expectation was disappointed. No graceful figure was to be seen skimming the ice in the wide circles of the adept, but only some score or so of townsfolk, scuffling about in a more or less awkward fashion amongst the vanishing traces of the night's festivities. Sir Humphrey skated round and round the lake, with his eye ever fixed upon the rising knoll over which lay the road to the town lodge, and after two hours took off his skates and went home to luncheon, thoroughly sick at heart.

He was too unused to such an experience of painful disappointment to be able to hide his chagrin, and played his part but ill in entertaining such of the guests as had delayed their departure until the afternoon. Lady Spurway acted the part of a heroine in trying to maintain the fitting atmosphere of sociability; but she was suffering from the early stages of a very bad cold, caught the night before, and was, besides, in a state of such simmering fury against her son that she had to exert herself beyond her powers, and even then did not succeed in averting attention from the dejected youth who sat, fitfully silent, at the foot of the table.

But when he had seen the last of the departing guests Sir Humphrey once more hurried down to the lake, with renewed hope in his breast — hope that was once more pros-

trated, for the falling dusk found him wending his way homewards a thoroughly unhappy young man.

He was made no happier by the interview which awaited him with his mother. That lady, in the seclusion of her own chamber, to which she had retired after the departure of her guests because her cold was growing heavy upon her, had been nursing her wrath, and now poured it out on the head of her son, whom she had summoned to her presence.

'You have brought bitter disgrace upon yourself and upon me,' she said at the conclusion of an address which lacked nothing in directness. 'If I had thought it conceivable that you should have behaved with such outrageous lack of breeding, or even of common decency, I should not have asked a single person to the house. As it is, you have sent them away one and all talking about nothing but your moonstruck idiocy and your abominable rudeness.'

Sir Humphrey was too broken in spirit by his hours of deferred longing to make effective reply to this indictment. He was, in fact, nearer to tears than a landowner and immediately prospective justice of the peace is apt to be found, and maintained an attitude of lugubrity that increased, if that were possible, the flame of Lady Spurway's wrath.

'What you have to do now,' she proceeded, 'is not to grizzle about what has happened, but to play the man. Drive this creature out of your mind, and try, for goodness' sake, to gain some slight vestige of self-respect.'

'I can't do that, mother,' he said in a mournful voice. 'It has gone too far. And you can't say anything against her, you know. She's a perfect lady.'

What Lady Spurway would have replied to this preposterous speech if she had not been under the immediate necessity of blowing her nose can only be inferred from what she did say when she had completed that operation. 'You can't reason with idiots. As I am extremely unwell, and am not possessed of the patience of Job, I simply tell you now, once for all, that this folly must cease. Fortunately you will be going to Italy in a week's time, and when you have been there for a few days you will be thoroughly ashamed of what has taken place. In the meantime the less you make yourself a laughing-stock to all your neighbours and tenants the less you will have to blush for.'

'I have been thinking over Italy,' returned the fatuous youth, 'and I think I would rather go to Russia. Wroones said either Italian or Russian when we talked it over.'

Lady Spurway's self-control deserted her. She leaned forward in her chair and glared at him. 'You fool!' she burst out. 'Leave the room! I will have nothing more to say to you.'

He was glad enough to go. He swallowed a cup of tea downstairs, and then went out; returning in time for a solitary dinner. In the course of his absence he had been remarked by the inhabitants of Canonsthorpe to be inspecting that part of his property in which the house and chapel of the Reverend Evan Evans-Jones were situated. But he had not seen the minister's daughter.

She was on the ice the next morning, and again he skated with her; but in the full light of day refrained from the disturbing ardour with which he had addressed her under the moon, and was as happy as a king while the golden hours flew by. Mr Evans-Jones came down to the lake in the course of the morning with Mrs Evans-Jones, and Sir Humphrey was introduced to the minister's wife, who conversed with him primly, but took in more of the situation in five minutes than her husband, for all his oratorical powers, would have learnt in five weeks.

When Sir Humphrey returned home for luncheon he learnt that his mother was confined to her bed. Her maid brought him a message desiring him to go up and see her. He mumbled some inaudible reply, but went out again early in the afternoon without having done so. This was rebellion, and it was unprecedented. But the young man had formed a weighty resolution, which diminished for the time being the force of filial obedience. He had decided to propose to the minister's daughter that afternoon.

He did so. She saw what was coming, and warded it off for two hours. Then, when the dusk of the short winter day was beginning to fall, and it was time to leave the ice, he boldly announced that he was going home with her to tea, and refused to be put off. He was wrought up to a pitch of determination, and acted with the decision of a man. He sent the two small brothers on ahead, and under the ancient trees of his park asked his question.

The girl was suddenly afraid, and for the first time lost command of the situation. A few minutes before she would have given him a laughing refusal, if she could no longer have fought off the avowal. Now she hesitated, and the utmost her waning determination could accomplish was a plea for time. 'I will give you an answer in a week,' she said, after being pressed with energy and passion, and, having spoken, regained her composure, and forbade further allusion to the subject.

'But I may see you again before then?' he pleaded.

And she replied, with some return of hesitation, 'Yes, if you promise not to talk about that.'

He went with her into the little house in which she lived, and was welcomed with concealed gratification by her parents. Wafts of strange joy swept over him as he sat at table next to the girl of his heart. With a delightful sense of intimacy, he stole glances at her face and her fair soft hair, which he now saw uncovered for the first time. His conversation, never particularly

subtle, at all events flowed easily, and his loquacious friendliness made a good impression on his host and hostess, already favourably disposed towards him.

'It is the evening of our usual week-night service,' said the minister when he had consumed his last crumpet. 'Will you join us in our simple worship, Sir Humphrey?'

Sir Humphrey would have been quite willing to accept this invitation, but the minister's daughter was not prepared to make so significant an appearance in his company. 'It will interfere with Sir Humphrey's dinner-hour,' she said. 'We ought not to ask him to stay, father. And I think I won't go to-night; I am rather tired.'

'Perhaps I ought to be home for dinner,' said Sir Humphrey, with visions of the house left to himself and the minister's daughter. 'But there's no need to hurry. We don't dine till a quarter-past eight.'

His visions, however, were not realised. He found himself, he could not quite have told how, under notice to quit before the hour of the service arrived, and walked home across the snow under the influence of warm and sweetly disturbing recollections.

These were broken in upon somewhat rudely by a second interview with his mother, whose imperative summons to her presence he felt himself unable to ignore. He found her in bed, but none the less formidable on that account.

'I have asked her to marry me,' he said doggedly when the history of his day's occupations had been drawn from him, and he had suffered heavily because of it.

'Oh, you have gone to that length of lunacy, have you?' said Lady Spurway bitterly. 'It is scarcely necessary to ask, I suppose, what her reply was?'

'I don't know what you mean, mother.'

'Well, what was it?'

'She said she would give me an answer in a week if I would promise to say nothing more about it until then.'

'Oh, indeed! Very condescending! Some other precious engagement to sidle out of in the meantime probably! Now I tell you what it is, Humphrey. You are too old to be whipped and sent to bed, as you ought to be, and you can't be stopped by force from committing any suicidal folly you please. But you have been made aware during the last few days that it is my money that keeps up this place, and you know that I made a fresh will entirely in your favour when you came of age. If this nonsense is not stopped instantly I shall destroy that will and make another, leaving every penny I possess away from you.'

But Sir Humphrey was too young, in spite of his twenty-one years, for this threat to have much weight with him. 'I can't help it,' he said. 'Anyhow, I have enough of my own to live on.'

'Enough of your own!' exclaimed Lady Spurway scornfully. 'You have about eleven hundred a year of your own, on which you could not possibly keep up this place, or indeed any place. When I die, if you behave yourself in the meantime, you will be a rich man; and if you marry suitably before that time—which I hope you will do—I shall make you a handsome allowance, and you will live here as becomes your station. I will not discuss the matter any further to-night, but I thoroughly mean what I say. You can go away and think it over. I also give you a week to make up your mind; but next Wednesday, if you have not come to your senses, I shall disinherit you.'

The word 'disinherit' pierced a little way through Sir Humphrey's complaisant obstinacy, but not far enough to disturb his resolve. 'You must do what you like with your money, mother,' he said, with an approach to dignity. 'I'm going to marry the girl I love.'

At the time this conversation was being held between mother and son, there was another going on between mother and daughter in the minister's house half a mile away.

Mrs Evans-Jones was plainly excited by the information her daughter gave her on her return from the evening service. She looked at her curiously, as if she saw in her another person than the girl she had known, and one to be more highly considered. 'I think you were quite right, dearest, to tell him to wait a while,' she said. 'You have known him so short a time; and although the worldly advantages of such a marriage would be great, we must remember that we are Christian people, and worldly advantages are not everything.'

'I don't think Christianity comes into it very much, mother dear,' said the minister's daughter, always a trifle impatient of parental conventions. 'If I loved him'——

'Of course, darling,' said her mother, trimming her course. 'But you like him, don't you?'

'Oh yes, I like him,' said the girl.

'And there is George to think of,' pursued Mrs Evans-Jones.

The girl burst into tears. 'I don't want to give up George,' she said. 'I am very fond of him. But it all seems so hopeless. It might be years before we could marry.'

'I don't want to advise you to do anything against the promptings of your heart, dearest,' said her mother, comforting her. 'But it does seem almost hopeless. A clerk in a bank, with no interest, and practically no future! I have always felt that. And there has never been any regular engagement, has there?'

'No,' replied the girl; 'but if only he were well enough off to marry, or likely to be before we both grow old, I should not hesitate.'

'Well, dear,' said Mrs Evans-Jones—to whom the claims of George Brown, bank clerk with eighty pounds per annum, on her daughter's affections suddenly seemed irksome—'you must

follow the dictates of your conscience. There is no necessity to decide just yet, and I see no reason why you should not meet Sir Humphrey in the meantime. Perhaps we had better not say anything to your father until you see your way more clearly.'

The girl acquiesced. She felt, when her mother kissed her good-night, that she had received another push along a path which led to glamorous possibilities, but was not altogether free from gloom.

(To be continued.)

GLIMPSES OF NORWAY FROM CHRISTIANIA.

SCENTS SYMBOLICAL.

By EDITH M. G. JAYNE.

'NOW you can really *smell* Norway!' So cried an enthusiastic fellow-passenger as the steamer felt her way into Christiansand on a soft, gray evening in early autumn. And as we leaned over the bulwarks, on the alert for the first harbingers of land, we became actually aware of a very slight and indefinite, but quite perceptible, perfume wafted seaward from the still invisible shores—a breath of mountains and pine-woods, spicy undergrowth, and peat or wood smoke, instinct with the promise of all manner of pure and fresh country haunts and pleasures.

Later on, when the traveller has taken root for a short while in Christiania—the centre of education, culture, and movement for every Norwegian—another scent, all-pervading, impresses itself upon his unwilling faculties in such a way as to convince him that this, in the future, must vie with the fragrance of the uplands in recalling Norway to his mind. '*Grönsœbe*'—dark, jelly-like soft soap, with nothing to mitigate the strong odour of cod-liver oil which is its peculiar characteristic! In laundries and bathrooms, public buildings and private houses, it represents undisguisably the more prosaic virtues of thrift, industry, and cleanliness.

Is it straining a simile to perceive in these two component parts of the national atmosphere a very exact illustration of the character of our northern cousins: the matter-of-fact temperament, democratic, industrious, keen in business, and full of independent common-sense; the strong vein of romance, revealing itself in an intense appreciation of natural beauties, a love of home and family ties, of national tradition, and fairy lore?

The capital itself is a good example of this dual nature. What more poetic than the approach to Christiania on a fine morning—the sunlit waters of the beautiful fjord, where island after island reveals its variously wooded shores to the delighted eye; yet the wide amphitheatre of mountains encircling the town from east to west? And yet, on landing, how can one avoid a feeling of reluctant disillusionment as one drives through street after street of plain drab or yellowish houses and shops, comfortable but commonplace, or squalid and tumble-down, without a hint of picturesque form or vivid colouring to redeem their sordid poverty? It is hardly an exaggeration to say that no single public building possesses any outward value from an architectural point of view. University, museums, churches, all are alike plain and uninteresting in style, whether they come before us in the crude modernity of red and yellow brick, or the respectable middle age of smoke-stained stone and plaster. All the accessories of up-to-date business requirements are found in perfection: electric trams, taxi-cabs, telephones, telegraph and postal arrangements; though the streets, with the exception of the principal thoroughfare, are roughly paved with 'setts' or blocks of stone, over which rattle a succession of primitively shaped open carts drawn by odd-looking dun horses scarcely larger than stout ponies.

But—significant fact—wherever trees can grow or grass and flowers flourish there have been planted avenues, groves, small private gardens, carefully tended parks. In Carl Johansgade, the Regent Street of Christiania, a band plays every day in the universal lunch-hour, and all turn out to stroll or sit under the trees and enjoy the respite from work. The confectioners' shops—easily recognised by the gilt *kringle*, or double ring-shaped biscuit, that hangs over the doors—are filled with a gay crowd of students, professors, school children, and citizens of every grade, who gather there every day at about one o'clock to drink milk and chocolate, and eat buns and cakes of every shape and flavour. Norway, no less than Scotland, merits the title of Land of Cakes. It is not uncommon to see at any ordinary meal three or four varieties of bread in as many shades of brownness, sweet cakes of different kinds, and biscuits plain and spiced, thick and thin, in abundance. There is something very pleasant in this hour of social intercourse in the middle of the day's work; every one knows everybody else, and the air resounds with cheery greetings; yet there is no undue lingering over the impromptu meal, and men, women, and children soon hurry away for another hour or two's work in office, shop, or schoolroom.

It is not so easy at first sight to realise that one is amongst a strange people. The language, to an ear ignorant of Norwegian, strongly resembles Welsh, with its rising and falling

inflections; most of the faces might find their counterparts in Scotland and Wales, even in some districts of England. True, if one looks a second time at a golden-haired, pink-cheeked girl one becomes aware that the hair shines more brightly, the rosy colouring has a more brilliant glow, than is generally the case with our blonde types; but one comes across many Norwegians whose dark eyes and hair and pale or sallow complexions would be equally appropriate in members of any of the Celtic races. So with costume. Men and women appear habitually in the conventional garb of civilised society, with a tendency to follow English and Parisian fashions. Very rarely one meets a woman in the dress of one of the northern provinces; sometimes a little girl is seen in complete peasant outfit, but rather through some fancy of her parents than because it is the costume natural to her; and of the many small school children, with their reindeer-skin satchels, who throng the trams and pavements, only the gaily striped stockings of most, and the embroidered bonnets or quaint peasant caps of a few, remind one that these familiar-looking boys and girls are little Scandinavians after all.

The clergy alone have preserved the antique dress in which they have officiated since Reformation days and which is most generally in use for ordinary occasions: a close-fitting black preacher's gown, with narrow satin stole, and a small fluted ruff, standing a little out and back from the throat. This costume is only worn during divine service; outside the church it would be difficult to distinguish the pastor from any layman of his congregation.

Norwegian common-sense displays itself in many ways, and sometimes its almost grandmotherly precautions provoke a smile. At one hotel, where comfort and quiet are paramount, a notice is posted conspicuously in every bedroom desiring the guests to abstain from talking or walking in the corridors after 10 P.M., and should any of them be prevented from retiring thus early, directing that their belated footsteps should be muffled by the wearing of felt-soled shoes!

Again, in the woods near Christiania the visitor is forbidden 'to break off the tops of the trees' or 'to set fire to the forest'—requests which carry him back to the regulations of nursery days. In extenuation it should be added that Norwegians are very fond of lighting fires, when picnicking, to boil their coffee.

The injunctions set forth on the railway notice-boards are comprehensive; should the pedestrian be 'feeble, deaf, a child, or intoxicated,' he is ordered, or at least warned, not to cross the line.

Even in ecclesiastical matters some very practical directions are in force: in the case of a wedding, both of the contracting parties must produce certificates of birth, baptism, confirmation—and *vaccination*, before the ceremony can be performed! This restriction may be modified where one of the two is a foreigner.

One can highly recommend for our own adoption a practice universally maintained in every chemist's shop. Each dispenser is furnished with a list of all dangerous and poisonous drugs, and on no account may he sell any of these, either singly or in the course of a prescription, without the express permission, recently given, of a qualified medical man. A stranger will sometimes find this regulation inconvenient; but how many cases of accidental or ignorant poisoning might be avoided in other countries were such a wise precaution the rule instead of the exception!

Dentists abound; the title *Tandlæge* (literally 'tooth-leech') seems to meet the eye more frequently than any other, and quite a large proportion of them are ladies. 'What's in a name?' but *Tandlæge Lulla Larssen*, for instance, has a soothing and reassuring sound as compared with the sterner syllables of *Karl Bruun*.

To pass from civic affairs to the customs of private life. Many pleasant thoughts which remain understood in English homes are expressed in Norwegian ones. Does one meet a friend with whom one has dined or supped a few days before, 'Thanks for last time' is the appropriate greeting. 'Thanks for to-day,' says each departing guest at the close of any little entertainment. And 'Thanks for the meat' is the orthodox reply, at the close of a meal, to the smilingly murmured '*Velbekomme*' ('May it agree with you') of the lady of the house.

It surprised and almost shocked an English visitor to see three youths, hardly more than schoolboys, sit composedly at table whilst their hostess brought them their cups and changed their plates; and yet, a few minutes later, each of those boys was careful to go to the drawing-room, before leaving the house, and bow good-bye to a chance guest who had been at lunch with them.

Gifts of flowers are very frequent, and at a wedding it is no unusual thing to find the rooms in the bride's home entirely decorated with the beautiful bouquets sent by friends and acquaintances.

All the homely relationships and little festivals of daily life are beautified by a touch of true sentiment manifesting itself in so many quaint and thoughtful ways: flowers or a book or some pretty trifle given to celebrate a pleasant visit or expedition, chocolates and other delicacies provided for friends starting on a journey, the kindly speech or well-turned verses that add a charm to domestic anniversaries—all setting forth that spirit of true neighbourliness which exemplifies the best form of democracy.

Hospitality, too, is frequent and unostentatious, for a Norwegian loves to see his friends and

relations, and simple plenty is the rule in most households. Every boy and girl has his or her 'best friend,' and in most cases one finds that these friendships, begun in earliest schooldays, are maintained unbroken through university and married life, and are often inherited by the children. This state of affairs is, no doubt, facilitated by the system of day-school education in Norway. Young people of both sexes not only study together in many of the schools and at the university, but also take part in winter sports and excursions, and see one another constantly under the healthy and natural conditions of a home atmosphere. Chaperonage has become a dead-letter, except, strangely enough, in the case of engaged couples, for whom etiquette decrees a system of supervision and escort that must be trying to those who have grown up in the freedom of 'unattached' existence.

As far as can be judged by an outsider, the position of women is a very comfortably assured one. Capable and practical housekeepers, they have also a right to enter the wider sphere of national economy. A woman obtains her municipal vote at twenty-one years, and full suffrage as soon as she reaches the age of twenty-five, whatever her social position may be. She has equal opportunities with her brothers for free study at the university, and no medical man thinks it a condescension on his part to collaborate with a sister-professional. Amongst the younger women there is an independence of character and freedom of opinion which shows itself in many little ways without at all branding them as masculine or fast. For example, at the National Theatre one sees girls and women walking together in the *foyer* without male escort; or at an impromptu dance they will waltz quite naturally with one another, where in other countries they would be condemned to sit as melancholy wall-flowers should no cavalier offer his services. It is no unusual thing for girls of seventeen and eighteen to go on their own initiative to England, France, or Germany as mothers' helps, companions, or students, in order to learn more thoroughly the language and customs of those countries, and to accomplish their programme with perfect self-confidence and success. This taste of liberty has not, apparently, the result of unfitting them to settle down again when the experience is completed; they marry and look after their household affairs as contentedly as though they had never left Christiania to attend literature courses at Oxford, or study art, science, and humanity in half the capitals of Europe at their own sweet will.

It is interesting, when the university reopens every autumn, to note the old students—the twenty-five and forty year graduates—who throng the streets side by side with the freshmen, all wearing the distinctive black-peaked cap with its long cord and full tassel, and joining harmoniously in dinners and social gatherings; the elder men meeting to exchange reminiscences of bygone class-days, the youths sending deputations to offer homage and salutation to their forerunners in the race for learning.

Norway has many and difficult problems to solve. She has to adjudicate now, as never before, between the engrossing claims of a revered but in some ways narrow and outgrown past and an eager, unconventional, all-daring present; but so long as the heads and hearts of her sons and daughters maintain the wholesome relation to one another that has characterised them hitherto, the friends of Norway have every reason to look forward with confidence and hope to her future development.

A BACK BLOCK IN QUEENSLAND IN THE SIXTIES.

By the late CAPTAIN OF DUNSTAFFNAGE.

AN out-station in northern Queensland early in the sixties. The sun setting like a red-hot copper ball, not a cloud in the sky, and the parched ground, with a hot wind sweeping over it, giving forth the scent and sensation of a blast from a furnace.

The station buildings are two huts (or humpies, as they are called) built of rough round timber, without any dressing, and sheets of gum-tree bark. One, the larger of the two, is divided into the store—which contains a bag or so of flour, a chest of tea, and a mat of coarse brown sugar, some pounds of tobacco in sticks, and a few tin billies, sheath-knives, spare stirrup-leathers, and such-like odds and ends—and the overseer's room, the furniture of which is very simple. A green hide stretched over four posts forms the table, a green hide stretched over other four posts forms the bed, and a green hide stretched another way makes a squatter's easy-chair. Cross-cut logs of wood provide seats for chance visitors. An old soap-box, with the other shirt and trousers in it, is the wardrobe. As for the kitchen—so called because the cook sleeps in it, and most of the cooking is done outside when possible—nothing is visible in it save two pots, two buckets, a camp-oven, a slush-lamp, and a very dirty pack of cards, if we except a bunk and table like those in the other hut. Out of this kitchen comes old Davy, tall, thin, bleary-eyed, and shaky, but still clean, smart, and alert in his movements.

Look at him, listen to him, with his incisive, graphic language and well-chosen words, spiced with a dash of the slang of every nation under the sun, and toned by what was originally a strong

Edinburgh accent. You would swear he was a man with a history; and so he was. No one knew it all, and he must have forgotten half of his many adventures. A B.A. degree, three years' service as private in an infantry regiment during the Indian Mutiny, desertion, a trip in a South Sea whaler, a shipwreck, a turn on board a Yankee man-of-war, desertion again, and service on some side or other in a South American revolution, a 'Frisco policeman, then for a finale the Australian Bush.

Old Davy gave himself a stretch, walked round the houses, scanned the horizon all round, and could see neither man, horse, nor cattle, nor even the cloud of dust that would have been the sure accompaniment of the approach of anything save a bird. 'Ehough, Swammy!' said Davy out aloud, 'I can't reckon this racket. That boss of mine should have been back by now. He's a bit throughother and a bit dour, the laddie; but he is always on time, and the last words he said to me were, "I'll leave the long water-hole at midnight, and be here for breakfast, Davy; and mind it's a tightener, for I'll be empty enough." Moreover, they blank black gins, bairns, dogs, and all have vamosed the ranch. I don't like it! I don't like it! That horse of his was good enough, and douce too, for it was old Croppy he took. Ah, he could not have got slung! If he had, ane of they twa black boys he had with him—Carlo and Pint-pot—would have been in had anything eventuated. Pint-pot is right enough, but Carlo is a ladrone. My word! Well, as there are no gins round, I mun down to the creek for a bucket of water mysel'. I don't like it! I don't like it! I may as well take the revolver.'

Four hundred yards away from the hut is the water-hole, fringed round with gidelle; for the scrub, which grows mostly along the main creek about a mile away, here comes down to the anna branch, or billabong, which not only accounts for the water being permanent, but also for the situation of the station—near water and wood, but not surrounded by the latter, a point to be avoided on the back blocks, where the blacks are hardly to be trusted. Beware, Davy—beware! Bucket in one hand, revolver in the other, rather than two buckets and the revolver in your belt. But no—the old story—overconfidence, carelessness, what you will. The old man takes a bucket in each hand and strolls towards the pool.

Hardly has he stepped inside the fringe of scrub and lost sight of the huts than a dozen dusky forms glide out from both higher up and lower down the sheltering timber, cutting Davy off from any chance of retreat to the huts. As they do so, some of them come between Davy and the wind.

'Ah, I think I smell niggers, surely!' passes through Davy's mind. With the thought he drops one bucket and draws his revolver. As he does so, *whiz! whiz!* come half-a-dozen spears. Happily some jostle others in the flight, and the result is only one in his left shoulder. *Bang! bang!* go two shots, and in the confusion that ensues Davy steps into the water up to his neck, keeps his revolver out of it, and slips the bucket over his head like a helmet. 'Safe while I can stand it,' thinks Davy; 'safe till I empty the gun. It's not cold, but I'm old—that's poetry—and an hour will see me with the shivers, and then I'm tuckered out. That's how the boss is not home—the devils have been dividing out his kidney fat. I hope I shall rub some of them out this trip before I go under.' Standing deep in water, however warm the evening is, with a half-empty revolver in one hand, a spear in your shoulder, and a bucket on your head, waiting till a crowd of savages choose to step up and spear you, even if you have the chance of shooting one or two of them in the scrimmage, is not very pleasant, and so Davy found. Soon he heard shouts and yells up at the huts. He knew well enough that he was safe for the time being, for none of the 'varmint,' as he called them in his mind, would stay away, and so lose their chance of the plunder for the sake of killing him. It was dark, for there is no twilight in Queensland.

Quietly and painfully Davy crept out of the water, laid down his revolver, and felt with his hand the spear that was still in his shoulder. 'Barbed, I guess. I can't get it out; but it is nearly through. Fancy I had better push it through. Through with it, snap off one end, pull out the other. If I dared I would squeak. Never mind; a beautiful operation, as MacDeath, our old regimental sawbones, used to say. Hope I'm not going to faint. They may catch me yet if I'm not out of this. I'm off if I can crawl.' So he was off—not as he wished, but into oblivion.

How long he lay he did not know. As he struggled to his senses he heard the *crack! crack!* of a revolver. 'Scissors! have they got hold of the rifle? If it's them there must be some runaway troopers among them, for the other nigs have not savey enough to load her.' Then he heard the shrill cries of women and the deeper '*Waugh! waugh!*' of the men in every direction, some near, some farther off; but all the noises seemingly tending from the station towards the scrub. Indeed, some of the shouts seemed to come from beyond him already. And then—oh welcome, oh joyful sound!—'Blank dash, blank dash, dash blank this cartridge! It's jammed, and there are half-a-dozen blank dashed blacks I could get yet!'

Davy staggered to his feet and gave vent to a faint cooee.

'Hallo, there's a cove to the fore yet!—Where are you, old man? Whoever you are, the room is swept, and you may come in,' was the answer to it. The words put new life into old

Davy, and he managed to make his way into the open.

The moon had risen a few minutes previously, and enabled him to see a tall, strongly built man on a powerful, thickset horse, a black boy also on horseback and leading a packhorse, and a dozen or so of buck niggers lying dead here and there.

'Hurt?' said the stranger. 'Not bad, I hope? I'll do my best to cooper you up. Let's look at it.'

'Middling,' said Davy. 'But how did you manage along so handy? I am more weak from hæmorrhage than hurt,' he added.

'We will plug the hole and talkee bimby.—Come, Blucher, take off the saddles, water the horses, but don't let 'em go—not now anyhow, till I patch up this white fellow. Then you and me 'll have some tucker.'

The two men went up to the hut, and a rough but kindly bit of surgery ensued. Like all outside men, the stranger had some little skill in such matters, gained from practical experience on himself and others; and, considering the material at hand, he fixed up his patient in a way that would have shamed many a physician. The blacks had not had time to do much damage, and, indeed, beyond the eatables there was little for them to destroy. These they had considerably spilled and scattered about.

Soon Davy might have been seen lying as comfortably as possible, under the circumstances, on his blankets, the stranger making johnny-cakes, and the black boy Blucher rubbing fat on a rather nasty bruise on his thigh. Little was said until the two new-comers had satisfied their appetites. That being done, and pipes lighted, the stranger broke out abruptly, 'This is a worse job than you guess on, and I'll tell you all about it. You have heard of the Cornet Scrubber? That's me. Well, I have been out back after new country a bit with Blucher here. We picked up something good, and the rations ran short, so we started in. Last night, before sundown a bit, we made Marula Creek high up, and ran it down to an extra long water-hole.'

'The long water-hole!' said Davy. 'Did you see anything there?'

'Hold up a bit; it is coming,' was the answer. 'Well, Blucher said, "Mime smellum blood," and as he said it up buzzed the flies out of the grass. Of course I hunted round a bit, and there was a station black-fellow knocked about badly enough, but not dead. Blucher gave him a drink, and, as luck would have it, he was a Maranoa black, same as Blucher. He yabbered a bit, and then gave a puff and went out. I asked Blucher what it all was; and this is about it, boiled: His name was Pint-pot. He and Misser Cot, as he called him, and a Myall black, called Carlo, lately come in, had been round the outside trucks. They made this 'ere water-hole about dinner-time, and camped. Misser Cot went to sleep. Some Myalls of Carlo's troop came up. Carlo bashed his master's head in, and the others went for him—Pint-pot. He ran away; they followed, and thought they left him dead. He understood well enough what they said to make out it was a put-up job, and that another mob went to tackle you and the station. Blucher was mad, seeing that Pint-point was "brother belonging to him"—meaning some kind of relation, I suppose. I knew where this humpie was. As it chanced I was the man who first took up this country, so I made tracks, found them at work, and sailed in. Blucher got a crack on his leg from a waddy, the horses came off free, I got a scratch or two and a saddle smashed by a boomerang; and you know all the rest.'

'Puir Jock Scott!—puir laddie! he was over soft to them sneaky blacks. I'll go out and bury him to-morrow.'

'To-morrow! Not you; you're not fit. You will not move for a week. At daylight I'm off to your head-station. Blucher will stop with you. He can shoot, and as he is a countryman of Pint-pot's he will keep a sharp lookout for the sake of his own skin. After that, if the native police turn up, well and good; but whether or not, Blucher and I will hunt up Master Carlo, and fix him for the sake of example.'

Carlo was 'fixed,' and a few more with him, by the black troopers under the command of little Moylan.

Jock Scott was buried, and I was made overseer in his place at Nardoo. But as for old Davy, he had enough of the back blocks, and settled down on a selection near Grassmere which the Cornet Scrubber, for whom he had an unbounded admiration, used as a spelling-place in his spare hours.

DAILY LIFE ON COLONIAL FARMS.

A PLEA FOR FIRST-HAND INFORMATION.

IN a recent issue of *Chambers's Journal* (vol. xiii. p. 743) an article appeared dealing with 'Poultry-Farming' in Australia; and there was an article entitled 'Growing the Big Red Apple in British Columbia' in the same volume. Occasionally articles may be read in other magazines which profess to describe the openings and opportunities in the respective British colonies, principally in connection with the land. Such articles are interesting, but too vague and incomplete to be of any practical use, if intended—as to a certain extent they no doubt are—for

those who have a desire to emigrate, and consequently require to know something of the details of existence in the Colonies, and, in the case of married men especially, the domestic side. A single man of ordinary intelligence and ability has doubtless little fear of not being sure of a reasonable living; but the serious-minded married man must consider his wife, and family if he has any, and what their life would be. There are many married men who, if they had reasonable assurance that a colonial existence would be tolerable for their wives, would willingly face a new start in one of our colonies.

It is generally understood that in the countries alluded to the demand is for workers on the land. It may happen that married men who emigrate have not had practical experience of agricultural matters in Great Britain; but some of them, at any rate, may have spent their earlier years in touch with agriculture, and have a general knowledge of it. The opportunity of following agriculture as a livelihood did not fall to their lot; and although they had of necessity to follow other occupations, both indoor and outdoor, still they have the inclination and the aptitude to take up one of the different branches of farming, and probably would do well in the Colonies on the land. Generally speaking, they are not men who have command of capital; anything up to two hundred pounds would be as much as they could hope to possess on landing. Such men know what hard work is, and have had a struggle to attain the positions they at present occupy; they are a credit to the mother-country, and it may be safely assumed that they would make a good show in the Colonies. Their chief concern is their wives and families—what would be the nature of the daily life they would have to lead, the various domestic drawbacks and difficulties with which they would have to contend. Very little or no information on this important feature is to be found in publications which profess to deal with questions in connection with emigration, and the lack of it possibly deters many who are unable to satisfy themselves from such unbiassed particulars as they are able to glean; consequently the Colonies lose the benefit they might enjoy from the influx of reliable and intelligent settlers. It may be taken for granted that neither men nor women of the type under notice would shirk the initial difficulties of a fresh start provided the prospects and result of their labour meant a reasonably comfortable existence, equivalent at least to their life in the Old Country, with the possibility of a much better.

What are much needed are accurate and detailed descriptions of daily colonial country life from both men and women, preferably the latter, corresponding to the home type alluded to, who have had experience of both home and colonial life. These would be of practical value and assistance to those whose inclinations are toward the Colonies, and enable them to weigh carefully the advantages and disadvantages; and if they decided to emigrate to one of the oversea dominions, they would understand precisely what to expect, and have no cause, through ignorance, to regret the step taken. It should not be concluded that because such persons so seriously consider the different points alluded to they are not suitable for colonists; such precautions indicate that they are of the right kind and worth attracting. At present the appeals from the Colonies are mainly in the form of inducements to farm-labourers and domestic servants, also small farmers (presumably married) with capital. This article is intended to include those who, after acquiring the necessary experience on the spot, would make good and successful farmers of a very desirable class, and they ought to have the opportunity, at any rate, of fully understanding the conditions; but they are just the men who are unable to ascertain the facts, and are not content with what are, in their opinion, somewhat one-sided and incomplete official publications and information.

[The Editor will be pleased to receive accurate descriptions of colonial life from established colonists covering the various points named. These communications must not exceed three hundred words in length. A selection will be made from the material sent in, and all communications printed will be paid for at the usual rate.]

A WIND-SONG.

A WIND-SONG, a kind song! but where doth it begin,
High on the mountain-top, or low beside the linn?
Blowing up the fairy drift from the foaming falls,
Roaring in the forest's heart, wailing round the walls.

A wind-song, a blind song, 'tis writ for soul to find;
It talketh to the inward sense, and pictures for the mind.
Blush up, and rush up—fairyland and foam,
Tree-land, free-land, the mirth and moan of home.

Crazy day, daisy-ray, in the youth of spring,
Wind that whisks your hats away, makes you laugh and sing,
Drives to rout all your doubt, rolls the blossoms fair,
Till a world, tossed and whirled, answers in the air.

A wind-song, a shrined song; fevered mind and eye,
Burn up, turn up, sighing to the sky;
Then how, in the bough, softly or more strong,
Triumph all the breezy hosts, asking you along!

Blow, wind! A snow-wind, or a wind from sea,
Welcome is your lower lapse, level on the lea.
Welcome is your higher note where the poplars sway,
Driving wind, striving wind, blowing night and day.

WILLIAM J. GALLAGHER.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE STORY OF BAEDEKER.

By EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL, F.R.G.S.

THE death of Karl Baedeker, son of the founder of the famous guides, will be felt almost as a personal loss by innumerable travellers to whom for nearly three-quarters of a century Baedeker has served as guide, philosopher, and friend in their Continental wanderings.

Many of the guide-books of this series owe their inspiration to the original Karl Baedeker, while some of the editions were actually edited by him.

Baedeker's guides hold a position in travel-literature which is *sui generis*. They have attained the distinction of being used as a common noun, like Bradshaw, Hansom, Kodak, &c., and are conventionally used to connote a guide-book. Baedeker has, indeed, paid the penalty of being regarded as a household word, and unscrupulous publishers have even brought out rival Baedekers, no legal redress being obtainable, as the judge ruled that 'Baedeker' was, to all intents and purposes, synonymous with a guide-book—a decision which, however flattering, has indirectly entailed serious pecuniary loss to the house of Baedeker. Indeed, a certain German publisher went so far as to annex the celestial regions with a *Hemmel's Baedeker* (Baedeker of Heaven)!

Though this wonderful series of guide-books (now comprising over seventy volumes) is, of course, an essentially German enterprise, its inception is due to an English firm of publishers—Mr John Murray; for Herr Karl Baedeker himself admitted that to Mr Murray is due full credit as the pioneer of Continental handbooks for travellers. Mr John Murray had recognised the enormous impetus given to Continental travel by the cessation of the Napoleonic wars, which had devastated Europe and practically closed the Continent to travellers for so many years; and in 1836 he inaugurated the first of the famous Murray's handbooks with a *Handbook for Holland and North Germany*. In 1839 appeared Baedeker's handbook for the same countries; but in the preface his indebtedness to Murray's guide was expressly stated. Herr Fritz Baedeker did not hesitate to admit this in a letter published in the *Times* in 1889. Indeed, on one occasion this 'lifting' of literary matter had a very amusing result. It seems that Murray had stated that pomegranates grew on the sides of a certain valley in Italy. Now, unfortunately, the German word *Granat* means both 'pomegranate' and 'garnet;' and Baedeker's compiler was responsible for the curious statement that garnets were embedded in the cliffs of this valley!

On the other hand, for several years Karl Baedeker virtually assisted in the editing of Murray's guides by sending Mr Murray notes and materials. The relations between the two firms gradually became less reciprocal and interdependent; and since 1864 the Baedeker guides have been absolutely independent, not to say rival, publications, though as recently as 1861 Murray's name appeared as English publisher in the first English edition of Baedeker's *Rhine*.

The essential difference between Baedeker's and Murray's guides is obvious enough. Murray's handbooks—or, at all events, the earlier editions—were written for the traveller of means, leisure, and culture. The editor seems to take for granted the possession of a private carriage, a courier, and high introductions at the great capitals of Europe. A trace of this influence is still to be seen in the parcelling out of the different countries into 'routes,' which in many cases are actually based on the old diligence-routes, planned before the Continent was gridironed with an intricate web of railways. This arrangement the twentieth-century tourist finds rather exasperating, necessitating frequent reference to the index. Yet it must be admitted that this principle of classification is found to be of considerable service in view of the great vogue of motor tours, for the motorist requires a guide based rather on Paterson's classical *Road Book* than on a Baedeker or a Bradshaw.

'Baedeker sat down to his task in a different spirit and with different sympathies. Not, indeed, that he was on the side of the sportsman; it was not to be expected that he would be, for if sportsmen were comparatively rare in England at that date, they were rarer still in Germany. But he did not, like Murray, appeal to a clientèle of "milords;" he aimed, as the popular novelists say, at "the great heart of the public." His vision was of a mighty multitude of average men on the high-roads of travel—ignorant men, who needed to be told what to admire, whether it were a picture, or a piece of statuary, or a cathedral, or a ruin, or a view; and to whom both time and money were of importance.' In short, with Baedeker the fundamental distinction between a travel-book and guide-book is never lost sight of. Long

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academical descriptions of objects of art and antiquities, and features of topographical or historical interest, are rigidly eschewed; while great prominence is given to full and reliable information about hotel tariffs, communications, local conveyances, guides, shops, &c. These commonplace topics, so uninteresting to read about, are rightly thought of the deepest concern to the tourist, and especially for the traveller of modest means. Then Baedeker studiously avoids long quotations from classical authorities and glowing descriptions of scenery. In short, Baedeker provides facts, not opinions or sentiments.

One of the best features of Baedeker is the courageous manner in which the invidious task of classifying hotels in order of merit, indicating recommendable ones by means of little asterisks, has been undertaken. This is often shirked, for obvious reasons, by compilers of guide-books; Baedeker, however, and with sound reason, maintains that it is the duty of publishers of guide-books not only to mention hotels, but to discriminate between them in the interests of travellers. This scrupulous sense of responsibility to his readers has occasionally entailed heavy cost in defending libel actions brought by aggrieved *hôteliers*. Perhaps there is no feature in the guide-book which has given rise to so much criticism as this 'starring' of hotels. It must be admitted, however, that these stars do not necessarily denote the highest hotel-standard, as will be seen from the very guarded and non-committal interpretation the editor gives to these significant commendatory symbols. It is pointed out, for instance, that the asterisk does not necessarily imply that the hotel is unreservedly recommended, but simply that it indicates that the particular hotel is one 'which the editor has reason to believe is good of its class.'

While we are fully alive to the many good points of Baedeker, it must be admitted that a true sense of proportion from the ordinary tourist point of view is not always observed in the space devoted to tourist centres. For instance, small winter-resorts much frequented by English people will occasionally have but three or four lines, while a manufacturing town, commercially perhaps of considerable importance, but not likely to be visited by 1 per cent. of the public the guide caters for, will have half a page or so. In this respect Baedeker seems planned too much on the lines of a gazetteer or directory, and the interests of the ordinary tourist are subordinated to the supposed necessity for comprehensiveness and completeness.

Then expert local knowledge is able to spot trifling errors occasionally; but when it is remembered that many of these volumes contain several hundred thousand facts it is extraordinary that the percentage of errors is so low. Indeed, it is safe to say that in this respect no other series of guide-books can be compared with Baedeker.

The great aim of Baedeker is to give the maximum of useful information in the minimum of space, so that the criticism we occasionally hear of the 'stony prose' of Baedeker and the arid wastes of commonplace information unrelieved by picturesque detail seems rather gratuitous. After all, Baedeker is not for the arm-chair, but for the pocket, and therefore lightness and portability are factors of the highest importance. Indeed, the somewhat old-fashioned epithet *vade mecum* is essentially applicable to these guides. Then Baedeker cheapens as well as popularises travel. For instance, the traveller spending two or three days only in a new tourist centre would find that he would save the cost of his Baedeker in cab-fares, gratuities, &c., alone.

As to the editing of these guides, subject to the general editorship of the head of the house of Baedeker, a uniform system is maintained throughout the whole series. Each volume is entrusted to one who has peculiar local knowledge of the country dealt with, while the services of the highest authorities on the various departments of knowledge are enlisted for the introductory chapters. For instance, in the guide to Great Britain the late Professor Freeman wrote the admirable essay on the history of architecture in England, while for the guide to the United States the British Ambassador furnished an illuminating chapter on the American Constitution. The first editor of the English editions was Mr John Kirkpatrick, afterwards Professor of Constitutional Law, Edinburgh University. In 1878 he was succeeded by Mr James F. Muirhead, assisted after 1890 by his brother, Mr Findlay Muirhead.

The cost of a new guide, as distinct from a new edition, is relatively enormous, and is said to run to several thousands of pounds. The maps, which are, of course, prepared specially for the guide, are one of the most costly items. As the type is kept standing, the cost of correcting and revising each new edition is comparatively slight. The corrections in each edition are more numerous, however, than is generally supposed. Indeed, the editor of the handbook of the guide to Great Britain is said to have offered a dollar for every unaltered page in a new edition to any one who would in return give him a cent for every correction; but I am not aware if this sporting offer was ever actually accepted.

In recent years there has been a notable expansion of the original scheme, the earlier guides of the series confining themselves to the Continent. Having annexed the chief countries of Europe, Baedeker went farther afield, and Egypt, Palestine, the United States, Canada, and, very recently, the Mediterranean guide-books followed in turn. Indeed, it seems likely that it is the intention of the firm to include in their series all the countries of the world much visited by the tourist *qud* tourist, and I believe that at no distant date India will come within the purview of Baedeker.

The eminently practical and matter-of-fact

Baedeker would seem as barren a field for the yielding of humour as a Greek lexicon;* but in the earlier editions may be discovered several examples of unconscious humour. For instance, in a reference to a certain statue of Venus it was described as consisting of 'undressed stone'! But, of course, the best examples of unconscious humour are confined to the proofs, and are reserved for the delectation of editors. Of these the following will serve as a typical specimen. The editor in his copy had referred in a description of a certain museum to a 'room full of plaster casts,' and this is said to have been returned in proof as a 'room full of blasted cats'!

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER II.—*continued.*

MR COLAM ROPER, on more important business, crossed the Common to The Roost at half-past nine. It was while slowly walking across that, for the first time—how was it the question had not occurred to him the evening before?—he was struck, with a force which stopped him, by what Felix Fitz had hinted about a certain London solicitor. Could it be the same man who, at the nurse's invitation, was coming to draw up Joshua Tooting's will? He remembered the name—Grimesey. 'I don't know how Grimesey could have heard of it, except from the lady herself!' These were Fitz's very words. If it proved to be the same man, the fact would raise some horrible fears in the breast of Colam Roper. But he could not think it of her! The thing (as Fitz had said) might be mere idle rumour. At all events, Colam Roper would have opportunities of forming a judgment for himself when he saw them together at Joshua Tooting's house. He would observe them carefully—especially the man, whom, perhaps, the lady did not care about at all.

Dr Black was already there, sitting with the nurse in the parlour. He had seen the patient, who was very quiet and calm.

'Expecting the solicitor,' explained the doctor; 'he will be the better for having that business done.'

'Of course, of course. We may have our old neighbour for years yet.'

Dr Black shook his head. At that moment a telegram arrived, addressed to Nurse Dunning. She opened it quickly, and changed countenance.

'This is disappointing, and I fear will annoy Mr Tooting,' she said, handing it to them. It was from the London solicitor, stating that he could not possibly be there before three o'clock. The name was Grimesey, and Mr Roper had a bad minute or so after seeing it.

'It is annoying, and Tooting is so impatient of waiting,' said the doctor.

'Is there no other solicitor near at hand?' the nurse asked, with an impartiality that relieved Colam Roper. Dr Black said Joshua Tooting would have no one from Claypits, in the absence of Mr Meredith, and went up to make the delay known to the patient.

'Do you think he will last long?' Roper inquired of the nurse when the doctor was gone.

'One can never tell, Mr Roper; paralysis upsets calculations. You recovered quickly after your operation.'

'Thanks to you,' he could not help interposing warmly.

'Thanks to your age and strong constitution. If Mr Tooting had a constitution, although much older than you, he might live many years. A man may now be still young at sixty.'

'Well, I am not sixty, nor very near it as yet, so that I have prospects,' he said with a laugh. 'And a woman—how long does she remain young? Some, I think, can never be old.'

There was a personal direction in his words that caused her to pause for a few seconds, and then she answered, smiling and only half-looking up, 'Now you are trying to get at secrets, Mr Roper. I cannot tell what you want to know.'

Mr Roper felt a charm in her manner of saying those few words that made him forget all about solicitors. And just then Dr Black returned, and said Mr Tooting was quite willing to wait till three o'clock. Then, after a few more words, the two men went away.

'Curious woman that!' remarked the doctor presently.

'Who—the nurse?' Roper uneasily asked.

'Yes. Nurses don't require nerves, and, as a rule, have got none. She seemed a particularly cool and emotionless person, too. But she has got something on her nerves this morning. There is nothing in her patient's condition to explain it.'

'Perhaps,' suggested Roper, who had noticed nothing of that nature, and would rather not believe it, 'it is her health, and the loneliness of the place. There 's only Ann Cox.'

'Her health is all right. Maybe,' added Dr Black, dismissing the topic, 'it is due to the row old Joshua made last evening.'

'That is very likely. You were there?'

'He stumbled on that photograph among his sister's letters, and it proved worse to him than a red rag to a bull. I put it in the fire for him. I fancy it was that awakening of his ancient hate that made him ask for a lawyer. A pity

* Not apparently a good parallel, if a pun is allowed to be a form of humour, for in Liddell and Scott's *Greek Lexicon*, under the word συκοφάντης, the editor deprecates the popular origin of the word 'informer on fig-stealers' as 'probably a figment.'

Meredith isn't at home. But this other seems a respectable man—nurse said he acted for a Member of Parliament they had in the home.'

'She knew him, then?'

'Only his name and address. My opinion is,' said the doctor deliberately, 'that Joshua had intended to die intestate and let the estate go to the Crown. But the sight of that detested face may have aroused the fear of any issue of the man benefiting through intestacy. If there was no surviving child of Fanny Tooting, a pretender might arise, and in any event a lot of the property would go to the lawyers. It would disturb Joshua in his grave.'

The very opinion Mr Roper had formed when talking to the nurse the previous evening.

'What he means to do with his property,' Dr Black added, 'no one can say. But we shall soon know. His time is nearly run out.'

They had not been long gone when a cab from the station deposited the solicitor at the gate. He had found it possible to come earlier, after all.

The nurse came to the door when Mrs Cox was admitting him, and beyond a slight, quick motion of her eyelids she showed no surprise.

'I found I could come, nurse, and thought it better to do so,' said Mr Grimesey, looking at her attentively. Then he followed her into the parlour, and there was a minute's silence.

It was a singular meeting; the mutual reserve of those two was more suggestive of mutual embarrassment than of want of acquaintance.

'Better tell him I am ready to take his instructions,' said the solicitor with a professional smile. 'I shall want to get back to London.'

'Shall I send for Dr Black and Mr Colam Roper? They were here at ten, and promised to return at three.'

'It would take so much time, and I have an appointment. And it is quite unnecessary.'

Drawing a deep breath, as if unable to understand something in the matter, the nurse went up. Mr Grimesey filed his finger-nails while she was absent, which was not many minutes.

Opening the door, she beckoned to him, and on the stairs she turned and said, 'You will not require me in connection with this business. I hate the making of wills.'

He bent his head, with the same smile as before, and softly entered the bedroom. The nurse closed the door and descended to the parlour. She stayed there only a few seconds, and entering a small adjoining room, shut the door and lay down on a couch, covering her head with a shawl. She did not move until the solicitor was gone.

That gentleman first noticed how dark the bedroom was, but discerned the curtained four-poster at the farther end of the room, and approached.

'Are you the solicitor?' asked Tooting in a weak voice.

Mr Grimesey gave his name and tendered his services in the ordinary terms, standing near the bedside.

'I shall not occupy you many minutes. My own solicitor being away from home, and the business pressing on my mind, I sent for you. These are the instructions,' he added, taking a paper from beneath the pillow and handing it to the solicitor. 'You will perceive there is not much to be done.'

Mr Grimesey had to draw nearer to the window in order to read the paper. It was brief, clear, and quite to the point.

'That will soon be done, Mr Tooting,' he answered. 'It will hardly be necessary to prepare a draft, unless you desire it, from such clear instructions.'

'No, I want no draft. Get it ready to sign.'

'I shall have it engrossed at once, and take it down to you, say to-morrow or the next day?'

'No—now!' said the old man sharply. 'What engrossing does it want? I have always thought a will on a sheet of note-paper as good as a yard of parchment. I want to sign it now. There's a writing-pad by the window. Can't you copy it out there?'

'Certainly, if you wish.'

Mr Grimesey, proceeding to comply with the request, paused an instant to take a curiously careful survey of the apartment. There was only one window, and that was partially shaded by an elm outside. Midway across the space between the window and the bed the light was dim. By the bedside a written paper was legible with care only. The solicitor, apparently noting these points, sat down at the table before the window, facing the light. On the pad was writing-paper, ample to contain all that was required on one page. In a clear, small, rapid hand the task was finished in a few minutes. Some ink had been spilled on the tablecover, and Mr Grimesey's left hand had touched it, and accidentally transferred a smudge to the upper part of the margin of the written paper.

Glancing at this with the grimace of a fastidious man, he took the document over to the bed.

'I have accidentally blotted it,' he said, 'but quite clear of the writing. When you have read it over, I will run out another copy.'

Joshua Tooting turned himself on the pillow to obtain the light, and holding the paper close to his eyes, perused it attentively. He expressed himself quite satisfied, and held it for some seconds at arm's-length as though taking a mental photograph of the document.

'You needn't copy it again, need you?' he asked. 'It is good enough.'

'Oh, quite!' the solicitor agreed with a smile; 'but to a lawyer's eye it looks ill. I shall not be five minutes. Who are your witnesses?'

'There was no one down there, was there?'

'No. Some friends were to come at three o'clock. I am very sorry to have disappointed.'

'What does it matter? You can be a witness

and the nurse—Ann Cox cannot attest. Touch the bell.'

'There is the driver,' suggested Mr Grimesey, 'who drove me from the station. I heard them call him Jenkins.'

'Jenkins? I know him. Jenkins will do very well. Let him come up.'

The housekeeper answered the bell, and sent Jenkins up. The man was standing near the door, holding his whip and hat in his hands, when Mr Grimesey rose up again from the table. He had taken more time in making the copy than the original, and Mr Tooting was fidgeting over it.

'Give me the original one—never mind the copy!' he said.

'Very well,' replied the solicitor, picking up both from the table; 'and in my haste the copy is soiled like the other. They are both alike,' he said, with a shade of annoyance, and he held them out before Tooting, 'and the original is no worse than the other.'

He put the copied one in Joshua Tooting's hand, and while he fetched the pad to sign it on, the old man held the paper off from him as he had done before, and seemed quite satisfied. As he wished to be raised a little, Mr Grimesey unconsciously dropped the other paper on the bedclothes and placed him as he desired. In this position, with another general survey of the will, and the two witnesses standing over him, Joshua Tooting took the pen and deliberately executed his last will and testament. When the witnesses had added their names, he made a sign for a foolscap envelope on a small table by the bedside. It was already addressed, 'The Manager, London and County Bank, Claypits,' and endorsed, 'My Will.—Joshua Tooting.' In their presence the document was placed by his own hands in the envelope, and the envelope closed; after which he requested the solicitor to seal it, observing the act attentively until the wax was dry.

'Leave it at the bank on your way to the station,' he directed; 'Jenkins can take it in. Now, send the nurse to me; I want to rest.'

The solicitor and Jenkins went away—the latter, at the other's request, carrying the envelope in his capacious breast-pocket; and on quitting the bedroom Mr Grimesey took from the table the written instructions Tooting had given him for the will. A lawyer forgets nothing that he ought to remember. This was his own passing reflection as he placed the paper in his pocket-book while going down the stairs.

The nurse was lying down, and, Mrs Cox told him, did not wish to be disturbed unless Mr Tooting wanted her. Mr Grimesey looked surprised and a little disappointed, but accepted the explanation with a smile, which did not fade from his lips until he was some distance from the house.

'The more I see of her, the more I admire,' he reflected.

Nothing more happened during the morning, save that, after rest and refreshment, Joshua Tooting mentioned to the nurse that he must write to Mr Meredith to explain to him the circumstances of the execution of the will. 'It would be Meredith's business if he were here, and I have appointed him my executor. I must tell him about it,' he said.

She propped him comfortably, and brought him the writing-pad, and drew a small table close where he could reach it for ink and envelopes. In settling the clothes she found the paper Mr Grimesey had dropped, and noticed the first line.

'This is your will, Mr Tooting!' she said, with much surprise. He snatched it from her hand and held it close to his eyes.

'No; it 's only a copy—he wrote it out twice—and I 'll enclose this to Meredith,' he answered, folding the paper.

Joshua Tooting spent half-an-hour, alone, at the writing of the letter to Mr Meredith, and sent it out to be posted by Mrs Cox. He had all the old letters beneath his pillow collected, placed in an envelope, sealed, and put in his desk. After which he remarked, 'That is all;' and the nurse, at his request, drew the curtains round the head of the bed, and he composed himself to sleep.

It was old Joshua Tooting's last sleep. Before the doctor and Mr Roper arrived there at three o'clock, the testator's estate had passed away from him to the person or persons named in the will now lying in the keeping of the bank manager at Claypits.

(To be continued.)

WHEN DICKENS WAS IN ITALY.

By G. Pignatorre.

When Dickens on his tour through Italy visited so many of her historic cities, once the sites of learning, the schools of art, splendid in wealth and power, but whose grass-grown, deserted streets were then only alive with ghostly memories, he recorded his impressions in a series of sketches which are, as he aptly terms them, veritable pen-and-ink pictures, bright with the colouring of his humour or sober with touches of deep feeling, but always striking and truthful. Dickens's descriptions of the Italy of sixty years ago are only, in one sense, those of a dead and buried past; in all other respects they might have been written yesterday.

The series begins with Genoa the Proud, whose accumulated discomforts plunged him at

first into a 'dismal reverie,' which was, however, soon dispelled by the surpassing loveliness of the sea and land; in other words, the place grew upon him as it does on all those who visit that enchanting shore. Here he spent several months in a suburban villa which he humorously terms the 'Pink Jail,' but which is now, whatever it was then, a very neat-looking building, with the usual semi-tropical garden attached to it. Over the portal leading into the court there is an inscription to the effect that Charles Dickens, the great English novelist, lived—and according to the present occupants died—there, the very room where he passed away being indicated!

The renovation of the dilapidated villa of 1846 into the trim dwelling of 1911 is no inapt illustration of the process which has in a greater or lesser degree been operative in so many Italian towns, and which has transformed old Genoa, redolent of double-distilled foul smells, into the fairly clean present-day city, in whose handsome new suburbs foreign visitors may enjoy the beauties of nature together with the comforts of a bathroom.

The people, indeed, have changed less than their surroundings. They are still as devoted to their local deities, they are still as fond of haggling and polite fictions, as ever; and it is but fair to add that they have retained their traditional civility and obligingness. Modena, Parma, Verona, and Ferrara, which Dickens visited in succession after quitting Genoa, told the same tale of decadence, of utter stagnation. Ferrara, the once superb capital of the lordly Estes, the centre of one of the most polished courts of the Renaissance, the abode of Ariosto and Tasso, of brave captains and wise princes, pulsating with life, had become the saddest and most forsaken city of the solemn brotherhood. The 'proud mart of Pisa,' too, with its stirring past, the rival of Genoa and Venice, the 'Queen of the Western Waves,' had dwindled into a sleepy little town dozing on the banks of that same Arno whence her fleets were wont to sail against the Moslems of Spain or the Saracens of Syria; a city only animated by numerous and vociferous beggars, as forlorn almost as Ferrara itself. One city only stood out and stands out unchanged in aspect. The eerie aspects of the discrowned Mistress of the Adriatic are portrayed in a passage of exquisite power and beauty; the black, gloomy, historic mansions bordering the Grand Canal, the Rialto Bridge spanning the great artery of Venice, the long, hearse-like gondolas with their steel-forked prows gliding on the iridescent waters of the lagoon or over the dark-green surface of the canals, the intricate maze of the unending *calli* or winding lanes, the grand old Piazza, have remained substantially unaltered, rendering more impressive the extant monuments of former Venetian power and greatness. Dickens found Venice a very Niobe of cities, mourning her fall and degradation. Indeed, chastened and tempered by misfortune, the Venetians rose only two years later against their foreign masters, and redeemed by their heroism their ignominious submission and surrender in 1797; but neither the slow decline of the republic, ending in senile decay, nor the revival of public spirit in 1848, nor the emancipation of Venice in 1866, has sensibly affected the characteristic appearance of the city or the manners and customs of the Venetians themselves. The picture of Venice left to us by Dickens, minus a few details—e.g. the railway and the steam-launches—might have been taken to-day.

Rome was, of course, then as now the common goal towards which all visitors bent their steps, the Mecca of scholars, artists, archæologists, and writers. Her actual squalor was forgotten amid the numerous colossal structures, ancient and medieval, some still erect and whole, others time-worn or wrecked by the hand of man, but mostly vast and imposing even in decay. Her pagan fanes and Christian basilicas representing the five patriarchates of the early Church, the gigantic dome of St Peter's dominating the other four (an emblem of the supremacy of the See of Rome over them), her amphitheatres and triumphal arches, threw a glamour over the visitor, attracting him in spite of their repellent surroundings. For Rome itself was, according to all accounts, a far more objectionable residence than many other Italian cities with less pretensions to sanctity or civilisation; rivalling Naples in uncleanness, surpassing that city in the savagery of its wild, uncouth population. Nowhere had the canker of evil government, of lay and sacerdotal despotism, eaten so deeply, for nowhere had these evils scourged a people so deeply and so long. For two thousand years have the Romans grovelled (with scarcely a break save that of the age of the Antonines) under the yoke of ruthless dictators, of cruel, loathsome despots, of grasping, corrupt, often incapable, priestly rulers. During these long centuries of bondage and degradation, the gloom of which was unrelieved even by transient gleams of prosperity and glory, after the fall of the Western Empire, which brighten the annals of Milan, Florence, and even Naples, the Romans sank lower and lower; and, though their downward course has been stayed at last, they had fallen too deeply to recover perceptibly in the course of one or two generations. So that in too many ways the Romans continue to be very much what they were in the time of Dickens.

But if the old Adam lives in the modern Roman, he himself lives in changed surroundings, in a transformed city, a transformation wonderful in itself, and still more so on account of the brief period within which it has been accomplished.

Dickens did not extend his peregrinations beyond Naples, whose beauty and foulness, pomp and misery, were and are in such strong and

constant contrast, and which he brings out in a few incisive phrases. Grave and gay are his sketches of the kaleidoscope of Neapolitan life: of the lazzaroni basking in the sun or playing the ancient *mora* (a game played by the old Romans), of the brown fishermen with their Phrygian caps, of the beggars and thieves (the terms are mostly interchangeable), of the public letter-writers sitting at their desks under the porticoes of San Carlo—grave, gay, and true to the letter are they even in the year of grace 1911. Little or nothing has altered on the surface or above the surface of Neapolitan society. They can score, however, unmistakably when compared with the Romans in their unaffected obligingness and genuine civility; and in their turn for acting, their ear for music, and their natural wit they are unrivalled. Naples, like so many Italian cities of any magnitude or note, is undergoing that material regeneration of which it stood so much in need, which is beautifying and purifying even sleepy Ferrara and fallen Pisa. Owing to modern innovations and improvements, the Siren City is now as attractive at close quarters as it was when viewed from afar. The Neapolitans, it is true, cling fondly to their ancestral unwholesome ways; but their field of action in this respect, and hence their possibilities of enjoyment, have been restricted by the modern sanitary arrangements. Still, they never fail to assert what they consider their prescriptive rights as citizens to be as dirty and idle as they please, and they never fail to show their distaste for regular work, to which we may look for the most probable explanation of the frequent and causeless strikes of the *personnel* of the tram-cars.

The chaise, mail-coach, or diligence plying between Rome and Naples occupied usually between twenty-eight and thirty-two hours, and the so-called flying coach twenty-two, to traverse a distance which may now be covered in eight, six, or four hours by the express-trains. However, the old-world journeys had a charm of their own in the leisurely progress through the country, and frequent halts on the way; and these gave the traveller many opportunities of visiting beautiful sites and spots of historical interest which are now passed by or rushed through in an express-train or a high-power motor-car. Owing also to the greater cost, hardships, and risks of travel, the class of travellers was formerly perhaps higher than it is at present, and their memoirs are far more interesting than those with which we are favoured nowadays.

No better test of the superiority of the old books of reference and of travel can be had than that resulting from a comparison between a Murray of the middle of last century and the latest Baedeker, between *Under the Shadow of Mount Etna, Cara Roma*, &c., and the travel reminiscences of such writers as Brydone, Lady Morgan, Byron, and Dickens. These gifted authors teach and divert their readers with their entertaining, instructive narratives, sparkling with wit and humour, whilst their sketches of character, true to life, do not exist in the literature of the present time. For these general reasons, and for one or two peculiar and special ones—peculiar to the man, special to the style—Charles Dickens's *Pictures from Italy* deserve to be better known and more widely read among us. They depict the Older Italy, then trembling on the verge of her first real national uprising, the precursor of the final victorious struggle which, fourteen years later, created a United Italy.

Journeying in Italy presents no longer the many drawbacks which existed when Dickens wrote, and indeed the conditions of travel would be fairly on a par with those enjoyed in other countries were it not for a vexatious and extortionate railway tariff, which is almost as irksome and burdensome to the public as it is profitless to the Treasury. Since the redemption of the railways by the Government, every pound-weight of luggage not carried by hand is chargeable at a rate which would allow a traveller to substitute with advantage a courier or even a travelling companion for three moderate-sized trunks. The ghostly, draughty hostelries pictured by Dickens have vanished, or survive only in remote spots untrodden as yet by Cook's protégés. The commodious—nay, luxurious—hotels which have supplanted in the principal cities the antique inns are unprovided with draughts, ghosts, or brigands, but are very well supplied with proper heating (sometimes overheating) apparatus, owing chiefly to the presence of so many English-speaking visitors, especially Americans, who are as fond of heat as salamanders or exotics. Public security has improved with the extension of the railway system and the organisation of an efficient force of military police thirty thousand strong.

The population of the kingdom has risen from under twenty-three millions to about thirty-four and a half millions, notwithstanding the constant drain of emigration. Rome, which in 1846 contained perhaps one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, has now a population of five hundred and seventy-five thousand souls. In short, the Italy of to-day is as unlike the Italy of the middle or earlier half of the nineteenth century as an individual full of lusty animal life and in exuberant spirits would be to a person under the influence of a narcotic and cowering under ill-treatment. Would that the contrast between the past and the present were as favourable to the latter, from the standpoint of public morality and popular education; would that it were as bright of promise, as fertile of results!

The average Italian rarely reads for amusement or instruction other than the local newspapers or books of his profession; he scarcely ever travels save on business or for health, and is as unappreciative of the beauties of nature as he is

of those of literature; and the women in both respects are behind the men. The middle-class —if not the most numerous, the most influential, overlying the proletariat and underlying the thin upper layer of the enlightened minority—sever the two, and constitute the preponderant element of the body politic and of the community; a mass imbued with prejudice and selfishness, untouched by true religious principles, but stamped with bigotry or atheism, in either case unanimous in certain old superstitious beliefs which have been handed down from generation to generation. Among these the belief in the potency of the 'evil eye' to inflict scathe is perhaps the most singular, as it is the most widely spread.

The worship of local saints and the adoration of miraculous images and relics are as general as ever among the people. Notwithstanding the repeated cataclysms which have overwhelmed again and again the cities of Catania and Messina, the people have always preferred to ascribe rather to their own sins than to the inefficiency of the saints the calamities which have afflicted them.

These characteristics of the Italian people have been noted frequently by observant travellers in bygone times, and are too deeply rooted to be easy of change. The soil in which these rank weeds have grown and flourished unchecked for ages must be thoroughly broken up ere they disappear. Thus, although some progress has been achieved, especially in the northern provinces of the kingdom, there has been little improvement in the standard of public morality or in the decrease of crime or superstition. Two causes seem to be mainly responsible for the sluggish progress of a most intelligent race. The one is the baneful influence of an unlettered priesthood, unable and unwilling to encourage popular education on liberal principles; the second cause is derived from the multitude of local dialects in familiar use among all classes within the districts or regions where they are severally spoken. These dialects are used as their native tongue by the various populations without prejudice to the official and literary language spoken by all classes solely in Tuscany and Latium and the region round Rome. It is only when Italians from different provinces meet that they converse in the written literary tongue, otherwise they would often be unintelligible to each other. An instance of this occurred among the volunteers of General Ricciotti Garibaldi, which is related by him in his narrative of his expedition to Greece in 1897, when he asked for the assistance of an Oriental interpreter to translate the speech of a very agitated and voluble volunteer who was assumed to be speaking some Eastern tongue. The man was an Italian who had broken out in his native dialect in his eagerness to obtain redress, and on the appearance of the interpreter informed the General that he was as good an Italian as any man in the whole battalion, that he hailed from Forti (a town of Romagna), and therefore spoke Fortiese, a branch of the harsh Romagnot dialect which, like Bolognese, is unintelligible to all men living outside the walls.

Is it, then, strange that the Italians should not be fond of reading works written in what must appear to them an official, formal language, whose turgid style and pedantic expressions do not appeal to their feelings? However, as no country or people can in the present age remain isolated and uninfluenced by their neighbours' example, one may reasonably hope for a more accelerated rate of advance in the future under the impetus of stronger agencies which will enable the Italians to develop their great natural gifts which are only awaiting the quickening of culture.

Meanwhile, in the eloquent words of Charles Dickens when parting from Italy, 'let us consider Italy affectionately in our admiration of her beauties, natural and artificial, of which it is full to overflowing, and in our tenderness towards a people naturally well-disposed and patient and sweet-tempered. And let us not remember Italy the less regardfully because in every fragment of her falling temples and every stone of her deserted palaces and prisons she helps to inculcate the lesson that the wheel of Time is rolling for an end, and that the world is in all great essentials better, gentler, more forbearing, and more hopeful as it rolls.'

In this kindly and prescient spirit did Charles Dickens bid farewell to Italy in words as eloquent as they are true and prophetic of the future. The divisions and enmities fomented by petty native princes or foreign despots have ceased; the princes themselves have been hissed off the stage on which they had strutted in petty majesty; the foreign despots are gone in their turn; the barbarised language, spoken but not written save very exceptionally, is being slowly purified into uniformity owing to the freer intercommunication between the inhabitants of the different regions, and by the universal military service which brings soldiers from remote corners of the country into close quarters. In short, Italy, if true to herself, may look with hope to the future as destined to see the ripening of the yet crude fruit of the present; for let us not forget that, though political independence and political and civil rights have been won, the Italians have not yet had time to adapt themselves to the new order of things. In the memorable words of Victor Emmanuel II. in taking possession of Rome: 'Italy is made. We have now to make the Italian.' On the enlightened few devolves the arduous task of raising up their countrymen to the level worthy of the nation which has given to the cause of liberty her best sons, who have testified on the scaffold and the field of battle their devotion to the fatherland, and have given to humanity the foremost champion of freedom of modern times, perhaps of all ages—a nation which, with all its failings, is still the noblest of the purer Latin races.

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE week that Lady Spurway had accorded to her son in which to make up his mind whether he would be disinherited or not had been granted as much for the benefit of her own designs as to give him a time of grace. She had no intention of sitting with her hands in her lap and letting him go his own way, although she recognised the limits of her power and made no further attempt to impose her authority on him.

On the morning after she had delivered her ultimatum she caused a note to be taken to the Reverend Evan Evans-Jones, asking him to be kind enough to call on her that afternoon at three o'clock, as there were particular matters she wished to discuss with him. She would not have added the last sentence, being assured that a more peremptory command would have brought his attendance, had she not been aware that her son, even at the moment of her writing, was in the company of the minister's daughter, that he would probably hear of her summons, and might have the temerity to attempt to thwart it.

He did not hear of it, as it happened, until the afternoon, and was then much disturbed by the news.

'Does he know what she wants to see him about?' he asked when the intelligence was conveyed to him.

'No,' replied the girl, with a smile that was rather rueful. 'I am afraid he thinks that Lady Spurway wants to talk to him about the affairs of the chapel. He was quite pleased to get the note.'

'Did you tell him about what I said to you yesterday?' inquired Sir Humphrey.

'You promised not to talk about that,' she said.

'But did you?' persisted her admirer.

'No,' said the girl.

'I think I shall go and see your father now,' said Sir Humphrey, turning over in his mind the probabilities of the coming interview.

'I don't want you to say anything to him. If you have told Lady Spurway, and she wants to see father about it, she will do so. And I think I would rather she did. Of course she does not look upon us as her equals in position; but I don't want her to think there is anything underhand in our behaviour.'

'She will make herself perfectly horrid to him,' said Sir Humphrey undutifully.

'I am afraid there will be a surprise for poor father,' said the girl.

'What will he do?' asked Sir Humphrey.

'I don't know,' she replied quite truthfully. Her father had always been something of a riddle to her.

'Whatever happens, you won't let it make any difference?' pleaded Sir Humphrey.

'I can't promise that,' she said. 'And—and please do not talk as if I were going to—to say what you wish. You must not talk about it at all. You gave me your word.'

'And I'll keep it,' said Sir Humphrey. 'But it's precious hard work, with people outside conspiring against you.'

Lady Spurway had sufficiently recovered from her indisposition to allow of her receiving the minister in the large drawing-room, which she seldom used. She appeared formidable, seated in state in a high-backed chair, with nothing to occupy her, as he was ushered in. He had a good distance to walk under the observation of a coldly critical eye, and he did not find it practicable to traverse the room with his hand held out and an agreeable smile on his face, as he had intended.

He was, however, taken aback by the curt, 'Will you kindly sit there?' with which he was greeted, and only realised when he took his seat in a high-backed chair opposite to that of Lady Spurway that an effusive friendliness on his part would not sustain the note of the meeting.

Lady Spurway plunged at once into the middle of things. 'I do not know,' she said, 'whether I am right in supposing that you are aware of what is going on between Sir Humphrey and your daughter.'

The minister gasped. It was like plunging into very cold water, which you had expected to be at least tepid. Lady Spurway kept a searching gaze full upon him, gauging his character, and laying out her plans. The chief points of her summing up were somewhat as follows: 'Theatrical: nobody but a mountebank would wear his hair like that. Conceited: apes clerical appearance. No self-respect: finger-nails dirty. Religion a farce: self-indulgent face and figure, and keen eye for the main chance.' Whether or not she was right in her conclusions, they were all imported into her mind as raw materials for the coming encounter during the short pause which elapsed before he spoke.

The minister's brain was no less alert than hers, and, in spite of the shock he had received, had travelled as far in the interval. 'I must ask you to explain your words a little further, my lady,' he said courteously.

There is no word so expressive as 'snort' for the noise that Lady Spurway made. 'I think it is I,' she said, 'who should demand explanations. You know, I suppose, that your daughter intruded herself upon my guests the other night, without having received an invitation from me.'

The minister had never before grappled with such a situation. In the ordinary relations of life he was as mild as milk. He had lived all

his life in a society where he was as good as anybody, and better than most, and in which a somewhat cloying politeness was the usual mark of social intercourse, even where opinions differed. But there was another side. Deep in his heart was a deadly hatred of two classes—the priest and the landlord; and the hatred was the stronger because it was directed against those classes in the abstract. He could have counted on the fingers of one hand the times he had forgathered with a member of either; but in the pulpit and on the platform his words were fire against the iniquities of both. Being thus attacked with open hostility, he mentally endued himself with weapons both of offence and defence from his political armoury. Lady Spurway was no longer a social being to be treated with unctuous address; she was a member of the hated aristocracy at the old game of privilege and oppression. When he spoke his diffidence had slipped off him, and he was no more to be awed by an assumption of social superiority than if he had been talking to the wife of one of Lady Spurway's lodge-keepers.

'The child was asked by your son to take part in the gala,' he said. 'Had I or her mother known that her presence would have been unwelcome she would certainly not have been permitted to do so.'

'In your opinion, then, if a girl receives an invitation from a young man foolish enough to be struck by her looks, she may not only dispense with one from her hostess, but expect a welcome into the bargain.'

'I fear we were misled, Lady Spurway, by certain statements made by your son, which I now see clearly he was not justified in making.'

'What statements, pray?'

'Sir Humphrey told us that your ladyship would be calling on Mrs Evans-Jones, to welcome us into your little community, when your visitors had taken their departure.'

Even Lady Spurway shrank from replying, 'That's likely, isn't it?' But she might as well have said it, for another snort expressed it as plainly as words could have done.

'I should not have thought,' continued the minister, 'that the presence of a well-brought-up and well-behaved young lady amongst your guests could have caused such annoyance; but'——

'The girl came by herself,' interrupted Lady Spurway, 'and was with the men of my party the whole evening. There was no one to look after her, and she never spoke to a woman except myself. She would not have done that if I had not insisted that, as she was there, she should be brought up and presented to me.'

The minister, whose brain was busy picking his weapons, perceived that if the affair of the fête was to be viewed strictly there was no valid defence. 'I can only apologise, my lady,' he said. 'We were under an entire misapprehension. I apologise also for imagining that you would wish to show courtesy to new-comers into your neighbourhood.'

Lady Spurway's lip stiffened. 'I do not wish to discuss that point with you, Mr—Mr Jones,' she said. 'I am in the habit of choosing my own acquaintances. But, perhaps, as you have mentioned the subject, I may as well tell you that the question of my calling on you never so much as entered my head, nor could I have imagined that you would have expected such a thing.'

'I can only repeat my apologies, madam, for having supposed it possible,' said the minister with a bow; and Lady Spurway felt that her annoyance had carried her too far. And, as a matter of fact, she had been on quite good terms with the minister's predecessor. She hastened to retrieve her position.

'I have no doubt,' she said, 'that you are quite able to support existence without me. There is no reason why you in your sphere and I in mine should not be perfectly content. But you will admit, I think, that you have made a mistake and that I have received great provocation.'

The minister rose. 'I have admitted the mistake and apologised for it,' he said. 'Your ladyship shall not be troubled by me or the members of my family again. I wish you good-evening.'

'Oh, please, sit down,' said Lady Spurway impatiently. 'I did not send for you to complain about what has happened and cannot now be helped. A letter would have done that.'

The minister remained standing. 'Then I will ask your ladyship to communicate anything further you may have to say to me in a letter,' he said. 'I did not seek this discussion, and if it is to concern itself with my inferiority of position—an inferiority based, not upon intellect, but merely upon'——

'You are not in the pulpit,' interrupted Lady Spurway again. 'I asked you to come here because I wished to talk over with you the unpleasant occurrence of the last few days. Are you aware that Sir Humphrey has proposed marriage to your daughter?'

The minister's open-mouthed look of blank amazement sufficiently answered the question.

'I see that you are not,' pursued Lady Spurway; 'and to that extent I may have done you an injustice. Now, please, sit down and talk sensibly over what is to be done.'

The minister took his seat again. 'This is a complete surprise,' he said. 'Neither her mother nor I have had any idea of such a thing.'

A grim smile played over Lady Spurway's features. 'You may speak for yourself, Mr Jones,' she said. 'Sir Humphrey has been constantly in the society of your daughter for the last few days, and you have, I believe, entertained him at your house. I should be very much

surprised if you did not discover when you got home that your wife knows perfectly well what has been going on.'

'But Ethel is already engaged,' said the minister, completely bewildered.

'*Is* she?' responded Lady Spurway. 'I thought as much. That is why my son's ridiculous proposal was put off with a plea for time. He is to have his answer in a week, forsooth!'

She could not keep the scorn and bitterness out of her voice, and they stung the minister like the lash of a whip.

'Let me tell you this, my lady,' he said hotly. 'I have no more desire to see your son wedded to my daughter than you have. The things which appear so important to you are as naught to us. You may hug your worldly position, if you please. I count it as nothing beside worth and character.'

'Then prove it by stopping this nonsense,' said Lady Spurway.

'That you may be very sure I shall do,' replied the minister. 'My daughter is bound to another man, and she shall keep faith with him. And I have something else to say, my lady. If you have reasoned with your son, and failed to gain your will with him in this matter, as I take to be the case, and if, therefore, you desire my help, it ill becomes you to make known your will to me with flouts and gibes. I want nothing of you, my lady—nothing in the wide world—certainly not the honour of a marriage alliance with your family; and I am not to be treated like one of your own hirelings, who tremble under the weight of your displeasure.'

'Bless the man!' exclaimed Lady Spurway, whom this speech, curious as it may appear, had restored to comparative good-humour. 'I don't think you can be used to plain speaking, Mr Jones.'

'I am a minister of the gospel, madam,' he replied, 'and strive to exercise courtesy of speech, even to those from whom I differ.'

'Well, there was an account of a meeting in the local paper last week,' said Lady Spurway dryly. 'I think our good bishop, who is also a minister of the gospel, was described as a renegade masquerading in the devil's vestments. I don't know whether I have it quite right.'

The minister was embarrassed. Public utterances sound so different when brought to a personal application. 'I will fight priestcraft wherever I see it,' he said.

'Then what about courtesy of speech, even to your opponents?' said Lady Spurway, pursuing her advantage. 'My speech to you has been at least as courteous as that. And you have intimated to me quite clearly that where worth and character—I think these were your expressions—are concerned, there is a monopoly in the society which you adorn. I will not apologise, therefore, for stating my point of view with plainness. Our mutual home-truths have, at any rate, brought us to the same conclusion. We both dislike the present state of affairs—you because you claim superiority of morals, I because I claim superiority of rank.'

'I never intended to imply'—— began the minister apologetically.

'You need not withdraw anything,' interrupted Lady Spurway. 'We understand one another perfectly, Mr Jones. I hear that your daughter has an engagement at St Petersburg. When does she return there?'

It was a milder-mannered minister who replied that his daughter's holiday would last another month.

'H'm!' grunted Lady Spurway, turning over in her mind the possibility of asking whether the girl could not be got out of the way at once. She came to the conclusion that she could not make that request, and, moreover, that it would be advisable that anything that might happen should take place under her own eye rather than at a distance. She also came to the conclusion, in the short interval that elapsed before she spoke again, that she had better treat the minister as an ally and not as an adversary.

'Well, I don't know that I have anything more to say,' she concluded. 'I am pleased to find that you are as annoyed at what has happened as I am. And you have promised to stop it. I take you at your word, and shall sleep more easily to-night because of it. Good-evening, Mr Jones.'

Lady Spurway held out her hand. The minister clasped it, and bowed himself out of the room. 'An impossible-looking creature,' said Lady Spurway to herself, as she watched the retreat of a round, black-coated back, surmounted by a mass of straight and oily black hair; 'but I hope to goodness he 'll stop it if he can.'

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE-KNOWN ISLAND OF THE INDIAN OCEAN.

By GEOFFREY LOWSON, Lieutenant, Royal Indian Marine.

THE following account of a lonely little island in the Southern Indian Ocean may be of some interest to the readers of *Chambers's Journal*.

This solitary spot is situated two hundred and forty miles east of Madagascar, and three hundred miles north of Mauritius. It consists of a mass of sand under one mile in length, and only eight hundred yards wide, and lies in a north-west and south-east direction. The northern and highest part is only fifteen feet high, and the rest of the

island is submerged at high-water. The whole of the island is surrounded by a fringing coral-reef one hundred and fifty yards wide, on which the sea breaks heavily; and at a distance of one mile from the shore there is a depth of two thousand fathoms. Landing can only be effected at one spot, and in calm weather and at high-water. A heavy tidal race is caused off the north end of the island by the meeting of the ebb-tide and the west-going current, and this breaks so heavily that no boat could live in it for five minutes. The island is absolutely isolated, the nearest land being two hundred and forty miles away, and it is quite destitute of any signs of vegetable life whatever.

On this lonely and inaccessible spot in the year 1761 the French Government transport *Utile*, filled with troops for Mauritius, was wrecked during a dark night. Out of a total number of eight hundred and sixty souls only one hundred and ten were saved by being washed ashore, and of these eighty were blacks—men and women. From the remains of the wreck of the *Utile* the survivors made a large and unwieldy boat with which they hoped to reach Mauritius. This boat, however, was found not to be capable of taking all the survivors on board; neither were there sufficient provisions saved from the wreck to support so many people during a three hundred mile voyage. On finding themselves in these desperate straits the white members of the party conspired together, and made off in the boat with all the provisions they could lay hands on, leaving the blacks to their fate. Within four weeks of their being marooned on the island, all the blacks, with the exception of seven women, had died from exposure and privation. These seven women maintained themselves on shell-fish and brackish water for the incredible space of fifteen years!

In the year 1776 they were accidentally discovered and rescued by a Captain Tromelin, after whom the island is named. There is now living in Mauritius an old woman who is a great-granddaughter of one of the women who existed for fifteen years on Tromelin. Nothing more was known of the island until the year 1875, when H.M.S. *Shearwater* passed close to it and saw a large mast and anchor, evidently the remains of a big ship. No signs of life were visible. Of the thirty whites who escaped from the island in a boat nothing more was heard or seen, and it is supposed that their boat foundered. The Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty has published a small plan of Tromelin Island, and the facts of the above narrative may be verified by a reference to the *Sailing Directions for Islands in the Southern Indian Ocean.*

THE BOOKWORM.

By F. G. Aflalo.

THE dying sun lingered affectionately with the dying man, lighting the wasted, aristocratic features on the high pillows.

'And you 'll always care for the books, Jasper dear—my dear books?' The quavering voice came from the old four-poster. 'Remember the old motto: "Books rather than men! books rather than men!"' Indeed, the grim old text from Bacon stood in gold lettering on a background of green morocco over the mantelpiece in the splendid library in which old Sir Everett Delaine had buried himself ever since the death of his young wife.

And so he died, sowing with his last breath what might well be the seeds of a life as lonely as his own. The dying are perhaps a little selfish in this manner of giving parting counsel without reflecting on the disproportionate weight which attaches to words uttered in such sacred moments, so that to sensitive ears advice comes rather as a command. After all, Jasper was but twenty-four, and, with a little encouragement, he would have gone among his fellows, and that without loving his books the less. But the voice was silent now, and young Delaine sat there, holding the thin hand between his own, bowing his head as his father's spirit winged its way across life's Great Divide. Yes, he would always care for the books. What else, he reflected, a little sadly, was there in life to care for?

His mother had died to give him life, so he had given to one parent the love he might have borne for two. The eccentric old recluse, wedded to a library that had been the pride of the family for two centuries, had been an unresponsive father at times; yet he had brought the boy up honestly after his own lights, a result at which the neighbours shook their heads and looked askance, with pity or contempt, according to their natures. To the robust squires and yeomen who hunted and shot, who drank hard, gambled hard, loved hard, there was something foreign and unwholesome about the gentle young scholar, who soon acquired the nickname, bestowed without malice, of 'The Bookworm,' and who never seemed so happy as when he was among his mouldy volumes, with the great boarhound Gelert, a very wolf to those who loitered in the grounds, yet a lamb with the children of the village, at his knee.

When the news of Sir Everett's death became general, it was hoped that, after a decent interval of mourning, the young baronet might break with those dusty traditions and come out of his shell. If thrown open to the county, with a

young châtelaine to do the honours, The Towers would have been an asset to local society.

Gradually, however, his neighbours arrived at the conviction that Sir Jasper Delaine was hardly more sociably inclined than his dead father, and only his position and looks—some of the younger women voted him Byronic, without knowing quite what they meant—saved him from utter oblivion. For all his indoor life, he was of wiry build. Now that the duel was no longer in vogue, it seemed impossible to picture those long white hands doing battle; yet there was a time when it had been whispered that during his three years at Oxford young Delaine, while equally indifferent to the cricket-field and river, had spent no small portion of his leisure in the company of a famous bruiser who imparted his noble art to aspiring Corinthians. As, however, he had made singularly few friends, even among the bookish men of his college, and as even these few were not from his part of the country, nothing was known for certain, and the vague rumours of his backsliding from the company of books to that of prize-fighters were soon forgotten. All that was known now was that he had a small gymnasium fitted up in a room off the library, in which for half-an-hour every morning he denied himself to all comers, and behind locked doors performed physical exercises that made him breathe so stertorously that the old housekeeper, who had been his nurse when his mother died, had on one occasion hobbled to the door in deadly fear that Master Jasper was breathing his last. So, mindful of the old dame's comfort and his own, he had moved her from her room immediately beneath the gymnasium, and had established her in another farther removed from the scene of his drill.

If he showed an inclination to be friendly anywhere, it was with his nearest neighbours the Carews. For one thing, the two families had lived side by side and intermarried ever since the Restoration brought the King's Men back to their own. For another, Colonel and Mrs Carew would take no denial; and as the two estates marched with over a mile of boundary, Jasper knew that he could wander in and out of the Manor grounds as he pleased without being bothered to take part in the sports and games that had no interest for him.

It was on an afternoon early in June, three months after he had laid his father in the family vault, that he found himself strolling beneath the Manor elms, the inseparable Gelert at his heel. He had remembered that the married Carew girl Biddy and her soldier husband had returned from India a few days before; and, with all his dislike of social amenities, he had set out with a half-formed resolve of going up to the house and giving them greeting. Time had been when, four or five years ago, Biddy, the beauty of the family, and he had been fast friends, and she had hinted, none too obscurely, that Jasper had only to ask for her hand and heart and they were his. But Oxford and the old hermit in the library had done their work too well, and Jasper had taken no heed of the prize at his feet. Then, during a summer at Cowes, Biddy had been stormed by an impulsive gunner, and carried off to India six months later; and now she was home again, Mrs Maclean, with two babies and an adoring husband. Jasper, looking up from the beautiful copy of *Rhoda Fleming*, in which Meredith had written his name, with a graceful message to his friend and host, reflected curiously on the turn of fate—Biddy a matron, and he where he had been before, unmated, unloved! But what was he mooning about? Had the song of summer birds got into his brain? With a conscious effort of switching his mentality off from such trivialities, he went back to *Rhoda Fleming* for peace.

Then came a diversion. From a little dell, screened by late hawthorn, came a woman's scream, and Gelert, bristling like the boars his race was bred to hunt, bounded forward into the thicket, with Jasper at his heels. *Rhoda Fleming* was tucked unceremoniously under one arm as, with some little difficulty, he forced his way through the clinging bushes. The sight which awaited him was sufficiently disquieting for one of his habits. On the soft carpet of gentian and centaury, which in these quiet corners of the park triumphed over the gardener's art, lay a thin slip of a girl he had never seen before evidently, with one arm under her slim body twisted in pain. Her eyes were as blue as corn-flowers, her hair the gold of wheat; and now, as Jasper came on the scene, the poppies flamed on the pallor of her cheeks.

'Oh, please,' she said, with a little shudder, 'I've—got—caught in a trap—my right arm, yes. So—ah!'

And as Jasper, falling on one knee beside her, and tenderly freeing the poor little arm from the cruel teeth, proceeded to stanch the bleeding with his own handkerchief, she fainted. Deftly —and with strange skill, his neighbours would have said, for a Bookworm—he bound it up and loosened the tight fastening at the neck of her lace blouse.

Then, when she had regained consciousness, and would have sat up, 'Quite still, please; just a moment,' he said, with a quiet air of authority that, she thought even in her agony, became him well. Deftly he kicked off one shoe, and with his free hand picked out the tan lace, and proceeded to tie it round the bandage. 'There,' he said soothingly, 'that's better, I hope. It's a disgrace, these rabbit-traps in such places! And who are you, and what were you doing here?'

In her first moment of astonishment at the abruptness of the question, Eileen Desmond felt inclined to resent his attitude. But he had come so promptly to her rescue, and it was so

evident that he asked in genuine concern and not out of idle curiosity, that she answered quietly, 'I? Oh, I'm nobody! Just with the Macleans up at the Manor, and I came here—to think. It is so good of you. And, oh, may I send your handkerchief back? What a shame!'

'Oh, never mind the handkerchief!' was the answer. She had not told him her name, he reflected, and he would not tell her his. No doubt she had come home on a visit with Biddy and her husband. Certainly she was a beauty. Even 'The Bookworm' saw as much, and all the while *Rhoda Fleming* lay unnoticed among the daisies, and—oh sacrilege!—irreverent ants swarmed over her vellum dress.

With a polite expression of hope that she would soon get over her fright, and an injunction to bathe the arm in warm water the moment she got back, Jasper recovered the outraged Miss Fleming, brushed the intruding ants off her back, and, raising his cap, was gone.

Eileen Desmond made a little face behind his back. 'All right, Sir Prim,' she said to herself. 'You might have seen me up to the house without hurting yourself. But perhaps,' she concluded charitably, 'you were trespassing!'

The object of her apostrophe was once more deep in the fortunes of the neglected Miss Fleming, and Eileen walked slowly back to the house alone. Bah! what did it matter? she thought. And why hadn't she told him that she was just the Macleans' governess? True, the blood of Irish kings ran in her veins, but she was no more than a dependant. But who could he be—a neighbour? Then, curiosity being the ruling motive, even in pain, she hurriedly untied the bandage, regardless of the renewed flow of the royal fluid, and sought in the corners of the handkerchief for the answer to her riddle, a quest rewarded only by the discovery of an embroidered crest and a monogram that, being blood-stained, she could not make out. It might have been J. D. or equally D. I. Nevertheless, when at last she reached her room, fortunately unobserved, she made herself a fresh bandage of linen and put away the handkerchief among her special treasures.

. . . . . .

There was a merry house-party at the Manor in honour of 'our Indians,' and of it was Heriot Saumarez, generally supposed, though unofficially, to be on the verge of engagement to Frida, the youngest Carew girl. Still, Frida seemed heart-whole, and it might be just idle gossip. He was a big, dark man, with a travel-lined face, a man obviously who would put pleasure (his own, of course) before every other consideration. On the whole, Major Saumarez was popular with both men and women, though now and then a close observer would note that he had a shifty eye, and gentle Mrs Carew would sometimes wonder whether he had it in him to make her little Frida a good husband. Still, she would not meet trouble half-way, and there would be time enough for anxiety when he had declared himself. From the moment of his arrival, when he had seen the pretty Irish governess on the terrace with the Maclean children, Saumarez had been mightily taken with the big blue eyes that looked out so fearlessly from beneath the flapping sun-bonnet. Always ready to be friendly and unsuspicious, though with a mind quite innocent of such thoughts as a man of his stamp might read in her eyes, Eileen had smiled up at him, discarding, as a governess, any need for the formality of an introduction, and they were soon in lively conversation. All that day, and all the next, he lost no opportunity of speaking to her, until at length Eileen became nervous and kept out of his way—the very worst manner, had she but guessed it, of keeping a man of his hunting temperament at arm's-length.

It was on the last evening in June, such a scented evening as would have suited young Lorenzo and his 'beautiful pagan,' that, accompanied this time by little Ronald, Eileen had once more made her way to the little hollow in the park. Was it in the hope, not admitted even to herself, that her rescuer of a week ago would come that way again? She had found out who he was by now, and her cheeks had burned when she heard the rest, Saumarez among them, speak slightingly of 'The Bookworm.' She had, however, said nothing of her little adventure, accounting for the bandaged arm with some trivial tale that no one questioned.

She had been sitting in the shady dell for perhaps half-an-hour, stringing the daisies which Ronald picked for her, when the bushes behind were parted and some one stood beside her. Blushing hotly, and expecting to see the pale student from The Towers, she looked up. Then, biting her lip, with a gesture of annoyance, she sprang to her feet, for there stood Saumarez, cap in hand, and on his swarthy face a curious expression, half-smile, half-scowl.

'So this,' he began, 'is the glade where the nymphs hide!'

'Really, Major Saumarez,' she retorted, wishing that Ronald would come back, and feeling that even the child's presence would be a protection, 'you ought not to have followed me here. I don't like it! And—and—you might' (the daughter of Irish kings drew herself up haughtily) 'have some regard for my position. I am only a governess, you see!'

Saumarez was quite aware of her position, and Saumarez was a snob; but he had always regarded a pretty governess as fair game for an idle hour; and the little Irish girl was very pretty, and—well, he was very idle.

'Oh, come now, Miss Desmond,' he went on smoothly, 'you don't suppose that makes any difference. Why do you run away from me? Am I an ogre? Come, the youngster's run away.' And indeed, to her dismay, they could

hear the child's voice growing fainter as he ran towards his mother, who was feeding the peacocks on the terrace. 'Come, give me a kiss—just one. What?' And Saumarez, brushing aside his heavy moustache with a tanned hand that shook ever so slightly, looked capable of taking it if it were not given.

But Eileen never flinched. 'Major Saumarez, how dare you? Oh, you coward, to take advantage of my position to insult me in this way! Now go!'

The eyes were flashing blue fire now, and her look might have quelled a braver man, as it would certainly have checked one more chivalrous. But Saumarez, realising that he had forfeited her regard, and maddened by her beauty, felt that he had better go through with it; so, coming closer, he slipped an arm round her little waist, and his hot breath was already on her cheek when an interruption came in the shaggy form of Gelert, who, bounding through the bushes, all but knocked him headlong.

'Damn the brute!' quoth the Major, enraged at the interruption; and he was just renewing his suit, a little hindered by the struggles of the girl to free herself, when 'Don't talk like that before a lady, please!' came from behind them in lisping tones.

With another oath, the man turned, only to see Jasper Delaine, an open book in one hand, taking in the scene with a look of half-anger, half-amusement.

'Oh, it's "The Bookworm,"' said Saumarez, with a sneer that somehow failed to carry conviction. 'Run home, my boy, to your library, and leave men alone.'

It was a smaller volume this time, and Jasper slipped it quietly into his pocket. 'I don't particularly want to run home at present, Major Saumarez, thanks all the same. And I don't particularly care about your talking to me like that. In fact,' he added, still more deliberately, 'now I come to think of it, I don't allow it!'

For an instant taken aback, Saumarez stood agape; then, recovering himself, with a coarse laugh, he shouted, 'You—you don't allow it! You insolent puppy, I've a great mind to'——

'You shall do it, then,' was the quiet reply; 'but there's no need to shout about it.' Then he removed his cap and addressed the astonished girl for the first time. 'Perhaps you would be so kind as to take the dog away, anywhere near the Manor, and then let him go. He has a nasty temper, and I think I had better talk to Major Saumarez alone.'

From his pocket he produced a strong lead, and, fastening the swivel in the passive Gelert's collar, he gravely handed her the other end, which, too surprised for words, Eileen took from him mechanically.

Then she made her way through the gap in the bushes, dragging with her the none too willing Gelert.

Meanwhile the affair in the dell was brief and bloody.

'So you *will* have it,' shouted the now furious Saumarez, balked of his pretty prey by this psalm-singing young idiot.

'I or you, Major Saumarez,' was the answer. 'We have to see yet, haven't we?'

'Then take it!' roared the heavy-weight, aiming a terrific blow at the slim youth, hoping that he might knock him right out and save time. But, somehow, the terrific blow missed the slim youth and wasted its force on thin air, while the impetus carried the big man almost off his heels, only to be met by a smart cut on the chin. Young Delaine might not be the ideal of a fighting frame, but his antagonist was wholly out of condition, and eight years of slackness since he came home from India had left their mark on him. Moreover, he was blind with baffled rage, while the other was deadly cool with more righteous indignation. Jasper, too, was feeling the benefit of that daily discipline in the gymnasium, and his thoughts oddly flew back to those far-off days with Tom Slogan at Oxford. So Saumarez took all the punishment, and took it badly, and in a few moments he lay on his back, panting to recover his breath, yet unable to withhold reluctant admiration.

'D—— you!' he gasped, 'who'd have thought it?' Then, realising that the other's science was too good for him, he swiftly chose the safer way out. After all, he would make that chit of a governess pay his own price for this, and he knew that young Delaine came too little to the Manor to prevent his giving his own version of the matter.

But 'The Bookworm's' next words swiftly dispelled his fond illusion. 'And look here, Major Saumarez, now that we understand each other'—there was a movement of impatience on the part of the prostrate man—'I think we *do* understand each other, eh? Very well. Now, in case your mind, which is probably quite as evil as your face, should harbour any wrong thoughts on the subject, I may as well tell you that I do not even know that lady's name. But you were evidently forcing your attentions on her. Well, I don't like your company in the neighbourhood, do you see? It may sound unreasonable, but I have taken a great dislike to it. So you can go away!'

'What?' gasped Saumarez, who was rapidly recovering his breath. If only he could get in one decent blow; if only the confounded fellow wouldn't always dance out of the way!

'Yes,' lisped 'The Bookworm,' with a more effeminate drawl than before. 'Yes—unless—er—you want any more exercise, you can go away at once—*now!* I shall come up to the Manor this evening, and if you are still there I shall—I'm sorry, but you leave me no alternative—I shall speak to Carew! You can wire for your things and make what excuse you please.'

Swearing horribly under his breath, Saumarez could not help realising that this unexpectedly aggressive young man was master of the situation. For one moment, as the other stood politely aside to let him pass, he braced himself for a dastardly blow that might yet have retrieved the situation. But he could not keep the fell purpose out of his gleaming eyes.

'No, don't you try anything of that sort,' came the even tones, 'or—or'—the eyes were blazing now—'I 'll about kill you!'

So, like a whipped cur, Saumarez walked down the hill to the village, in time for the seven-thirty train, and Jasper, wiping his hands on his handkerchief, went on his homeward way. Saumarez he had forgotten already, but there arose in his mind another face, a fair young face, framed in golden hair. Of a sudden his pleasant musings were broken by the faithful Gelert leaping against his knee, and not a hundred yards away, hidden hitherto by a clump of beech-trees, flashed the white dress and the flapping sun-bonnet. He walked slowly towards her, Gelert running in front and burying his long nose in her hand. They had made fast friends already, those two.

'I do hope he did not annoy you too much,' were his words. 'At any rate, he will not do so any more. He has been called away to town. Hard lines, isn't it?' he added with a chuckle.

'Oh, how splendid of you!' she said. 'He didn't hurt you, did he?' She looked at him with a new expression, with the light a man sees but once in a woman's eyes.

'You seem quite disappointed,' he laughed. 'No, he didn't hurt me at all, thanks. You needn't worry!'

'As if he could!' she rejoined, with illogical pride that contrasted strangely with her anxiety of the moment before.

Her faith sent a thrill through him.

'Well,' he said, 'I 'd better walk up to the house with you.' And, to her amazement, he walked quietly by her side towards the terrace.

What was this? The others, who had gone to dress, and were looking out of their various windows, saw 'The Bookworm,' of all men in the world, calmly walking up the steps with the pretty governess.

'Designing minx!' said Biddy Maclean to her husband, though without a spark of malice, since she was honestly fond of Eileen and knew her family to be above reproach.

. . . . . .

But when, after the first excitement of the sudden defection of Major Saumarez had subsided, and Frida had promptly engaged herself to a wholesome second cousin in the neighbouring county, who had long gazed at her as something beyond his grasp, Eileen told her story to Biddy Maclean, 'The Bookworm,' now a frequent visitor at the Manor for reasons of his own, received an ovation which distressed him.

'Well done, Bookworm!' said old Mr Carew the same evening as they walked together on the terrace, and there was no trace of derision in the familiar nickname. 'You gave the brute what he deserved; and when I think of what our Frida—— Well, my boy, I can speak to you like a father. She 's a little lady, and you ought to be proud of her!'

'But, sir,' lisped 'The Bookworm,' 'I haven't asked her yet!'

'Is there any need, my lad?' was the laughing rejoinder.

And, indeed, there was not much, for, with a little half-hearted protest that Sir Jasper Delaine ought to have done better for himself than marry a poor little mouse of a governess, Eileen Desmond vowed, laughing through her tears, that if he hadn't asked her, faith! she 'd have died an old maid.

. . . . . .

So they two were married in the autumn, an Irish uncle coming over the water to give his pretty niece away. It was all that he had to give, and he did it handsomely. And when, one still evening in December, the bride and bridegroom came back from a short stay at Algiers, in time for the Christmas jollities, and Jasper would have taken down the Bacon text from over the library mantel, Eileen stayed his hand.

'No, Jasper dear,' she said slyly, as she fondled his cheek. 'Look! it doesn't say anything about *women*, does it now? And we 'll just love the dear old library together—as—as—he would have wished!'

And as Jasper stooped to kiss his pretty wife a cold muzzle was thrust into her hand. Gelert, having recovered from the mad transports with which he had welcomed them home, sealed the compact. Then, feeling a sense of what was due to himself, he turned his back on them and the beloved bookshelves, curled up before the log-fire, and with a last sniff of content went heavily to sleep.

SUNSET.

THE twilight shadows tarry late,
In red and gold the great hills stand.
Through yonder far-flung western gate
There shines the glory of God's land.

Between me and the crimson sky
I see a late bird homeward go,
While on the rugged mountain high
The evening sun is sinking low.

The brightness of the lowly glen
Lies folded in its garb of gray,
And round the peaceful haunts of men
The children cease their happy play.

Across the tired world's weary breast,
Where falls a halo soft and light,
There comes the precious gift of rest
Wrapped in the raiment of the night.

GILBERT RAE.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

HOW well is Robert Louis Stevenson standing the test of time! He is holding against it better almost than any other literary artist of the late Victorian period; his reputation is increasing without any clap-trap booming, and with a full recognition all the time of his faults. His art may, as some say, have been lacking in the want of concealment; his style may have wanted something in complete originality; he may have borrowed; may, as others have it, have too apparently displayed his exotic gains; and he may have been too fantastic sometimes; but for all that he was a great literary artist and craftsman too—it is a little difficult to decide whether he was more of the artist or the craftsman—he was very sincere, and he had an abiding passion for his work. It was the world and heaven to him. 'O the height and depth of novelty and worth in any art!' he wrote in one of the letters I have been reading. 'And O that I am privileged to swim and shoulder through such oceans! Could one get out of sight of land—all in the blue? Alas, not, being anchored here in flesh, and the bonds of logic being still about us. . . . An art is a fine fixture, a palace in a park, a band of music, health and physical beauty. . . . I sleep upon my art for pillow; I waken in my art; I am unready for death, because I hate to leave it.' And this artist would always be so busy, industrious. 'Seriously,' he inquired of another, 'do you like to repose? Ye gods, I hate it. I never rest with any acceptation; I do not know what people mean who say they like sleep and that damned bedtime which, since long ere I was breeched, has rung a knell to all my day's doings and beings. And when a man, seemingly sane, tells me he has "fallen in love with stagnation," I can only say to him, "You will never be a pirate."' Of course Stevenson was a very thorough egoist, and that is one reason why his letters and all that he says about himself and his doings are so profoundly interesting and instructive. The epistles of men whose own minds are not the whole big world to themselves are often poor things in comparison. In Stevenson we have the artist or craftsman, the egoist, the romanticist, the very human man with the keen human sympathies, the creature of strange moods, and the physical sufferer. He was a great letter-writer, and allowed himself much openness and freedom of expression in what he thus wrote. Those to which I am referring are in a new edition which is called 'definitive,' edited according to his duty by Stevenson's old friend Sir Sidney Colvin, and comprising the letters already published in different forms, rearranged, and some hundred and fifty new ones. All these are made up into four most tasteful volumes, and now take their place as the standard, the 'definitive,' and the complete—so far as completion may be allowed for a long time yet—edition of the Stevenson letters, upon which editor and publishers (Methuen's) are to be congratulated. For the mind that needs something more than a novel and something less than deep argumentative philosophy, there could be no happier or more delightful refreshment for the holiday season, with the murmur of the sea or the sighing of the hills to hear—for somehow Stevenson, natural and romantic, always seems so good when taken, as it were, with nature. There is no reason now to write anything upon the old Vailima letters; but the new ones are a great gift, and each lover of Stevenson must read them through. A fair proportion of them relate to the progress of the relations between Stevenson and his father, the lighthouse-builder, who much desired that his son should follow in his own business, and was seriously disappointed at his turning towards literature. For long enough these relations were most unhappy. Neither father nor son was prepared to give in until almost the last. Such a father could not be expected to understand such a son, such a creature of temperament. The same thing has happened before and will happen again, and the results must always be miserable, with neither side to blame. And, of course, differing on the main question of career, they differed also upon religion and various other matters of thought and action of some consequence. Some of the scenes that he had with his father, such as we have a glimpse of in these new letters, were very terrible.

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The first letter in the first volume is a new one addressed to the parent who had sent him up to Anstruther to watch the progress of the

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harbour works there. He is trying to get along peaceably with his engineering. 'When you come,' he says, 'bring also my paint-box—I forgot it. I am going to try the travellers and jennies, and have made a sketch of them and begun the drawing. After that I'll do the staging. . . . There is little or nothing doing here to be seen. By heightening the corner in a hurry to support the staging they have let the masons get ahead of the divers and wait till they can overtake them. I wish you would write and put me up to the sort of things to ask and find out. I received your registered letter with the five pounds; it will last for ever. To-morrow I will watch the masons at the pier-foot and see how long they take to work that Fife-ness stone you ask about; they get sixpence an hour; so that is the only datum required. It is awful how slowly I draw, and how ill: I am not nearly done with the travellers, and have not thought of the jennies yet. When I'm drawing I find out something I have not measured, or, having measured, have not noted, or, having noted, cannot find; and so I have to trudge to the pier again ere I can go farther with my noble design.' He was then seventeen years of age; knowing what we do of the Stevenson of later days, it can be realised how impossibly uncongenial were the duties to which he was at this time trying to accustom himself. When he was twenty-two he wrote one day from Edinburgh to his good friend Mrs Sitwell (afterwards Lady Colvin) concerning one of the quarrels he had had with his father: 'I can scarcely see to write just now; so please excuse. We have had an awful scene. All that my father had to say has been put forth—not that it was anything new; only it is the devil to hear. I don't know what to do—the world goes hopelessly round about me; there is no more possibility of doing, living, being anything but a *beast*, and there's the end of it. It is eleven, I think, for a clock struck. O Lord, there has been a deal of time through our hands since I went down to supper! All this has come from my own folly; I could somehow not think the gulf so impassable, and I read him some notes on the Duke of Argyll—I thought he would agree so far, and that we might have some rational discussion on the rest. And now—after some hours—he has told me that he is a weak man, and that I am driving him too far, and that I know not what I am doing. O dear God, this is bad work. . . . I have lit a pipe and feel calmer. I say, my dear friend, I am killing my father—he told me to-night (by the way) that I had alienated utterly my mother—and this is the result of my attempt to start fair and fresh and to do my best for all of them. . . . My father and I together can put about a year through in half-an-hour.' Five years later, when in Paris, he wrote from a café a serious and intimate letter to his father in which, having touched broadly and lightly upon some matters of religion, he said: 'The wisdom of this world consists in making one's self very little in order to avoid many knocks; in preferring others, in order that, even when we lose, we shall find some pleasure in the event; in putting our desires outside of ourselves, in another ship, so to speak, so that, when the worst happens, there will be something left. You see, I speak of it as a doctrine of life, and as a wisdom for this world. People must be themselves, I suppose. I feel every day as if religion had a greater interest for me; but that interest is still centred on the little rough-and-tumble world in which our fortunes are cast for the moment. I cannot transfer my interest, not even my religious interest, to any different sphere. . . . I have had some sharp lessons and some very acute sufferings in these last seven-and-twenty years—more even than you would guess. I begin to grow an old man; a little sharp, I fear, and a little close and unfriendly; but still I have a good heart, and believe in myself and my fellow-men and the God who made us all.' He made this letter a very long one. It became gloomier towards the end, and then he added a postscript: 'While I am writing gravely, let me say one word more. I have taken a step towards more intimate relations with you. But don't expect too much of me. Try to take me as I am. This is a rare moment, and I have profited by it; but take it as a rare moment. Usually I hate to speak of what I really feel, to that extent that when I find myself *cornered*, I have a tendency to say the reverse.'

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In these letters to his parents, and to others concerning his parents, we have some biographical notes of importance, and they are instructive in their display of the clashing of temperaments; but it is when writing on less troublesome affairs, when discussing his work and when venturing upon some themes of light philosophy, that we are best entertained, that we have our real Stevenson and gain a glimpse of those brilliant conversational powers which Sir Sidney Colvin describes in his most excellent introduction—powers which conformed to the high standard of good conversation that everything said seemed spontaneous and there was nothing forced. 'In the best of these letters of Stevenson's,' says his friend, 'you have some echo, far away indeed, but yet the nearest, of his talk—talk which could not possibly be taken down, and of which nothing remains save in the memory of his friends, an impression magical and never to be effaced.' Of it all, perhaps that which the lovers of his writings will like best are his confidences concerning them while they were being made. There are a few new items of this kind. He writes to Mr Charles Baxter about the tale that ultimately went by the name of *The Ebb Tide*: 'You can prepare to dispose of the serial rights of *The Schooner Farallone:* a most grim and gloomy tale. It will run to something betwee

Jekyll and Hyde and *Treasure Island*. I will not commit myself beyond this, but I anticipate from sixty-five to seventy thousand words, could almost pledge myself not shorter than sixty-five thousand, but won't. The tale can be sent as soon as you have made arrangements; I hope to finish it in a month; six weeks, bar the worst accidents, for certain. I should say this is the butt-end of what was once *The Pearl Fisher*. There is a peculiarity about this tale in its new form: it ends with a conversion! We have been tempted rather to call it *The Schooner Farallone: a Tract by R. L. S. and L. O.* It would make a boss tract; the three main characters—and there are only four—are barats, insurance frauds, thieves and would-be murderers; so the company 's good. Devil a woman there, by good luck; so it 's "pure." 'Tis a most—what 's the expression?—unconventional work.' But, of course, no snatchy quotations can give any idea of the wealth of enchantment that there is in these four little books.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER III.—THE WILL.

THE two girls had a very interesting and happy morning among the shops, and it was not until they were having each a bun and a glass of milk for lunch in a confectionery shop that Hilda Roper made the inevitable discovery. 'Oh Madge!' she exclaimed, aghast.

The forgotten telegram was produced from the bag, the telegram which ought to have been sent from Claypits before they started.

'Well,' remarked Miss Black, who had her strong private feeling relative to her friend's engagement, 'what does it matter? Mr Fitz was not expecting it, and will not feel disappointed, that 's all.'

There was much comfort in this view of the delinquency, and Hilda Roper brightened accordingly, but some doubt remained in her look. She felt no personal regret for the absence of Mr Fitz, although happily unconscious of this want of proper feeling. But what would her father think of it?

The paper was put back into the bag, and the thought of it troubled Hilda no more during the afternoon. They finished their day's business, and agreed to come in again next day for further operations. They reached Mr Roper's just as that gentleman was starting to meet Dr Black at The Roost according to the arrangement of the morning.

'So you forgot to send it, eh?' said Mr Roper, with good humour, when his daughter at once confessed her default. 'Well, Felix luckily wasn't expecting it, so he will not fret. We mustn't tell him. And to-morrow, in order that you may not forget again, I will despatch the telegram myself.'

She gave it to him, feeling very willing to be without it, and he went away.

Miss Black remained to have tea, and await Mr Roper's return with her father. She was a young person of little more than her friend Hilda's age, but, as her father could bear witness, of superior powers of mind and boldness of view. Miss Black was quite convinced that Hilda Roper did not care one pin for this City man she was going to marry, and the incident of the forgotten telegram was hardly needed to confirm that opinion. Now, such a marriage being obnoxious to Miss Black's orthodox views, she was perplexed how to prevent it, which she would be glad to do, without causing distress by disturbing the calm serenity of Hilda's present state of mind.

'She thinks she 's happy,' was Miss Black's reflection; 'but what does she know about it?'

Miss Black 'knew,' and had already essayed a slight flank movement against the enemy that morning by the allusion to a certain Mr Wace. The effect made her cautious of doing mischief. She honestly did not want to cause Hilda unhappiness. But was there no other way of opening her eyes? In truth, all day, amidst the shopping, Madge Black had been thinking about it. And every idea that half-occurred to her as calculated to that object invariably became more or less associated with Mr Wace. It was very vexing, because she knew that the young man in question had no place whatever in her friend's thoughts, and because, moreover, he was himself hardly anybody at all.

It was the elements of possibility—nay, even probability—in the slight relations of the two which magnified in Miss Black's mind the idea of Hilda's marriage with Mr Fitz as a thing essentially wrong. 'When you are married, Hilda,' she remarked pensively, working round to the direction of her thoughts, 'you will never again come to our tennis-club in the summer.'

'I don't know, Madge; perhaps I may sometimes.'

'No,' said the other quickly and promptly, 'that would not do at all.' It was in her thoughts to add her reason, 'Mr Wace might be there, you know,' but wisely forbore. 'Mr Fitz, I am sure, cares nothing for tennis and such things. Where will you go for the honeymoon?' she inquired, starting on another tack. Hilda did not know; and after a pause, indicative of some hesitation, Miss Black declared that if the case were hers she would spend her honeymoon at Westgate in preference to any other place in the world. She had never liked any place so much.

Now Hilda Roper's consciousness, or her

suspicions, became slightly awakened, and she looked questioningly at her friend, with a faint rising colour in her face. The other girl noticed this effect, and felt it prudent to go no further at present. She went to the window to peer through the dusk for any appearance of the two gentlemen returning from the making of the will.

To make the position clear, as it may develop later on, it will be sufficient to state that the Mr Wace who occupied so much of Miss Black's interest—and evidently so little of Hilda Roper's—was a young man they had met during the past summer at Westgate-on-Sea, and only two or three times subsequently at a tennis-club to which they belonged, a mile or so nearer London than Claypits. One evening the two girls were exploring seaweed and shells on a sandbank some way off the shore, when the tide came creeping in before they were aware. Making a dash, barefoot, for the shore, Miss Black succeeded with only wet skirts; but Miss Roper, losing her nerve before a stretch of water nine inches deep, remained miserably marooned. In this critical juncture Mr Geoffrey Wace, on the beach, flung away his cigarette, laughing, and wading out, bore the forlorn maiden ashore. The incident did not assume the complexion of an adventure either in the girls' eyes or his, but merely was a pleasant matter to laugh at. After they came home it gave pleasure to them both when a brother of another girl one evening brought Geoffrey Wace down from the City to the tennis-club. On two or three subsequent evenings he again came under the same circumstances. But as it was learned that he was only a junior in some South American bank, and had no family or friends to speak of, Mr Wace found little acceptance in the estimation of the suburban young ladies of social pretensions who composed the club. To the quick perception of Madge Black, however, who was not so prejudiced, it became evident that her friend Hilda was regarded with much unobtrusive interest by Mr Wace. However obscure he might be, he had the ways of a gentleman; he was interesting to look at and to talk to; and he had been in the South African war as a volunteer, and brought back the scar of a Mauser bullet across his cheek. Hilda, as well as her friend, liked Mr Wace, and often furtively regarded that scar. All this was now two or three months back; but Madge Black, by an intuition of her own, felt convinced that Mr Wace was already half in love with Hilda Roper; and that Hilda, if she were only free to be made aware of that fact, would be half-ready to let him fall wholly in love with her.

'I see them coming at last,' said Miss Black at the window, 'and they walk as if they were at a funeral. What time will you be ready to-morrow, Hilda?' she asked, with ready transition to pleasanter matters. It was settled that Madge should call for her friend at ten o'clock, and the former young lady restrained herself to a grimace when reminded that Mr Fitz would meet them at one o'clock and take them to lunch.

Joshua Tooting was dead. Such was the news the two men brought; and as they were going on to see the bank manager about the will, the girls were left to discuss the subject in their own way.

The doctor and Mr Roper, on arriving at The Roost, were taken aback when they learned of the solicitor's having been there. The nurse, who had come down from her room to receive them, said Mr Grimesey had altered his arrangements lest the business possessed urgency, and at Mr Tooting's request the solicitor and the driver had witnessed the will, which was left at the bank. Of its nature, of course, Nurse Dunning was quite ignorant.

Colam Roper said it was natural that the lawyer should have reconsidered his first decision, and referred to the satisfaction it must be to their friend Tooting to have the matter settled and done with. Privately and personally, it was a comfort to Mr Roper himself, but he made no allusion to this.

The doctor made no observation, and if he had any thoughts on the matter he kept them to himself. He proceeded upstairs to see the patient, and found him placid in the last sleep. 'He has been dead some time, nurse,' he said, 'and must have passed away very quietly.'

'Very quietly,' she replied in a subdued voice. 'I was lying awake in the next room, and should have heard the slightest movement.'

'Quite so, poor old fellow! I thought his going would be calm. I wonder,' he added, 'who is owner here now?'

'I have not the least idea; I did not even see the solicitor when he was leaving. The will, Mrs Cox learned, was taken to the manager of the bank. Mr Tooting himself mentioned to me that Mr Meredith was appointed executor when he was writing to him.'

'Did he write to Meredith?'

'After the solicitor went. Mrs Cox posted the letter. Then I settled him in the bed as you see him now.'

'Well, until Mr Meredith returns some one must attend to things. For the present I think you had best give such directions as you think necessary.'

The nurse was silent a few seconds, and said with evident decision, 'I will do what is necessary to finish my duties here, Dr Black; but I will leave to-morrow early. I would much prefer to do so.'

'Your wish is reasonable, nurse; your duties are finished. When we have seen the bank manager we will arrange with an undertaker.'

Dr Black left the nurse in the bedroom and joined Colam Roper below, telling him in a few words the news of Joshua Tooting's death. 'Died quietly in his sleep; the nurse, in the next room, did not hear a movement. If the

solicitor,' said the doctor thoughtfully, 'had waited till three o'clock there would have been no will.'

Mr Roper directed a suspicious glance at the doctor; but if the doctor's remark possessed a significance beneath the surface, his face gave no indication of it. They walked together across the Common, and no further reference was made to the will, though the subject occupied the thoughts of both.

The doctor caused Mr Roper an uncomfortable surprise by the next words he uttered: 'The nurse is leaving early to-morrow. The undertaker, I suppose, must take charge.'

'Why is she leaving?' Roper demanded, half-halting on the path.

'Her work is done,' was the answer, 'and she wants to go.'

Mr Roper was perplexed and uneasy. Was there an invisible connection between Dr Black's remark about the will and Nurse Dunning's sudden departure? Because, natural as her decision might professionally appear to Dr Black, Mr Roper was unable to divest it of an appearance of suddenness; and he had an uneasy feeling that the two things had some association in the doctor's thoughts. He anxiously wished he could ask a certain question, when, as though his thoughts had been divined, it was answered for him.

'The nurse told me that Meredith was appointed executor. Tooting himself told her, after the solicitor's departure, when he was writing a letter to Meredith.'

'Was she a witness to the will?'

'No,' replied the doctor, noticing the interest Roper showed; 'the solicitor and Jenkins the driver were the witnesses. The nurse knows nothing about the will, and did not see Mr Grimesey when he was leaving.'

'Where was she?'

'Lying down somewhere. Apparently,' added the doctor, in a manner that left Mr Roper to form his own opinion in the matter, 'Miss Dunning avoided meeting him after he had done his work.'

That was curious—and more. But from Mr Roper's point of view the fact raised the interesting possibility that the lady, from personal motives solely, and wholly indifferent to the business of the will, preferred not to meet Mr Grimesey alone when he was leaving. She had to receive him when he came, and decided that no more was incumbent upon her. Mr Roper fondly hoped this was the explanation of her conduct. She might feel a dislike for the man who, it was told Mr Roper, talked about her in London. And might she not like some other man better? The speculation occupied his mind agreeably until they arrived at the bank.

'Yes, I have the will,' said the manager on being told of Tooting's death; 'at least, a sealed envelope, endorsed to that effect by Mr Tooting.'

'That's it,' replied Dr Black; 'and now who is to do anything? There is nobody at the house except the nurse, who is leaving to-morrow, and Mrs Cox. And there isn't a relation in the world. He mentioned to the nurse that Mr Meredith was executor, and he is away on the Continent. I think you should open the will, and then, if Meredith is named, his partner Moore could act for him till he returns. That is my opinion.'

Mr Roper concurred, but the manager hesitated.

'No doubt, no doubt,' he answered; 'but I am not sure of my position. It seems a little curious, you see. We hold documents for safe custody at the order of customers; but whose order would authorise me to open the envelope or even give it up?'

'Something must be done, however.'

After considering the matter, it was agreed that Mr Grimesey, who drew the will and left it at the bank, should be sent for, and he was at once written to by the manager to meet them at The Roost at noon next day. Mr Moore, the partner of Mr Meredith, would also be present. Then they gave instructions to the undertaker to attend to his special business.

Much as he desired a few words with the nurse, that evening and the next morning Mr Roper did not venture to visit The Roost. He meant to obtain a minute or two with her before she went away, and meanwhile anxiously weighed his hopes and doubts in silence. Somehow, he was not so much concerned about Mr Grimesey now. In reality, what troubled him most—and what he least cared to discuss with himself—was the possible effect which Joshua Tooting's will might have upon his hopes. Mr Colam Roper looked up to the lady with so much admiring respect that he refused to believe her capable of being affected by any change of fortune.

In fairly hopeful spirits, then, he sent off the two girls from the station and despatched Hilda's telegram to Mr Fitz. And it would not render Hilda less desirable in the eyes of Mr Fitz, he thought with satisfaction, if she were endowed with a bit of the Tooting fortune, as she was certain to be, only not disproportionately so, he hoped.

A four-wheeled cab was standing before the door of The Roost, with a trunk on the top, when Mr Roper arrived. In the house were the doctor, the bank manager, and Mr Moore; and the nurse immediately entered the room, dressed, and ready to go.

'I was going,' she explained, addressing Mr Roper half-apologetically, 'but they have detained me until the will is read. I see no necessity, as a nurse has nothing to do with such matters.'

'I am glad you haven't gone,' he answered, looking at her.

'Of course I do not mind,' she said, accepting the chair he placed for her, 'since the gentlemen wish.'

Mr Roper sat near to her, and succeeded in having a few private words amid the others' conversation.

'You are going back to the Home?' he inquired.

'No, not just yet. I need rest, and I will stay with my mother for a while before taking work again.'

'I hope to see you very soon,' he said, lowering his voice and leaning earnestly towards her. She had never looked fairer in his eyes, nor gentler, he fancied. 'I want to see you!'

'Thank you, Mr Roper. I shall be glad. Here is the solicitor,' she added, sitting up, as a cab stopped at the door.

Mr Grimesey bowed to the lady first—she did not raise her eyes to him—then to the others as they introduced themselves, and saying one or two words appropriate to the occasion, proceeded at once to business. The manager of the bank had the sealed envelope in his hand.

'Mr Meredith of Claypits is appointed sole executor,' said Mr Grimesey, 'and I am glad he is represented by his respected partner. Miss Dunning is here, and Mrs Cox, the housekeeper, is also required.'

Mrs Cox was summoned, and Mr Grimesey glanced round again.

'There is another lady, Miss Roper, who also ought to be present. Does any one represent her?'

'I happen to be her father,' said Mr Roper; 'though I did not know my daughter was interested.'

Mr Grimesey smiled agreeably as he bowed to Mr Roper.

By general consent the will was then opened and read aloud by Mr Grimesey amid silence and such emotions as may be imagined:

'I declare this to be my Last Will, &c., and I appoint James Meredith, Esquire, Solicitor, of Claypits, the sole executor.

'I give to my said executor one hundred pounds.

'I give to the Claypits Hospital five hundred pounds.

'I give to Ann Cox, my housekeeper, one hundred pounds and an annuity of forty pounds for her life.

'I give to Hilda Roper, my neighbour Colam Roper's daughter, one thousand pounds.

'I give and bequeath the entire residue of my estate, real and personal of whatsoever consisting, to Henrietta Dunning, now residing in my house as my nurse, absolutely.'

That was all.

There was deep silence for a minute, a trying minute for one person, who felt all thoughts, if not all eyes, directed to her. She stood up, very pale. 'I presume I have heard correctly,' she said in a low voice, with her eyes fixed on the floor. A visible tremor moved her as she spoke. 'If so, I think it right to say that Mr Tooting never gave me the faintest hint of such an intention—or of any intention of that nature. Moreover,' she added, after a brief pause, and raising her eyes with a quiet and almost appealing survey of all present, 'I feel that if Mr Tooting had any friends or relatives, they had a better claim, and I am sorry to have been preferred to any such.'

'There were none, Miss Dunning; no one has been wronged in your favour,' said Mr Moore, generously touched by her position.

'As a stranger,' she murmured, resuming her chair with an air of humility, 'I am grateful. What can I say?'

'It was quite natural, I think,' observed Mr Roper. 'Our old friend had no one, and probably would have died without making any will had not the attentive nursing which he had from you, Miss Dunning, reminded him that he owed you a debt.' On account of which (the thought naturally followed) both Mrs Cox and Hilda Roper owed it to the nurse that they were remembered. Mr Roper half-wished he had not made the speech, but it passed without comment.

The gentlemen undemonstratively but politely gave her their congratulations; and, acknowledging these with a gesture of quiet dignity, the lady moved to the door. Mr Roper was about to offer her his arm; but Mr Moore took precedence because, as his partner's representative, he wanted to arrange about communicating with Miss Dunning. That gentleman saw her into the cab, and she drove away from the house that was now her own. She seemed to have taken no notice of Mr Grimesey.

'Well, Roper,' said the doctor as they were walking away, 'now it's all over, and on the whole I could not feel surprised at anything Joshua did. It was a narrow squeak that he didn't let it all go to the Crown. But I really thought he would have given your girl more; he was very fond of her in his way.'

'I am glad he did not. The man she is about to marry does not want it.'

'Well, Joshua might have done worse. The nurse is a fortunate young woman, and will prove a nice prize for some lucky man. What a pity I wasn't a single man, Roper! A doctor, you see, has such opportunities in such an interesting situation.'

'No use crying over it, doctor.'

'I won't cry. How much do you suppose she will be worth?'

'The property is worth two thousand a year, and there must be a lot of money besides. He never spent.'

'Is she much over thirty? I should fancy not,' said Dr Black meditatively, 'and she is an undeniably fine style of woman. It's a pity there is no one about the Common to keep the lady and the money here—a thousand pities. There is no knowing who will have the spending of it.'

The interest of the speculation disagreed with Mr Roper; and, perhaps noticing this, the doctor dropped the subject. 'I suppose those girls will be home by four,' he remarked, as their path

diverged in the middle of the Common. 'I will step over to your place about that time to fetch Madge, and Hilda will give me a cup of tea. I haven't congratulated her yet, I believe,' he added reflectively, 'so I can kill the two congratulations with the same stone.'

Until nearly four o'clock Mr Colam Roper walked about his garden, full of anxious thought; feeling, in spite of his high estimation of her character, that Joshua Tooting's estate placed a wide distance between Miss Dunning and him. Dr Black spent the interval among his patients; and at a quarter to four the two fathers sat in Hilda Roper's drawing-room, saying little, while waiting the appearance of their daughters.

'I said four at the latest,' grumbled the doctor, who was thinking chiefly about his tea, 'and if Madge is later than that by a quarter of an hour I'll order her to bed and physic her when we get home.'

The girls were later than the hour named; but Madge Black escaped the threatened punishment in consideration of the astounding news they brought home.

Hilda Roper looked pale and anxious, and Miss Black excited and dramatic, when they appeared.

The opening words of the latter young lady dumfounded the two parents. 'Such a thing as we witnessed this evening!' she exclaimed, casting her hat over her shoulder without caring where it went.—'Don't you speak, Hilda; you would only burst out crying.—I will tell it all. Now listen!'

'Bless my soul!' murmured Dr Black, as his daughter struck the attitude of a tragedienne.

'You had better go to bed, Hilda, and—throw that ring out of the window!'

'Hello!' exclaimed the doctor; 'this begins to look serious.'

'Serious!' said Madge contemptuously.—'Very well, Hilda, stay there, but don't speak.'

Hilda placed herself, in obedience to a sign from her father, on a corner couch, and Madge proceeded to unfold the budget of sensation that called for such ominous preface. Her father observed her at first with a flicker of amusement at the corner of his mouth, but soon looked more serious.

Madge Black's dramatic narrative was to the following startling effect: At one o'clock there was no Mr Fitz at Oxford Circus to meet them; they waited, 'cold and hungry,' for half-an-hour, and were then compelled to revive exhausted nature with buns and milk in a tea-shop. At two they took an omnibus going to Waterloo, to come home; they had spent all the money. On Waterloo Bridge they were confronted—coming from the direction of the station in a hansom—by the recreant Mr Fitz, with Nurse Dunning's head almost resting on his shoulder!

'Did they see you?' exclaimed Mr Roper, almost stunned.

'No,' was the malicious answer; 'they seemed too much absorbed in each other to see anything.'

'Hilda, is this all true? It is quite incomprehensible to me,' said poor Mr Roper, unable to realise what appeared to shatter at one blow his fondest hopes.

Hilda, with a catch in her throat, said it was quite true, and to Mr Roper his daughter's truthfulness was final.

But there might be misapprehension, explanation; and his friend Dr Black considerately came to his relief with this suggestion. 'Mr Fitz will explain it when you see him, Roper,' he said, rising to go home for his tea.—'Now come along, Madge.'

Madge Black went over to her friend to kiss her and leave comfort. 'I will come over in the morning, Hilda,' she whispered. 'Don't wear that ring after you go upstairs. It is all for the best, dear, and I am so glad for your sake the thing is over. You didn't care for him, nor he for you—properly, as some one else does whom I know!' Madge judged it time to take that plunge now, and Hilda responded with a little start—not quite of surprise perhaps, nor yet of displeasure—to its significance.

'And when you see Mr Fitz, Mr Roper,' Miss Black added as a parting shot, 'ask him to explain also why he failed to meet Hilda!'

(To be continued.)

THE WORSHIP OF SPORT.

IT is said that, in a certain North of England district, while the inhabitants are demanding decreasing sizes in hats there is a corresponding increase in the sizes of boots. This may be, probably is, the creation of some budding humorist; but there is a truth lying behind the satire which is well worthy of consideration by all thoughtful young men.

Reading the Saturday evening 'football edition' and the lengthy descriptive accounts in all the Monday newspapers; attending the League match or Cup tie, where sixty thousand people are moved to the most intense enthusiasm by the physical prowess of twenty-two picked men; working in an office where the conversation consists very largely of a discussion as to the chances of the various teams drawn by the members of the staff in the annual sweepstake—all these things have led me to ask myself the question whether sport, or rather the abuse of sport, is not becoming a serious national danger, absorbing time, talent, and money which the nation needs for other and supremely important objects.

I should like it to be distinctly understood

that I am not writing as an opponent of genuine sport. I have myself indulged in many of its phases, from kicking a football on a muddy field to the gentler art of returning the tennis-ball over the net. But while I admire sport as a pastime, and fully recognise the many benefits which accrue to people who treat it as such, I condemn it unreservedly as a business which absorbs all our leisure moments and results in the exaltation of the physical at the expense of the mental.

Man possesses a mind as well as a body, and where the former is stunted in order abnormally to develop the latter we have a real human tragedy, and one which is, alas! all too common in these days of magnified athleticism.

A few years ago I was joined in a railway compartment by some members of a well-known football team, and fine specimens of humanity they were—big, brawny, and muscular. But we had not travelled far before I discovered that while they were physical giants they were mental babes. They reminded me of a substantially built house in which the rooms are draughty and badly lit, or of a garden where the paths have been carefully laid out, but where the rose-trees have drooped and died.

The Rev. George Jackson has entitled one of his books *First Things First*. It is supremely necessary for young men to get hold of a right perspective, to find out what things are first, and to see to it that they are given their rightful place. Among many of our young men to-day I find this perspective becoming seriously defective, and a tendency creeping in to elevate sport to a position which is quite out of keeping with its importance to the nation. Sport is defined as a 'diversion,' and that term gives very accurately its proper place in our life's activities. It ought to rank as a medicine and tonic for the hard-worked man, enabling him to withdraw his mind for a time from the cares and worries of business life. We are living in an age of strain and stress, when our nervous energies are severely taxed, and anything which tends to relieve and mitigate that strain is a factor of unspeakable benefit. It is here I believe sport steps in and discharges its highest function—that of diverting our minds temporarily from the more serious pursuits of life. But when, instead of a tonic, I find it becoming in so many cases a regular article of diet, I begin to tremble for the kind of stamina which must inevitably follow. Tonics lose their efficacy by too frequent use, and sport indulged in to an inordinate extent defeats the very aim which it ought to have in view.

Many of our young men no longer limit themselves to playing football on Saturday afternoons, but talk football all day—Sunday and practically every other day of the week; and precious hours which ought to be devoted to the exercise and elevation of the mind are given up to reading sensational sporting news in the 'specials.' True sport should be an incentive to mental growth, not a deterrent; but it tends at the present time to supplant that which it ought to help to establish. When I come across young men, as I constantly do, who can talk of nothing but theatres, music halls, football, and horse-racing, I apply to them the epitaph which is said to exist somewhere in one of our English churchyards: 'I was well; I took some medicine to make me better, and here I am.'

If our nation is to hold its own in the stern race for commercial supremacy which is now in progress we cannot afford to make pursuits of our recreations, and to lengthen the time spent in the playground at the expense of shortening the hours spent in the school; and those men who make a business of their sport and a sport of their business are a menace to our national prosperity. How many men there are who grieve more over the defeat of their nation at football or cricket than over the defeat of a Government to which they profess allegiance; and how lukewarm is the enthusiasm in an election, the issues of which are fraught with tremendous import, compared with the frenzy of sixty thousand people at a Cup tie match!

An article on sport which appeared in the *Glasgow Evening News* last year throws a lurid light on the amount spent by the people annually on recreation. Referring to it as 'our costliest religion,' the writer estimated that we spend forty-five million two hundred and forty-eight thousand pounds in one year on these pursuits. In an analysis of the figures he concludes that the annual expenditure on what he terms 'the sports of the people' amounts to fifteen million pounds, while ten million pounds are permanently invested. These figures give us some practical idea of the important place assigned to sport in our national life, but they also reveal a strange lack of foresight in the apportioning of our resources. The amount spent on the 'sports of the people' equals three-fourths of our expenditure on education—fifteen millions to amuse the people, about twenty millions to educate them. There is food for thought in that article for all true patriots, and it raises the question as to which is our bigger asset to-day, bone or brain, muscle or mental equipment.

Napoleon once described us as 'a nation of shopkeepers,' and what was meant for cynicism was in fact an appreciation of our real source of strength. Were he here to-day to study our national balance-sheet, or to visit one of our large cities on a Saturday afternoon, I fear he would change the metaphor, and call us a nation of sportsmen.

There is one phase of football which I consider extremely unsatisfactory, and that is the large number of spectators in proportion to the actual participants. Our football enclosures are crowded with enthusiasts, largely composed of young men whose principal exercise is of a vocal nature

They lounge on their seats, with cigarettes in their mouths, and either loudly applaud or harshly criticise the men who have been paid to entertain them. How much better it would be if they were engaged in developing their own bodies and doing something to bring a touch of healthy colour to those pale, parchment-like faces! The tendency of so many of our young men to spend their leisure time in this way is a real misfortune, and robs football of its main benefit as a factor in the arrest of that degeneration in our national physique which is causing so much uneasiness in some quarters.

A few figures taken from a Monday edition of a well-known London paper will perhaps best illustrate what I mean. On the previous Saturday there were thirty-three important matches played, in which sixty-six clubs took part, representing seven hundred and twenty-six actual participants. On looking up the official figures as to the attendance of spectators at these matches, I was considerably astonished to find that they amounted to the enormous total of three hundred and twelve thousand! This means that for every player on the field there were four hundred and thirty spectators on the stands! I suppose the answer which would be given to any criticism of these facts is that without such attendances our leading clubs could not be made to pay; but my reply is that it does not pay the nation, and I am more concerned about the latter than the former.

The late Lord Salisbury, in a speech made not long before his retirement from public life, referred in solemn terms to the countries of the world as 'living and dying nations.' There is not a young man in England to-day but wishes his country a proud and prominent place among the former. But we must remember that the sacrifices made by our fathers in building up the British Empire must be repeated by their sons if its power and influence are to abide unimpaired. History tells us of other nations which have risen to heights of dazzling splendour only to wither and decay beneath the blighting influence of an inordinate love of ease and pleasure.

I believe we have a mission to accomplish, a great destiny to fulfil, and for that purpose we require a generation of young men who will shine in the political, municipal, and commercial spheres as well as in the more ephemeral sphere of sport. But, some one may remark, is not the proverb very true which says, 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy'? Absolutely. But the inversion is equally true: 'All play and no work makes Jack a duller boy.'

THE MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER V.

THE minister walked home across the park in the fading twilight in a ferment of painful dissatisfaction, directed almost entirely against himself. He had shaken hands with Lady Spurway meekly, because she had shown that she had expected it of him, and he hated to think of his having done so. She had wounded him to the quick; for while his own assumption of superior virtue had obviously left her as well content with herself as before, her treatment of himself as a socially negligible quantity had pierced his armour and rankled insupportably. Her comparative amiability in the last stage of the interview caused him more irritation in the remembrance than her former outspoken attempt to browbeat him. That attempt, at any rate, had failed. He had held himself with dignity, and even scored a point or two, which it would afterwards give him satisfaction to remember. But he had had no reply to make to her amusedly contemptuous rebutting of his claims to courtesy of speech, and if he had been able to make a reply she would simply have laughed at it and put it by. In spite of the sincerity with which he had at first ignored differences of station, and opposed his own philosophy of life to that of an artificial society, he had not been able to keep it up. Lady Spurway had not only charged him plainly with inferiority, she had shown him that in her mind there was not the shadow of a doubt but that her charge was unanswerable; and, in view of his own behaviour in giving in to her at the last, the unpleasant conviction fastened itself upon his mind that it was. Lady Spurway's diplomacy, the success of which she was even now hugging to herself, had failed. The minister was no more with her than he would have been if she had told him what had happened, expressed her displeasure, and then turned him out of the room. He was only determined not to let her triumph over him any further. As to whether this could best be done by aiding or thwarting her designs he had not yet reached the stage of asking himself, for he had given his word. Her failure lay in having put him into a frame of mind in which he might regret having done so.

His annoyance, since it is not in the nature of fallen humanity to take blame without seeking to share it, spread itself over the prime movers in the disturbance, and he arrived at his house quite prepared to show Sir Humphrey Spurway the door of it if he should happen to be there, to rate his daughter soundly, and to visit his displeasure upon his wife if what Lady Spurway had hinted at proved to be true. Sir Humphrey

was not there, although he was on his way, in company with the minister's daughter; but his wife was, and to her he opened himself thus, after he had hung up his hat in the hall and taken off his galoshes: 'Jane, what is this I hear about that young gentleman and our Ethel?'

Mrs Evans-Jones eyed him askance. She knew him better than her daughter did. 'He has asked her to marry him, Evan,' she replied; 'but she has given him no reply as yet.'

'Then you did know of it!' said the minister. 'And I told Lady Spurway that you could not have done so. Why do you subject me to these humiliations? I am surprised and exceedingly displeased with you, Jane.'

'Oh Evan!' cried the poor lady, 'please do not speak to me like that. The child told me her secret. You know I would not have kept it from you.'

'But you *have* kept it from me,' said her lord and master severely, 'and you have subjected me to an extremely unpleasant interview with Lady Spurway in consequence. I will not put up with such treatment; no, I will not, and so I told her ladyship. Oh yes, she knows now with whom she has to deal, and that it is I and not she who will forbid this marriage.'

'Oh Evan, you have not done that, have you? Your own daughter, who is worth the love of any young baronet!'

'That is quite true, Jane. But I will not have her playing fast and loose. She is engaged to George Brown, and I will have her keep faith with him, I tell you that.'

'But, Evan, she is not engaged to him. She refused to be. She is quite free, if she finds any one she loves better.'

'You say that, Jane? Did you not ask me yourself if I would sanction the betrothal?'

'Yes, dear, I did. But they did not make one. Oh Evan, don't stand in the way, I beg of you, if she should find that she loves this young man. You like him yourself. You said so. And, look you, if Ethel was to become Lady Spurway, you would be greatly assisted in your labours in this place.'

This aspect of the question had not hitherto struck the minister. But it did so now. In a flash he saw himself the power behind the throne, his cause advanced, himself glorified. He soared for a moment to sublime heights, then fell with a thud back to earth again, and bit the dust. He had given his word to Lady Spurway, when he might have defied her, and the course he had undertaken would seat her more firmly in authority, in a position to mock at him and his, when he and his might have deposed her and reigned in her place. It was a bitter thought, and from that moment the minister was on the side of Sir Humphrey and his daughter.

'Of course,' he said in his usual sing-song voice, his anger against his wife completely dissipated, 'if the child did not bind herself to George Brown, I was under a misapprehension. But you should have told me, Jane. I denounced this marriage to Lady Spurway on that account. I could not let her triumph over me. For the sake of my calling, I would not. Kind hearts are more than coronets, look you, and simple faith than Norman blood.'

'Yes, dear,' said the greatly relieved Mrs Evans-Jones; 'and Ethel has asked Sir Humphrey to tea, and they will be here directly, and had you not better go up and wash your hands?'

When the minister came down to the parlour again, Sir Humphrey was there alone, and eyed him somewhat anxiously as he shook hands. 'You've seen my mother, haven't you, Mr Jones?' he asked. 'Look here, I wish I'd told you before, but I said I wouldn't say anything at present. But she says I may now if I like, though she won't say "Yes" yet—Ethel, I mean. I want to marry her, Mr Jones. Upon my word, I love her better than anybody in the world—nobody could help it. I expect you do yourself—you're her father; although, of course, it's different in a way. You'll let us fix it up if she will, won't you? Do say "Yes"!'

What the minister might have made of this speech if Lady Spurway had not prepared him for its elucidation there is no need to conjecture, for he understood it perfectly. He put his hand on the young man's shoulder, not without difficulty, for he was much the shorter of the two, and said, 'Sir Humphrey, I will give my daughter to no man who despises the religion of her fathers.'

'Oh, but that's rot, I say, Mr Jones,' said Sir Humphrey volubly. ''Course I've always been accustomed to Church, you know; but chapel's all right. I'm broad-minded. You can see that. I say, the mater hasn't been badgering you, has she? 'Course she's one of the old sort, you know—don't understand things. But she'll come round all right. She hardly knows Ethel, you see. Nobody could stand out against her, I don't care who it is. She's splendid. I'm not half-good enough for her. Still, I'm all right, you know, and my own master, and all that sort of thing. The mater can't really stop me if I want to do a thing, you know. You don't mind, do you, Mr Jones?'

Mr Jones did not mind. He had swung completely round—his mind, of course, bent on the advancement of his cause. But he could not say so just yet. 'I told your mother, Sir Humphrey,' he said, 'that I would stop this proposed marriage. I was under the impression—— But here are the ladies.—My dear, is our evening repast ready? I have things to say, but we can talk over the tea-table. Oh, here are James and Prichard.—My sons, will you go and take your tea with Mary in the other apartment?'

The small boys went off, obedient but dejected, and the minister said grace devoutly and at length, his eyes closed and his right hand raised

Sir Humphrey looked at him curiously, and a doubt may have crossed his mind as to whether his proposed father-in-law would be quite as acceptable in his family circle as could be wished for. But if it were so, it was only a passing shadow on the sunlit glamour of the situation. He was more deeply in love than ever, and desperately anxious to have his affairs settled out of hand. The word was with the minister, but he broke in and took it from him as soon as the dedicatory address was finished.

'Ethel,' he said, 'we must settle it now. It's no use hanging on. Your father has seen my mother, and he doesn't object. At least I hope he doesn't.—You don't, Mr Jones, do you?'

'There are many things to be considered,' began the minister oracularly.

But the girl interrupted him. 'You promised you would say nothing more about it till next Wednesday, Sir Humphrey,' she said with a flush of annoyance.

'Well, but I can't help it. Mr Jones has seen my mother.—I can't help it, can I, Mr Jones?'

It was the minister who replied, with uplifted hand. 'I must tell you, Sir Humphrey, that Lady Spurway is quite opposed to the suggestion. And I should be opposed to it, too, if what I thought when I interviewed her ladyship was true. But'——

'I know what you thought, father,' said the girl, blushing hotly. 'Mother has told me. And I haven't made up my mind. I won't say anything at all till next Wednesday. I won't have it discussed now at all.'

The minister was not used to receiving orders from his daughter. 'The conditions are changed, Ethel,' he said with an authoritative air. 'It is better that we should face the situation now, and you should clear the difficult ground, look you, by giving Sir Humphrey his answer.'

'Then if you force me, my answer is "No!"' said the girl, and began to cry.

Sir Humphrey could not bear that. 'Oh, I say!' he cried, in deep distress; 'please don't, Ethel! And look here, you sha'n't be worried for an answer now. I'll wait till Wednesday, as I said I would.—Mr Jones, don't say anything more about it, please.—Ethel dear, please don't cry.'

But Ethel, who had been subsisting on excitement and little else for some days, was now beyond controlling herself. Her sobs continued and grew louder, until her mother, under the directions of the flustered and annoyed minister, was obliged to lead her from the room.

'Oh, I *wish* we hadn't said anything,' cried Sir Humphrey when he was left alone with the minister. 'I wouldn't bother her for the world; I hate to see a woman cry, you know. I say, what was it you meant when you said things were different from what you thought?'

The minister was slightly embarrassed by the question, but decided that it behoved him as a religious man to be candid and above-board. Besides, his mistake with regard to his daughter's previous engagement was at the root of everything, and must be made quite plain in view of his having to cope with Lady Spurway again.

'There was a talk of a marriage with a young gentleman-friend when Ethel was last at home,' he said. 'I had thought that it amounted to an engagement. Under that impression I told Lady Spurway that your proposal could not be entertained, Sir Humphrey. I need not say that if it had been as I thought, there could have been no paltering with the obligation.'

'She never told me about that,' said Sir Humphrey, disturbed at the idea of any one having come before himself. 'Who is he? What is his name?'

'She could not have told you,' said the minister, ignoring his questions, 'if she had put the matter away from her mind. There is no need to exercise ourselves about it further. It is over and done with. So Mrs Evans-Jones informs me. But I can say nothing further to you at present, Sir Humphrey. I would not coerce my daughter, not if it were a question of her marrying a king. I am content as I am, doing my work, and spreading the gospel. I want no worldly advancement. I do not value it.'

'Oh no, of course not. That sort of thing's rot,' replied Sir Humphrey. 'And if I marry Ethel, we shouldn't let it disturb you in the least. She would have to come abroad with me—I'm going in for diplomacy, you know—and you could go on as before, without being worried at all, you know.'

The minister's contemplative gaze, fixed on the teapot, may have meant anything. 'Well,' he said, rousing himself, 'we must leave the matter in other hands. We shall be guided, I have no doubt. And now, as the ladies do not seem to be coming back, and I have to retire to my study, I had better wish you good-evening, Sir Humphrey. You will excuse me, I know.'

'Oh, rather!' said Sir Humphrey. 'I'll clear out. I suppose I shall have to have it out with the mater when I get home. But I don't mind that. I love your daughter, Mr Jones, and I shall think myself jolly lucky if she marries me. I'm glad you don't mind. Good-bye.'

CHAPTER VI.

LADY SPURWAY'S anger, when she gathered from her son that the minister had played her false, was painful to witness. She cursed him for a treacherous, dishonest, double-faced knave, and did so with such vigour that Sir Humphrey was quite shocked. 'Oh, I say,

mother!' he expostulated, 'he's rather a little outsider, in a way, but he's all right, really. He did think she was engaged, you know, or he wouldn't have objected. Why should he?'

'Why should he, indeed?' Lady Spurway asked of herself bitterly, and dismissed her son as one beyond all hope or patient bearing. Thwart him she would, and if she had failed in one way she would succeed in another. If she could have had the minister before her she would have talked to him in a way that would have astonished him; but she quite recognised that she herself had been partly to blame for his defection. She was arrogant and dictatorial; but she could see things. And she *could* control her overbearing disposition, although she disliked having to do so. 'I ought to have buttered up the creature,' she said to herself, deeply chagrined at the failure of her diplomacy. 'Still, he's a contemptible little turncoat, and when I have stopped this affair I'll make it hot for him.' Then she sat for a long time before the fire with her hands in her lap.

She dined in company with her son. To his surprise, she made herself pleasant to him, and his easily inflated spirits rose. Perhaps he was going to get his own way after all, with his mother to help him.

After dinner she had no difficulty in drawing from him a full account of what had happened at the minister's house. She closed the conversation, when she had heard enough, by saying, 'Well, if you must, I suppose you must. It is a severe blow to me, and that you know. But you are of age, and I can't help your making a fool of yourself if you are determined to do so.'

This speech was nicely calculated to put Sir Humphrey off his guard. It was like her, and aroused no suspicions by an uncharacteristic and possibly disingenuous appearance of capitulation. It prepared the way for her request next morning that he would 'bring that girl to tea,' so that she might judge for herself if the girl was 'so impossible, after all.'

'I sha'n't eat her alive,' she said, in answer to his obvious hesitation; 'and if you want to marry her, I suppose you would rather do it with my consent than without it. Anyhow, you will be here yourself, and can protect her if I fail to behave myself.'

This brought Sir Humphrey's acquiescence; and Sir Humphrey in the course of the afternoon brought the minister's daughter, who, halting painfully between two opposing desires, had felt that if the invitation was as pacifically meant as he assured her it was, her acceptance of it might make the one path more difficult; but her refusal would practically close the other. For if she went she was turning her back on George Brown, and if she stayed at home, more definitely still on Sir Humphrey Spurway.

So she walked with high courage into the parlour, and was most graciously received. If Lady Spurway did not welcome her as a prospective daughter-in-law, she did talk to her as if Ethel were the sort of girl whom she might some day welcome, if it was so to be. Arrogance had disappeared from her manner, and a maternal, if somewhat patronising, friendliness had taken its place. Sir Humphrey was in the seventh heaven. It was going beautifully, beyond his utmost hopes. But the girl caught herself wondering if this could really be the formidable Lady Spurway of the ice-carnival, and, because she was not quite mentally blind, asked herself to what this amiability tended, and held herself on her guard.

Sir Humphrey Spurway will never know whether his land-agent chose to bring him important business to attend to at that particular hour of his own accord or under instructions from a higher power. Nor will he ever know what took place in the room he had left with some misgivings during the twenty minutes of his absence.

Upon his return he found the younger of the two ladies fastening her veil preparatory to departure, and the elder actually expressing a wish that she would come and see her again. As he walked across the park with the minister's daughter, he asked her what his mother had said.

'Oh, she was as kind as possible,' she replied, rather absently.

'Did she talk to you about'——

'I told you I would give you your answer next Wednesday,' she interrupted him with decision. 'I won't have a word said before.'

. . . . . .

But a year later, when the minister's daughter was married, but not to Sir Humphrey Spurway, her husband asked her the same question. He had been most unexpectedly offered a good post in the old-established bank of Lombard & Co., a piece of good fortune which he learned, some time after he had accepted it, was owing to the urgent representations on his behalf of Lady Spurway, whose word, as daughter and heiress of the late Sir Peter Lombard, carried weight with the directors.

'What *did* she say that opened your eyes at last?' was his question, in the early days of the honeymoon.

'Oh, she asked me about you, and she made me cry,' replied the minister's daughter. 'And now I have told you everything, George, and I don't want to hear any more about it.'

A year later still, Sir Humphrey Spurway was married with all due ceremony to Lady Isabelle Floyd, and after the wedding the bride's mother congratulated the mother of the bridegroom on the carrying out of a long-cherished design, likely at one time to be frustrated.

'Oh,' said Lady Spurway, 'you can do anything with people if you treat them in the right way.'

As for the minister, he had not been long at Canonsthorpe before he received a 'call' from a congregation in a populous London suburb; but that was not owing to Lady Spurway. He accepted it at once, partly because he wanted to get out of her way, partly because he desired a larger sphere for his labours.

THE END.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NEW PROFESSION.

THE popularity of the kinematograph, and the demand for a high standard of perfection in regard to the subjects on the part of the public, have led to the creation of a new profession, or rather the extension of the field of operations of one already in existence. This is the picture-playwright. The leading manufacturing firms have created this new profession owing to the exhaustion of their sources of ideas, and in order to secure, if possible, something new. That it is a profession not to be despised is borne out by the fact that many of the leading dramatists now devote their energies seriously to the elaboration of scenarios for picture-plays, and many names intimately associated with the legitimate theatre are identified with the new movement. At first sight it may seem an easy matter to prepare such a scenario, but as a matter of fact it is quite as difficult to elaborate a strong dramatic picture-play as it is to write a curtain-raiser which will grip the public. Many of the largest producing firms retain a special staff to consider these scenarios, and the possibility of success may be gauged from the fact that only about 2 per cent. of the scenarios and suggestions submitted are found to be acceptable. So many rules have to be borne in mind that a successful picture-dramatist is as rare as a poet. Terseness, action, ingenuity of plot, and simplicity are indispensable. It must be remembered that there is no dialogue to assist the public in following the story. Everything is in pantomime, and words must be represented by action. Then, again, action must follow action continuously, and it is not easy to condense a three-act play lasting two hours or so in a theatre into a thousand feet or so of film to be reeled off in ten minutes. But apart from the purely dramatic, there is a demand for genuine comedy, not knockabout absurdity, and for trick pictures with a distinct element of novelty. The latter are more elusive than the kine-drama, as a little experience will soon prove to the tyro. The moving-picture manufacturer, however, like the editor, diligently searches through the chaff in the hope that he may alight upon an unknown genius. The remuneration varies according to the value of the accepted scenario and the degree of novelty it contains, one manuscript for a picture lasting thirty minutes which came to the writer's knowledge a short while ago bringing its lucky author a cheque for thirty pounds. The average payment ranges between one and ten guineas. The former is not a princely sum, but invariably represents the true value of the contribution. The new profession is one into which only those who have a natural bent for it should enter, for the material has to fit a peculiar mould.

A SMOKE-COMBUSTOR.

An ingenious apparatus devised to solve the smoke problem has been introduced into this country recently from Germany. It comprises a special form of grate whereby air is admitted to the furnace at certain points to bring about the complete combustion of the fuel. The part of the fire most susceptible to the emission of smoke due to incomplete combustion is the front, and the unburned carbon escapes up the chimney. In the new system, the air admitted from the back is caused to mingle with the imperfectly consumed fuel in the front of the fire, the fresh air at high temperature being supplied in small streams from a series of bent pipes, thereby bringing about complete combustion. In the land of its origin the appliance is stated to have achieved distinct success, over five hundred furnaces being fitted therewith. It is said that complete smokelessness is secured irrespective of the nature of the fuel used, while the apparatus has a long life, and no motive-power is required to operate it. The saving in fuel, also, is stated to be considerable. The success of the invention in Germany should be sufficient to warrant its introduction into this country, where the abatement of smoke is a matter of vital importance.

THE CLEANING OF RAILWAY-CARRIAGES.

The upholstered seats of railway-carriages have always been regarded as harbouring dust and microbes, to the intense discomfort of passengers, who like to issue from a train upon the conclusion of their journey in an immaculate condition. The more enterprising companies are displaying commendable initiative in coping with this evil by means of the vacuum-cleaner. A Scottish firm has recently installed a vacuum-plant upon one of the northern railways which is capable of exhausting forty thousand cubic feet of air per hour. The apparatus can be applied to ten carriages on a siding at one time, and by its means twenty compartments can be simultaneously cleaned by twenty men. For the operation of the exhauster an electric motor

developing thirty horse-power suffices. By means of this installation it is stated that the dirtiest compartment can be rid of dust and dirt in five minutes. Upon the German State railways such a system has been in vogue for some time past; and, in addition, an interesting plant has been laid down for the treatment of infected carriages and those infested with vermin. The carriage is run into a huge circular retort like a short tunnel, the front is closed and sealed, and then the vessel is charged with a powerful deodorising gas which spells instant death to all germ and parasitic life. Now that the campaign of hygiene is being waged so vigorously, the cleansing of railway-carriages should rank as an important step in this development, for dust is a great factor in the dissemination of disease.

PAPER TOWELS.

An article which has been adopted in the United States, and which should hold out great possibilities in this country, is the paper towel. It is of the same size as the conventional domestic article, and made of soft, absorbent, light paper which does not tear readily when moistened. The towels are made either in separate sheets or in the form of a long roll perforated at intervals to facilitate detachment, and after being used are discarded and destroyed. They are generally made up in consignments of two hundred and fifty or five hundred sheets, and are greatly appreciated not only in the home but in clubs and other institutions. The cost of the paper articles is infinitely less than the charge made by a laundry for cleaning a towel that would be in use a similar number of times. We have a paper serviette, and it would surely be worth the while of some enterprising British manufacturer to supply a paper towel for drying the hands and face. The paper possesses no chemicals which are liable to affect the skin injuriously, and in some instances is impregnated with harmless aromatic substances.

WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY THROUGH WATER.

An Indian inventor attached to the telegraphic system of the country has been experimenting with a new system of communicating through space without wires. The system of ethereal telegraphy in use to-day is by means of Hertzian waves, though in the earliest days the conductive system was adopted. The Marconi, Lodge-Muirhead, Poulsen, and Lee-Forest systems are representative of the Hertzian wave system; but the conductive method has not attracted the attention it deserved. In this country the Orling-Armstrong method is worked upon this principle, the earth being used as a conductor. In its simplest form the system can be used successfully over a certain distance, but when this limit was attained the idea was abandoned. On the other hand, by the adoption of tuning the Hertzian wave system has been greatly improved, with the result that to-day it is possible to transmit signals by this method over any distance. Mr Rahman Khan is devoting his energies to the application of tuning to the conductive method, and the results so far serve to show that it is possible to secure the desired end with very low powers as compared with those required in the Hertzian wave system. This Indian inventor utilises the water as his vehicle of communication, and he was able to demonstrate its possibilities very strikingly a short while ago in Chitral. The telegraphic system had broken down between Chitral and Mastuj, a length of wire having fallen into the river. By means of his apparatus, and using only six ordinary dry cells, Mr Rahman Khan was able to link up the two points *vid* the water in the river, and to maintain perfect communication over sixty-seven miles until the overhead wires had been repaired. The success of this experiment has resulted in the Khan system receiving much attention, and the inventor has been encouraged to continue his efforts in what is certainly a new field.

THE FIRST ELECTRICALLY PROPELLED SHIP.

For some years past electricity as a method of propelling vessels has exercised a strange fascination. We do not mean in regard to mere boats, but to large vessels carrying passengers or freight. Two energetic Glasgow electrical engineers, who had elaborated a system for achieving this ideal, ordered a vessel fifty feet in length and certified to carry fifty passengers, in which they have installed their plant. It comprises a six-cylinder petrol-engine developing forty-five brake-horse-power, which drives an alternating current dynamo, while the propeller is coupled to an alternating current motor, the whole being controlled by switch-gear either from the bridge or the engine-room. The vessel, with its novel machinery, possesses many points of interest for the engineer, and the experiments that are being carried out with the craft to secure some really valuable data concerning the practicability of electricity as a propelling force for vessels are being closely followed, and will constitute valuable material for discussion by the learned societies when the time comes to communicate the results of the investigations. The preliminary trials, however, have served to support the theories advanced by many enterprising spirits who have strenuously advocated this system of propulsion. That it is no passing fancy is borne out by the fact that in Germany and the United States larger vessels are in course of construction for propulsion by the same agency, though the methods of generating and applying the energy differ in detail. It is claimed that by means of such a system certain much-desired results impossible to be obtained

with the best types of steam-engines can be secured with the highest efficiency. For instance, the steam turbine is irreversible, and the petrol motor requires a special attachment for achieving this end, whereas with the electric system the propeller can be switched over from full speed ahead to full speed astern in a matter of seconds without changing the direction of the rotation of the power-generator. It is stated, also, that electric propulsion is more economical than any other system of driving a vessel, and certainly the results so far achieved appear to bear out this contention. On trial the new boat, *The Electric Arc*, attained a speed of nearly eight and a half miles per hour. The present trend of thought in marine engineering is towards the evolution of an electric system capable of fulfilling the difficult requirements of ship propulsion, and the Clyde will occupy another niche in history as having produced the first electrically driven vessel, as it did the first steamship.

THE ECONOMIC VALUE OF SEWAGE SLUDGE.

Some time ago we drew attention to the new invention devised by Dr J. Grossman for the treatment of sewage sludge, whereby it is converted from a waste product worse than useless into a highly economic article. Since then the process has been submitted to practical test in the North of England, and has proved so successful that the sanction of the Board of Trade is being sought for its application upon an extensive scale. The borough in question has to deal with seven thousand tons of pressed sludge every year. It is useless to farmers, as it possesses no fertilising properties, and consequently is dumped upon a piece of waste land which is now almost filled up. It costs about fourteen hundred pounds per year to dispose of the sludge in this manner. Dr Grossman offers to turn this waste into a marketable commodity, and the results of several months' practical trials have convinced the authorities that this can be done. Indeed, the sum which now represents an annual loss can be converted into a profit of a like amount by his invention. The sewage sludge is useless because of the high content of fat and grease, which nullifies its fertilising value. By this process the sludge, after settling as in the present system, is passed into a special drying-chamber by automatic agency, from which it is discharged into a retort in a perfectly dry state. Here it is mixed with a small quantity of sulphuric acid and subjected to the action of superheated steam, which carries away all the fatty contents. These are collected, since, being rich in fatty acids, the waste commands a ready sale. The residue in the retorts issues in the form of a fine, dry, brownish powder free from smell, and as it contains nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid, associated with humus-like earth, it is an extremely valuable manuring agent. There is no danger of disease being disseminated by its use, because the subjection of the sludge to the action of superheated steam completely sterilises it. The material can be stored on land without creating a nuisance. If there is no ready market for the material as a fertilising agent, the sludge, when mixed with a little coke, can be used as a fuel for treating further quantities of sludge. The process possesses the additional advantage that everything is performed automatically, so that the labour-bill is reduced to a very insignificant figure. The recovery of the fatty contents alone is sufficient to render the process valuable, as it is estimated that in this country four hundred thousand tons of soap are used every year, practically all of which finds its way into the sewers, and when recovered commands a good price—at least such a price as to warrant the adoption of the system. The fact that the residue is absolutely innocuous is also another very great advantage. In America, at one or two sewage-farms the fatty contents of the sludge are extracted to reduce the cost of treatment through the sale of the by-product; but this is the first attempt that has been made upon a practical commercial scale to deal in its entirety with what at the present day is generally regarded as an unmitigated nuisance.

A STATUE WROUGHT IN CONCRETE.

Reinforced concrete as a constructional material is coming more and more into favour. Recently it was pressed into service for statuary purposes, a fine piece of work in this medium having been completed recently at Espaly, in France. The statue, which is forty-eight feet high, crowns a pedestal twenty-four feet in height, the total height of the monument therefore being seventy-two feet. It was intended originally that the statue should be cast in iron, but difficulties arose with the donor, so that he decided ultimately to ascertain the possibilities of reinforced concrete for this purpose. It was a task beset with innumerable and peculiar difficulties; but these were overcome as they arose, and the statue resembles in every way a piece of work in stone. The statue was divided into four parts—namely, the cylindrical base, a vertical core, a series of horizontal ribs connecting the core with the external shell carrying the contour of the figure, and a special limb to support the uplifted arm. The total weight of the statue is eighty tons. The perfection of the work has aroused considerable comment, the statue having the appearance of having been carved from a solid block of stone.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

IN HIGH PLACES.

Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice:
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music—Liberty.
WORDSWORTH.

REDUCED to cold prose, the poet's thesis is quite unsound and needs full measure of license. For what, after all, is this vaunted liberty of sea and mountains? Each is a tyrant to the stranger. Liberty should give as well as take, and he is no true lover of liberty who denies it to others. The pirates and buccaneers may have been as free as air, and may even have founded great maritime empires; but they were the terror of the high seas. The mountain tribes may fight the Hapsburg in the Alps or the Bourbon in the Atlas; but they always terrorise the feebler men of the plains.

There is no delight of travel to surpass that of riding towards a great snow-covered range of mountains. Expectation feeds on disillusion. The towering peak, which seemed but a stage away at sunrise, still guards the far horizon at nightfall, and with the ending of another day the red moon still rises behind its baffling grimness. Fifteen thousand feet it reaches above ocean-level. No foot ever trod its sacred summit; but our instruments do not lie in their reckoning, and we know the altitude to a yard. Even among the foothills, he who sits a stumbling horse realises how easy it is to etch an inch of millipede on a flat map as the recognised symbol of fifty miles of broken ground, which will take him two days to cover.

The heights are free to all. Here is no need of Access to Mountains Bill or even courtesy of landowners. Yet no degree of familiarity gives safeguard against their treachery; and they take toll of every generation, allying themselves with the frost and snow just as the sea joins forces with the winds and the rocks. Yet, for all the dangers, this riding into the mountains is glorious pastime. The horseman's spirits rise as the aneroid falls, and when he returns to sea-level it is with keen regret for the high tops. The rarer atmosphere of them attunes his senses to moods unrealised in the low countries, makes the eye keener and the ear more sensitive. Perspective changes at every step. Eyes that look down from the mountain-tops range over wider horizons, but sacrifice detail. The city of the plain, with its hundred thousand souls, its minarets, its bazaars, its camel-caravanserais, and its crumbling walls, looks but an ash-heap, with no sound or sign to betray its feverish life. He who shakes the sand of the plains from off his feet realises Ruskin's meaning when he said that the beauty of the mountains hangs on the mood of the observer. Is he weary and footsore? Then the hilltops are forbidding indeed, and their enmity looms malignant. But if he is buoyant and sanguine, never careless of their power, but on the other hand never fearing it, then they fawn on him. His horse scrambles over narrow paths glittering with a fresh dusting of snow, and he finds peace unspeakable amid sun-bathed solitudes in which huge lammergeiers wheel against a cloudless sky like chafers over a bed of violets. A turn of the track brings a backward glimpse of the plains: the bird's-eye view is as the index to a book, scope without detail. Broad acres of barley and of maize, with the deeper hue of green figs or the paler verdure of the olive-grove, merge in a colourless blur scarce distinguishable from the nearer grayness of crags that starve even a struggling lichen.

He who rides from the coast to the clouds learns to give values to every point of view. He notes every patch of scrub, every trace of upheaval or erosion, every ruined remnant of some vanished civilisation. Nothing escapes his eye; it is as if he were on the general staff of an army about to direct its operations against the strongholds of the mountaineers. Then, at least, the mountains close about him, luring him, uplifting him; and he draws rein to gaze enraptured on this mammoth revolt of granite, fancying himself on some forgotten battlefield of Asgard, when raging Titans were struck into eternal stillness for having dared to break the peace. It is the calm after the storm, the enduring record of the moment when the earth cooled after its molten rush through space.

POT-POURRI.

GATHER green verbena shoots,
Warm with sun of summer day,
Jessamine and bergamot,
Shining leaves of spicy bay;
Scatter petals of the rose,
Lavender, with thyme and balm,
So thy jar through winter cold
Shall contain a fairy charm.
And in hidden years to come,
Women we may never see,
Lifting those loose-fitting lids,
May, perchance, dream dreams of thee;
For a sweet and subtle spell
Will enwrap them where they stand,
Till they see a figure move
In a bygone fairyland.
Scent of roses, scent of herbs,
Scent of sleepy summer hours,
So in winter sun may shine
On an old aunt 'mid her flowers.
W. M. E. F.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2nd. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3rd. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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SEVENTH SERIES

A VERY ANXIOUS DAY.

By C. EDWARDES.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

KEMPSON BRUE, the bank manager, looked up from the day's letter to head-office. He had just signed it with a double-looped flourish carried underneath from his final 'e.' There was character of a sort in so exuberant a tail to his name. 'Well, Linley,' he said pleasantly, yet with a trace of that curious and disturbing look in his eyes which Eustace had noticed more than once during the last fortnight.

Eustace closed the door carefully, and then proclaimed the astonishing news that there was a deficit in his cash of a hundred pounds.

'What! again?' exclaimed the manager of the Applebury branch of Griffiths's Bank, pushing back his chair. 'You really can come to me with a repetition of that story of the 11th, Linley? You must be out of your mind!'

'A hundred pounds again; and again in gold, sir,' said Eustace solemnly. He folded his arms and met his chief's scrutiny with hot cheeks and bewildered eyes. 'I don't understand it at all, Mr Brue.'

The manager transferred himself from the chair to the hearth. It was November and chilly. Applebury was a low-lying, damp little market-town, and there was a cheerful and necessary fire in the grate. The red Turkey carpet added to the room's air of comfort. Mr Brue was a handsome, middle-aged man, with a neatly trimmed brown beard and moustache. Like the room, he suggested easy circumstances; the diamond in his ring on the hand with which he toyed at his beard was almost too large for good taste; though, fortunately or otherwise, Applebury was not critical in such details. His frown now was like the diamond. '*You* do not understand it, Linley?' he said very dryly. 'Then, pray, what am I to do? You say your shortage is in gold again? That's the most extraordinary thing of all.'

Eustace nodded vaguely. 'Neither Chater nor Harris has had any transactions at the counter to-day,' he declared, with a rising sense of indignation against fate.

'I don't see that that improves your position,' said the manager. 'Have they gone?' He looked at his watch. 'What! five o'clock! I didn't know it was so late. Then I presume they *have* gone?'

'Yes, sir. I'—— But Eustace could no longer control his tongue. He had counted the cash four times, and his head had started to whirl after the second counting. There was so much at stake for him. It seemed as if all his hopes about Hetty Brue depended on the discovery of his error in the third attempt. But the third count, and a fourth, came out like the first. 'I wish you had informed head-office, sir, that other time,' he said hotly. 'You know I wished you to do so. My conscience is quite clear, and'——

'Never mind your conscience, Linley,' interrupted the manager with a compassionate smile. 'It's your memory, I'm afraid, that's at fault. The pity is, however, that others are not likely to have the same faith in your conscience as you have. You are perfectly certain about this?'

'I have been through it four times,' replied Eustace. His brain, like his cash, was out of balance, and his eyes showed it. 'Surely you don't doubt me, sir?' he asked in a tone of challenge.

The manager's eyebrows and shoulders lifted simultaneously. 'No,' he answered; 'at least it is my wish to believe you. But let me see what I can do for you. You may have muddled yourself somewhere. Come along.'

He led the way into the general office, disregarding Eustace's murmur that it would be no use. Parkin the bank-porter was waiting outside for the letter-bag, but was sent away. Thus the fifth count began, and ended without satisfaction.

'Get it all into the safe, then,' said Mr Brue curtly. 'I think perhaps I had better help you.'

He not only helped, but kept a vigilant eye upon Eustace's own movements with the rubber-tired little wagon which conveyed the bank's notes and bullion to and from the strong-room and the office. There were moments when Eustace could scarcely control himself. He felt rather than saw that Hetty's uncle was watching him in a changed condition of mind about him. His hands shook. He dropped a fifty-pound bag of silver upon his toes, and bore the shock without a word. When the trolley was loaded he trundled it down the corridor, and after him went Kempson Brue—both silent.

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In silence also the massive door was swung and locked.

'Thank you!' said the manager when, with rage and resentment in his eyes, Eustace offered him the keys. 'We'll talk it over now.'

Again they were shut up together in the manager's private room. Kempson Brue sat at his desk. The head-office letter before him only needed to be put into its cover and despatched with the other letters already in the bag; but instead of folding it, he drew it towards him and took up his pen. 'I'm sorry to add such a postscript,' he said, 'but this time I seem to have no alternative. What do you propose to do?'

'Do, sir?' exclaimed Eustace. 'Why, just what I should have done before, if you had not overruled me. Face the situation of course.'

Kempson Brue shook his head. 'Magnificent, but impolitic,' he said quietly.

'I don't care what it is,' Eustace retorted. 'I didn't ask you to refund that other hundred on my behalf. You insisted upon doing it, Mr Brue.'

'And why?' asked the manager, abruptly changing his manner and fixing Eustace with the eyes of a judge.

'The reason was yours, not mine, sir.'

'I relied upon you in the meantime to rectify your mistake, if it was one, Linley. I did not desire to imperil your prospects in the bank's service. You know what the consequences would have been. You know as well as I do that you would have been withdrawn from Applebury before or after the inspector's report. That's the least you would have had to prepare for. The bank might or might not have taken proceedings.'

'I had nothing to hide, sir!' Eustace fired forth.

'Maybe. But the bank stood to lose a hundred pounds, and business is business, Linley. It would have exacted its pound of flesh inevitably.'

'Good heavens, sir!' Eustace whispered, as the full force of Kempson Brue's argument came home to him. 'It's a—conspiracy.'

'Of circumstances, do you mean?' suggested the manager, with his smile of compassion once more.

'It must be,' said Eustace.

The manager dipped his pen in the ink-pot. 'I fear that explanation won't appeal to head-office,' he observed. 'If it is the best you can say, and you prefer not to follow my advice'——

'What is that, sir?' asked Eustace, springing at a straw.

Pen in hand, the manager seemed absorbed in reflection for several seconds. 'I am thinking of Hetty as much as yourself, Linley,' he said then. 'It was, I repeat, for her sake as well as yours that I gave you that first chance. Don't shout like that! Of course I assumed it was a mistake of some kind, not a theft; I would like to think so still, but we are dealing with hard facts. If I make good this second loss also, you must send in your resignation to-night, my boy. Your character will be saved, and that's nearly everything. Yes, I'll do that for you, Linley. Think it over. You'll be grateful to me some day. I'll give you five minutes. This letter must go then, with or without the particulars. I'll be back in five minutes.'

'But, sir'—— Eustace demurred, in deep distress.

'The time for "buts" is over, Linley,' said the manager sharply. 'Either I suspend you, and you await head-office's action to-morrow morning as the result of my postscript, or you write your letter of resignation here and now.'

'And Hetty, sir?' Eustace gasped.

Kempson Brue turned at the door and met Eustace's troubled eyes with a stare of amazement. He spoke gently nevertheless. 'Don't affect such simplicity,' he said. 'I am sorry for you, but of course that is at an end. You have got to begin another career, you see. Come, Linley, be a man. There's paper and ink. When I return I hope you'll have done it. I'm going upstairs.' He gave Eustace no chance of further parleying.

Left to himself, the young man looked about him with a dazed expression. He heard the door bang, and his mind instantly started upon a quest of its own; a vivid imagination was one of his gifts, for good or ill. He could see Hetty's smile of welcome for her uncle in the drawing-room, where she was waiting to give him his cup of tea. It had often been his privilege to join them both for that pleasant half-hour after work. Sometimes the manager sent him up alone, and that was better still. And now—never again! The full measure of his disgrace and all that was to follow in its train flooded him like something suffocating. He was bidden to condemn himself unheard. His abrupt resignation would be tantamount to that. And afterwards? Go out into the world with a blot upon his name of his own making which would be none the less a blot because the secret was in Hetty's uncle's sole keeping!

He clenched his hands and laughed a crazy kind of laugh. 'I will not!' he said hoarsely. 'It's too absurd! It's cruel!' And then he seized a sheet of paper and wrote these words upon it: 'Do what you think best.' He hesitated, dashed off his signature, and left the room. Parkin the porter was straightening stools, blotting-pads, &c., in the general office. 'Tell Mr Brue I have gone, Parkin,' he called out.

'Very well, Mr Linley. Good-night, sir,' replied the porter.

'Good-night, Parkin,' said Linley. His hat and stick were in the corridor. He took them, whispered a bitter 'Good-bye, old place,' and

reached the street ere three of Kempson Brue's prescribed five minutes had expired.

. . . . . .

Eustace was in some repute as an athlete, and had got to the winning-post second in a long-distance walking competition that very summer. His pace right from the bank premises might have suggested that he was in for another such competition. It took him round the turning by M'Cormick's liquor vaults recklessly. Here, however, he was brought to a stand by a man's stomach and an angry outcry.

'What—— Oh, it 's you, Linley, is it? My word! Well for somebody it is you. If it 'ad been another fellow!'

Eustace drew a breath and apologised. 'I 'm sorry, Mr Hill,' he said. He was not sorry, but the conventional words came. This fat, self-satisfied little carpet-manufacturer was a valued customer of the bank; but as a man Eustace detested him, from his waxed moustache and spacious purple cheeks to the patent-leather boots on the small feet he was so proud of. He was a bachelor and very much a friend of Kempson Brue. But—and this was Eustace's main reason for hating him—these last few months he had shown an interest in Hetty of so demonstrative a kind that Chater the ledger-clerk had already asked Eustace what he proposed to do about it. Chater merely meant to be waggish—he was given that way—and of course Eustace took his jest in good part. But it was exasperating none the less.

'Well, no 'arm done, 'appily, not to me,' said the carpetman good-humouredly. ''Urt you more, by the look of you, Linley. What a thing it is to 'ave sensitive feelin's! They 're not a stock *I* store; got more sense. By-bye, and brighten up. Thank your stars I wasn't a bobby. Might have been locked up else. Ha! ha! not bad, eh?' He strode on.

And Eustace also strode on, less excitedly now, save as to his thoughts, which were as fierce and confused as before. At one time he was for taking the train to Bristol and seeing Mr Bosworth, the assistant-general manager of Griffiths's. Mr Bosworth was well-disposed towards Eustace, and it would be a relief (if nothing more serviceable) to tell him the whole story of these two deficits, so far as he understood it. But the impulse was crowded out by other thoughts. Such a proceeding would bring trouble upon Hetty's uncle. He even thought of that. He doubted also if his tale would sound quite plausible. He might not be able to tell it with the requisite calmness. Furthermore, and chiefly, there was Hetty. They were to meet at Mrs Cursitor's at seven o'clock for a musical evening, and whatever befell him the next day he could not forgo this, perhaps his last, opportunity of seeing her. She was to call for him. She might not do so now; but if she did! And something told him that she would, in spite of everything. No, he would live through this evening in Applebury, and let the morrow take care of itself.

And then he found himself in Back Street, where Tommy Chater lodged, and another impulse possessed him. He rapped upon Chater's window. Chater was an aspiring violinist, and audibly at home. He opened the door with his bow in his hand and a smile of welcome.

'Just two minutes!' said Eustace, speaking and crossing the threshold with a solemnity which temporarily banished Chater's smile. It did more still.

'I say, you 're not going to tell me it didn't work out all right?' whispered Chater earnestly.

'That 's it,' replied Eustace. 'Give me a cigarette.' He dropped into Chater's arm-chair.

'Well, of all blessed coincidences—or the other kind!' exclaimed Chater. 'Another hundred?'

Eustace lit the cigarette. 'Another hundred, as you say, and again in gold. Taken obviously during my dinner-hour. What do you make of it?'

Chater whistled, but showed no signs of discomfiture. 'You don't suspect *me*, I hope?' he asked, with a new smile that would have interested a jury.

'Was Parkin in the office at all while I was out?' said Eustace, without looking at him.

'No, he wasn't. Only Brue and myself. Brue did a good deal of counting. Say, Linley, you *don't* suspect me, do you?'

'No,' replied Eustace, 'any more than I suspect myself.'

'That 's all right, then,' said Chater. 'Look here, Linley, I 'm real glad you 've called round. It 's a disgusting thing. Bad enough to happen once. But—twice!'

Something in his tone made Eustace look at him now and continue to look. 'What 's there to laugh at?' he demanded just a little querulously.

'Am I laughing? Gracious mercy! I oughtn't to laugh, ought I? But what does Brue say about it this time?'

'I am to resign or stand the racket.'

'Resign or stand the—— Do you mean that if you resign you won't be requested to stump up?'

'Yes, that 's Mr Brue's proposition. And that 's what I have to think about, Chater.' Eustace rose to go. 'I never did suspect Parkin or any one, but I thought I 'd ask you.'

'Sit down, old chap,' said Chater. 'It 's so nice of you to say that, but I want to tell *you* something now. Yes, it may have to do with it, or it mayn't. Anyway, it 's something you ought to know.'

Eustace brightened under the influence of Chater's eyes. 'I 'll take it standing, whatever it is,' he said.

'All right. It 's been a frightful puzzle to me

—that other hundred—the same as to you; and since I've heard what I'm going to tell you I've been trying to piece things together. Brue isn't playing the game—the bank's game—according to our articles, you know. Brue isn't.'

'What!' said Eustace.

'Brue's been speculating. It's quite between ourselves. Whiston, Curfitt's clerk, tells me he has lost a pot of money this year in mines and railways—more than fifteen hundred pounds.'

'Brue?' said Eustace incredulously.

'Brue. It doesn't show in his account, though, and that fact has given me much material for subsequent thought, as they say.'

Eustace's gaze roamed all over his smiling friend, then to the pictures on the wall, and then back to Chater. 'I don't see how that concerns my hundred pounds,' he said, almost as if he were disappointed.

'No. Nor I, quite. Handing a cool hundred to the bank out of his own pocket rather than get you into a row when he's bound to have so many raw edges about his own bad luck looks as if he had all the virtues, doesn't it? And he'd do it again, you say?'

'What,' cried Eustace, suddenly rising an inch or two, 'have you got up your sleeve, Chater? I can see there's more to come. Speak out. You simply must, old fellow.'

'I'm going to,' said Chater. 'Curfitt isn't the sort of stockbroker to let Brue or any man play skittles in his garden on tick. All his losses have been paid in notes. They've come back to us, most of those notes; and what do you think I've done? I've traced several of the hundred-pound ones. Now for the eye-opener, Linley. You know that vulgar little lump John Hill? He had those notes from us. He's drawn some biggish cheques on his private account since June and cashed them himself at the counter, as you know. And you paid him the very notes Curfitt sent in. He doesn't deal with Curfitt himself, though; and there you are. I wonder if you're on any sort of scent now?'

'He's — financing Brue. You mean that?' said Eustace, more puzzled than enlightened so far.

'Looks like it, doesn't it? My dear chap, it's a wicked world. Let me empty my bucket, and then, if you think about resigning you'll be a silly ass. My idea is that Hill would give half he's worth to win Miss Brue from you, and that her uncle—— Don't bolt off, Linley—I say, don't. It's only an idea!'

He followed Eustace into the hall and tried to restrain him at the door. But Eustace wouldn't be restrained. All he would do was to give Chater an assurance that he was not bent upon anything rash right off the reel.

'I've got to wrestle this out by myself, old fellow,' he said finally, with a hard grip of Chater's hand.

'Yes; and let me know when you're on a patch of daylight.'

'Ye-s,' said Eustace. 'Yes, of course.' He shouted the latter words from the gloom of the November night several yards away.

(To be continued.)

SOME GREAT DATES IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

CIUDAD RODRIGO.

By W. H. Fitchett, B.A., LL.D., Author of *Deeds that Won the Empire*, &c.

On April 22, 1809, Wellington landed in Lisbon with a force of 23,000 men. He had before him one of the greatest tasks a soldier ever undertook. There were at that moment over 300,000 French troops in Spain, and Wellington's business was not merely to save Portugal or to drive the French out of Spain. It was to save Europe from the domination of Napoleon, and incidentally to save England from invasion.

His strategy had one central and profound idea. With the sea as his base, he reckoned he could hold the long, rocky strip which constitutes Portugal against 100,000 French; and the French could assemble a force of that scale against him only at the cost of surrendering their hold on Spain. In every district in Spain whence the French were withdrawn a wasting guerilla war would break out afresh. Thus Spain would be for France an open and ever-running sore. So 'the Spanish ulcer,' which by Napoleon's own confession ultimately destroyed him, would be kept active and inflamed. History justified that great strategy.

When Wellington landed, Soult was at Oporto with 25,000 men; Victor was still nearer to Lisbon—at Merida—with 30,000 men. Within a month of his landing (22nd May), Wellington had driven Soult out of Oporto, and flung his army, a broken host, without guns or supplies, on the wild hills to the north. Two months later (24th July) he had defeated Victor at Talavera.

Napoleon recognised the menace of these facts, and placed Masséna at the head of an army of 100,000 men, with instructions to drive the British to the sea. Wellington checked his new opponent roughly at Busaco, and finally arrested his advance at Torres Vedras. When Masséna drew sullenly back from Wellington's great hill-fortress, *that* marked the turning-point of the fortunes of Napoleon. It was a recoil which ended at Waterloo.

In 1812 Wellington prepared to drive the French out of Spain; but two great frontier fortresses, Ciudad Rodrigo to the south and Badajoz to the north, stood in his path. The French held them strongly, and while they held them a leap on Lisbon from either direction was easy. It was impossible for Wellington to leave them in his rear. Marmont with 65,000 men stood guard over Ciudad; Soult with a force as great was watching Badajoz. Wellington had a force inferior to each, and his plan—one of matchless daring—was to snatch the two great fortresses from both French generals. The story of his swoop on Ciudad is told in the following pages.

I.—The Siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. Jan. 8–19, 1812.

Wellington's title to the fame of a great captain might almost be decided by the story of the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo. It was, it is true, only a second-rate fortress; but the French knew its strategic value, and two armies stood ready for its defence. But Wellington had only 35,000 troops of mixed nationality for the siege, while Marmont, with 40,000 of the best troops in the world—his headquarters within four days' march of Ciudad—was keeping watch over it, and Soult, with another 40,000, could strike at his communications as soon as he was committed to the siege. Thus the fortress had to be snatched from beneath the guard of two armies, each stronger than the besieging force. There was no time for formal and scientific operations. Wellington lacked most of the appliances a siege requires; he had to carry the place by sheer swiftness and fury of stroke. But the exact calculation of all the perils of the adventure, the far-reaching, secret preparations, the scorn of conventional methods, the swiftness and the shattering energy of the final stroke, the degree in which Wellington fired his whole army with his own stern purpose—all this makes the story of the siege unique.

Wellington chose the winter for his enterprise, not only because time was of value, but because the grassless pastures, the naked, wind-scourged plains, the muddy roads, would make quick movement on the part of the French army, which lived on the country through which it passed, almost impossible. On the nicest calculation, it would take Marmont twenty-four days to collect his forces and reach Ciudad; the siege must be begun and ended within that period. Masséna, in 1810, with 80,000 men, in fine weather, took more than a month to capture Ciudad, when it was held by a Spanish garrison; Wellington undertook, with less than 40,000 men, and in the depths of winter, to capture the same fortress in twenty-four days, when held by French troops. He achieved the feat, as a matter of fact, in twelve days.

Unfaltering swiftness, then, had to be the note of the siege; but there was in it none of the confusion too often born of swiftness. The 'raw haste' which is 'half-sister to delay' was abhorrent to Wellington's disciplined and methodical intellect. The audacity with which the siege was planned, the speed with which it was carried out, are almost less remarkable, indeed, than the sweep and thoroughness of Wellington's preparations for it. He had not, it is true, a sufficient staff of engineers; and native ingenuity and the fierce daring of his troops had to serve as substitutes for scientific appliances. But no less than sixty-eight guns, with ample stores, brought secretly to Oporto, and carried in boats up the Douro, were being dragged across fifty miles of trackless hills, at the very moment when Wellington was offering battle to Soult at Albuera in the middle of June 1811. At the same time, it may be added, Wellington was strengthening the lines of Torres Vedras. He was making retreat safe, in a word, at the very moment he was preparing for a daring advance. Another proof of his forecasting genius is to be found in the fact that even before the siege of Ciudad was begun, and while the fate of that siege was still undetermined, Wellington was preparing for a yet more desperate adventure—the dash at Badajoz.

Wellington had practically no sappers or miners, but for months hundreds of private soldiers and non-commissioned officers, chosen for their intelligence, were being drilled in the more primitive arts necessary for a siege. Eight hundred carts were built for the carriage of supplies; rivers were bridged; many miles of road across the hills were constructed. Hill, with 15,000 men, marched to Pontelegre so as to threaten, or seem to threaten, Andalusia and keep Soult quiet. Then, on 7th January, while the scuffling winds, bitter with hail and snow, beat upon his columns, Wellington crossed the Agueda and began the siege.

Ciudad resembles a rough triangle, with the Agueda, forming an impassable ditch along its south-western front, as its base. On the opposite side of the city, and serving as a shield to the apex of the flattened triangle, are two hog-backed ridges of rocks called the Upper and the Lower Teson; the higher and outer range only six hundred yards from the ramparts. On this stood a strong post named Fort Francisco, formed by a palisaded redoubt, built like a massive girdle round a convent, with guns on the flat roof of the convent itself.

On the first night of the investment this strong post was carried. The task was given to Colborne of the 52nd, one of the best soldiers, and almost the best regiment, in the army. Colborne was left to adopt his own methods. He detailed four companies to line the crest of the glacis and keep down the fire of the garrison, explained to his captains in minutest detail what each was to do, and then took forward his other

companies in silence to the attack. When fifty yards from the redoubt, he gave the word, 'Double quick!' and the fort was carried in twenty minutes from the time the storming-party moved to the attack.

Wellington himself, Barnard of the 95th, and Craufurd—who all knew that the fate of the siege probably hung on Colborne's success—were watching the dark outline of the fort. A sudden tumult, the rattle of musketry, the shouts of contending men, told the attack had begun. A few swift, tense minutes passed; then, loud and strong above all other sounds, rose the watch-word, 'England! St George!' It was answered by a terrific shout from the whole Light Division, which was under arms near. 'When they heard the cheer,' as Colborne himself told the tale afterwards, 'Barnard, unable to restrain his emotion, threw himself on the ground in the vehemence of his delight; so that General Craufurd, who was at a little distance and did not see who it was, exclaimed, "What's that drunken man doing?" As soon as the fort fell,' Colborne adds, 'I despatched a soldier to Lord Wellington, who had been looking on all the time. This soldier ran up to him in great excitement, and said, "I've taken the fort, sir!" Wellington replied, "Oh, you've taken the fort, have you? Well, I'm glad to hear it," and got up and rode away.' He could take success, as he met disaster, with perfect coolness.

The siege moved swiftly. In spite of blowing winds and bitter cold and the angry fire of the besieged, the trenches were pushed on. On the 13th the batteries were armed, and by the evening of the 14th, twenty-five heavy guns were smiting at the nearer ramparts. The French answered with the fire of more than fifty pieces. All through the night the duel of the guns raged, and the thunder of their iron voices, rolling in far-heard waves of sound through the hill-passes, awoke strange and lingering echoes; till, as one good soldier, with a touch of the poet in him, who listened to it says, 'it seemed as if, through the darkness, the hills that girdled the doomed city were lamenting over its fall.'

By 19th January two breaches were practicable, one in the *fausse braie*—a sort of platform jutting out midway on the face of the true rampart—and a greater breach in the rampart itself; and Wellington, sitting on the reverse of one of the advanced trenches, wrote in pencil, and to the accompaniment of the bellowing guns, the orders for the attack. 'Ciudad Rodrigo,' he wrote, '*must* be stormed this evening.' The best fighting regiments—the men of the Light Division and of 'the Fighting 3rd'—with Pack's Portuguese, were to do the business. Two brigades of the 3rd—one led by Mackinnon and the other by Campbell—were to assail the great breach; Mackey of the 88th leading the forlorn hope, and Manners of the 74th the storming-party, consisting of 500 volunteers. The smaller breach was to be assailed by the men of the Light Division, Gurwood leading the forlorn hope and George Napier the stormers. There was to be a false attack by Pack's Portuguese on the St Jago gate, at the opposite side of the town; while the light company of the 83rd, with some Portuguese, were to attack an outwork in front of the castle, so as to destroy the fire of two guns which swept the breach.

A gun was to give the signal for the attack, and all the regiments were in their places, ready, like eager hounds held in leash, for the leap on the city. Wellington himself was pointing out the lesser breach to George Napier, when suddenly a shout broke out in the British trenches far to the right. It acted on the impatient stormers like the touch of fire to a powder-magazine. An answering wave of shouts, a tumult of stormy sound, ran along the zigzag of the trenches, and in a moment, and from every point, the assault was in progress. The dark city broke into answering tumult. Its guns thundered through the darkness on the columns of charging British; its ramparts were outlined in red fire by the flame of musketry volleys.

Picton's regiments swept with a rush—outrunning even their own forlorn hope—over the glacis, across the ditch, and up the steep slope of broken stones towards the breach. They were smitten with musketry fire from either side. The rough incline burst into flame under their feet as they ran, for it was sown thick with exploding hand-grenades; but they never paused. They reached the breach, and there was a moment's check, while two French guns, the gunners toiling with frantic energy at their task, poured blasts of grape into the storming column, the British being at that moment so near that the flame of the guns seemed to scorch them. 'None would go back on either side,' says Napier, 'and yet the British could not get forward, and men and officers falling in heaps choked up the passage, which from minute to minute was raked with grape from the guns flanking the top of the breach at the distance of a few yards; thus striving, and trampling alike upon the dead and the wounded, these brave men maintained the combat.'

Nothing availed, however, to repel the fiery valour of the attack. The head of the storming column broke through, and at the same moment a mine beneath the breach was exploded. The sudden blast of flame slew Mackinnon and those about him; it rent the stream of the attack in two, and its dreadful sound for a moment seemed to hush the whole tumult of the assault. But in a moment the storming column swept up, and through, and the breach was won.

The attack of the Light Division on the lesser breach was as swift and resolute. A number of Portuguese carrying bags of hay were to run with the storming-party and throw the bags into

the ditch. But the stormers outran the Portuguese; they reached the crest of the glacis, and, scorning delay, jumped down the scarp, a depth of eleven feet.

There was, in the blackness, some confusion as to the point of attack. The forlorn hope placed their ladders too far to the left; the storming-party, headed by Napier, took the true line to the breach. This was a gap in the wall, so narrow that a gun placed across it formed a barrier. Napier as he climbed towards it was struck by a grape-shot and fell; but he called out to his men to 'trust to their bayonets,' and, with one loud shout, the men of the Light Division broke through that tiny crevice. They instantly wheeled to the right and left, and the 43rd, running along the rampart, took the French holding the great breach in flank and rear, exactly at the moment when Picton's regiments broke through. Both the other attacks had succeeded, and Ciudad Rodrigo was won.

The spirit of the attack on the breaches is shown in the instructions given by its leaders. Neither of them would allow the storming-parties to load. Said Picton, 'I do not mean to spend any powder this evening; we will do business with cowld iron.' The 88th had listened in dead silence to Picton's words, but they answered with a terrific shout. George Napier gave exactly the same order, though in slightly better English, to the storming-party of the Light Division.

Many of the men who took part in this fierce rush on the city have written the story of their experiences, and these make curiously interesting literature. George Napier, who led the storming-party at the lesser breach; Grattan of the 88th, who took part in the fight at the great breach; and Donaldson, who was a private of the 88th, all tell their story. Grattan thus describes the preparations by the men in the regiments for the assault: 'It was now five o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness was approaching fast, yet no order had arrived that we had to take a part in the contest. . . . Our attention was attracted by the sound of music; we all stood up, and pressed forward to a ridge a little in our front. . . . It would be impossible for me to convey an adequate idea of our feelings when we beheld the 43rd Regiment, preceded by their band, going to storm the left breach. They were in the highest spirits, but without the slightest appearance of levity in their demeanour. . . . They had no knapsacks; their firelocks were slung over their shoulders; their shirt-collars were open, and there was an indescribable something about them that impressed the lookers-on with admiration and awe. . . . There was no shouting or huzzaing, no boisterous bravadoing, no unbecoming language; in short, every one seemed to be impressed with the seriousness of the affair entrusted to his charge. Any interchange of words was to this effect: "Well, lads, mind what you 're about to-night;" or, "We 'll meet in the town by-and-by." . . . The regiment at length passed us, and we stood gazing after it as long as the rear platoon continued in sight; the music grew fainter every moment, until at last it died away altogether; they had no drums, and there was a melting sweetness in the sounds that touched the heart. The first syllable uttered after this scene was, "And are we to be left behind?" The interrogatory was scarcely put, when the words "Stand to arms!" answered it. The order was promptly obeyed, and a breathless silence prevailed when our commanding officer, in a few words, announced to us that Lord Wellington had directed our division to carry the grand breach. The soldiers listened to the communication with silent earnestness, and immediately began to disencumber themselves of their knapsacks. . . . Each man arranged himself for the combat in such manner as his fancy or the moment would admit of—some by lowering their cartridge-boxes, others by turning theirs to the front in order that they might the more conveniently make use of them; others unclasping their stocks or opening their shirt-collars, and others oiling their bayonets. It was by this time half-past six o'clock; the evening was piercingly cold, and the frost was crisp on the grass; there was a keenness in the air that braced our nerves at least as high as concert-pitch. We stood quietly to our arms, and told our companies off by files, sections, and subdivisions; the sergeants called over the rolls—not a man was absent.'

As they moved forward to the assault, Grattan found time to look round and note the faces of the men as they were lit up from time to time by the flashes of the French guns. 'Every face,' he says, 'wore a look of severity . . . such as I never before witnessed.' He was near Mackinnon at the moment of the explosion on the great breach which killed him. 'The men,' he says, 'were so stunned by the shock, or wounded with the stones which were hurled forth by the explosion, that they were insensible to the situation. Of these I was one, being so close to the magazine that I was quite overpowered.' His sergeant-major saved him from being trampled to death by holding him up for a moment till he recovered consciousness.

A little cluster of five French gunners stood round their piece at the head of the breach, and kept up an incessant fire. To race up to the iron lips of that gun needed desperate courage. 'A sergeant of the 88th, named Brazil,' says Grattan, 'called out to his two companions, Swan and Kelly, to unscrew their bayonets and follow him; the three men passed the trench in a moment, and engaged the French cannoniers hand to hand; a terrific but short combat was the consequence. The fight of three against five was nothing less than Homeric, but the three won.'

Many Homeric combats, indeed, took place in the passion of that fierce night assault, and Grattan describes some of them with uncomfortable fidelity of detail.

George Napier's story of how he led the stormers of the Light Division is sufficiently familiar, but is well worth being put on record here. Craufurd told him to get a hundred volunteers from each regiment in the division; this was to be the storming-party. 'I went,' he said, 'to three regiments, the 43rd, 52nd, and rifle corps, and said, "Soldiers, I have the honour to be appointed to the command of the storming-party which is to lead the Light Division to the assault of the small breach. I want one hundred volunteers from each regiment; those who will go with me, come forward." Instantly there rushed out nearly half the division, and we were obliged to take them at chance.'

'When the moment for attack came,' says Napier, 'Lord Wellington sent for Colonel Colborne and myself; and, pointing out as well as the light would permit, the spot where the foot of the breach was, he said to me, "Now do you understand the way you are to lead, so as to arrive at the breach without noise or confusion?" I answered, "Yes," and we then went back to the regiment. Just before I moved on, some staff officer present said, "Why, your men are not loaded. Why do you not make them load?" I replied, "Because if we do not do the business with the bayonet, without firing, we shall not be able to do it at all, so I shall not load." I heard Lord Wellington, who was close by, say, "Let him alone; let him go his own way."' Then followed the rush.

'Lieutenant Gurwood and party, having, owing to the darkness of the night, gone too much to the left, were employed in placing ladders on the unbreached face of the bastion, when he got a shot in the head; but immediately recovering his feet, he came up to me, and at that moment the Engineer officer . . . called out, "You are wrong; this way to the right is the breach;" and Captain Ferguson, myself, Gurwood, and the rest of the officers, and such men as were nearest the Engineer officer, rushed on, and we all mounted the breach together, the enemy pouring a heavy fire on us. When about two-thirds up I received a grape-shot which smashed my elbow and great part of my arm; and on falling, the men, who thought I was killed, checked for a few moments, and, forgetting they were not loaded, commenced snapping their muskets. I immediately called out, "Recollect you are not loaded; push on with the bayonet." Upon this the whole gave a loud "Hurrah!" and driving all before them, carried the breach, and wheeling, as I had given orders, to the right and left, soon drove off the enemy. . . . During all this time the troops of the Light Division kept pouring into the place through the breach, and I kept cheering them on as well as I could, but I got terribly bruised and trampled upon in the confusion and darkness. However, very soon "Victory! England for ever!" was shouted by thousands, and then I knew all was right, and I waited patiently in the breach till all had passed.'

Craufurd fell in the assault. He had just rejoined the Light Division, and when he came up to the storming-party the men, peering through the darkness, recognised his figure and broke into a wild shout. He was a fit leader for such men and for such an adventure. His last words to them were, 'Now, lads, to the breach!' He led them in person to the crest of the glacis, and stood there, a stern, impressive figure, cheering the files as they passed him.

The French, leaning over the rampart, almost within touch, were shooting furiously, but Craufurd stood unmoved till a bullet struck him, and he fell shot through the body. That stern spirit grew strangely tender under the shadow of death. He told his aide-de-camp, Shaw Kennedy, who stooped over him, to tell his wife he 'was sure they would meet in heaven.' He was carried to the rear, but did not die till the next day. He sent for Wellington, and begged his forgiveness for any failure of duty. To many of his officers, too, he sent frequent and strongly affectionate messages of farewell.

A grave was dug for him in the rough slope of the great breach itself, and his body was carried by six sergeants of the Light Division to his grave along the very path by which, only a few hours before, the British stormers had swept. An eye-witness tells how he saw strange tears running down the grim faces of the veterans of the Light Division as they stood round the grave of their fierce leader, at once so feared and so trusted. Mackinnon, too, greatly loved by his Highlanders, found a grave near that of Craufurd on the rugged slope where he had fallen.

Ciudad cost Wellington nearly 1300 men and officers, of whom one-half fell during the actual assault. But it was a great prize. It yielded vast stores of ammunition, a whole battering-train, fifty guns, and 1500 prisoners. Not the least gain of the siege was its effect on public opinion in England and the Peninsula, and on the French. General Léry, writing from Seville on 20th April, says: 'All our calculations are upset. . . . Wellington has seized this place under the beards of two corps amounting together to 80,000 men.'

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

By P. L. M'Dermott.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WILL MAKES MISCHIEF.

As for Hilda Roper, in her bed that night she contemplated the probable termination of her engagement without regret. She had no love for Mr Fitz, but she had been contented all the same. Still, she was conscious, without attempting to analyse the change, that since telling Madge Black of her engagement she had not been so contented. Miss Black could have told her the reason, and went very near to it in those words of comfort which she had whispered to her friend on leaving. So that Hilda Roper was able to feel the discovery of the day before less as it affected herself than as it might touch her father. She was willing to lose Mr Fitz—even to the nurse; but if what Mrs Cox said were true, her father must suffer; and he must do so in silence, because the subject was one which could not be discussed with his daughter.

The news of Joshua Tooting's will and the departure of the fortunate nurse was all over the Common next morning. From her father, on their way home, Madge Black had heard it, and she was with her friend next morning for some time before Mr Colam Roper, after a sleepless night, made his appearance.

The two girls had a long talk over affairs, and Miss Black declared that it was really improper of Hilda to continue wearing Mr Fitz's ring under the circumstances.

'I took it off at the door last night, Madge,' explained Hilda, 'and only put it on this morning at the bottom of the stairs. Father said I must wear it until he has seen Mr Fitz. He is going to London to-day.'

'Well, that is something; only, I fear Mr Fitz is too clever for your father. I wonder,' she added, in a louder voice, as she heard Mr Roper opening the door, 'how long Nurse Dunning and Mr Fitz have known each other?'

'Madge,' said Mr Roper gravely—he looked worn and pale, which added weight to his words—'I did not know they were acquainted, and had every reason to believe the contrary. Explanation is necessary, and until that has been furnished we ought to form no opinions. I am going to see Mr Fitz to-day.'

Mr Colam Roper spent the morning idly, speculating anxiously (on account of his daughter and Miss Dunning) on the probable nature of the coming explanation. He admitted to himself that he would be willing to accept even a plausible one without much scrutiny, if only it were calculated to restore matters to their former footing. For, if he was disquieted, he was not dismayed by the interposition of Joshua Tooting's fortune between himself and Miss Dunning. If there were only nothing else!

Had Mr Roper gone to London earlier that day he would have brought back with him such an explanation of yesterday's cab incident as would have satisfied him. As it happened, he was too late, and the delay was fatal.

When the telegram in Hilda Roper's name reached Mr Felix Fitz's office the previous morning it was suffered to lie unopened on his table among a heap of papers, and in the pressure of heavier matters was lost to sight. Not for the first time in his financial career Mr Fitz found himself unexpectedly in a critical position. An argosy heavily laden with speculation was in imminent danger of running aground. All the resources of financial skill were being strenuously taxed to avert the disaster; and if Mr Fitz at such an anxious time had read his fiancée's telegram, it is probable he would have answered it by a messenger begging to be excused. But he did not see the telegram.

As sometimes happens in such financial matters, it was the act of one individual in suddenly throwing a large block of shares on the market that brought about the situation. It chanced that this individual was Mr Grimesey, who was pressed by his clients to obtain the money by realising the shares.

Mr Fitz sent a trusty and skilful colleague to see Mr Grimesey and persuade him, if possible, to hold the shares back for a fortnight, when all would be well—and even better. 'I suspect, you know,' remarked this shrewd individual before starting, 'that Grimesey has been speculating on his own with his client's money; and if the money has been called for I don't see how he can wait.'

It was found by this colleague that Mr Grimesey had gone out of town, and might not be back for some hours.

'How exasperating, when every hour is valuable! I wonder if he could be followed?'

'His clerk said he was only gone to the suburbs, to a place called Sandfields, to open a will by which a nurse was getting a hundred thousand pounds. Makes one's mouth water, Fitz!'

Mr Fitz started. 'By ——,' he cried, 'I know! Grimesey has been after the lady for some time, it is said, and now she has old Tooting's estate! Just at this moment the fact may mean everything to us. I will run down myself and overtake him while the thing is fresh.'

The general idea in Mr Felix Fitz's head as he drove away to Waterloo Station was that, with such prospective fortune just ahead of him, Mr Grimesey would be the more easily persuaded

to hold his hand in the share-market. The situation would be saved, and Mr Fitz and his friends might breathe easily again, for a fortnight's grace would put matters straight enough to go on.

For a man of his class it was impossible for his mind not to entertain some suspicious reflections on the possible relations of Grimesey, the lady, and—the will. He was acquainted with the rumours he had mentioned to Mr Roper and to his colleague that day—rumours connecting Mr Grimesey with the design of one day winning the lady for his wife; and now, by a will drawn up by Grimesey, she came into a fortune. All accounts concurred in representing Miss Dunning as a personality of distinction in herself. In his heart Mr Fitz envied the solicitor his prospects, in comparison with which the undowered beauty of young Hilda Roper seemed a small thing indeed for a man to obtain.

The disappointment of the hopes entertained so confidently on his daughter's behalf by Mr Roper only had a passing effect on the mind of Mr Fitz. The greater fact of the nurse coming in for the fortune put the smaller incident aside, and absorbed the City man's interest. He envied the solicitor, and wonderingly speculated, would Grimesey get the prize?

Full of this matter, as he was, his thoughts for the time lost in imagining himself in Grimesey's place or possessed of his hopes, his hansom in spinning along the greasy pavement of Stamford Street almost ran into a collision. Another hansom, with a lady in it, approaching from the opposite direction, was being passed by a motor-cab, when the latter swerved or 'skidded' into the hansom, actually lifting the lighter vehicle off the road. There was a crash and a scream as Fitz's driver pulled his horse on its haunches close against the two vehicles. Before Mr Fitz could realise what had happened he found himself the astonished possessor of a fainting lady in his arms. She had actually been flung, or perhaps had flung herself, from her own toppling hansom into his.

The lady opened her eyes and trembled as he tenderly placed her on the seat beside him. Mr Fitz had never, he thought, seen a more interesting face. With quick perception realising what had happened, she blushed at her position—his arm was still supporting her waist—and thanked him prettily for saving her life. Now Mr Fitz had not done much to save life or limb, but he accepted the acknowledgment by the manner of his disclaiming it; and, offering his card, respectfully asked permission to drive her to her destination. She was much shaken, though not hurt, and after a minute's hesitation thanked him and accepted the offer.

The lady was Nurse Dunning, returning from Sandfields. As he drove with his interesting charge, whose identity he now knew, across Waterloo Bridge, Hilda Roper was far indeed from Mr Fitz's thoughts when she and Madge Black beheld them from the omnibus. He took Miss Dunning to an address at Maypole Mansions, Great Marylebone Street, and placed her with solicitude in her mother's hands; and as each knew something about the other, and Mr Fitz received permission to call next day, their relations thus took an interesting complexion from the start.

He had forgotten, until returning mechanically to his own office, the purpose on which he had set out. On being reminded by his partner, he was almost startled at discovering how exclusively the lady and her fortune had been absorbing his mind.

'I met with an accident, and had to turn back,' he explained to his partner. 'I think you had better run round and see the man. He will be back now.'

The other went, and it happened that the first thing Mr Fitz's eye fell on was the unopened telegram. It touched and annoyed him when he read it: 'Will be at Oxford Circus at one o'clock, if you are idle.—HILDA.'

'Poor little girl!' he muttered as he fancied her waiting for him. 'I am sorry, though I couldn't have gone. I must telegraph to her about it, poor little girl!'

As he picked up a telegraph-form he noticed that the post-office of despatch on Hilda's telegram was Sandfields and not Claypits. She travelled from the latter place, where the station was, and he knew the Sandfields office was on the other side of the Common. He laughed now, and tossed it away. 'Roper sent it, not the girl,' he concluded, 'and she will have got on without me.' And he either forgot or abandoned the intention of sending a message of regret and explanation.

He sat back in his chair, while his partner was away, thinking about the nurse. It was a stroke of fortune for her. Nurses did meet with fortune in that manner at times, and it was not surprising in the present case. But was it possible to dissociate Miss Dunning's fortune from the agency of the solicitor Grimesey? Had that individual's hand not been in it, the fact of the friendless old man leaving his all to her to whom he had owed the last offices of life would have surprised no one. Still, the business might be quite regular, and the special interest stirred in Mr Felix Fitz referred rather to the eventual outcome of the affair.

Would Grimesey take the prize? The prize was too desirable a prize for such a man. A solicitor who got himself into trouble with his client's money was not deserving of such fortune. A better man deserved it. Fitz knew nothing of the other man's chances, but it was his nature to grudge him any at all. He was not aware at the moment how greatly his feeling was influenced by his brief and dramatic acquaintance with the lady. She was a fine type of beauty and perfect womanhood in Mr Fitz's view, and it would be contrary to every principle of just dealing with things to bestow her, endowed as she now was,

on a solicitor of uncertain standing and character like Grimesey.

Without an idea of disloyalty to Hilda Roper, the man of the world drifted into an idle but dangerous speculation, until his imagination grew almost fired. Under other conditions what might have been his own prospects? An unconscious comparison of the two, without ignoring Hilda's innocence and girlish charm, which had a strong hold upon him, leaned to the other as a partner a man could not fail to be proud of in the presence of the world. She was wealthy, and she was a lady. She was everything an ambitious man could aspire to; and was she not actually thrown into his arms? For the space of an hour he sat alone, with all these imaginings passing and repassing through his mind. She believed that she owed her life to him—he remembered the look with which she thanked him for it; and if pity be akin to love, gratitude is not far from it.

It was a great opportunity, if Felix Fitz were free. He did not desire to be free, but he could not help a sigh of regret for himself and of envy for somebody else more fortunate.

The partner returned. He had seen Mr Grimesey.

'Well?' inquired Fitz.

'I suspect there's a slight rift in the lute somewhere,' said the other, dropping into an arm-chair and lighting a cigarette. 'Do you know Grimesey?'

'Never met him.'

'Or the lady?'

'What has she to do with the business?' asked Mr Fitz quickly, without answering the question.

'I don't know, Fitz. When I saw him he had just come in, and was clearly out of sorts. He mentioned where he had been, and that he had called on his client since returning. This was merely in explanation.'

'His client! What client?'

'The lady who benefits under the will. I don't know what passed; but I concluded that if Grimesey had any hopes in that quarter, something had dashed them.'

Mr Fitz gave an inward start of alert attention and keen interest.

'He asked me if you were engaged to be married.'

'What! to his client?' said Fitz, laughing.

'No; to another lady at Sandfields. I couldn't imagine how it interested him. I said you had told me nothing of it, and it could hardly be the case.'

'But'—— Mr Fitz was on the point of telling his partner (which in pressure of business interests he had forgotten to do before) that he was engaged. Some impulse, unaccountable to himself at the moment, stopped Fitz. There would be time enough to tell him—to-morrow perhaps—and for the time being he fancied leaving matters as they were. Nothing would be affected thereby. 'No,' he replied absently, 'of course it isn't true. I have been down there of late, and—there is no telling, Johnson.'

'I felt sure of it,' said the other, dismissing the subject. 'I could not imagine how it concerned Grimesey; but as he gave me the distinct impression that he brought the news of your engagement from his client, I confess that at first, like yourself, I was startled by the idea that you might possibly be engaged to her. How I wish you were, Fitz—or, failing you, that I was! She will be a fine catch.'

'What did he say about the Rio Grande business?' Fitz asked, by an effort detaching himself from a crowd of new thoughts.

'I believe it is as I suggested before; he has been speculating on his own account with the money of his clients, and it is wanted. He must get it.'

'Then he is not the elated suitor we hoped to work upon?'

'Not a bit of it,' was the answer, accompanied by a laugh which did not fall so disagreeably on the ears of Felix Fitz as it ought to have done. It meant the failure of their object with Mr Grimesey. 'He must get the money,' said Mr Johnson again.

'But he cannot. If he puts the shares on the market—as he says he must do if we don't take them up—he will not get yesterday's price.'

'His broker has already offered them; hence those tears,' said the other grimly. 'The shares have dropped three, and there is no offer for them.'

'We are in a tight place for the time,' said Fitz; 'but we shall get out of it without very great damage, I hope. Mr Grimesey, however, will not; and it serves him right,' he added with private satisfaction. 'I suppose it will spell ruin for him?'

'Looks very like it,' was the answer.

When his partner left him alone, Felix Fitz put his business concerns (which were serious enough) behind him, and fell into a long train of thought. At first he felt a little ashamed for having denied, even for the moment, his engagement. He did not ask himself why he had done it, but tried to make amends by resolving to take the denial back without delay. When he remembered Hilda Roper he could not help feeling ashamed of himself. So much for that little matter.

(To be continued.)

'WHERE ARMIES WHOLE HAVE SUNK.'

By Miss LOANE, Author of *Neighbours and Friends, The Queen's Poor*, &c.

IN some cases it may be doubtful if people ever know what they are conscious of having learnt, but in many more it is doubtful whether they ever know what they have always known. When William Booth, filled with religious enthusiasm, undertook to raise the submerged tenth if he were entrusted with a million pounds sterling, the majority of his hearers must have been acquainted from their earliest childhood with the tale of Æsop's drunken master and his ruinous wager that he would drink up the sea; and yet no deputy-sub-assistant-commissioner saved general disappointment by the whispered proviso, 'If henceforth all the sources of destitution are cut off by other agencies.' Since the offer was made the probability is that more persons have slipped into that 'Serbonian bog . . . where armies whole have sunk' than could be dealt with even in the most perfunctory fashion by the whole forces at the disposal of the Salvationists. There are many social workers whose methods remind one of the Russian ceremony of baptism by aspersion.

The strong point of the Salvation Army is the heroic patience arising from their uncompromising faith. Conversion to an effectual belief in religious doctrines is nearly always a moral and economic gain, for the essence of religion is the desire to help others, and therefore converts earnestly seek to reach an independent position. One disciplinary principle of the Army compels admiration for its justice and prudence—the principle of proportionate sacrifice. Much is demanded of the rich, but those who have little are expected to give gladly of that little. One man sacrifices a position of ease and an income of a thousand pounds a year, but hundreds sacrifice their overtime-money by strictly devoting their leisure to the service of the needy and depraved.

Neither in England nor abroad does the Army knowingly encourage what the sardonic Chinaman calls 'rice Christians.' In fact, it has sometimes appeared to me that the long-suffering wives of converted husbands received results which were mainly negative: the men abandoned drunkenness and cruelty, but the women still worked at home in poverty and loneliness. Probably after many years of self-indulgence the converts could not safely return to normal family life; if constant claims had not been made on their time and money they might speedily have relapsed. In one or two instances the restoration appeared to be complete, but the men could not fairly have been described as 'submerged;' they had been working with more or less regularity, courageous wives had kept a patient hold on them, and 'conversion' had only given the crowning touch to the labour and sacrifice of many years.

An unsatisfactory point in the Salvation Army is the system of morally compelling each branch to be as far as possible self-supporting. This well-understood rule drives one type of officer to blatant self-advertisement, and forces another to endure hardships greater than those of the persons whose distress they are trying to alleviate; and in both cases the character of the work inevitably suffers.

But the weakest point of all, though perhaps the blame should rest upon those eager to shuffle off moral responsibility and carelessly willing to part with a little money, is that the leaders of the Army seem to regard the submerged tenth as a separate and self-existing class, or fail to grasp the full significance of the fact that it is formed by the outcasts of all other classes. The sunken hosts are to a very small extent renewed from within; they depend upon recruits, voluntary and involuntary. It cannot always be said that the original blame of their downfall rests on parents and teachers and employers. They are often outcasts because they 'love to have it so,' or love the means without considering the end. There are people among them who wished to live their own life and be accountable to no one. They rejected the restraints and the stimulus of settled affections; they refused to recognise that life is meaningless unless continuous in its interests. The knowledge of life that they aimed at could no more be obtained from sordid and disjointed episodes than a knowledge of literature could be derived from a haphazard selection of half-page extracts.

As a preventive power, the Salvation Army is limited in action because it has little or no hold upon the classes which supply the largest number of destitute persons; as a curative agency it is hardly adaptable enough to deal successfully with men and women of such widely differing origin. The Salvation Army has its uses, but anything that is regarded as a panacea tends to become a poison.

What are the sources of destitution, and how can we, as individuals and as members of a highly organised society, cut them off? Our responsibility for the already submerged is chiefly collective; discipline and compulsion cannot be applied in our private capacity. Towards the endangered we have an individual as well as a collective responsibility, and modes of prevention are open to every one of us.

Insufficient, carelessly granted, and unsuperintended out-relief is one broad and abundant source of destitution. There are districts where, provided that a widow will accept a sum which

is two-thirds of a bare maintenance, or even less, she receives it with practically no restrictions whatever. Thousands of widows' children live under physical hardships and in a state of moral degradation which seldom fail to have the worst results. There are also orphans received by near relatives who offer to take them for one shilling and sixpence or two shillings a week, especially if they are of an age to be useful. The bargain is soon repented of, and the children sink into household drudges deprived of necessary food and clothing.

Neglected or ill-adapted education places many more on the downward road. Amidst incessant talk of education, thousands of children are allowed to grow up in complete ignorance of what is meant by industry and common decency. Large numbers are practically deprived of even their established legal right to elementary education, and are unable to read or sew or work the simplest arithmetical problem.

Ill-health is another recruiting sergeant for the sunken armies; and while infectious diseases can be enormously reduced by public measures, it must be remembered that personal defects which lead to poverty and unemployment have to be treated in a much more individual fashion. These count among the cases where men and women have failed not so much because their character is weak, but because the strain upon them was exceptionally severe. To much the same class belong the large number of recruits who were brought up in workhouses and orphanages and on training-ships, and dismissed between the ages of fourteen and seventeen. Even if they start well, at any moment sickness or unemployment or some other crisis may arise, and where are they to look for help and advice? The credulity of the uneducated is very great. Virtue is perhaps more equally divided than common-sense or an effective desire for self-preservation.

An old and well-known source of destitution is the moral disintegration caused by unexpected legacies, and a modern one is compensation for injuries, and not only when received in a lump sum. As soon as the money or the unearned income passed into the hands of these poor people they were surrounded by evil counsellors as well as by the temptations of weakness and ignorance. Was it no one's business to show them how the legacy could be made a blessing to the whole family instead of a curse, or how the compensation-money could provide a decent maintenance until the children were older and the mother free to work? Even among the superior working-classes, one hundred pounds is regarded as inexhaustible riches. I asked a girl of twenty-four who had been three years at a private school and eight years at a Board school, and in whose home quite seventy shillings a week were spent, if two lads of seventeen and nineteen whom I had formerly known had been apprenticed to any trade. 'Oh, they're not doing anything. They'll come in for a lot of money when they're twenty-one.' 'Indeed?' 'Yes; it'll be pretty near a hundred pounds!'

It is much to be feared that small employers of labour often sink into the Serbonian bog, and are sometimes thrust thither by the philanthropic helpers of the class beneath them. 'We've work waiting to be done,' complained one man, 'and they won't do it, and we're losing our customers because it isn't done; and then you ladies start soup-kitchens, and expect us to subscribe, in addition to all the rates and taxes we have to pay!'

Many people seem to believe that the submerged, whose most visible need is money, can be raised by State aid in the shape of pensions and allowances. They forget that only for a very short time can any State aid or calculable charitable assistance be an addition to income. The expectation of it almost immediately forms a part of regular income, counted on like the rest, and subject to the great disadvantage that instead of depending on effort and success, it depends on inaction or failure. The earliest old-age pensions were a joyful surprise to most of the recipients, but already they are grants to be calculated on—often in injurious ways. 'And where's all the money coming from, I'd like to know? It'll never hold out!' said a railway pensioner to me recently in dire displeasure. He had worked at a low rate all his life in order that he might be entitled to a decent pension, and at seventy was supplementing it by turning his hand to haymaking, apple-picking, potato-planting, grooming horses, scraping and repainting agricultural machines, and so forth. 'It may be a little difficult just at first,' I replied; 'but presently we are all going to earn a comfortable living by paying one another's pensions. There will be a hundred pay-stations in this village—one in each house.' 'That's about the measure of it,' he replied moodily, with a reluctant smile; 'men have done as they liked and spent as they liked, and now they're to be made equal to them that have worked hard and lived steady, and paid the rates instead of drawing on 'em.'

Can we do nothing to raise the general standard of prudence and forethought? The most uncultivated among the poor uncomplainingly 'go without;' but they have no idea of voluntary abstinence, and cannot postpone enjoyment. Their ideas of waste and greediness have no strictly personal reference; it is not greedy to eat more than you need, or wasteful to buy what you do not want, unless by doing so you are plainly and immediately depriving others. Conduct which would be scorned on Monday and reprobated on Wednesday is regarded as natural and proper on Sunday or any acknowleged day of feasting. The failures among domestic servants directly and indirectly form a considerable source of

destitution. If good mistresses were willing to employ them at the age of fourteen or fifteen instead of refusing to be 'bothered' with them until they have reached what is usually the rebellious and unimpressionable age of eighteen or nineteen, would the failures be as frequent or as complete?

To turn from prevention to cure. The possibility of creating industrious habits among human derelicts seems to me to be proved on a small scale by the success of the Brabazon Society. The members work by persuasion brought to bear upon persons of all ages, abilities, and dispositions. Their pupils, being inmates of the workhouse, are provided with the necessaries of life, but have no luxury but idleness. A member recently told me of her prolonged struggles in a huge 'mixed' workhouse, her pupils being the aged and infirm, the crippled, the mentally deficient, and the epileptic. Week after week she spoke in vain; some protested that their fingers were stiff, others that their eyes were 'wore-out,' or that they had done all the work they ever meant to do, and had come to the Union to rest. They were content to perform a very few routine duties, and then spent their time in apathetic vacancy, too indolent even to quarrel. Among the men, some would mutter audibly in the midst of her persuasions, 'She'll soon be gone,' or give voice to the dark suspicion, 'Likely we're going to work and let her pocket the money!' In despair she went to headquarters and offered to resign. 'I may be going quite the wrong way to work, but I have done simply nothing.' 'How long have you been trying?' 'Six months steadily.' 'You must not expect to do anything in less than a year.' She returned to the charge, and before the end of the second year had so many eager workers that she was obliged to get several helpers to enable her to superintend their various forms of industry. 'The most zealous workers,' she said, 'are the defective and epileptic men. They begin at six in the morning and go on all day. At first I had to enlarge and colour every pattern, and count every stitch, and to get them to turn a corner instead of going on indefinitely seemed a nightmare of impossibility. Now I simply give them an ordinary book of designs, and they need no further help. The old people work hard too, but their brains are set; they can do difficult things that they learnt when they were young far more easily than they can learn the simplest thing that is new, and we have to try to adapt their knowledge to some modern purpose. The most difficult to deal with are the defective women. There are not nearly so many of them, but on an average they are much worse than the men, as the milder cases are more commonly kept in their own homes, or at any rate kept there until all possibility of learning anything is gone. But it is touching to see the pride and interest in the work evinced by those who are totally unable to take any active part in it. A portion of the profits go to the individual worker; the rest is chiefly spent on subscriptions to newspapers and magazines, and on a summer excursion, so that the whole community benefits.'

There are many devoted people whose natural gifts find an outlet in cure rather than prevention, and human frailty will always supply them with a field of action; but the general practical aim of ordinary good citizens should be to narrow that field in every direction.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF CHATTERTON.

By F. T. Read.

IN the high Queen's Road, Bristol, there stands upon a commanding site the stately new Art Gallery and Museum. Amongst other precious objects enshrined in the heart of the museum is a small pocket-book containing entries made in neat, clear handwriting which may be easily read through the glass case. It is the pocket-book of Thomas Chatterton, discovered among a few other personal effects in the garret of a mean house in Brooke Street, London, upon an August morning following the night of his suicide, in the year 1770. The open leaf reveals the entry of small sums of money due to him from Hamilton, a publisher, for words of songs, payment of which the poet had sought in vain. To the literary student the sight of this precious little book is soul-stirring. It bridges the time-gulf of one hundred and forty years, and brings him into personal touch with 'the wondrous boy, the sleepless soul, that perished in his pride,' and sends him out into Bristol's streets to seek for further footsteps of the lawyer's clerk with the eyes like a hawk's.

A walk of ten minutes from the museum will land the seeker on the top of Brandon Hill, its summit marked by the Cabot Monument. From this grassy natural elevation a fine view of old Bristol is obtained; and amongst many churches descried is that of St Mary Redcliff, distinctive alike for size and for beautiful proportion of spire to tower. Thomas Chatterton was a child of St Mary Redcliff. His forebears had been artificers and sextons of it for generations, traceable to the days of Charles the Second.

At the time of the poet's birth and baptism the office of sexton was held by his father's brother, whilst his father was master of the Pile Street Charity School, an annex of the church, standing close to its north side. In this school-house Thomas was born. The spirit of the

noble Gothic edifice must have been transmuted into his blood. He opened his baby-eyes upon it, and later its vast, solemn aisles afforded pathways of wonder for his childhood's feet, privileged by his uncle the sexton, with whom the little fellow was a favourite. The spell of the great church was ever upon him. As a schoolboy he was to be seen lying prone in the meadows which then bounded its southern side, his eyes fixed upon it as if in a trance. Nearly opposite Chatterton's birthplace is the north porch, as perfect and beautiful a church-porch as can be seen. A small door in one of its recesses leads by a winding staircase to a hexagonal stone chamber situated over the porch, and known as the Muniment Room. Arranged around the walls of this chamber are five long oak chests, worm-eaten, mouldy, and partly dismembered by centuries of time. One of them is known as Canynge's Coffer, and no old chest extant, not even that famous one of Modena which became the coffin of the fair young bride Genevra, has ever been contemplated with so much interest as this, for it was the manuscripts this storehouse of ancient records yielded which were formative of Thomas Chatterton's genius. The culpable neglect and vandalism of the age which allowed persons like Chatterton's father to purloin these parchments resulted in the production of the Rowley Poems. Amongst other manuscripts which found their way from Canynge's Coffer to the Pile Street schoolhouse for the base purposes of domestic use was an old music missal with splendidly illuminated capitals; and the dreamy boy, regarded by his teacher as a hopeless dunce, was at once transformed by this beautiful specimen of the old monks' handicraft into an enthusiastic student of black-letter calligraphy and the vocabulary of the English of the Renaissance.

Upon the death of his father, Chatterton's mother removed from the schoolhouse to a small tenement farther up Redcliff Hill, but still under the shadow of the church, and there supported herself and her two children by her needle. It was in an upper room in this house, during his holidays from Colston School, and subsequently as an apprentice to an attorney, that Chatterton wrote the Rowley Poems, which, for the reason that he believed no one living would credit him with writing them himself, he foisted off as the work of a fifteenth-century monk of St John's named Thomas Rowley, which he had discovered in the Muniment Room of Redcliff Church. But it was the boy's brain, not Canynge's Coffer, that was the mint from which this rare coinage issued; blank pieces of old discoloured parchment, yellow-ochre, and blacklead-powder being material accessories to the deception. Some of these poems were based upon local incidents and traditions, and received much of their inspiration and colour from the streets and old houses in them which the boy had to pass upon his way to and from his mother's house and the Colston Hospital in St Augustine's, or Lambert the attorney's office on Christmas Steps in St John's. In Chatterton's day, when the general appearance of Bristol was little different from what it is now, the city possessed a picturesqueness fraught of old-world architecture, odd situations, and historical antecedents, such as few other English cities could excel, if equal. Half-way down Redcliff Street he would pass the great house of William Canynge, more than a passing acquaintance with which he would have made, not simply on account of its antiquity and the magnificent decorations of its apartments, but because its illustrious resident was the builder of St Mary Redcliff Church as Chatterton knew it. Canynge was a splendid example of the merchant-princes of the fifteenth century, a man who combined with the commercial spirit deep religious fervour and patriotism. He was five times Mayor of Bristol, was its Member of Parliament, and employed a thousand men at a time either as sailors, mechanics, or labourers. His strong adhesion to the House of Lancaster no doubt influenced Henry the Seventh in his patronage of Bristol, and brought that monarch to her quays to send off the Cabots on their epoch-making voyage of discovery to the New World. What good reason, then, is there for believing that every time he passed such a memorial as Canynge's mansion Chatterton's imagination would be fired by pictures of the great days of Bristol's history!

To get to his master's office the boy must needs pass over Bristol Bridge, with its curious one-storied houses at each end, where at an earlier period the tolls were exacted. From the bridge his eye would rest upon a lively scene of shipping and wharves, the ships being chiefly traders from the Mediterranean and the British coasts, pouring out cargoes of fruit and fish. How the bridge influenced Chatterton's mind is to be inferred from the fact that in the month of October 1768 there appeared in *Felix Farley's Journal*, Bristol's newspaper of the day, over the signature 'Dunelmus Bristoliensis,' an article descriptive of the building and opening of the original bridge centuries before. It vividly pictured in antiquated form and style the pageant of city dignitaries, the mayor, aldermen, minstrels, with priests and friars of every order locally known, proceeding to the bridge, and there, amidst the chanting of the priests and loud playing of clarions, a chosen champion standing upon the bridge threw his anlace into the river as a sign that it was made subject to the citizens. There follows further marching, a sermon in Latin at the city cross, a banquet, sports, stage-plays, and a mighty bonfire, all minutely described; the modernism of the whole sketch being so cleverly and artfully disguised that it was a long

time before the quidnuncs of Bristol were convinced that it was not by Rowley the priest, but was the backward vision of the charity apprentice, Thomas Chatterton.

Over the bridge Chatterton would breast the steep High Street, and half-way up it would look into that narrow thoroughfare, still existing, known as Mary-le-Port Street, whose houses on either side are so close together that people occupying the upper stories are within a handshake of each other. In this street Henry Richmond was lodged whilst paying his memorable visit to Bristol. At the top of the High Street, upon the right-hand side, Chatterton would always regard with interest the rare wooden Dutch house, a study of unique design and quaint decoration, brought over from Holland in pieces, and erected where it stands to this day. He must needs pass, too, that famous hostelry known as the Bush Inn at the corner of Broad Street, now displaced by the Council House. It was from a window of the 'Bush' that Edmund Burke harangued his Bristol constituents with such matchless eloquence that the speaker who followed—a Mr Cruger—immortalised himself by limiting his speech to the expression, 'Ditto to Mr Burke'! And on, down the Broad Street, the boy would go, 'Broad' being relative, and showing how narrow the other streets were. At the bottom he would pass, under the arch of St John's Gate, part of the old city wall, and still bearing St John's Church upon it. Under this arch, with its fantastic figures, 'whose wide-mouth'd heads have cunning eyes,' passed Queen Elizabeth on the occasion of her state visit to Bristol, mightily pleased at the way the laundrywomen of the adjacent Hotwells had starched her ruffs, for which she conferred upon them a royal favour enjoyed to this day. Of such pageantry Chatterton must have had a constant vision as he beat out with his footsteps the numbers beating in his brain, to be committed to paper or parchment when he presently reached his master's office. Beyond Broad Street, still on the decline, is Christmas Street, a sinuous, stony alley, where butchers' stalls and drink-shops made a scene of noisy barter by day and brawl and brutality by night, but always interesting to Chatterton by reason of its black remains of an ancient priory. And here, at one end, arose St John's or Christmas Steps, upon which Lambert's office was perched. These flights of steps, broken by stiff, straight stretches of incline, are a public way, and the pedestrian who turns round when he reaches the top finds himself higher than some of the city churches. At this office, and later at another in Corn Street, to which Lambert removed his business, Chatterton wrote the greater number of his poems, availing himself of many leisure hours afforded by the long absences of his dissolute master, who cuffed and cursed him for wasting his time over 'such stuff.' This 'stuff' would include *Ælla*, with its exquisite Minstrel's Song, *The Tournament*, and *The Tragedy of Godwyn*, concluding with the fine trope on war:

> His fiery helmet, nodding in the air,
> Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist.

Other of the 'stuff' these office-hours produced would be the elegy upon his friend Phillips, characterised by such imagery as this:

> Pale, rugged Winter, bending o'er his tread,
> His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew,
> His eyes a dusky light congeal'd and dead,
> His robe a tinge of bright, ethereal blue.
>
> His train a mottled, sanguine, sable cloud,
> He limps along the russet, dreary moor;
> Whilst rising whirlwinds, bleating keen and loud,
> Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.

Such true feeling for nature may well excite wonder, seeing that Chatterton's field of observation was almost confined to two or three parishes of a commercial city. His only chance of getting into the country was on the Sunday, when he wandered afar and alone into the beautiful Somersetshire country lying to the south of Bristol, where his footsteps may be farther traced in his poems to the lush meadows with their willow-fringed streams and sedgy pools, in whose faces he discovered his water-witches; and to that high hill over the Severn Sea known as Camalet or Cadbury Camp, on whose thyme-scented summit we may well conjecture he conceived that fine line upon the sea-waves already quoted—a line of organ note—'Roll the white surges to the sounding shore.'

OUR LADY OF DUSK.

> She comes, soft gliding through the tranquil valleys
> Where sleepy rills lisp low an even hymn;
> Her kind hands carry an enchanted chalice—
> One star floats near the rim!
>
> A tender veil, her filmy mantle shimmers
> Across the hills, the moors, the fading earth;
> Home-lights begin to shine, the window glimmers—
> Love waits, and tends the hearth!
>
> Methinks, when through the shadowy wood she passes,
> As keeping some mysterious tryst alone,
> A whisper wakes amongst the trees and grasses
> No daylight hour hath known.
>
> For with her come the dear remembered voices—
> Fair visions half-discerned, so dim, so pure;
> A heritage wherein my heart rejoices—
> Peace, comfort, healing sure.
>
> Future and past are by her presence blended
> Here in my soul, as dark and daylight are,
> Sweet-mingled where she walks in peace, attended
> By her one glorious star.

Agnes S. Falconer.

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THE WEAKNESS OF MOROCCO.

By E. GRACE.

AT this moment, when Morocco occupies the stage as the 'Tom Tiddler's ground' of the nations—when France and Spain are ready to fly at each other's throats in their greed for the spoil, and Germany seems only awaiting an opportunity to rend the two—the mystery and beauty of that wonderful 'Sunset Land' and the lives and claims of her own people go unregarded. Yet the miracles of life and death, of love and faith go on among them, and a great race is only sleeping for want of some one to awaken it. The Moors have no leaders and no ambition; but if the nations of Europe, instead of quarrelling among themselves, would find the means to quicken it, they would find in the Moors of to-day the germ of that same spirit which took them to Spain and kept them there for so many centuries. If a few of the noblest and wisest men in Christendom, putting aside politics and working only in the interests of humanity, would thoroughly study the subject and lay their heads together, some scheme might yet be evolved to save Morocco while it is still intact.

There must be no question of faith. Any mention of his creed will frighten a Moor at once; and although the creed of Islam is far less progressive than Christianity it is by no means opposed to progress. The two main evils at the roots of which it is necessary to strike are the corruption of Moorish officials and the degradation of Moorish women. In some Mohammedan communities these two have already been attacked; and although they are evils that die hard, much has been done. But nothing has been done for Morocco.

The Moorish officials are inadequately paid, and are liable at any moment to be stripped and cast into prison at the caprice of their overlord. The natural result is that they make hay while the sun shines, and by their 'pickings' provide against the evil days which are almost certain to be in store for them. Before they take office they may be honest and kindly men; but the knowledge that they may at any moment fall victims to a higher power quickly corrupts them, and they proceed to do as they are likely to be done by. Each official preys on the one below him; but while each, for a short time at least, enjoys power and prosperity, the poor peasant is squeezed unceasingly. Even if a villager does attain to such wealth that he sees a safe prospect of a meal to-morrow, he dare show no sign of prosperity for fear of inciting to plunder. Most of these poor folk are a happy-go-lucky lot; as long as they have had to-day's meal they leave to-morrow to look after itself, and patiently submit to being squeezed. Sometimes, of course, when taxation grows unbearable, whole tribes rise to protest; the late attack on Fez was an example of this, but its importance was greatly exaggerated. Who can wonder that with such a state of things honest men are afraid to occupy official posts, and only the rogues, actuated by the thought of 'pickings,' are found hardy enough to fill them.

The raising of the women is a far more serious question, and one in which European ideas will find it far harder to get a hearing. My personal knowledge of the women of Morocco is confined to the coast towns. In the country they are allowed far more liberty, although they are always used more or less as beasts of burden. The Berber women of the Atlas, I believe, often go unveiled, sit down to eat with their lords, and for education, general information, and intelligence compare favourably with many of their European sisters. But it is of the less favoured women of the towns that I am speaking. They are like caged birds. Not like the lark or starling just caught, and beating its poor little wings against the bars of its cage in the longing for liberty; but like the canary, of which they are so fond, fat and content, because it is so accustomed to slavery that it can picture nothing better. Generations of such cage-life have made the Moorish women cease to desire anything else, and they are filled with pity for the poor Nazarene women compelled to face the world unveiled and unprotected. Very few of them can read or write, and nobody takes the trouble to tell them even of affairs of world-wide interest; their one occupation is elaborate (and, to them, useless) embroidery, and their one subject of interest and conversation—MAN. They are brought up to consider him the be-all and end-all of existence, and a coquettish glance exchanged on the way to the bath, or with the man who is mending the roof opposite, will afford food for weeks' conversation. It would seem trivial and a thing to smile at if it did not show so tragic-

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ally the state of their minds. An English boy with a good and wise mother has the best start life can give, but what of the poor little Moorish boys? With mothers who are as empty-headed as dolls, if nothing worse, and fathers who can only teach them the vices they learnt in their youth from their own fathers and mothers, what chance have they? But once raise the mothers from their depths of ignorance and degradation, and the result will soon be obvious to even the most superficial observer. 'No race can rise above the level of its womenkind.'

I know very little of mission work, and I think the attempt to convert Mohammedans is, as a rule, waste labour; but there is in one of the Moorish towns a little mission school which seems to have reached the heart of things. The children are taught to cook and to clean, to sew their own little garments, and to read and write in their own language. Their religion is left alone. These little girls are much sought after as wives. Such bright, winsome little creatures they are for the most part, and such good mothers for the next generation! If only there were more of them what a step upward the next generation would take! Unfortunately both labourers and money are lacking for more of such schools, and, if only people knew it, a very little charity goes a long way in Morocco. Educate the women, make them realise that on them lies the responsibility for the generations to come, and something may yet be done for Morocco.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER IV.—*continued.*

HE let himself go with the current of other thoughts. This present embarrassment of his affairs—temporary it might be, but difficult while it lasted—came awkwardly at this juncture. He recalled words about settlements to Mr Roper, and hints of a house at Richmond, and the limit of five short weeks which he had placed on his freedom. Arrangements would certainly have to be modified now. There might have to be a postponement of the marriage. He was not vain enough to imagine that Hilda would mind a postponement; but her father would. And to Mr Fitz himself the thing would in a way be disagreeable, as likely to draw attention to his affairs.

Apart from considerations personal to Colam Roper and himself—and Roper, of course, could be managed—there were certain features of interest in a postponement which began to turn his mind in a new direction. The imaginations of an hour back began to take more concrete substance. He was drifting in the way of temptation, whilst still feeling sure of his loyalty. There was Miss Dunning. The hopes of the solicitor Grimesey had received a check. He had seen Miss Dunning, and must have betrayed some feeling regarding Mr Fitz. Doubtless she told him of Fitz's help in the smash on the road, and for some reason thought fit to explain that Mr Fitz was engaged to a lady at Sandfields. This she would have learned from Roper that evening after his visit; and Fitz had a shrewd suspicion of Roper's tenderness in the direction of the nurse—a weakness now, of course, ridiculous.

Engaged though he was, Mr Fitz had reason to feel that he possessed more interest in the lady's regards than Mr Grimesey did. The latter was almost out of the running now, a negligible quantity; and if his being an engaged man had not militated against his acquiring interest in Miss Dunning's eyes, the possibilities of a postponement—indefinite perhaps—raised speculations of great interest. What harm was there in picturing, in other circumstances, the development of relations between two persons so eminently suited to each other, so romantically and even auspiciously thrown together, and with the advantage on one side of a warm sense of indebtedness on the other?

Yes, a postponement of his marriage with Hilda Roper seemed to promise Mr Fitz much convenience from a business point of view, and to open a vista of interest from another. His acquaintance with Miss Dunning could not yet be brought to an end. He was engaged to call next afternoon.

Always a well-dressed man, he finished himself next afternoon with more than usual care, because he believed Miss Dunning to be a lady who appreciated such effects. His partner, taking in the points with observant eye, curiously inquired where he was going.

'To make a call in Great Marylebone Street,' was the preoccupied answer.

'Great Marylebone Street! That's where Grimesey's client lives. Looks as though you were going to make a proposal, Fitz,' he remarked, laughing; 'if so, I wish you luck!'

Mr Fitz smiled, but deigned no reply, and was soon gone, leaving his partner thoughtfully puffing his cigar.

'Well,' soliloquised this gentleman after a few minutes, turning to a table to resume his business, 'if Fitz is trying to cut out the solicitor it's smart work. And Fitz is a smart man, generally knowing what he is about.'

Mr Fitz was not many minutes gone when a visitor called. This was Mr Colam Roper, and his missing Fitz by those few minutes had important consequences. Mr Roper was known in the office as a friend of Mr Fitz, and therefore

proceeded direct up the stairs to the partners' rooms on the first floor. Knocking at the door, a voice invited him to come in, and he found Mr Johnson the partner alone.

'How d'ye do, Mr Roper? No, Fitz is out. Will you have a cigar?'

'Will he be long? I particularly wanted to see him. In fact,' he added, as an afterthought, 'I was a bit anxious lest anything should be the matter?'

'How?' asked the other curiously. 'Do you mean in a business way?'

'No, no; I meant his health. The fact was,' Mr Roper explained, 'he had an appointment to meet my daughter at Regent Street yesterday, and neither kept it nor sent an explanation. So it made me a bit anxious.'

'He is quite well, and was so yesterday,' answered Mr Johnson with an interest that showed itself in his looks. 'You said an appointment to meet'——

'I assumed,' said Mr Roper, reddening a little, 'Fitz would have informed you of his engagement to my daughter?'

'No,' said Mr Johnson musingly, 'probably he forgot. He was much occupied with business matters.' Mr Johnson was thinking of his partner's distinct denial of an engagement half-an-hour before. He was connecting it also with Mr Fitz's visit to Marylebone, and the preparation he had made. To Mr Johnson's mind a game was unfolded in this affair; and, much as Mr Johnson in general enjoyed a game of any kind, there was, to his moral palate, something of an unpleasant flavour in this one. Was Fitz receding from one engagement with a view to making another?

All this passed through his thoughts in a flash while Mr Roper stood uneasily considering his next step. Mr Johnson, apparently without intention, assisted him. 'I would ask you to sit down and wait, only I don't know how long Fitz may be. He started to make a call in Great Marylebone Street only a few minutes before you came.'

The name startled Mr Roper painfully; he knew where Mr Fitz was gone. He resolved to follow, and took his leave of Mr Johnson, who, when left alone, relieved his feelings with a prolonged whistle. 'They will meet,' was his reflection, 'and Roper looks like a row. If Fitz is playing that game, of course I hope he will win; but he deserves a thrashing for it.'

Mr Roper jumped into the first cab, giving the address of Maypole Mansions. On second thoughts he stopped the cab some distance from the Mansions and dismissed it. He would walk up and down and wait, keeping his eyes on the gate of Miss Dunning's residence; they were fast becoming bloodshot eyes. Roper was a man of strong passions when aroused, and he had much cause for wrath. To think of Felix Fitz treating Hilda's message yesterday with contumely, and driving away to meet Miss Dunning at Waterloo instead of being at Oxford Circus! How could he have known of the nurse's coming up, as Mr Roper understood it, if she had not herself made it known to him? And how finely they had each carried off the pretence of not knowing the other! What a fool they had made of Mr Colam Roper between them, and how they must laugh at him! And there was Hilda. This was the deepest cut, the hardest to endure. He was to blame—her father—not the innocent girl.

He worked himself half-mad up and down that street, sometimes gesticulating with his umbrella until people stared at him and his inflamed looks; half-mad thinking of his girl thrown over by the man, himself thrown over by the woman, and the two now laughing together. So his imagination pictured the affair; and when, after quite an hour—several hours, Mr Roper would have sworn it—he saw Mr Fitz at last emerging from the door, looking polished, pleased, and buoyant with satisfaction, Mr Roper's blood was in a dangerous condition.

Delicately smoothing his gloves, Mr Fitz started and turned pale. He made half-a-turn to retreat to the house, but quickly assumed a pleasant look, and held out his hand to the approaching lion. The audacity was too much for the lion, who sprang upon his victim with a leonine growl, grasped him by the throat, and shook him till the collar and necktie were torn to rags. Then flinging the man from him, he swung the heavy umbrella and brought down the handle with a crash upon the shining hat. 'You—low—scoundrel!' he shouted in gasps.

The blow brought Mr Fitz down, not much hurt, for the stiff top-hat had been a protection. As he rose slowly, picking up the ruined hat and looking at it, two butchers' boys on the pavement laughed at him. Roper, after a few seconds, turned and signalled, with a broken umbrella, a passing cab; and as he did so his eye caught a glimpse of Miss Dunning's face disappearing from a window. She had witnessed the scene.

Needless to add, Mr Felix Fitz's ring was formally returned to him that evening. Hilda was nothing loath to be rid of the thing. But she knew her father was troubled, and she sank her own feeling of liberation in the affectionate wish to draw nearer to him and comfort him, although Hilda believed that for him also his deliverance was a matter to be grateful for. Wherefore, when her friend, accompanying her to the post-office in order to register the note to Mr Fitz, sought to raise new prospects before her, Hilda made her attitude clear.

'And when Mr Meredith returns, Hilda,' she was saying, as a stimulus to the imagination, 'you will have a thousand pounds, all your own. Only think of it—a thousand pounds!'

Hilda declined the stimulus; she had a little

shadow on her life which her friend failed to discern, a shadow additional to that of her father's trouble. 'Father will want me now more than ever,' she tried to explain sadly, 'and I will have no thought of—anything at all—except him. There!'

Madge Black was an affectionate daughter herself, but she did not understand the small catch of Hilda Roper's throat as she spoke. She glanced at her, and remained silent.

It is cruel to have the gate of hope, at nineteen, shut in the face, even in imagination. So it was with poor Hilda Roper. Willingly, and naturally, would her fresh young life have risen to new prospects, with or without the suggestion of her friend. But in truth, innocent as she was, and glad to be free from Felix Fitz, to her simple mind her light was now dimmed by the shadow of the rejected. For as glass, so is the woman sensitive to a breath. And Hilda Roper felt it, and was humbled.

(To be continued.)

THE BIGGEST GAME IN THE WORLD.

By W. G. Burn-Murdoch.

PART I.

'O'ER the hills, and o'er the heather,' we joggle across Shetland, and it is a keen, keen, cold wind, and blue sky—April here, June in the south; but it is really never June here, and never real winter. The landscape has possibly beauties when the heather is in bloom, now it only consists of black peat and brown turf, white where the stone outcrops; rolling, featureless hills, over which roam the thinnest conceivable black, brown, and white sheep, with their lambs, in eager pursuit of the infrequent blade of grass. Larks sing in the blue sky, and blue bays send arms and fingers inland, and we drive round these—drive for over twenty miles, and get out with a crick in the back and a spirit of gratitude that we are at last beside the Norwegian *Haime* and the pleasing scent of the whale-factory.

But there is no whaler in, neither is there a whale floating at the slip; and the evening comes, and still no whaler. So we decide the weather outside the voe must be rough, and they must have run for shelter behind some island, and we sit in the wooden house and talk of Gamle Norge with the manager of the whaling-station (Mr Lange) and his family; talk of elk and rein and lax, of whales north of these North Shetlands, and of the leviathans off the South Shetlands, of home politics and Norwegian, and then back to whales again; and turn in very early, half-undressed, in the gray night light, ready to jump at a moment's notice to get on board with kit-bag, pipe, and sleeping-sack.

It is difficult to sleep with expectancy, but the soughing of the wind and rain on the roof makes one thankful to be on shore, for it does blow a bit, and we don't feel quite in such a desperate hurry to be on the high seas as we did down south, in warm latitudes; in fact, we funk it all just a little. Odd why people should take to a thing for amusement which gives them creeps in prospect!

Praise be! no whaler came in during the night, so we have some more hours to acclimatise, to brace our system to the chilly blast of June. So we seek a sheltered corner in the sun beside an old Greenland whaler, Johnston by name, a native (Shetlander), and sit amongst casks of oil and scrape the bone blades of an Atlantic Right-whale brought into the station a few days ago. They were considered extinct. Each blade weighed about one and a half pound; market value three pounds ten shillings sterling! to us worth a doubtful twopence. As we scraped the blue-black bone with knife and glass we discussed the mystery of whalebone. Who buys it, and what is done with it? No whaler man knows, not the canniest Dundonian Greenland whaleman or his employers. You know corsets, surgical instruments, and lawyers' wigs are made of it; but that does not account for its value—two thousand five hundred pounds a ton—the ton a Greenland Right-whale may have in its mouth, or the half-ton in a Right-whale or *Biscayensis*. No, there must be some other use for it. It goes and disappears in London and Paris only. A man was sent from Dundee to shadow a ton to Paris, an easy enough thing to do you'd say! But he lost it at a junction outside Paris!*

A word or two set Johnston off yarning—the name of a whaling skipper, or ship. When I mentioned Peter White, cook of the *Balæna*, Captain Robertson of the *Scotia*, 'Caffe Tam,' or B—— Davidson, he showed in his rather imperturbable countenance just a flicker of wonder, but went on scraping, and the heap of violet shavings collected round our feet. He repeated those accounts of life in Davis Strait that always make my teeth water: twelve hundred salmon in two hours in an unnamed bay, seventeen whales on one Sunday—think of it, the fearful excitement and exertions—and the reindeer, and blue foxes, and ice-bears! And he confirmed tales I'd heard—the sad one of the whaler *Diana* (I knew her) coming south

* Since writing the above I have heard the fibre of bone is used in silk, to make it 'stand by itself.'

from the winter in the ice, half the crew frozen on the bridge, coming into Ronas Voe, which he pointed to over his shoulder by thumb and knife; north of this Olna Firth, first on the right, as it were. Black-and-white recollections of rough times and fine: one, a thumb-nail sketch, I must put down. He and his mates wandered down the east side of Davis Strait. They had lost their ship, it was nipped about eighty north. He recalled the hunger and joy in coming to a depôt left for Franklin's people, the provisions still good; and then, later, coming on a little Arctic oasis in the snow—green grass and yellow Arctic poppies, and a bee humming. In the plot sat an Esquimaux on his sledge, his sealskin cowl over his bended head; and round him, with the grass growing through them, lay his dogs, their teeth shining in the sun; and the man was just parchment and bone.

I'd have sat and listened longer, but a very good sea-trout for the time of the year (about two pounds) leapt in front of us. So rod and tackle had to be got. A reel and two sea-trout casts I had, but no rod, so hurried had been my departure from the south; but a bamboo we requisitioned, and adhesive plaster and snake-rings made of hairpins supplied the want in fifteen minutes. But that perhaps lost us the rise, the best of the tide, and possibly the *megat stær ærret*. Moral: you may desert your evening kit, but hang on to a rod. Last year, however, I did get Shetland sea-trout between whaling-times, twenty-four in an hour and a half, within stone-throw of a whaling station, which answers those ignorant herring-people who cry out that whaling hurts fish-life. Why, within two hundred yards of this, Mr Salvesen's station, last year, his men got in a small net many barrels of splendid herring, and not a professional herring-fisher within miles.

Then, as I cast, old Johnston sang out 'She comes!' and down Olna Firth the little whaling-steamer the *Herma* appeared, slashing her way towards us in smooth water, but against a stiff breeze, leaning over to port, and casting up much white water from that side which made us sure she towed a whale, tail first, alongside. And so it was. In the calm water opposite she tied up the floating leviathan, came alongside our pier and coal-hulk, and Mr Lange the manager and the writer went and interviewed Jensen, the gunner, skipper, or harpooneer, whichever you please to call him.

They had seen two *Nord Cappers*, fired at one, and lost it. There was too much sea, and the *Seihvale* they were towing alongside interfered with their movements. 'Why,' said the manager, 'did you not let your *Seihvale* go, on the chance of the Right-whale?' And Jensen's astonishingly blue eyes twinkled as he replied he 'tot dat vone bird in de hand be vorth ten on de roove.' But there was also tiredness and genuine sorrow in his expression, and both he and the smoke-stack and crew were thoroughly well salted. If you were fishing for burn-trout, and ran with a fair good chance of success a forty or fifty pound fresh-run salmon, and lost it, you would know a little of the feeling of losing a *Nord Capper Biscayensis* or Atlantic Right-whale. The *Nord Capper* is only worth three or four hundred, still it is a big prize compared with the common *Seihvales* worth about fifty pounds, or the Finner worth a hundred pounds.

An hour later the second of Mr Salvesen's four little whalers came in with two *Seihvales*, one to port, another to starboard, and the gunner was also called Jensen, and also had eyes as blue, or more so, than Jensen the first; and he likewise confirmed the weather report—it was too rough for whaling outside. So the crew started coaling, and the station-hands, Norse and Shetlander, pulled the fifty and sixty feet whales up on to the great wooden platform, and the marvellous dissection began. Three hundred tons of meat and bone and rivers of blood can go into the seventeen Olna Station cooking-pots in one day! Until one has seen it, the rapidity with which a sixty or seventy ton whale can be neatly cut up and stowed away is incomprehensible.

The best of the *Seihvale* meat is exported, bought for eighteen shillings the cask and sold in Copenhagen as a delicacy at nine pounds. We eat it at the station and on board in preference to the best beef; but this, the commercial aspect of whaling, I will only touch on here with one remark: is it not a pity that we should have people in the land going hungry, and yet every day round our coasts such quantities of splendid meat are being turned into manure and cattle-food? The Japanese pay twenty-five cents a pound for whale-fat and about the same for the meat.

So to the hunting in the morning. It was four o'clock in the morning, and broad daylight, but gray, when a man came up for my kit-bag, and we got aboard and slipped away down the calm loch on the little ninety-five-foot killer of great whales. Even in calm water these little steamers have a pitch and a roll, and in a sea 'lively' is their description; the hardiest sailor funks them at first, but you love them after a while.

I do not like to deprecate whaling, but it does have a seamy side. We met it outside the loch going up west of Shetland. The wind had almost dropped, but the cross sea left was as if several Mulls of Cantyre had been rolled together, and neither the *Herma* nor its crew liked it a bit. Rocky capes and islands were blurred in mist and spouting foam, and sometimes obscured by passing rain and hail showers. About eight or nine we were off Flugga, the most northerly point of Britain's possessions, and the weather was simply beastly. . . . By two in the afternoon we were about sixty miles north-east, in an intensely blue sea, with

immense silky rollers—might have been in The Trades—just what I expected, that thirty to fifty miles north of the islands we 'd strike sun and clear sky—we always do; go west fifty miles and you come up against a curtain of rain.

Now I will quote verbatim from my journal, with apologies to purists in English. Its style (?) is dot-and-go-one; but for the sake of brevity I must use it.

At 3.5 P.M. we are sloping along half-speed north-easterly over a splendid silky swell, all our eyes sweeping the horizon. The boy at the wheel is the first to spot a blow, to which he promptly swings the *Herma*, and immediately after, on the horizon, you discover the faintest possible suggestion of a blow; a minute cloud hardly enough to swear by, as big as the tip of a child's little finger—it fades away, and we are sure. He rings up the engine-room, and, grinning, speaks down the tube, '*Megat stor Nord Capper*. Full speed!' This to make the stokers lay on. A pound apiece a *Nord Capper* means to each of the crew of ten.

At 3.10 we begin the hunt—go seven miles toward first blow, when there 's a shout from lookout in crow's-nest, and we find big spouts within a mile to our left. So the skipper goes forward to his beloved rusted swivel-gun or cannon—in his weathered green jacket a picturesque figure against the immense blue, silky, sunny swell.

Five minutes the whale stays down—comes up to starboard—silence. 'How many were there?' says Jensen to masthead. 'Two big and a calf.' Eight minutes down—appears half a mile to starboard. Lovely silence of a sailing ship as we wait with the engines stopped, studying fleecy clouds and the silky-blue stripe our track has left on the swell. It is this rapid contrast that gives the charm to whaling—this morning, in hail and black-eyed sea, a blurred sea and landscape of foaming wind-swept capes; the afternoon, a wide horizon, not a ship in sight, the colour and width and the—— Here he is! In about five minutes appears to port half-a-mile—appeared two or three times, at few seconds interval, then 'tailed up,' that slow, farewell turnover of the afterpart of body to send it down. We follow general direction—ten minutes—he appears a mile to N.W. It is four o'clock, and air S.W. cold, and bright enough to be N.E.

'*Saghte!*' Norse for softly, slowly. He ought to be up soon. 4.3 P.M.—There he is half-a-mile to east. We hear the blast. Atlantic whales don't make half such a resonant, loud blast as the Antarctic whales. Another whale blowing to E. by S. 4.12.—Within two hundred yards, a little to port. We follow—a stern chase. Note blue sky reflected on wet, plum-coloured back. Within fifty yards when he makes his last dive. Jensen had the gun swung. Separate whale appears to right—very large. Nearly fired. 4.20.—Behind, to port, we swing round—we are lacing the rippling swell with blue, silky bands. —Lord! there it is, at second rise under our bow! *Bang!*—Splendid shot!—Away goes the line at seventy miles the hour. We are swung round. . . . Jensen wipes his nose on red handkerchief. The cook and engineer are at the winch-brakes. There 's a long furrow of Union-jack colours—red blood, white foam—in the ocean of blue, and the line still whirling out at intervals. We 'fish fine' four and a half inch rope in circumference—two lines three hundred and sixty fathoms each, or four thousand three hundred and twenty feet—the line passes five times round the two barrels of sixty-five horse-power winch; but it 's fine tackle compared to the seventy to eighty ton fighting Finner that we are playing. 4.25.—Not much line out, only about one thousand five hundred feet. We go slowly in tow. It was a well-placed shot. A few Mother Carey's chickens come, and some fulmars, later a solan goose. There 's a little blood now in its feeble blast, it thrashes with tail. More line going out; we go astern to drown it. The nose appears exactly the colour of a salmon at a distance. It turns over. 4.33.—White ribbed underside up—*dead*.—The line is rove over large iron snatch-block up the mast, and the steam winch which begins to turn slowly raising the whale from the bottom or thereabout, a slow, steady funereal clank. A great chain is manœuvred round the tail, and it is hauled up to the side of the bow by the winch—a magnificent and beautiful thing in colour and form, so delicate in design and colour, and so immensely strong. The body swings alongside, its head reaches our stern quarters, the line is cut. 4.55. —Two hours after we first sighted the whale! The quickest hunt, play, and kill I have ever seen.

5.3.—Blowing it up, and off for second whale. Blowing up is putting a hollow lance into whale and blowing in air and steam, which makes the body more buoyant and not such a drag on the ship. Getting the tail chained to bow is a complicated, heavy work, too long to be described here.

5.30.—Sight another whale. Meantime Jensen has been cleaning out the gun on our bows with tow and cleaning-rod, and the charge is put in, and the india-rubber wad driven home—three hundred and eighty-five grammes of powder in large cubes. The second line from the port side of the hold is made ready, and a new harpoon of one and a half hundredweight slung from the hold, the line is spliced to the running ring in its shaft, and the shaft is rammed into the gun. Getting this done, and putting chains and ropes into order takes time and a considerable amount of work for five men, and during it those on the bridge at least are conscious as we roll of occasional whiffs from the galley of roast whale-steak and onions, which tell us our prey may be more than food for fishes. The only fault I can find with this splendid food is that you never

can be quite sure you have had enough; in this respect it cannot be compared with beef. For merit I place caribou meat first, whale second, ox third.

5.45.—We have screwed on the explosive point to the harpoon (over the time-fuse), swung round the gun, and are off in pursuit of the whale we sighted at 5.30. By 6.30 he has appeared several times, made two or three handsome blasts of thin steam, and gone down 'tail up,' and we had followed, as we thought, in the direction he took, but he always appears right off our track. 'A wrong vone,' the engineer says; 'he be chased before.' You see the engineer, when his mate is below, joins in the sport of watching ahead, to port, to starboard, and astern; always there is sport for all, and little enough time for meals, if any.

Whilst we roll about in the swell waiting for his majesty to make our closer acquaintance I may relate, for the benefit of the *Journal* readers, some of the thrilling dangers with which the track of the modern whaler is beset. Novel, unfamiliar dangers must always make interesting reading when people won't listen to accounts of the risks we all run at any crossing from the police-witness and sheriff's 'flying motors' that go five hundred yards in 'about a couple of seconds.'

(To be concluded.)

A VERY ANXIOUS DAY.

PART II.

CHATER returned to his violin. 'What's going to happen, little fiddle?' he said, taking up his beloved instrument. 'The heavens alone can tell,' he answered for it. 'But,' and he beat time to his first words with the bow, 'I do feel that Brue 's up to something shady. That money bother lies between the five of us, including old Parkin, and a booky would say it 's odds on Brue. So it is! Well, good-luck to Linley, and now let 's have that bar over again. Some men will do anything for love, and some for money, but give me music!' He was a good-hearted little fellow, with more sentiment in his body than generally showed in his pale-blue eyes.

Meanwhile Eustace was into his competitive stride again. He had promised Chater to do nothing rash, and yet his feet carried him unswervingly back to the bank. Chater had thrown a bomb into his brain, but in bursting it did little worse than clear out his cobwebs. Not quite all of them, but enough to warrant him in going for Hetty's uncle with his cuffs up. Hitherto Hetty had merely complained about John Hill's frequent visits to the bank-house as a nuisance. Chater had shown plainly that there might be much more in them than that. It *was* a conspiracy! He had spoken truth unawares just now in saying so to Mr Brue at random.

This was his state of mind when he reached the familiar door and the shining brass bell-knob. And then what must he do but turn right-about face and home to his diggings without taking another step for his own vindication. The letters were posted by this time—that much oil was already in the fire irremovably. It was no use being clumsily precipitate. He could not abuse Chater's confidence like this all at once. Doubtless John Hill was upstairs with Kempson Brue and Hetty, and he might not be a match for two such men. And Hetty's feelings in anything like a scene deserved and clamoured for consideration.

It was a monstrous business altogether. Nevertheless, he smiled as he turned M'Cormick's corner again and wished he had quite floored John Hill that half-hour or so ago. No matter. His flooring of another kind should come by-and-by. It would come from Hetty as well as himself. Little doubt that Hetty would let him know what she thought of him as a suitor.

He was quite cheerful when he reached his lodgings.

'How late you are, Mr Linley!' exclaimed his landlady, coming to the sound by his latchkey.

'So I am,' he said. 'But never mind. I 'm ready for tea now.'

He felt ready for anything, and bore his landlady's chatter very patiently. The good soul was a widow, and liked to pour out his tea for him. She told him his white shirt for the evening was at the fire airing, and that she really couldn't put up much longer with the laziness and 'dirt' of her present girl. Her tongue rambled on and was busy with a budding parochial scandal about the organist and one of the ladies of the choir—'Mixed choirs are *not* right, Mr Linley, let folks say what they will'—when the bell rang and drew her away.

'I 've sent her out, Mr Linley,' she informed him, in allusion to her domestic affliction.

Eustace turned his chair to the fire. 'That 's a relief,' he said, feeling for his pipe. But, instead of producing his pouch next, he sprang to his feet and opened his door to something better even than a relief. 'It *is* you?' he cried; and Hetty Brue's hands and shining eyes told him definitely that his recent nightmare of fear about her was over.

'I want to speak to you, Eustace,' she said with some gravity.

The landlady immediately suggested another cup and more water in the teapot.

'Oh no, thank you, Mrs Cohen,' said Hetty. 'I've had tea. I don't want anything except'——

The landlady's 'Very good, miss!' as she closed the door was gently reproachful but acquiescent; and then she was in Eustace's arms.

'Except me, Hetty!' he said. 'Tell me so. That's what I need—a conviction that things are unchanged for us. I've been out of my mind, I think. I believed I might never see you again after to-night. If you knew what I've been through! But it's all over now. Tell me I am just the same to you and that *nothing* can come between us, ever!'

She was a pretty girl, and Eustace had never seen her look prettier than in this moment. She responded to his ardent invitation by smoothing the tumbled hair from his forehead and murmuring, 'Poor boy! I know.'

It was sufficient answer for him.

But she was a practical as well as an affectionate little woman. 'There!' she said. 'Now you are better, and I must tell you something else, something awful. It's dreadful to talk about, but it must be done.'

She sat down, he by her side, before the fire.

'Has he told you about the hundred pounds—this second hundred?' asked Eustace promptly.

'Yes, Eustace,' she replied, laying her hand upon his. 'And you are to forgive him, dear. I'm sure it isn't altogether his fault. He has altered so much this year in several respects.'

'Forgive him? Then you know'——

'But that isn't the worst,' whispered the girl, with a rush of colour to her cheeks. 'Eustace, I never felt so wicked in all my life as when—— But I must relate it like a sensible person. Shall I?'

'Tell me anything and everything,' he replied, tightening his fingers round her hand.

'Very well then, I will. Uncle upset me terribly at luncheon. He hasn't liked you for a long time now—at least he has pretended not to. But he said then, as positively as if there was no escape from it, that I was to give up thinking about you because of the hundred pounds.'

'The first hundred?'

'Yes, the first hundred, Eustace. I couldn't believe he meant it; but he went on to say that he is ruined, and that I could save him by—just imagine it—by marrying Mr Hill. I never was so utterly wretched in my life as when he went downstairs afterwards. Of course I wasn't likely to say I would ever think of such a thing; but he left me with a feeling that his life depended on me. And that's how I spent the afternoon. Then he came up to say that another hundred was missing, and that you couldn't give any account of it, and—— I had scarcely got over that shock when he said Mr Hill was coming at half-past five, and if I didn't promise to marry him he would be obliged to do something desperate.'

'My poor Hetty!' said Eustace, crushing her hand in his. 'How could he do it?'

'Yes,' she continued. 'That's what I said. "What must you think of me, uncle?" I said to him. But I had found out something by then; at least I had guessed. It makes me shiver to think of it. You know the laboratory. Well, I was in the garden at half-past two. I didn't know what to do with myself, and was just walking about among the dead leaves under the trees when uncle came out of the house and entered it. I wanted to tell him how miserable he had made me; but in passing the little window I happened to see him put something in the cupboard in the corner where he keeps his chemicals. It was one of the bank's little wash-leather bags that you use for gold—small amounts.'

'No?' cried Eustace, starting to his feet.

'Yes, it was, and he looked so ghastly that he frightened me. I just crept back to the trees again. But I remembered it the moment he said that about the second hundred pounds.'

'And you charged him with it?'

'No, dear, I couldn't do that. You see it was only a guess. And he has been very good to me ever since I have lived with him. I didn't mention it. I simply couldn't. You don't know how I felt. I wouldn't wait to hear any more; and when he called after me to remember about Mr Hill I only shook my head. It made me cry, Eustace, and I'm not one of the crying kind, as a rule, am I?'

Eustace lifted her hand to his lips. 'And then?' he asked.

'I didn't see him again until the servant came to say that Mr Hill was in the drawing-room. I made up my mind then, put on my hat and jacket, and went down and said I had to go out. Uncle didn't like that, and I could tell by Mr Hill's face that they had been talking about me. "I *must* go, uncle!" I said, and I ran downstairs. And I'm going now to tell Mrs Cursitor that I can't be there to-night.'

Eustace began to pace the room.

'I don't know what will happen when I get home,' said Hetty plaintively. 'It's all very awful.'

'It's hideous,' said Eustace. 'But perhaps there may be some way out of it all. I'll come with you as far as the Cursitors'. Yes, that's certainly off, for both of us.'

They left the house, but were no sooner in the street than Eustace resolved to have it out with Mr Brue that night. These new revelations were too much for endurance. Brue must, as Hetty implied, have become rather mad. He felt mad himself; but Hetty's story gave him also a sense of responsibility which stiffened his back for the forthcoming interview with his chief.

In the street he told Hetty that he would not go on with her after all. She protested faintly; but let him do as he pleased, and presently he was again at the bank-house door.

The manager had only recently left with Mr Hill, the servant said. She believed they had gone to the club, but had no doubt that her master would be in to dinner.

'I'll wait,' said Eustace, and he went upstairs.

But on the landing he saw something which gave him a rapid inspiration. Three or four keys connected with the establishment hung on hooks from the wall. One of them belonged to the laboratory in which Mr Brue sometimes amused his leisure with modest experiments in chemistry, and Eustace's eyes fastened upon it.

He heard the servant go singing down to her quarters in the basement. Yes, he would do it. Hetty's uncle had treated him infamously, and he risked little in committing such an outrage upon Mr Brue's private property. An outrage forsooth! What of Mr Brue's own outrages upon him? Of course he would do it—for his own sake, for Hetty's—yes, and the bank's.

Taking the key, he descended to the hall and the side-door which let upon the garden. The laboratory was between this and the house, and he was soon inside it. Here he had to rely upon his own matches and a mere pocket-knife. The cupboard in the corner of the laboratory was, of course, locked, but it was easily forced, and one more match enabled him to discover the two bags of gold behind a treble palisade of blue bottles, paper parcels containing powders, and what not. He promptly transferred them to his pockets, closed the cupboard, relocked the laboratory, and returned to the house. And he was again upon the landing, and in the act of rehanging the key, when he heard a footstep behind him, turned sharply, and was confronted by the manager's face at the threshold of the drawing-room.

'You, Linley!' exclaimed Mr Brue. 'What are you doing here?'

They were both startled, but there was a look in the manager's eyes which might almost have prepared Eustace for what was to come.

'Are you alone, sir?' asked Eustace, quickly recovering his composure.

'What do you mean?' stammered Mr Brue, his gaze reverting to the key, which still swung lightly on its hook. 'Yes, Mr Hill has gone, if that is what you wish to know. What have you been up to?'

Eustace drew forth the gold, first the one bag and then the other. 'I have found these, Mr Brue,' he said calmly.

'You have found'—— The bank-manager said no more; he staggered back into the room and collapsed upon a chair.

. . . . . .

When Hetty returned, about twenty minutes later, Eustace was waiting for her with a smile that soothed her outbreak of astonishment and even alarm.

'You here, Eustace?' she exclaimed.

'It's all right, dear,' he said. 'I felt I had to come, and I'm glad I did. I hope all the worry is at an end. Your uncle is rather poorly, and has gone to his own room, but he said I might stay and tell you.'

'Tell me!' echoed Hetty, searching his face.

Then she stole to his arms, and there, before the fire, to the quiet ticking of the little Paris clock with the rose and gold face which had shared so many of their confidences, Eustace comforted Hetty's soul.

Her uncle had been through the Valley of Humiliation during the past quarter of an hour, and now only prayed that he might recover his senses and walk straight henceforward. His aberrations were the outcome of Stock Exchange temptations. By Eustace's judging, John Hill had more to do with these temptations than was apparent; but, anyway, the result had put Mr Brue in the carpetman's power. Without the latter's help the bank would assuredly have got wind of his proceedings, and Hetty knew what that would have meant.

'Oh Eustace!' whispered Hetty, when he paused. 'And he could think of ruining you to —save himself!'

'One thinks of little except one's self, I'm afraid, at such times—most of us,' said Eustace, caressing her. 'It's a law of nature. But that's all over. He has a better opinion of Hill than I have, and believes he will do nothing to embarrass him. He says he was never very sanguine about his confoundedly impudent hope about you, and it shows his sense, if nothing else. But the main thing is that the worst part of the business is purely a family affair between us now. He didn't say anything in the letter to head-office about to-night's hundred, and so, dear little girl, there's plenty of blue in the sky for us still, and stars behind the blue.'

Hetty made no reply, but her cheek was to his, and that said much.

'I think you ought to go to him, dear, and buck him up,' Eustace continued gently. 'He's awfully broken about it, poor chap.'

'Yes, I will, Eustace. And you forgive him? You forgive him everything? But of course you will?'

He smiled as he held her a little away from himself, and then drew her towards him. 'What do you think?' he whispered. 'Forgive, she says! You don't know what I feel like now. I've got my own head above the clouds, right in the sunlight again, close to somebody. Of course I forgive him; and there's no reason why everything shouldn't get smooth again. Good-night, Hetty. Tell him I'll come up for the keys as usual at ten minutes to nine to-morrow.'

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On his way home, finally for the day this time, Eustace again looked up Chater. He

found him pasting foreign stamps in an album now—he had such versatile tastes.

'Heaven and earth, Linley!' exclaimed Chater, looking up with a latest 'Hayti' issue gummed to his finger-tip. 'Not anything fresh, is there?'

Eustace simply patted his young back. 'No, old boy!' he replied. 'Indeed, nothing has happened at all. I want you to forget those hundreds, and all you told me an hour or two ago—or was it a year ago? I've seen Brue. It's all right.'

'O-h!' said Chater, with a very round mouth. 'Mean to say nothing was wrong after all?'

'That's near enough. Things are as they were!'

Chater looked sceptical, but smiled amiably. 'Very good, Mr Linley, sir,' he said. 'I do love a quiet life, without shocks and tragic accidents. Praise be! say I. Amen. And mum's the word, I think you said?'

Eustace gave him smile for smile and nodded.

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He left Chater to ponder the riddle, and he pondered it off and on until nine o'clock the next morning. Indeed, he pondered it longer still. But he made a significant observation to Harris when Mr Brue had brought the day's letters into the general office. 'Notice anything about our sovereign lord the king, Harris, this morning?' he asked.

'He didn't say much,' replied Harris, who was unobservant.

'No. But he looked as if he'd been at a Salvation Army meeting all night, and been converted over and over again.'

'As bad as that?' suggested Harris.

'As good as that, you fool. Well, it's a comfort Linley got that hundred-pound bother right last night, isn't it?'

'Ra-ther!' said Harris. 'I'd have asked for a shift to another branch if he hadn't. Too sultry that kind of thing twice in two weeks.'

'Much too,' said Chater. 'Well, so we go round the mulberry-tree!' His diagnosis of Kempson Brue's countenance that day was fairly accurate by the reading of the next few months. And so was Mr Brue's own estimate of John Hill the carpetman, who not only pocketed his rebuffs about Hetty with very decent grace, but did more than a little to help Hetty's uncle over his pecuniary difficulties.

THE END.

SOME GREAT DATES IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

PART II.—THE SIEGE OF BADAJOZ.—THE TRAGEDY OF THE GREAT BREACH.

MARCH 16—APRIL 6, 1812.

THE military problem for Wellington at Badajoz was exactly, as at Ciudad, how to snatch a fortress of the first rank, held in great strength, from the grasp of a hostile force greater than his own. Until Badajoz was captured Lisbon was not safe, and the advance of the British into Spain was not possible. Wellington's very success at Ciudad lessened the chances of success at Badajoz. The fall of the southern fortress had stung the pride and made alert the vigilance of the French armies everywhere. French generals stood 'at attention' throughout the whole of Spain. Soult was a commander to be feared—sleepless in his vigilance, quick to discern the plans of his enemy, and swift to strike. That the great fortress could be carried before Soult came up from Andalusia to its rescue seemed impossible; Wellington's first gun would set the French battalions marching at speed. How Wellington achieved this feat is told in the following story.

The fall of Ciudad Rodrigo sent far-running vibrations throughout the whole Peninsula. The mere wind of the siege had set both Soult and Marmont marching to its relief; Napoleon, on hearing the news, arrested the march of the detachments of the Imperial Guards which were returning to France. On the tidings of its capture, Soult fell back into Andalusia and Marmont to Salamanca, when he instantly, and with anxious speed, began fortifying that city.

The question was: What would Wellington do next? Soult feared he might march on Seville; Marmont was sure he would leap on Badajoz. Napoleon regarded this as incredible. 'You must suppose the English mad,' he wrote, 'to imagine that they will march on Badajoz, leaving you at Salamanca; that is, leaving you in a situation to get to Lisbon before them. If Wellington moves towards Badajoz, do not interfere with him, but march straight upon Almeida . . . and you will soon bring him back.'

Wellington knew, but Napoleon never learned, how impossible it was for French armies to co-operate for long in a common scheme either of offence or defence. And he had made his choice. He would commit the heroic 'madness' which Napoleon held to be incredible; he would strike at Badajoz.

Early in December all the parts of a great pontoon-bridge had been brought from Lisbon to Elvas. The guns for the siege, by a similar trick to that employed at Ciudad, were shipped at Lisbon for a destination which would rouse no suspicions, transhipped at sea, carried up the

river Sedao, and then dragged with immense toil across unfrequented hill-tracks to Badajoz. The trouble was that the guns actually brought were scarcely worth the trouble of bringing them. Amongst them were Spanish guns as old as the Armada, and Russian pieces whose bore was too large for English shot. At Elvas 2000 men were employed preparing siege material.

Wellington maintained his headquarters on the Coa till the last moment in order to deceive the French; he distributed a covering army of 30,000, under Hill and Graham, so as to guard every line by which a relieving force could approach; he stirred up the guerillas to keep Soult quiet in Andalusia. Then he put his columns in march from the Agueda to the Guadiana.

That march certainly seemed to have in it a touch of the 'madness' of which Napoleon spoke. It left the road to Portugal open to Masséna. His flank during the whole march was open to attack. He might find Soult drawn up in some strong position in his front, and barring his advance. But Wellington had read with sure judgment all the factors of the problem, and he pushed on, through the wildest weather, across flooded plains and swollen streams, reached the Guadiana on 16th March, threw a bridge across the river, was in front of Badajoz on the 17th, and broke ground for the siege the same night. If he was entering on a perilous adventure he certainly moved to it with a sort of planetary impact and swiftness.

Grattan of the 88th tells with what stern gladness the rank and file of the army splashed on their way, along muddy roads and under incessant rains, to Badajoz. It was not merely a desire to repeat the success of Ciudad which quickened their march. Somehow, Badajoz was, for the men in the ranks, the most hated town in Spain. The fact that it had been given to the French by Spanish treachery perhaps explains that hate. Many good British lives had already been paid, and more must be given to undo that treachery. The expectation of plunder too—all the ignoble stir of awakened appetite—quickened their steps.

Wellington began the siege with what was, for him, a certain unaccustomed parade. Blakeney, in his *Autobiography of a Boy in the Peninsular War*, says: 'All the troops being assembled, generals and commanding officers inspected their brigades and regiments in review order. . . . The colours of each regiment proudly, though scantily, floated in the breeze; they displayed but very little embroidery. Scarcely could the well-earned badges of the regiments be discerned; yet their lacerated condition, caused by the numberless wounds which they received in battle, gave martial dignity to their appearance and animated every British breast with national pride. The review being terminated, a signal was given for each corps to proceed to that spot of ground which they were destined to open. The whole moved off. All the bands by one accord played the same tune, which was cheered with shouts that bore ominous import and appeared to shake Badajoz to its foundation. The music played was the animating national Irish air, St Patrick's Day.'

Perhaps Wellington, who profoundly understood what may be called the moral factors in war, desired by that parade to string to a yet fiercer note the spirit of his soldiers. For Badajoz was very unlike Ciudad; its defences were stronger. A certain prestige rested on its massive and gloomy walls, for the British had besieged it twice already, and had failed. It was held by a garrison 5000 strong, made up of detachments from the forces of Marmont, of Soult, and of Jourdan; so that the honour of three armies was pledged for its succour. Its commander, Phillipon, was a soldier of genius, known to be of great skill in defence; and he had laid to heart the lessons of the two previous sieges. He had made Badajoz strong at the points where these had shown them to be weak.

The city stands in the angle formed by two rivers—the Guadiana and the Rivillas—on a spur of the Toledo Range. It is in the shape of an orange, with the Guadiana making an impassable barrier on the northern face, and the Rivillas curving round it on its eastern end and serving as a gigantic wet-ditch. The outer zone of its defences was formed by five great fortified and connected outposts. The western extremity of this zone offered the least natural difficulties, but the Engineers declared they had not artillery of sufficient range for that attack; and Wellington determined to seize the Picurina, a massive redoubt, girdled with ditches, which served as an outpost to the defences on the south-eastern curve of the city.

It was difficult to form trenches and construct batteries in soil sodden with rain, and which lapsed into a condition of liquid mud when disturbed. Furious rains continually swamped the trenches; on 23rd March the swollen river broke the pontoon-bridge, so that provisions for the besiegers could not be brought over.

Wellington, however, sternly pushed on his operations. The bridge was restored, and on 25th March, 500 men of the 'Fighting 3rd,' in three columns, were flung on the Picurina. The attack was daring in the highest degree; but the defence was stubborn. The squat redoubt spat fire from every front; the guns from the city joined in the stormy chorus. The fight had two armies as spectators; and in the light of flashing guns and exploding rockets, dark figures could be seen furiously struggling on the ramparts of Picurina; for the stormers had climbed up, and were fighting hand to hand. Phillipon sent out a battalion to help his outposts; but this was roughly beaten back by the supports of the attacking party. He had confidently reckoned that Picurina would hold the besiegers back for

at least six days; it was carried in an hour. But 316 officers and men, out of an attacking force of 500, were killed and wounded. This fierce and bloody episode showed the spirit both of the besiegers and the besieged.

The British now were able to establish their batteries within three hundred yards of the walls. They pushed their trenches forward with energy, and for twelve days the roar of guns answering to guns never ceased. Phillipon used every art to delay the siege. Frequent sallies were attempted; he planted guns in ingeniously new positions, so as to rake the trenches of the besiegers; floating batteries were launched on the Guadiana to take them in their rear. But through it all the dogged British pushed on their attack. Soult was coming up from Cordova; Marmont was across the Portuguese border. Time grew short, and the siege was urged vehemently. On 3rd April, Soult and Drouet had joined forces, and Wellington drew Graham and Hill by concentric marches towards Albuera, and contemplated joining them with his remaining forces, and fighting a great battle there, leaving two divisions to continue the siege. But Soult lingered at Llarena. He was still there on the morning of the 5th, when Wellington's Engineers declared the breaches to be practicable. To Wellington's eye, however, the walls were yet too formidable and the breaches too imperfect to make a successful assault possible, and he turned his guns on another point, the Trinidad curtain, and tore with their shot a gap in its front; then he resolved to attack.

Eighteen thousand of the best soldiers in the world were to be flung, at a given signal, upon the doomed city. Picton, with the 'Fighting 3rd,' was to assault the castle, whose walls, eighteen to twenty-four feet in height, were without a break. Leith, with the 5th Division, was to assault San Vincente, at the western extremity of the town, where the parapets were uninjured by gun-fire, but had been mined. Some regiments of the 4th Division were to carry the new breach in the Trinidad curtain. The strength of the assault, however, was directed against the great breach in the Trinidad and a lesser breach in Santa Maria. The Light Division, under Barnard, was to storm the latter; the 4th Division, under Colville, was to carry the great breach.

Here were five attacks. At half-past seven the breaching-guns were to cease their fire, and from five points 18,000 soldiers were to leap on Badajoz. Later, orders changed the moment of attack to ten o'clock, but the gunners in the batteries did not know of the change in the hour, and ceased firing at the time first appointed; so for two hours a strange silence lay about the imperilled city, and Phillipon used these hours with deadly effect in multiplying his defences at what he knew would be the points of attack.

Of the five assaults, two were mere escalades; three were launched at actual breaches made in the massive walls of the city after ten days' incessant cannonading. And the attacks on the three breaches failed, while the two assaults on the uninjured walls succeeded! Jones, whose *History of British Sieges in the Peninsula* is a classic, says that 'this makes the story of Badajoz without a parallel in the history of sieges.'

It is true, of course, that the storming columns of the Light and 4th Divisions did not carry the breaches. Of the thousands of brave men, gallantly led, who leaped into the black ditch at the foot of the breach, and strove for two dreadful hours to climb that rough slope, only two, as a matter of fact, reached the parapet and got through. They were private soldiers, and their dead bodies lay upon the parapet the next morning. But below the breaches, lying thick on the rough slopes, and thicker still on the ravelin and in the muddy ditch below—within an area, perhaps, of a single acre of ground—were lying, as the next day broke, from 1200 to 1500 dead or dying men.

Never perhaps in the whole history of war was such a wave of furious valour flung at a single point of attack, and flung in vain, as on the dreadful breach at Badajoz. But though the storming-parties failed to carry the breaches, the fire, and the persistency of their attack, maintained without cessation for hours, fixed the attention and strength of the garrison at that point, and so made possible the success of the escalading parties at the castle and at San Vincente.

It is easy, when set in the light of all the knowledge which is supplied by the narratives of the survivors to tell why the attack on the breaches failed. It was a night attack, with all the confusion possible to darkness. The three storming-parties got mixed and lost direction and leadership. The third breach, as a matter of fact, was hardly assailed at all. In the great ditch in front of the Trinidad bastion there was a high and broken ravelin; the stormers climbed its rugged front, believing it to be the lower slopes of the breach itself; but when they crowded its top there gaped before them, deep and black and wide, yet another ditch. That broke the rush of the stormers. The men clung to the summit of the ravelin, and began to fire back at the parapets. The leaders of the storming-parties leapt into the farther ditch, and tried to set the crowd in motion up the breach, but by this time it *was* a crowd. They could not make themselves heard. Sir Harry Smith, who was in that mad scene, puts his finger on the secret of the failure when he says, 'We were broken, and carried no weight with us, although every soldier was a hero.'

A column, to be effective, must be a disciplined, close-knitted mass, swayed by a single will, and smiting with concentrated impact at some chosen point. Nothing could have arrested the impact

of three such columns, each launched under clear direction at a separate breach. But they lost sight of their mark; they clashed together; they became a mob—a mob of men who could die, and *did* die, but who could not conquer.

The story of how these doomed columns moved to the assault is a tale which must still stir the blood of every reader. Grattan, in his *Connaught Rangers*, describes the temper of the men as the hour of the assault drew near. 'The spirits of the soldiers,' he says, 'which no fatigue could damp, rose to a frightful height; there was a certain something in their bearing that told plainly that they had suffered fatigues which they did not complain of, and had seen their comrades and officers slain while fighting beside them without repining; now that they had a momentary license to think, every fine feeling vanished, and plunder and revenge took their place.' That was not a very noble mood of feeling, but at least it guaranteed hard fighting.

On the 6th the assault was postponed till the next day. 'For once,' writes Grattan, 'I saw the men dejected. It was not the dejection of fear, but of disappointment. Some of the most impetuous broke out into violent language; others abused the Engineers. Many threw the blame of delay upon the generals who commanded in the trenches.' The men, in brief, were fiercely eager for the assault, and were chafed into fury by delay. Here is a picture again of the aspect the men wore when ready for the actual rush on the breaches: 'It was twenty-five minutes past nine; the soldiers, unencumbered with their knapsacks, their stocks off, their shirt-collars unbuttoned, their trousers tucked up to the knee, their tattered jackets so worn out as to render the regiment they belonged to barely recognisable, their huge whiskers and bronzed faces, but, above all, their self-confidence, devoid of boast or bravado, gave them the appearance of what they in reality were—an invincible host.'

The signal was given, the men leaped from the trenches, the columns of the two divisions had reached the glacis opposite the breach, the forlorn hope and storming-party of the Light Division were already down in the ditch, when a burst of musketry at the castle showed the attack had been begun there. Then instantly the breach and ramparts in front were lit up with fire, the sudden burst of flame lighting up on the one side the ramparts crowded with dark figures, but bright with glittering arms, and on the other the red columns, deep and broad, of the British. At that moment the channel of the ditch, black with depth and crowded with stormers, exploded into flame. It had been sown thick with shells and powder-barrels, and turned in this way into a mine, and the storming-parties in it were destroyed at a breath. 'It was,' says Napier, 'as if the very earth had been rent asunder and its central fires were bursting upwards uncontrolled.'

The columns of the Light Division had by this time reached the edge of the great ditch, and then—such was their daring—they answered the roar of the explosion with a shout that matched even its sound, and leaped into the smoking depth before them. The men of the 4th Division at that moment came running up to their right, and plunged into it with equal fury. Where they, however, attempted to cross, the centre of the wide floor of the ditch had a deep and broad cut filled with water. It was a deadly trap. The leading files of the 4th plunged into this, and more than a hundred of the Fusiliers, 'the men of Albuera,' were drowned. But, without a pause, the stormers swung to their left, struck the unfinished ravelin, and crowded to its top. 'This work,' says Blakeney, 'had been a good deal raised during the siege, and was mistaken for the breach, which in its unfinished state it much resembled.' This was now crowded by the men of both divisions, but a deep precipice and a wet ditch still stretched between them and the breaches. In a fury of wrath the men lifted their muskets and fired back at the crowded ramparts, at that moment scorching them with musketry volleys. The firing spread through the whole mass of the stormers. No voice in that tumult of sound could stop it; and from that point control of the assault was practically impossible.

The din of voices and guns, big and little, was maddening. Individual officers, with fierce gestures, would gather the men immediately about them, and lead them clambering up the breach; but there was no single will or voice that could knit those thousands of shouting and shooting men into a single movement, or direct them against a single point.

Phillipon had used every device known in war to make the gap in his massive walls impassable. The slope of the breach was, in its upper part, covered with loose and slippery planks, set thick with sharpened points bent upward like the barbs of a fish-hook. Across the narrow breach were beams chained fast, and set thickly with sharpened sword-blades. Behind was a pile of sandbags, across which the French—packed thick—shot securely and fast. Grattan says—no doubt with a touch of exaggeration—that behind these dreadful beams, horrent with sword-blades, 'trenches were cut sufficient for the accommodation of 3000 men, who stood tier above tier, each with a little pile of loaded muskets beside him.' But through even that triple barrier of steel and of darting flame the storming columns, if their original impulse and direction had been preserved, would have broken—so fierce was their rush; but all direction had been lost.

To those who watched the sight from the trenches, a ragged, broken, swaying wave of figures would every few minutes sweep up the breach to the very edge of the bar of angry fire at its summit. They were like leaves driven by

a whirlwind, and they seemed to shrivel like leaves. William Napier has told the whole story in undying prose in his *History of the Peninsular War;* but in a letter written on 29th April, three weeks after the assault, he condenses the story into half-a-dozen lines: 'For three hours and a half the Light Division were in the ditch and on the breach in close order, exposed to the fire of four thousand men at twenty yards' range, while artillery from the flanks, and shells, stones, fireballs, and beams were poured upon them incessantly, and yet not one man left his post or for a moment gave up efforts to tear away the obstacles that were laid across the breach; every officer and man has received two or three wounds each.'

The actual time expended in the struggle was not 'three hours and a half,' but only two.

By midnight the men knew they could not carry the breach. Says Napier: 'Gathering in dark groups, and leaning on their muskets, they looked up with sullen desperation at the Trinidad; while the enemy, stepping on the ramparts and aiming their shots by the light of the fireballs which they threw over, asked as their victims fell, "Why they did not come into Badajoz?"' Wellington at last sent orders for them to fall back, and the bugles were calling the 'retire;' but the men for a time refused to obey, they struck the buglers who were sounding that hated call.

The attack on the castle might have seemed, in advance, much more hopeless than those on the breaches. It rose like a cliff in the darkness, built on a rock a hundred feet high, with walls that varied from eighteen feet to twenty-four feet in height. The men of the 3rd were standing in the darkness, waiting for the signal to advance, when a fireball flung from the castle cast its light on the dark lines of the waiting regiments; and Kempt, who was in command—for Picton had not yet come up—instantly took forward his men.

The Rivillas, knee-deep, was forded, the rough slope of rock climbed, the foot of the walls reached. Phillipon reckoned the castle impregnable, but he had taken no risks. The walls were thronged with defenders, each man having beside him a little pile of loaded muskets, with hand-grenades and small shells. Under a deadly fire from the guns which commanded the face of the wall the ladders were set up, and instantly crowded with climbing men. But the cross-fire from the bastions on either flank, the volleys from the parapets above, destroyed the ladders as fast as they were raised, or emptied them as often as they were filled. For an hour the men of the 3rd strove in vain to climb those black walls spitting fire at them from above and from every side. Ridge of the 4th at last got two ladders placed at a new spot in the wall, where the parapets were a little lower. He led the way up one; Canch, an officer of the 5th, mounted the other. They forced their way up and through, the eager stormers thronging after them, and the parapets were won.

The British could hardly believe in their own success. Picton himself said afterwards, 'I could hardly make myself believe that we had taken the castle.'

The next thing was to break into the town and take the defence at the breaches in the rear; but the great iron gate that led to the town had been locked and barred. The men of the 88th made a rush at it, trying furiously to burst it open with their shoulders, while the French on the other side shot fast on them through the grating. At last an officer seized a French gun that was near, wheeled it round, and blew the gate open, and so access to the town was won. At the opposite extremity Leith Hay had escaladed San Vincente, and was by this marching at speed across the town. The hush of fear lay on all the streets; every door was shut, but all the houses were alight. A line of mules carrying ammunition to the great breach crossed the path of Leith Hay's men, and was captured. Then, gaining the rear of the breach, they commenced firing.

All this time Wellington, with his staff, had been watching the scene at the great breach. Some one held a torch near, and its uncertain light shone on Wellington's features. Messenger after messenger came up bringing news from the various attacks, and every message was bad.

'At this moment,' says one who stood in the group, 'I cast my eyes on the countenance of Wellington, lit up by the glare of the torch held by Lord March. I never shall forget it to the last moment of my existence, and I could even now sketch it. The jaw had fallen, the face was of unusual length, while the torchlight gave his countenance a lurid aspect; but still the expression of the face was firm.'

Wellington now sent word to the men in front of the great breach, who had by this time fallen back, that they must advance again. Sir Harry Smith tells how Fitzroy Somerset—afterwards Lord Raglan—brought the order to renew the attack. '"Why," I said, "we have had enough. We are all knocked to pieces." "I dare say," he replied, "but you must try again." I smiled, and said, "If we could not succeed with two whole fresh divisions we are likely to make a poor show now. But we will try again with all our might;"' and he adds, 'Our fellows would have gone at it again when collected and put into shape.' But at that moment there came the scream of a British bugle from within the breach itself. Picton's men from the castle, and Leith Hay's men from San Vincente were in the town; the defence of the trenches was abandoned—Badajoz was won.

In that wild night-struggle 3500 officers and men were killed or wounded, 60 officers and more than 700 men being slain on the spot.

The whole siege cost Wellington 5000 men. It is said that when, in the dawn of the next day, Wellington realised what the losses of the night had been, even his hard nature, for a moment, was swept by a passion of grief, and he gave way to a burst of sorrow—that rare emotion of a strong and self-contained man.

The scenes which followed the capture of the city blackened the whole heroism of the story, and casts a shadow on Wellington's own reputation. For more than forty-eight hours Badajoz was given up to sack and plunder, and the British regiments, who had fought their way into it with a daring so noble, temporarily dissolved into a vast company of brigands. It is true that the whole shame of that story does not lie on the British army. Grattan describes how 'hordes of vagabonds, Spaniards as well as Portuguese, women as well as men, found their way into the captured town,' so that he reckons 'some 20,000 people,' most of them armed, the majority of them drunk, and all without any restraint, were let loose upon the unhappy inhabitants of Badajoz. Not till the second day did Wellington march a brigade into the city, set up a gallows, and enforce order.

One bright gleam of romance shines in the dark sky of that story. On the morning after the siege, Kincaid was standing near the door of his tent, when, as he tells the tale, two Spanish ladies came hurriedly up. They had fled from the plundering horde in Badajoz; blood was trickling down their necks from their ears, whence jewels had been wrenched. The elder begged for herself and her sister the protection of British officers. Her sister was a girl of fourteen; the enthusiastic Kincaid calls her 'an angel, a being more transcendently lovely than I had ever before seen.' Protection was at once, of course, given to these ladies, and Sir Harry Smith instantly fell violently in love with the younger, and married her after a courtship to be measured in hours. The marriage was one of the happiest on record. It has left a permanent mark, indeed, on British history; for Sir Harry Smith was afterwards in command at the Cape, and 'Ladysmith' takes its name from that Spanish girl, with bleeding ears, whom Sir Harry Smith made his wife. That story is a strange pearl to be thrown up from that black sea of sack and slaughter which followed the capture of Badajoz.

(To be continued.)

THE PROSPECTIVE REVOLUTION IN SHIP PROPULSION.

By W. O. Horsnaill.

EFFECTIVE ships, both for fighting and commercial purposes, are of such vital importance to this country that most of us take some interest in any developments likely to improve the efficiency of our navy and mercantile marine. For these reasons the introduction of the steam-turbine attracted a great deal of popular attention, and its application to vessels, from the experimental *Turbinia* up to the largest ocean liners and battleships, has been closely followed by the general public.

At the present time a much more revolutionary change is in view, consisting of the abolition of steam-power altogether in favour of engines very similar to those employed to drive a motor-car, excepting that crude oil will be used instead of petrol.

Almost every one is familiar with the motor-boat, and until recently oil-engines were only considered suitable for small craft such as are used for pleasure or for ferrying and fishing. This opinion has been completely reversed during the last twelve months or more owing to improvements in oil-engines, the latter being now in every way applicable to the largest vessels.

The chief drawback to the use of large oil-engines for ship propulsion has hitherto been the difficulty of slowing them down or making them run backward so as to drive the vessel astern. Every one who has voyaged on a steamship will have noticed that the engines are run very slowly when entering a harbour or coming up alongside a quay, whilst it is often necessary to stop the vessel, or to make it go astern by reversing the engines so as to cause them to turn the propeller in the opposite direction. One hears the engine-room telegraph ringing every few seconds, which means that the speed must be changed or reversed, or that the engines must be stopped or started after each signal. It is of vital importance that these movements should be absolutely certain, as a failure to go astern at once when needed may mean serious damage to the vessel or quay. In the small motor-driven craft mentioned above these requirements are met by slipping clutches and reverse-gears exactly as is done in motor-cars, the engine being kept running in one direction all the time.

For the enormous powers used in large vessels clutches and reverse-gears are out of the question, as they cannot be made strong enough to do the work in a reliable manner. It is absolutely necessary that the engine-shaft shall be continued right through to the propeller without any loose connecting clutches or gears; hence the engine itself must be easily stopped, started, or reversed, and it must be capable of running slowly in either direction.

The large oil-engine has now been improved to such an extent that it can be handled with

more ease and certainty than a steam-engine; and, as it possesses considerable advantages over the latter in other ways, we are likely to see the universal adoption of oil-engines for the propulsion of all kinds of ships within the next decade.

The main advantages of an oil over a steam engine are the smaller amount of space occupied and the reduced attendance. Fuel will probably cost more, at any rate for vessels making long voyages. As regards space, we do away at once with the boilers and stokeholes, whilst only one-third to one-quarter the weight of fuel is needed. Then, again, the weight of an oil-engine, although considerably more than a steam-engine of equal power, is much less than the total for steam machinery when the boilers are included. These items mean that a vessel of a certain size fitted with oil-engines will carry a great deal more cargo than a steamship, hence more money will be earned without increasing the cost of insurance and other items which make up the working expenses. In fact, the latter are actually reduced owing to the saving of wages for firemen and coal-trimmers, who are not required. Furthermore, boilers involve a good deal of labour in port, as they have to be cleaned inside and out, the chipping of the scale off the interior surfaces being often a long operation. Then we have the convenience and cleanliness of taking in oil fuel, which only entails a pipe to a tank on shore in place of the shipment of coals, to the accompaniment of clouds of black dust all over the decks.

Another important advantage possessed by the oil-engine is the absence of risk to life and limb from exploding boilers or steam-pipes, many persons having been killed or injured on steamships by accidents of this nature. When we are able to add to all these good points a reduction in cost there is little room for doubt as to the universal adoption of the oil-engine in the long run.

For battleships, oil-engines are of particular value, owing to the reduction in weight, which allows of heavier guns or armament, and a greater range of action, in view of the small space occupied by the fuel; whilst last but not least is the absence of smoke. Whether the funnels will be retained is not definitely decided at present, but in any case they will be much smaller than the steamship-funnels we are accustomed to, and only invisible gas will come out of them.

That the above prediction is by no means far-fetched is proved by the work already done and in prospect. As regards naval vessels, British submarines have long since been fitted with engines using crude oil, whilst oil-engines of nine thousand horse-power are to be installed in a cruiser. Further than this, it is stated on good authority that oil-engines are being built for battleships of the Super-Dreadnought type for the British, French, and German navies. Turning to the mercantile marine, we find an ocean-going vessel of eight thousand tons being provided with oil-engines, whilst powers up to twelve hundred horse are actually in service.

Lord Furness recently commented on the introduction of the Diesel oil-engine as a development that, if the inventor's claims are made good, would revolutionise methods of propulsion in shipping. His company (Furness, Withy, and Co.) had placed an order for equipping a steamer of three thousand tons' carrying capacity with engines of the Diesel type. 'The recommendations,' he said, 'in regard to the Diesel engine are the circumstance that the weight of fuel used is but a fifth-part of that required for a first-class steam plant of equal horse-power; that, ton for ton, less stowage space is needed; and that the stowage can be accomplished in double bottoms —such as, I would point out, our own fleet possesses—leaving more cargo accommodation, which, after all, is the source of real earning power. Again, oil can be taken on board, both rapidly and cleanly, through pipes and with the minimum of labour; and further advantages arise from the saving of space usually occupied by boilers and condensers, and of the services of the men so employed.'

It is somewhat discouraging to find that continental nations are undoubtedly ahead of us in the application of oil-engines to large vessels; but it is to be hoped that sufficient development will take place in this country during the next few years to reverse this position, and place us, as we have hitherto been, in the forefront of maritime progress.

SONG OF THE ROAD.

From camp to camp I go, and pass
With caravans that slowly move;
Light breezes stir the wayside grass
And mock me and my love.

The dawn leaps golden in the east,
Warm noontide wraps the languorous flowers;
But I have learned this grace at least—
To bless, not curse the hours.

And many a sigh I strangle down,
And many a blinding tear disguise;
Only the silent night has known
My soul's dumb agonies.

So with a gallant smile I strive
To meet the storm that stings and slays;
But, ah! 'tis harder far to live
Through sunny summer days!

From camp to camp I pass, until—
These blue horizons broken through—
I loose my heart to have its will,
And run, and run to you!

C. Farmar.

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SEVENTH SERIES

ON THE TRACK OF THE LEPIDOPTERA.

By the Rev. H. C. M'Coll.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'SO you will not let me have this one for less than five hundred rupees?' The young man held in his hand a brilliantly tinted butterfly, and looked from it to the swarthy face of the Bhutia hillman and back again to the butterfly. 'You won't tell me where it is to be found either? Well, you won't get five hundred rupees for it from me.'

The young man who had thus refused the exorbitant demands of the butterfly-dealer turned away somewhat irritated. He was of middle height and well-proportioned, with the athletic bearing of one who had spent an outdoor life. He had not long been in India, having come out ostensibly after big game and incidentally to visit his cousin, a forest officer stationed in the Darjeeling Hills. At present he was staying at his cousin's bungalow, intent on adding to his collection of butterflies some of the rarer specimens to be found only on the Darjeeling Hills. Many splendid specimens of the Sikkim Lepidoptera had come to his net, and he was anxious to secure some others which his occasional dealings with the Bhutia Tsoko had led him to believe were indigenous to these hills. The Bhutia had told him that such butterflies were only to be obtained in a certain valley bordering on Tibet, and there, too, only after long searching at certain seasons of the year. More accurate information regarding them he was unable to extract from the wily dealer, who well knew that if his happy hunting-ground were exploited by the capable white man his monopoly of the market and consequent high prices would cease.

Tsoko's house, which served as storeroom for butterflies and other trophies of the woodman's craft, consisted of two little apartments constructed of bamboo, and roofed with old kerosene-tins. It was perched on the ridge of a hill, just outside of a Bhutia *bastee* (village), not far from the 'queen of hill-stations.' He and his sons carried on an extensive trade with the numerous globe-trotters who visited the district, his wares consisting of skins, butterflies, and Tibetan curios. The latter commodities he procured mostly from Germany, though his luckless customers gave prices for them which would never have been obtained for them there.

As Grey turned away from Tsoko's house in the direction of his cousin's bungalow, treading carefully over the rock-strewn hill-track, his progress was barred some few hundred yards from the ramshackle hut of the Bhutia dealer by an oncoming coolie carrying a heavy burden. As he made to pass the coolie his foot slipped on a treacherous tuft of grass, and he would have fallen heavily down the hillside had not the watchful coolie helped him to regain his footing.

'The sahib is not used to our hill-roads,' said the bland coolie, as he rested his burden on the stick which coolies always carry for that purpose on long journeys.

'You are right,' replied Grey, pressing into his helper's hand a few annas baksheesh by way of reward. 'You have evidently come a long way to-day. You are hot.' He noticed the large beads of perspiration on the man's face as he spoke.

'Yes; I have come from Chandlabari, where my master's son'—he glanced towards the dealer's house by way of enlightenment—'has been catching these trifling butterflies—little yellow ones.' The coolie volunteered the information quite glibly.

'You must be tired, then. How far is Chandlabari from here?' asked Grey sympathetically.

'About eighteen miles inside the Bhutan frontier, in the jungle bordering the eastern side of the lake there,' replied the coolie, mopping his forehead.

Grey had secured the information he wanted. The little, brilliantly tinted yellow butterflies came from Chandlabari. Anxious not to be seen by the dealer in conversation with the coolie, he salaamed to him and went his way.

On arriving at his cousin's bungalow, he quite startled that staid official by announcing that he meant to start off on the morrow for Bhutan, and requesting his cousin to procure him a pass to allow him to enter that country.

His cousin tried to dissuade him from carrying out his project. 'It might be possible to obtain a pass from the commissioner; but it is a lawless country,' he explained. 'White men are prohibited from entering it.'

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Grey, however, was bent on going, and next morning, having procured the required pass, he set out early, his baggage-coolies going on ahead.

CHAPTER II.

AS Tsoko was repacking his butterflies and loudly inveighing against the young Englishman for refusing to buy his wares, he was interrupted by the arrival of his son's baggage and the coolie. That worthy, having deposited the heterogeneous bundle, consisting of the Bhutia's wardrobe, bedding, and cooking utensils, stood meekly waiting for his wages, while the scurrilous Bhutia reproached him for loitering on the way and delaying the arrival of his precious son's belongings. He was used to his employer's little ways, however, and in answer to the reproaches hurled at him merely remarked that he was tired, and would be glad to get his wages and return to his family, from whom he had been absent many days. Tsoko, having satisfied himself that all his son's belongings were intact, and having extricated from them and taken out of its dirty wrappings of old clothes a little paper parcel, which he put carefully aside, tendered some money to the coolie.

'Have you any pice with which to give me change for this five-rupee note?' he asked. The wages amounted to some annas less than five rupees.

The coolie fumbled in his pouch for the annas he had received a few minutes previously.

Somewhat surprised at finding the man with even a pice in his possession, for rarely do they have any except for a short time after receiving wages, the Bhutia remarked in an off-hand way, 'Where did you steal the pice?'

'Oh,' answered the coolie pleasantly, 'a sahib who nearly fell down the *khud* just a few paces from here gave me them. I saved him from slipping down when his English feet were likely to have played him a trick. He gave me some baksheesh.'

'I wish he had broken his English neck, you knave! if it is that fool who was here bargaining with me a few minutes ago. What was he like?'

The coolie, giving the annas into his master's hand, and putting the five-rupee note safely into his pouch, gave a highly descriptive and not altogether flattering account of the young sahib, winding up with, 'He thought me a liar when I told him I had come here from Chandlabari in one day. These sahibs have tender feet.'

Tsoko's face clouded in anger as he listened to the last words the coolie uttered. 'You gossiping fool!' he exclaimed, 'do I pay you to tell the sahib-dog where you came from? I suppose you told him you were bringing butterflies from Chandlabari?' Then followed some candid remarks regarding the coolie's female relations, which caused the coolie to put his fingers in his ears and run out of the place.

Tsoko, still muttering to himself, began to open out the precious parcel his son had forwarded, and to gloat over the fresh specimens it contained from Chandlabari. They were sufficient to last him for a long time now. The naturalists in Vilayet (Europe) who dealt with him regularly, and the travelling sahibs who were occasionally directed to him by the hotel-keepers in Darjeeling, would have to pay him a long price for them. He was the only man who could procure them. He wondered if that hot-headed sahib who had refused to buy from him had really learned where they came from, and if so, whether he would be bold enough to go hunting them in wild Bhutan. One never knew what foolhardy things the sahibs might do. He would keep an eye on Grey sahib. If the young sahib showed any sign of attempting to poach on his preserves, he (Tsoko) knew how to circumvent him.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT morning, on his way through the bazaar, the Bhutia dealer chanced to meet a procession of village coolies trudging along under heavy loads. Accosting them, he asked where they were off to so early, and whose baggage they were carrying. His questions were barely answered, when his would-be customer of the day before came riding along. Grey salaamed to him, and chuckled to himself as the Bhutia returned his greeting in a somewhat churlish manner. He would have suppressed the chuckle had he been aware of the dastardly thoughts which were filling the Bhutia's mind. Tsoko now realised what the information gleaned from the sahib's coolies meant.

Grey rode on, finding the fresh, cool air very exhilarating as he passed the coolies and gained the open country. His road stretched for some miles along the hillside, then straggled zigzag down into the valleys. In the distance could be heard the rush of the Rungeet river as it carried along its burden from the eternal snows towering high over the Bhutan Hills to the great ocean. He had started early that he might cross the intervening valley of the Rungeet and ascend the opposite Bhutan Hills before the sun was high. An hour's riding brought him to the beginning of the descent into what might well have been called 'spiders' valley,' for these industrious creatures had chosen the whole hillside right down to the river-bed as the scene of their feats of gymnastics and web-weaving; and it was with pleasant satisfaction that Grey noticed the gaudy-winged butterflies hovering over the flowers and the dragon-flies glittering in the sunshine. The hushing notes of wood-pigeons fell on his ear, and the cool green of the river brightened into silver as it caught the sunlight.

His servant had gone on ahead to await his arrival at the Bhutan frontier, and there he found an appetising lunch awaiting him. The Indian servant 'has it written on his forehead' that he should walk so far and have everything ready for the sahib when the latter arrives, and he does so.

In the early afternoon, having rested for a couple of hours, Grey mounted his pony and proceeded on his way. The road now climbed uphill through virgin forest. Although the sun was still high, the overarching trees sheltered him from the heat. By-and-by he left the woods behind, and for some time rode through rice terraces, coming upon a straggling village here and there. The little huts which composed them had each its small vegetable-garden and plot of orange-trees, the fruit of which was just beginning to turn golden.

It took longer to reach Chandlabari than he expected. Darkness was coming on, and the crossing of the interminable, steep-banked, swiftly running mountain streams of Bhutan was beginning to tire him, when his *sais* (groom), who had been sent ahead to be ready to attend to the pony, met him, carrying a lantern to light him to the rest-house at which he had arranged to stay. While dinner was being prepared Grey sauntered up and down the veranda of the well-built rest-house, smoking a cigarette and feasting his eyes on the beautiful lake which filled the valley in front of him. The dense jungle on the eastern side of the lake rose gradually from the edge of the water for about a mile on either side of a sharp gully, down which a noisy stream poured its waters into the lake. Beyond the forest growth stretched the bare rocky hills. Within the few miles covered by that jungle were to be found the highly prized butterflies. He would work his way down from the top of the jungle to the bottom on the morrow. It was a pleasant prospect. His coolies with bedding and boxes did not arrive till midnight, and shortly after their arrival he lay down to dream of the splendid catches he would make next day.

When Grey was awakened early next morning by his servant, who brought him *chota haseri*, consisting of hot tea and toast, very welcome on opening one's eyes and feeling one's throat dry, the warm sunlight was pouring into his room. A soft tapping on the roof as of rain-drops falling led him to ask his servant if it was raining. 'It is fire-rain, sahib,' the bearer replied, looking somewhat concerned.

'Fire-rain!' exclaimed Grey, mystified. 'What do you mean?'

'There is a forest-fire, sahib. The forest on the lake-side caught fire through the night, and is burning fiercely.'

The tapping on the roof was now explained. The burning leaves and fire-sparks from the jungle were being borne by the wind all over the country-side, and as Grey sprang from his bed and looked out of the window a terrible sight met his eyes. The jungle which he had come so far to beat was on fire. The dread flames were travelling fast up the hillside, and the not uncommon sight of burning acres of good forest had attracted villagers from far and near, intent on securing as much fuel as they could carry off.

Grey gave little thought to the *chota haseri*, but dressed quickly and made off to the lake-side. As he made his way hurriedly to the scene of the conflagration, a man on horseback came galloping toward him, urging his hard-ridden horse into a break-neck pace. As the man swerved off the track and directed his steed up the steep hillside toward Government Road, Grey recognised in the horseman the tall form of a hillman dressed in the garb of a Bhutia. The fascinating sight of the fire withdrew his attention from the man. Above the clouds of smoke he could see clouds of birds evidently betaking themselves from the burning jungle to the safer slopes of the upper hills. The shriek of wild animals, panic-stricken and terrified by the oncoming flames, struck his ear and horrified him beyond measure. There could be seen a leopard springing high from one burst of flame into another, only to die in the awful heat. A huge bear, its body scorched and bleeding, scattered firebrands high above its head as it rushed frantically through the burning bush. Wild pigs could be heard squealing hysterically as they bolted hither and thither seeking safety, their cries being smothered in the rising noise of the crackling underwood. Tall trees lifting their heads in forks of flame seemed to beseech of the spirits of the air to rescue them from the awful heat. The lake itself, reflecting the lurid glare, rippled in angry wavelets of crystal fire. On the outskirts of the forest little groups of native men and women stood with bows and arrows ready to shoot whatever game might be fortunate enough to struggle out of the zone of fire. Others were tearing down goodly saplings and branches of higher trees for their own use in the *bastees* (villages). The light morning-wind bore away blackened leaves and red-glowing embers, rapidly turning white in the cooler air, to let the surrounding world know that a forest-fire was in progress. Away to the west the trail of cloudy murkiness travelled. Before many hours had passed it would settle on the higher hills, strewing the distant tea-garden and station bungalows with tell-tale fragments of the fire. In a day or two these would be carried farther afield, until all the inhabitants of Sikkim and Nepal would know that the fiery glow in the evening sky but confirmed their fears that the black messengers had come to announce a forest-fire in Bhutan.

(To be continued.)

HERALDRY: ANCIENT AND MODERN.

By W. P. W. PHILLIMORE.

HERALDRY is a subject which, in certain ranks of society, exercises a perennial interest, as witness numberless handbooks, good, bad, and indifferent—mostly the latter—which have come from the press during the last three or four hundred years. Some knowledge, indeed, of this subject, it has been stated, was formerly part of the education of every cultured gentleman. That cannot be said to be any longer the case; and yet heraldry, so far from being upon the wane, is now increasingly valued from the personal point of view by reason of the fact that it provides a permanent emblem or badge distinguishing the family to which it happens to belong. It becomes the totem of the family, and the use of a coat-of-arms tends to perpetuate its solidarity even more than the possession of the common surname. In a word, as the flag is to the nation, so is the shield-of-arms, the crest, and the motto to the family and the individual.

At intervals animated correspondence as to the right to bear arms, often conducted with much earnestness, appears in the papers, testifying abundantly to the popular interest in the subject. It may be worth while, therefore, to consider in these columns the origin in this country of heraldic emblems, their continued use through more than five centuries, and the position of heraldry in the three kingdoms at the present time.

In its origin heraldry is distinctly military in its character, and was introduced, it has been said, from the East by means of the Crusades; but space will not allow us, nor is it requisite for our purpose, to consider here its remote and obscure beginnings. Even now regiments have their distinctive badge and colours, though the individual soldier has to be content with a prosaic number embroidered upon his tunic. Much more needful was it in the Middle Ages, when men fought face to face clad in armour, for soldiers to bear some distinguishing emblems recognisable by friend and foe alike. Hence the devices painted upon the shield he carried on his arm and the crest which surmounted his helmet. Once the value of such emblems was recognised, heraldry rapidly developed and became a highly technical science, and in this development the medieval jousts and tournaments undoubtedly played a considerable part. Though thus military in its origin, the suitability of heraldry for the purposes of everyday civilian life was recognised at a very early date. The arms of the knight were painted or carved upon his effigy in the village church, they appeared upon his seal, he placed them above his doorway, and his lady embroidered them upon her mantle. Soon others besides the soldier adopted them. Corporations assumed arms and placed them upon their seals of office; whilst ecclesiastics decorated their churches with them, both wall and window, and even placed them upon their vestments. But the invention of gunpowder proved the death of heraldry as a thing of any military value; and with the Wars of the Roses, towards the end of the fifteenth century, military heraldry may be said to have ended, some two or three hundred years after its introduction into England. But civilian heraldry took a new lease of life; and from this time, during more than four centuries, it has continued as a living science, right down to our own days, through all the varying political vicissitudes of the nation. And even in Commonwealth days the College of Arms continued its duties undisturbed as an institution even by the destruction of the monarchy. True it is—and it could not be expected to be otherwise—that the progress and practice of heraldry has not been even or uniform. In Elizabethan times, and even later, heraldry is full of puerilities and overlaid with fanciful symbolism and over-elaborate technicality; while in the eighteenth century intricate designs, often pictorial in character and quite unsuitable to the simplicity demanded by sound heraldry, were too common. And somewhat similar objection may be taken to much of the Victorian heraldry of the past century.

One modern writer has asserted that the golden age of heraldry ended with the fifteenth century, and that its continuance to our day is an anachronism and a mere archaic survival. Doubtless heraldry would then have ceased to exist but for two, if not three, factors: its adaptability for civilian purposes; the hereditary character which was introduced into its practice at a very early date; and the claim of the Crown, as the fountain of honour, to regulate its use. Consequently heraldry survived, and now by long-established usage, which forms part of English common law, and in Scotland indeed is a creature of the statutes, only those armorial bearings which are derived either directly or indirectly from the Crown through the king's officers of arms can be regarded as having any legal authority whatever. All others, to use a convenient colloquialism, are merely bogus. Two well-known modern writers, not altogether unacquainted with the art of mutual log-rolling, have essayed in recent years to set up 'prescriptive' rights to arms, and to show that individuals may of their own will adopt what arms they please. But the value of this pleading for heraldic anarchism is much discounted by the fact that both writers in question have themselves been users of bogus coats-of-arms. However, whatever their views may be, the statement that arms to be borne lawfully must originate in grant or allowance by the king's

officers of arms must be regarded as settled law. Bogus coats-of-arms stand in exactly the same position as bogus titles.

The prevalence in times past of bogus heraldry has been largely due to the absence of any authoritative list of arms by which the legality of a coat-of-arms can be readily determined. Several industrious authors, such as Edmondson, Berry, and Burke, published alphabetical lists of arms, of which the best known is the *General Armory* by the last-named writer; but these books all labour under the disadvantage that, save in exceptional cases, they do not distinguish between lawful arms and those that are unauthorised. Many of the arms in these books are quite unknown to the officers of arms, and not a few of them are merely misreadings of ancient lawful coats, for it is well known to antiquaries that in course of time the colours of a coat-of-arms upon an old monument alter through atmospheric or other influence. The gilding will peel off, blue will darken and be read as black, and so supposed variant forms will be noted by the antiquary, and thus find their way as genuine coats into the various armorial lists, sooner or later, it may be, to be appropriated by new people having no better title thereto than a similarity of surname. Of late years there has been an improvement in this respect, for Sir James Balfour Paul, the present Lyon King of Arms, has issued an *Ordinary of Arms*, containing a list of all coats-of-arms recorded in the Lyon Office, so that, for Scotland at least, there is now no difficulty in ascertaining whether any particular coat is lawful in its origin. As regards Ireland, Burke's *General Armory* serves much the same purpose, though the Irish grants of arms are hidden away amid a mass of irrelevant entries; for its author was Ulster King of Arms, and had full access to the records of that office. For England, the only reliable guide at present existing to the authorised arms of that country is *Armorial Families*, compiled by Mr Fox-Davies, which is an alphabetic dictionary of living persons known to be lawfully entitled to bear arms. It is not an exhaustive list of English armory, for it excludes arms which are not in use at the moment, and also those which have become extinct; but, as regards the modern period, each new edition approximates to completeness.

The result of continued discussion of this subject, and the publication of lists from time to time of authoritative arms, have familiarised the public with the fact that there is a very real distinction between lawful arms and those which are merely bogus, and consequently there is a growing disinclination to use arms without due authority for doing so. Moreover, the question has been discussed more than once in recent years in the Court of Chancery, where it has been decided that arms to be borne lawfully must be by a proper grant from a proper authority, notably in the cases of Joicey-Cecil and Croxon.

Modern heraldic grants show a praiseworthy tendency to avoid the complexity which is so marked a characteristic of those which belong to the eighteenth century, and to revert rather to the simpler and bolder style in vogue in earlier periods. This is an important consideration, for coats-of-arms have often to be reproduced on a very small scale.

So far from heraldry being a mere archaic survival, as is alleged by some users of bogus coats-of-arms, whose vain pretensions are not recognised at Heralds' College, more coats-of-arms are now annually granted than has been the case at any earlier period; and it is not the fact that arms are granted for mere payment of fees to all and sundry who may apply for them. Applicants must be of a suitable rank of life. To some, such as Justices of the Peace and members of the learned professions, arms will be assigned as a matter of course; to others they will, with equal certainty, be at once denied. There is no hard-and-fast line, and the question of eligibility of any one seeking a grant rests wholly with the king's officers of arms. It is rightly regarded as a mark of distinction, and the possession of a coat-of-arms is an indication that the family to which it belongs has attained a definite social position.

The procedure for obtaining a grant of arms varies slightly in each of the three kingdoms, and so does the amount of the fees required, these being highest in England and lowest in Ireland. Here it must suffice to describe the procedure in England. The applicant, having first assured himself that no exception will be taken to him on the ground of his social position, presents a memorial to the Earl Marshal, whose assent to the grant being made has been requisite since 1568. The Earl Marshal then issues a warrant to the Kings of Arms to grant a coat-of-arms and crest accordingly; and in due course the grant, engrossed on vellum, with an illumination of the arms assigned, will be issued to the applicant. The designing of a coat-of-arms is a task which, simple as it may seem, requires some expert knowledge as well as a certain amount of artistic feeling, and a candidate for arms will, as a rule, find it necessary to employ professional help if he is to obtain a satisfactory result. His choice of a new coat is limited by the very obvious requirement that it must not clash with any existing grant. That it is not always easy to avoid this will be realised when the reader learns that in Scotland alone there are known to be nearly six thousand grants, and obviously in England the number is far larger. What, then, governs the forming of a new coat-of-arms? The heralds largely favour what are known as 'canting' arms, those which are allusive, which chant or sing out some allusion to the bearer's name. For example, the Shelleys bear three shells, while Metcalf has calves upon his shield. For Hart obviously a hart tripping—or trippant,

as the heralds say—upon a field *vert* would be appropriate. Of course the allusiveness may not always be so obvious, as in the case of a Carter grant in which a quatrefoil appears. Failing this allusiveness to the name, the shield may refer to the grantee's profession, as when ermine appears in a judge's coat-of-arms, in a bishop's a crosier, or when the wand of Æsculapius is given to a surgeon, or the Roman fasces appear on the shield of a Lord Mayor. At other times the charges on his shield may be based on the arms of the town with which the applicant is associated. Similar rules are applicable to crests and mottoes. The eminent tramway engineer the late Sir J. Clifton-Robinson had for his crest a winged wheel, with the motto, '*Ex fulgure celeritas;*' while '*Per montem ad altiora*' is the motto of the Hill family. Often the motto will have even closer reference to the name, as in the medieval examples of '*Ne vile velis*' for Nevile, '*Pie reponete*' for Pierrepont, and '*Ver non semper viret*' for Vernon. Sometimes arms have reference to the past history of a family. Thus a son of a distinguished Indian botanist appropriately introduced into his coat-of-arms the Indian plant *Roxburghia*, which his father had discovered. And many other examples of like nature might be adduced.

A characteristic of heraldry is the large survival, even more than in law, of medieval French terms in the description or blazoning of coats-of-arms. This survival lends a picturesque quaintness to heraldic language which most of us would be sorry to see altered; although one modern writer who is responsible for the heraldic descriptions in the *Victorian County Histories*, with a pedantic patriotism, insists upon writing gold and silver instead of the accustomed *or* and *argent*. So far the patriots of Ireland and Wales have not followed his example, and the gentry of these two countries are still content that their arms should be described in that mixture of English and Norman-French which is the peculiarity of the technical language of the heralds.

Modern heraldry, then, has followed a course of natural development. Military in its origin, it is now essentially of civilian interest and importance. A shield-of-arms with its crest forms a convenient emblem for the use of any family of established position, which may be used in a variety of ways familiar to all of us. It has no political significance, and Liberals and Conservatives alike in increasing numbers find their way to Heralds' College.

Just as the House of Lords, in its origin dating back many centuries, is now almost entirely composed of peers of modern creation, so it is with the gentlemen of coat-armour. Probably six out of seven grants in use at the present day are of the eighteenth or nineteenth century in their origin. Those which are older are few indeed, and naturally the possession of a coat-of-arms dating back to Tudor or Plantagenet days is highly prized by its owner as evidence of the stability of his family and proof of its long continuance in the land. Nevertheless the difference between such a coat and one granted last year is merely that of relative seniority. The newest grant must also in time become an ancient and valued family possession. The desire to possess a definite family symbol is surely no mean or ignoble ambition, and that desire sufficiently accounts for the continuance of heraldry as a living science even to this twentieth century.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER V.—MISS DUNNING.

THE funeral of Joshua Tooting was an event, though a melancholy one, in the neighbourhood in which he had for a generation been so important and at the same time so obscure a personality; so that, if the Common had never much regarded the man, it recognised the duty of paying respect to his memory.

The cortège of carriages that followed the hearse to the cemetery was, therefore, a respectable one; but there were no mourners. A few friends who had known him longest—Dr Black, Mr Moore, Mr Roper—supplied their place. Mr Grimesey also thought it right to be there; and if any person had known his anxieties on the edge of ruin two days previously, his assured and easy look on the present occasion would have been interesting. However it had been done, Mr Grimesey had shouldered his troubles aside.

One wreath of flowers, gathered from the old garden by Hilda Roper, lay on the coffin, the only tribute of affection. After the coffin was taken from the hearse and laid by the graveside, another wreath was placed beside Hilda's by an unknown and unseen hand. Nobody noticed it for two or three minutes, nor could any one then surmise whence it came. It did not matter, and no more was thought about the incident.

As the coffin was being lowered, with the few friends standing nearest the grave, a cab from the station drove up to the cemetery gate. A tall gentleman stepped from it, a pale and stern-looking man, and approached. The outside of the gathering made way for him, and he nodded recognition to the two or three at the graveside; after which he stood, with uncovered head, looking down at the coffin. It was Mr Meredith, the solicitor. After a minute or two he put on his hat, nodded again, and went back to his cab

and was driven home. Mr Meredith had only arrived in time to see the last of his old client.

'We only expected him this evening,' said Mr Moore, the partner, as they walked slowly away; 'he must have left Paris last night.'

'He knows about the will of course?' inquired the doctor.

'Yes, he was informed at once; it couldn't have surprised him in the least, I should imagine, and when writing he made no comment upon it, merely telling me to do nothing until he returned.'

'To do nothing?'

'In the way of preparing for probate, you know—such as valuations and the like.'

'How much was Tooting worth, have you any idea?' Dr Black asked with natural interest.

'I should say the real estate and personalty are equal to over seventy thousand in all.'

'Dear me,' said the doctor, 'what a fortunate woman! I believe I will put my girl out to nursing. We shall soon be hearing of the lady's engagement, and she is a fine woman.'

This was growing uncomfortable for Mr Colam Roper, but worse was about to follow.

'You need not wait longer for that special news,' remarked Mr Grimesey with a smile of difficult meaning. 'The lady is virtually, if not actually, already engaged.'

'Eh!—that was quick work,' exclaimed Mr Moore, looking at the speaker. 'Who is the fortunate man?'

'A City man—Mr Felix Fitz. I fancy he had some acquaintance down this way. Miss Dunning,' he added dryly, 'as much as admitted the fact to me this morning.'

A silence fell, a silence of astonishment and pain. Colam Roper was present; he was their neighbour, and the thing not only hit him hard, but was a wrong and an insult to his daughter, the Common's general favourite. There was a mystery of deceit in the intelligence which gave additional colour to it. Mr Grimesey appeared desirous of saying a word or two more, but his sleeve was plucked and a caution whispered in his ear.

'I am so sorry!' he said aside to Mr Moore; 'but I was ignorant of it. How very sad!'

Mr Colam Roper took the first opportunity to leave the others, and when he was gone Mr Grimesey found it convenient to take his departure also. Mr Moore and Dr Black showed no further interest in his information or in his company.

'I tell you what, Moore,' said the doctor after the man had gone, 'I am regularly dumfounded!'

'If true, it's an ugly business. Was not Fitz engaged to Roper's girl?'

'That was so. Of course she has broken it off. Fancy their meeting—the nurse and Fitz—at Waterloo Station the day she went off after the opening of the will, and driving home together! My girl and Hilda Roper actually passed them in the street. Poor Roper must feel it badly; but I don't think Hilda is very sorry.'

'I thought it a shame to give the girl to a man twice her age.'

'So did I. The child didn't care a straw for him, and was just trying to please her father. Well, I am dumfounded!' Dr Black repeated. 'I always had suspected the solicitor himself.'

'Grimesey?'

'Grimesey. The nurse brought him there to draw up the will. Why did he play the trick of coming between the two appointed hours when there was no one there? And I tell you this, Moore, that young woman had something on her nerves the day Grimesey was doing the will. She kept out of his way when it was done, and I saw her and observed her afterwards. She had something on her nerves. If it had been Grimesey, now, she was engaged to'——

Mr Moore laughed. 'Then the conclusion would be obvious,' he said, 'that between them they were—doing something? But it's another man.'

'Even so, I am not satisfied. I can't make the thing out at all. I wonder what Meredith will think of the whole business?'

'Ah!' said the partner seriously, 'we must wait and see.'

Mr Moore knew his senior well, and had in his mind a certain rigidity of look in Mr Meredith's face in the cemetery. He did not allude to it in his conversation with Dr Black. 'We must wait,' he repeated, 'until Meredith has gone into matters.'

There was one individual who, from behind the others in the cemetery, had observed Mr Meredith's face with deep interest and scrutiny. This was Mr Grimesey. But if the object was to discover any clue to the solicitor's thoughts, no mask was more impenetrable. Grimesey abandoned the attempt, and sat in the corner of the carriage on his return to London speculating on what might happen. He had more than that to dwell upon, as will presently be seen, in the memory of a recent encounter of wits between Miss Dunning and himself. Mr Grimesey regarded it as a drawn battle, in which each combatant had been heavily hit.

After the scene between Roper and Fitz at her door, Miss Dunning realised her altered position. She was shrewd enough to guess pretty nearly the motives that had aggravated Mr Roper to such a degree—the feelings of a lover and of a father. Which were in the ascendant mattered nothing now. Miss Dunning did not know that Mr Fitz should have been keeping an appointment with his fiancée when he met her in the cab accident. She did not know that Hilda Roper, returning with her friend to Waterloo Station, saw them both in the hansom-cab driving in the opposite direction. But without those telling evidences she was near enough to the truth. Mr Roper believed that the man who was engaged to his daughter was in pursuit of new and higher

game—Miss Dunning knew her own value—and, meeting him as he did, he thrashed him.

The consequences of that encounter were as easy to imagine as its causes. There would be no further relations between her and Mr Roper, or between Mr Fitz and Roper's daughter. Neither result brought her any regret. Mr Roper was very well as a suitor when she had been a penniless nurse—she respected his disinterestedness and appreciated his generosity—but in her altered circumstances he was out of the question. His daughter was nothing at all to her. As far as the girl and her father were concerned, Mr Fitz and Miss Dunning had both burned their boats, and were, in a manner, left on the same island. What would come next?

Mr Fitz was now free, and Miss Dunning felt that, in regard to herself, he needed but a little encouragement. Their introduction had been interesting to her as well as to him. Until he gave her his card she did not know him. He was a handsome man, and the emotion of the occasion made her impressionable. He had looked much more than he had ventured even to hint, and had shown the same manner during his call that afternoon. No man could have been more deferential; but there is a deference which a woman can see beneath; and she gave him credit for a disinterestedness in one respect to which he had no claim. She believed he was ignorant of her newly acquired fortune.

Whilst Mr Felix Fitz was the only man she as yet knew since the change in her fortunes of a type and station calculated to meet her ideal, the lady was by no means disposed to encourage him now that he would be free to worship at her shrine. Mr Roper had been very precipitate if he included her in the scope of his resentment. She was not sorry to be relieved of Mr Roper, though she would have preferred some other mode of liberation; but she had not smiled upon Mr Fitz. She might yet do so; but, notwithstanding Mr Fitz's thoughts on the subject—although he met her approval in the abstract, and had placed her under a special obligation to him—she was not yet prepared to receive him as an admirer. His engagement to Hilda Roper was too recent, for one thing; and her own accession to wealth bore the same character.

She was thinking a good deal about Mr Fitz nevertheless; which, if he knew it, was not unhopeful for him, perhaps, in view of what the future might bring. And he did not suffer in her estimation by a note she received from him while she was thus occupied. It was written from his chambers:

'Dear Miss Dunning,—I am compelled to apologise beforehand for my inability to call tomorrow, as you permitted me, with the books. I shall have to remain within doors for a day or two undergoing repair after Mr Roper's handling of me.

'I am so distressed the incident should have happened at your door, from causes—whatever they may be, I am entirely ignorant of them—with which you could have no possible concern. I am afraid the man had been drinking.—Yours sincerely, Felix Fitz.'

It was a delicately worded letter, the letter of a gentleman. Such was Miss Dunning's opinion of it. It made her feel more tenderly towards him, as though his mishap at Colam Roper's hands, and his way of describing it, gave Mr Fitz a certain claim upon her.

Next day Miss Dunning received—along with the books he was unable to bring in person—another note from Mr Fitz which caused her to feel that she did owe him something. But before delivering it let us see why it was written.

Mr Fitz kept his rooms next morning, and sent to the office for his private letters. Mr Johnson came with them himself, and then had a general outline of the occurrence of the preceding day. In his own mind he felt that Fitz deserved the thrashing, and on general principles was glad that he received it. 'You are not much damaged,' he remarked. The only visible injury was a bruise over the left eye. 'Here are your letters, one a registered packet.'

Mr Fitz opened this with a not eager hand, as though knowing its contents. An engagement-ring dropped from the envelope, which Mr Johnson picked up from the floor and inspected with silent curiosity, while Mr Fitz read the brief note accompanying it: 'Miss Roper returns Mr Felix Fitz his ring, and regards her engagement at an end.' Though anticipated, it was by no means a pleasant message.

'So it's off, I perceive,' said Mr Johnson, handing the ring to his friend; 'but why did you deny it to me yesterday?'

'Did I? Upon my word, I forget; my mind was full of other and more important matters.'

Mr Johnson was offended, and remarked with assumed concern, 'I hope the girl will not suffer much on account of it.'

'You needn't be anxious about her, Johnson.'

'Well, I am not, Fitz. I suppose it was on account of the row yesterday? I don't want to question you about your private affairs.'

'The fact was, the old man was head and ears in love with the nurse. If she had remained a nurse he would doubtless have married her, or asked her to marry him; and when the stroke of fortune raised her beyond his reach he lost control of himself. I was unlucky enough to be the first to come in his way.'

'He met you coming out of her house. But how long have you known her? I confess I'm puzzled.'

'Oh, I forgot. I have known the lady just two days. I helped her in a cab accident the

day before yesterday, and yesterday merely called to make inquiries.'

'I see.' Mr Johnson remembered the careful preparation his partner made for the visit. 'Well,' he added with a shrug, 'I wish you good-fortune in your new speculation.'

'I am engaged in no speculation, Johnson,' said Fitz with a little warmth.

'Sorry to suggest it so soon, Fitz, after the other affair. But you are a man of business, like myself. At any rate,' he added with a smile which annoyed the other man as much as the words, 'you will let the lady know of the interesting consequence of your visit to her yesterday? She ought to know the full measure of what she owes to you, Fitz. A statement of account is always good business, it speaks so quietly for itself.'

Mr Fitz deigned no reply to this, and turned to a discussion of their joint business affairs. With these we have no concern. But when, after an hour, Mr Johnson departed for the City, Mr Fitz did what he suggested. To a short note, sending Miss Dunning the books, and expressing the hope to be able to see her again soon, he added by way of postscript: 'Miss R. has returned my ring, and broken off the engagement!'

The 'note of exclamation' was meant to speak for itself. Miss Dunning quite understood its signification, and the effect was much in Mr Fitz's favour. And she knew the purport of that postscript as well as if Felix Fitz had written: 'I am now free from a tie that I no longer wanted, and at liberty to hope for a worthier object.'

Miss Dunning's mother was with her when the note came, and she asked, 'Is he better this morning, Etta?'

'Apparently so, mother, as he hopes soon to call again.'

'I feared he was killed! Who was the man, Etta, and what was his quarrel?'

Miss Dunning thought a moment, and decided to give her mother one-half of the explanation. 'Mr Fitz was engaged to his daughter. Meeting him leaving here, he believed Mr Fitz was—acting dishonourably.'

'You mean in love with you, Etta?' said the plain-spoken woman.

'Mr Fitz could not understand his motives, but was of opinion he had been drinking.'

'Then he will be sorry to-day, I suppose.'

'On the contrary, they have broken off the engagement, Mr Fitz informs me.'

'Oh, have they? And does he care much, Etta?'

'It does not seem so,' said Miss Dunning, smiling.

Mrs Dunning noticed the smile. Without a taint of evil in her nature, it was Captain Dunning's ill-judged marriage with a social inferior that hastened his downfall, and left their daughter to fight the world for herself, half a gentlewoman, but wholly friendless. Poor Mrs Dunning had a confused sense of being personally responsible for the misfortune of her daughter's position in life; and being in a certain awe of the young woman, she never intruded upon her confidence.

'Dear me, Etta,' she exclaimed, after a minute's reflection on that smile and its possible meaning, 'perhaps he will make up to you now! But then, my dear, are you not good enough now for a lord, with your beauty, and your ways, and all your money?'

'The lords, mother, might need my money more than myself—which makes the difference.'

'I 'm thinking of Mr Grimesey, Etta,' said the elder lady after a pause; 'it will be a disappointment to him. Not that he would now expect you to have him—think of asking you, I mean—for of course you might take him if you liked. But all the time you were away, when he came regularly every Sunday to take a cup of tea with me, he would tell me how he was getting on, and talk about you. He seemed to think the time would never come when he could speak to you!'

'It never could, mother, and never will,' said her daughter indifferently. 'Mr Grimesey is only an adventurer in his profession. I have long known that he would never succeed.'

'Poor fellow! I think, Etta, you might give him a helping hand, now you are able to do it. He is in trouble, I happen to know.'

'Money trouble, of course?'

'Oh, what else? I don't know what it is, but I suspect it 's pretty bad.'

'When I get the money I may help him; but he will be in the same trouble again. You may tell Mr Grimesey I will help him.'

From Miss Dunning's manner of speaking it might be thought—as Mrs Dunning thought—that Mr Grimesey was thus disposed of. In truth, however, Miss Dunning knew otherwise. Mr Grimesey was not a man to be so easily disposed of. An adventurer in his profession he certainly was, with little standing except amongst gambling financiers, and not much character. But he was a clever and daring man, to be in whose power would cause most men discomfort.

Was Miss Dunning in any manner in Mr Grimesey's power? That was the one question she now had to think about, the one anxiety to be cleared from her prosperous path.

They—her mother and she—had known Mr Grimesey several years, and he was more acquainted with the mother than with the daughter. The latter was much away following her profession, and when at home an instinctive distrust of him kept her aloof from the young solicitor. She knew of his ambition, which was to ask her to be his wife as soon as he attained adequate success. She knew that he admired

and wished to possess her. There was no love; he had known her too long. Miss Dunning did not feel called upon to check an aspiration which never was intruded upon her, but she had little faith in him. Still, there was no knowing what might happen, and it was allowed to go on. Now their relations were altered, and more than once she asked herself whether he would expect her to be generous enough to reward his fidelity. Some women did that kind of thing; but Henrietta Dunning was not one of the class. She must be ready to answer him if he showed signs of any such hope or expectation. This would be easy to do if her mind were quite assured about him. She was in great fear that a disappointment of his hopes might drive him to disclose his power. She had discerned danger in his eyes when, after her return from Sandfields Common, he discovered that Mr Fitz had been doing the hero on her behalf, and had taken her home.

It had not been for nothing she betrayed these symptoms of nervousness noticed by Dr Black the day Grimesey drew up Joshua Tooting's will. She now sent a message to Grimesey asking him to call that evening. The thing must be got off her mind before another day. Grimesey had a letter of hers which she must get into her hands. It was the letter in which she had summoned him to The Roost to prepare the will.

Miss Dunning lay down to brace herself with a rest for a contest which she feared. She would need all her nerve and wit to deal with Grimesey. She knew he would come prepared for the encounter. To subdue her nervousness she took a strong tonic stimulant before he came.

'Mother,' she said, 'Mr Grimesey is coming just now on business, and I wish to be alone with him. Do not forget, mother.'

'Very well, Etta. And are you going to tell him,' she asked anxiously, 'that you will not marry him now?'

'I could not tell him so before he proposed,' said Miss Dunning.

'I know, of course; but if he does?'

'But he won't,' replied the daughter decisively. 'There, don't trouble about it.'

Mrs Dunning—they kept no servant—went to answer the bell. Presently Mr Grimesey's voice was heard on the stairs, and the nurse drew a deep breath. She was standing when he entered the room. Miss Dunning was familiar with the phases of his countenance, and she knew at a glance, from his eyes and his smile, that he was conscious of his power.

(To be continued.)

THE BIGGEST GAME IN THE WORLD.

PART II.

UP in Norway several steam-whalers have had sea-water and daylight let into them by careless whales; and a whale here, some years ago, when the industry was new, took offence at being fired at, and flew at the innocent little steamer (seventy tons against a ninety-five-foot boat) with jaws wide open (so I was told), and generally chewed up rails and superstructures, so that the owners hardly knew it when it came back to Shetland. Though whales are not in the habit of behaving like this, I myself experienced a mild charge last year. Possibly the charge was unintentional, but certainly the whale came straight at our starboard bow, and Amundsen, at the gun, had to be very quick indeed to swing and depress it, and shoot at six yards; and even then the whale came on and struck a dead whale we had alongside, and then it struck our little ship in the ribs a considerable dunt. A little harder (say twice) and we should have had to row home a hundred miles in the boats—rather a come-down from steaming the wide seas o'er on our up-to-date little whaler, the *Haldane* of Colla Firth. My own experiences of thrills are perhaps only beginning. A few nights ago I certainly got one. A whale we fired at bounced up in front of us about eight feet, I think, out of the water, and about six feet from our bow. Six feet our way and there would have been a smash; and *if* another whale had pulled a little harder when it suddenly changed from towing us forward to towing us astern we might have been quite upset, whereas we were only half-seas-over. But, alas! there was a really very sad and dreadful experience here two years ago. Torp, a good fellow and harpooner, fired at a whale, and the harpoon ricochetted, and three hundred and eighty-five grammes driving a one and a half hundredweight harpoon burst the five-inch cable, and one end wound round the gunner and broke him horribly from head to foot; yet he lived two days, and fourteen ounces of chloroform would not kill the Viking. Then, too, you sometimes get sunk whilst whaling. Casperg, a master-gunner in Ronas Voe Station, told me that he went down into his cabin with pipe and tobacco-pouch in hand, and felt himself kicking the rock with his sea-boats under the kelp before he had time to strike a light! He came up all right, but four of his crew stayed down. That was in South Atlantic. And my friend Sorensen, engineer of the *Haldane*, told me comfortingly last year, as we chatted in the warm engine-room one dismal, dark, rough night, when we were trying to find land, that on his last whaling-trip to Iceland, in making land in a gale of snow and wind,

'on a night like this,' he suddenly observed a large rock protrude itself through his engine-room floor, which finished his trip for that year. 'Yes, yes, two tree skip do so,' he said. The wonder really is that more accidents are not met with. The whale's head is such a weight of bone that the pointed mass on the upper jaw, meeting the huge bent bones of the lower, makes a most formidable ram.

Another close shave there was the other day. A—— tried to lance a whale in its death-struggle from the little steamer's bows. I have seen this tried before without success. On this occasion the whale raised its huge flipper and swung it across the gun, which was loaded with the harpoon on it, so that its muzzle was thrown round so heavily that the harpoon was shot out on deck and the shell exploded. No one was hurt, but A——'s oilskin coat had a large hole torn in it between his legs. And so on.

By 8 P.M. we had eaten our whale-steak (meals are at any hour or no hour when you are whaling), discussed the latest type of whaler, Captain Larsen's three-gun boat, and had given up that wily old dodger of a finner, and now we peg away over the blue sea to the N.E. The sun swings round with us to dip quite near the north, whilst we wait and rest awhile till it comes up again in a few hours to form our gallery. True, we have another companion beside the few petrels. The *Busta*, our sister-ship, one of Mr Salvesen's four whalers, is in the offing. She also has a whale alongside; we can make it out with the glasses as she rises over a blue surge. And as I write, far to the west I descry an almost invisible smoke—I hope a boat of my company—the *Alexandra*, that is to say—the company in which I hold a very few shares which have not paid so far, but are going to do wonders this year and next if these Socialist M.P.'s don't tax us into another country or put further meaningless restrictions on our praiseworthy efforts.

At 9.30 the sun slants below the horizon and the colour-display begins toning down to soft, warm light in the north, and violet in the south and west. It is very still—the only sound the surge of the water over the white-ribbed flounces of our whale's underside as it tows alongside. We speak little. There is the skipper and the man at the wheel on the bridge, and one above us in the crow's-nest. The rest are sleeping below. It is the romantic, beautiful time at sea; formality goes; we talk a little of home, and families we have, or may have; and the night as it were just droops her golden eyes, and in a very little while raises them on another day, blue and fresh as ever, and we begin another day's hunting, to get, if we can, one more whale to tow to our harbour in the south, there to provide work and pay for Shetlanders and Norwegians, food for Danes and ourselves, and fertilisers for farmers' crops and cattle, each of which subjects could not be treated of with less than a page of this magazine for itself. But one word I may be allowed here for your readers who are interested in growing vegetables and in cattle-foods. For both these purposes the cooked and ground-down whale meat and bone is invaluable, and it costs about one-sixth of ordinary fertilisers. But beware; don't use it for the latter purpose without digging it into the soil. The gardener of my friends at Dunmore did so—put it on top of soil in a vinery, and was 'maist astonished.' 'Ma gosh, maister,' he said, 'you'd ha'e thocht I'd planted pussy-cats!' it was so mouldy. And the same worthy used it properly for turnips, dug it in, and exhibited the result at the local show—and he was not successful. The judge said, 'Man, it's turnips is the exheebut. Yon's no' turnips. They're far ower big.'

6.30.—A cool, sunny morning, with rolling, glassy gray swell, and warmer. We are in tow of a large finner. We began to hunt a herd at 5.30. It has taken five hundred yards out with several rapid rushes, and there's a smell of the burning wood of the brakes. It is very quiet. Jensen has come up beside me at the wheel. I noticed that after the shot he again rubbed his nose with the red handkerchief—a little nervous touch. The whale blows occasionally and turns the swell into white and red. It looks as if we must lance it from the small boat, or get another harpoon in. It was a most interesting chase; five monsters blowing half a mile apart seemed quite a crowd. We got in between two feeding, and after an hour's hunt altogether one rose a few yards to starboard. Jensen refused it coolly, waiting for the bigger one behind to come up in front, to the left; and mercifully it did—slowly. You could see down its blow-hole, then its great back came out, and into, I think, its last ribs the harpoon went, and at the wheel we were all in smoke and tow. The smoke cleared and the wads lay in the swelling vortex the monster left, and then the line rushed. Who can describe the heart-stopping thrill as the monster breaks the surface within shot? Only perhaps the dry-fly man; he must experience exactly the same in a minute degree.

We must lance—an eighteen-foot spear is the lance, half-iron, half-wood. The pram is swung out; Jensen and two lads get in, and it is dropped half on top of our dead whale, and slides off somehow. Jensen is handed the lance, and away they go, double sculls, in sight and out, over the glassy rollers. The whale is six hundred yards away, or more, and wandering from left to right. And ahead it seems as if it would be a long business to get into reach, and the swell is so deep that the lancing may be done out of our sight.

It is a quarter to eight when we finally get the tail up to our port bow and go off easterly. We must be seventy miles N.E. of the Shetland Isles.

The lancing was exciting. The finner was not so badly damaged as we thought, but the lance got in twice. The second time it was twisted out of Jensen's hand; after that the whale spouted at intervals little jets of blood like ink. But to cut the yarn short, our harpoon finally drew out, having only partially entered even at such close range, and by an extraordinary piece of luck we got in a second harpoon before the whale went down, which finished, probably, the only serious worldly trouble the female leviathan had ever known. Somehow they seem such good beasts, and have such kind brown eyes—nothing of the fish in them; and their colouring is that of all the sea—the white under water is the green of the foot of icebergs; the gray back is dove-colour, reflecting the blue of the sky; and the white of their underside is as the white of a kid glove, with the faintest pink beneath—so white that it makes the sea-foam look gray as it washes across it to and fro.

First whale, fifty-four feet, say fifty tons, twenty-five to thirty barrels of oil—oil sells at between three pounds to three pounds ten shillings per barrel—plus value of flesh and bone. Second whale, seventy feet—say forty barrels of oil—value of bone and flesh quite a lot. The best valuation is the average of big and small whales through several seasons, which pans out, I believe, at ninety-five pounds per whale.

The second whale was a bull 'fish,' according to S. Johnston, and the dark colouring came farther over the white corduroy waistcoat than in the female. It is curious how the gray colour blends into the white just as if it were drawn with pencil on ivory in perfect imitation of hair; from a few yards you think it is hair, for its formation so resembles the lie of hair on other mammals. But we must keep off speculations about the whale's pedigree, opinions, and domestic life. It is a hugely fascinating subject. I only wish Mr Editor would invite me to write it up, so much authentic and startlingly new facts have been gathered since this modern whaling began. For example, a whale was killed last year 'wid six leetle children in it.' This horrified a Shetland lady in whose hearing a polite Norseman made the relation; but that six embryos there were is a proved fact.

It was gray all day, gray sky reflected in lavender-gray water, the surface hardly indicated till an endless shoal of dolphins came out from a cloud-shadow in the east. They were pretty enough to watch, but we had little time, for two finners led us miles here and there over the ocean, but eluded us ever; we had little chance of circumventing them by reason of our two whales in tow. We gave them up and went after spouts, like cannon-shots against the dark rain-cloud to the east; and this time cleared ourselves of our bag, slipped the heavy chains, fastened a buoy with a tall flag to the two bodies, and left them in charge of the Molly Mawks. But the family of *seihvales* we pursued were very wide awake, and though we pursued them for weary hours we never got quite in shot, though dozens of times we whispered to ourselves, 'Now, a certain shot!' So with more trouble we took our two whales in tow again, and left the gulls lamenting; already they had begun to pick away the delicate whale-skin. Then we 'up sticked' and steered away south-west to the sunny part of the sea, and dozed comfortably as we went our best speed—about six knots—for home. A fisherman is not to be pitied coming home with seventy tons to port and sixty to starboard, with the sense of comfort and well-being that comes, after the first hardening day at sea, in enjoying the pure air and the scent of roasting coffee. They do you well on Norwegian boats. As we imbibe the coffee and think our sport is over we come into warmer weather; a froth of soft, white-and-gray clouds reflected in the swell, two whalers on the horizon, and finners in sight. So it 's all alive-o! Off with the gun's coverings. We may have a third whale to show the girls on shore (if there are any). And we chased these too in the silky silence of that space of sea and air and reflections of fairy lands of softest, most pearly clouds, with only a spot of frosted blue to give force to the faintest yellow, the only sound the soft *thrum-thrum* of our subdued screw-beat and the occasional surge as we crushed down on the glassy swell, and every now and then the great, deep, deep sigh of the seventy-ton finners rising in front, alas! always just out of reach. One of the whales bore a scar where we think a harpoon had glanced off. The *Fritjiof*, a neighbour whaler, also occupied this ocean chamber a few miles off, and quietly went about in tow of a whale; we saw her fire one shot and noted the colour of the smoke, blue against her hull, fading to rusty brown across the sky. She had four lines into the beast when we called on her later and chatted across the swell to the harpooner.

Now we have again picked up our prey, and are toddling home five to six miles an hour at full steam, and ought to be in by dinner-time to-morrow, Wednesday—that is, twelve o'clock.

Wednesday morning, it is—it must be! But it seems months since Wednesday last week. Yesterday seemed a week, with its endless gallery of magnificent sky and sea pictures. Now there is time for a shave and a wash in the sun on the top of the engine-house. What intense luxury! What joy to sit and shave and be unconscious of the roll! How superior we feel compared to the townsmen who left Leith a week ago? There 's the rush and sound of many waters over our whales on either side, the largest a little less than our own length. All hands have an easy time. It takes two watches down the Shetland shore to our station, and no whales about. Of course the land is clouded, and we regret that sunny

chamber to the north and east of Shetland. I speak to Jensen as we pass the western cliffs, and he verifies my experience. To the north-west you come against dark hangings of rain, north-east you are in sun, back to land, and you are in clouds again. No wonder that sunny, crystalline stretch of sea a hundred miles north of Flugga light calls to one in town to go a-whaling.

THE END.

RECOLLECTIONS OF COLINTON MANSE.

By A. R. DAVIES.

MARGARET McKERROW, the Ayrshire servant, whose recollections of and correspondence with the Balfours of Colinton Manse are here drawn upon, became the wife of Thomas Johnstone, for many years a locomotive superintendent with the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, who was transferred to Carlisle in the early 'sixties. After the death of her husband, Mrs Johnstone journeyed alone to America to see her only sister in Pennsylvania, and arrived in New York on her seventy-fifth birthday. She died 7th April 1911, in her ninety-first year, and is buried at Carlisle. The writer, who had known Mrs Johnstone for many years, kept notes at the time of a number of interesting talks he had with her about the old Colinton days. He visited Colinton five years ago, and found Miss Balfour as eager to hear about the welfare of Mrs Johnstone as the latter was to hear about her old mistress. Some correspondence with Miss Balfour is given here. These letters are probably among the last she ever wrote, and are tenderly reminiscent of the old days in Colinton Manse.

On the 14th November 1843 Margaret McKerrow left her home in Auchinleck and travelled to Midlothian—a tall, dark girl of twenty-three, handsome and intelligent, according to a contemporary, and proud of the fact that her grandfather had been under-steward to Dr Johnson's biographer. She was now about to associate herself, in a humble way, with the forebears of Robert Louis Stevenson, her destination being Colinton Manse, where she had an engagement as domestic servant. She started by rail for Glasgow, standing in a roofless, open-sided truck, and continued the journey from Glasgow to Edinburgh by canal in a 'flying' boat, a fairly comfortable passenger-boat, drawn by trotting horses. The lady of the Manse, being herself a native of Ayrshire—her father was the minister of Galston satirised by Burns in the 'Holy Fair' and the 'Kirk's Alarm'—naturally sought a maid from the land of Burns, and Margaret was recommended. In the correspondence that ensued, she received several letters from Stevenson's grandmother, which caused amusement to herself and the family at Auchinleck. But now the amusement had passed into apprehension as she began to fear that the writer would prove a very difficult person to please. We can understand her doubts, because a portion of one of the letters has been preserved.

'COLINTON MANSE, *Monday Evening, 23rd October* 1843.

'MARGARET MCKERROW,—I have just heard from Mrs Stewart that you are willing to come at the term to be our kitchen servant, and I hope we may be comfortable together. You will have our cooking, which is in general perfectly plain. The great point in our service is perfect cleanliness, and never to leave anything dirty or out of place. I am also particular in having my work done in my own way and in my own time. Nothing unreasonable will be asked or expected. Besides the kitchen work, you will have the under flat of the house to keep clean (except the dining-room), the servants' room, and the outdoor places; the hens to feed and the hen-house to keep perfectly clean; kitchen floors, coal-house, well-trough, &c. Of course there are many little particulars which it is impossible to specify in a letter, but I may mention a few of them—assisting to make the beds, clean the shoes, &c. Mr Dalgleish mentions that you think the wages small, but ten shillings more in the half-year is the highest I have given since I had a nursery-maid, and as I will have your travelling expenses to pay I cannot promise you more than the three pounds for this half-year. However, if you study to please me, be sober-minded, honest, obliging, and willing to do all you can to serve myself and Mr Balfour, as well as be ready to do anything in your power for the young folk, I will give you five shillings above the three pounds. There are just four of our young folk statedly at home, and we are often very quiet, though there is a hurry at a time. Any extra work that you may not be up to I promise to give you assistance in till you come into the way of it; but it will be a great comfort to me, as well as to yourself, if, when you have learned the method that I like, you endeavour to attend to it, not with eye-service, as a man pleases, but in singleness of your heart, as unto God. Remember also that I admit of no gossiping. I give out the most of our washing, so I consider the work quite easy for two women when my rules as to method are attended to. I hope it is the next term that you intend to enter at, as the present kitchen servant leaves us at that time.'

Towards evening Margaret turned from the road commanding the Pentland Hills into the shady byway leading to Colinton, and arrived at the Manse in the gloaming. As she descended into the dell, the steep, wooded banks looming above, and the sound of running water below, made the place seem very romantic; an impression that daylight did not dispel, and that was always retained. She passed only two houses in descending, and these stood some distance away from the Manse.

The friendly welcome awaiting her banished all distrust. The formidable mistress only existed in imagination. Mrs Balfour, like the Vicar of Wakefield's wife, 'prided herself upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping;' but in addition she exercised much discipline in the management of her affairs, and was not to be trifled with; but her ruling was always tempered by a gracious and winning manner. Margaret chafed at first under the rigid routine, and one evening transgressed by neglecting what she considered an unnecessary task. The consequence was not pleasant. She was called up out of her first sleep, and ordered to descend and make good the omission—a lesson that did not require repetition. This was but a passing incident, and the new maid soon found that she had much reason to be satisfied with everybody and everything in her new home. The Manse consisted of many small rooms, with no large one, except the lobby, which was consequently much used when anything unusual was astir. Most of the rooms contained foreign curios collected by sons of the Manse who were abroad. The old-fashioned garden, 'cut into provinces by a great hedge of beech,' was bordered on one side by the sunny churchyard wall covered with fruit-trees, and on the other by the flowing Water of Leith. House and garden pleased and charmed her, as they did the imaginative child who haunted them in later years. The Manse, built in 1784, had then more of the quaintness of age than it has to-day. Alterations, enlargements, and restorations have modernised it.

Margaret's recollection of the minister was of a tall, benevolent, silver-haired, venerable man of retiring disposition, who at home was very seldom seen outside his study. That he commanded affection even more than respect is evident from her warmth in speaking of him. He was sixty-six years of age at this time, but appeared older. Mrs Balfour was four years younger, and had lost all the beauty for which she was noted in her youth.

Mrs Balfour wrote of her children: 'There are just four of our young folk statedly at home;' but James, the youngest of the thirteen, was only at school in Edinburgh, and returned home every week-end. His elder brother George was studying medicine in the Edinburgh hospitals, and before the year was out he obtained his degree and became Dr George Balfour. He smoked a pipe every evening in the kitchen, and chatted with the girls. When he received his degree there was a party to celebrate that event, and all were surprised when a great light appeared in the dark garden; Margaret, unseen, had prepared a bonfire during the day.

Of the three daughters at home, Miss Jane Balfour, a young lady of twenty-seven, was the eldest. Her sight was impaired, and she usually wore a shade over her eyes. It was a tradition in Colinton that she wandered away and lost herself on the hills when a very young child, and that terror and exhaustion caused the mischief to her sight. She had a sweet disposition, and was always kind and considerate. Her two sisters were much younger and nearer of age, but different from each other in appearance. Louisa was fifteen, 'a dark, gentle little creature.' She lived to be only twenty-seven, dying soon after her marriage to a Colinton farmer. The writer who affirmed that 'all the daughters of the Manse were tall and fair' probably never inquired about this one. Margaret, the youngest daughter, was a tall, fair-haired, attractive girl of fourteen, high-spirited, but good-tempered, active in body, and clever with her hands. Her liveliness was appreciated by the young servant, because the other sisters, though cheerful, were inclined to be quiet. Margaret Balfour was 'Maggie' at home and 'Meg' to her companions. Her letters, which were not few, usually came addressed to 'Miss Meg Balfour.' All three attended classes at Edinburgh, the young ones for ordinary education, and Miss Jane for lessons in cookery, at which she was accomplished. They frequently walked to the city and back, four miles each way, twice in one day. And all three took their part in the household duties, and in turn were responsible for the meals, so that Margaret soon knew them intimately. Miss Meg was fond of reading, preferring romance. But light literature, with the exception of Scott's romances, was discountenanced at the Manse, and she was not always able to withstand the temptation when companions offered to lend her novels, and sometimes accepted them and read them in private. Margaret occasionally surprised her when thus engaged, and, feigning displeasure, would threaten to tell the minister. When busy with Margaret in the bedrooms, she was fond of acting the part of her heroes and heroines. Robed in the bedcover, she 'would do it in a high style, and make a speech.' Every Saturday evening the study had to be thoroughly cleaned, and Miss Maggie, who was responsible, assisted Margaret in the work, the minister retiring early, to be out of the way. By the time they were finished the family were all abed, and the girls took advantage of this to have a little supper by themselves, Miss Meg providing the dainties, and maid Margaret the tea, for in those days servants in Scotland found a portion of their own provisions, and had their own private cupboard. The lateness of the hour, and

the innocent secrecy attending this little feast, gave it all the sweetness of a stolen pleasure.*

Before Margaret had completed her fifth month at the Manse, Mrs Balfour died. She returned from the city one Friday after marketing, and in the afternoon was busy disposing of her purchases, and cutting up soap and storing it away, when illness suddenly overtook her. The doctor said she had received a chill through standing too long on the stone floor, but did not consider it serious. On Sunday morning Margaret should have attended service, but persuaded her fellow-servant to take her place, and remained at home to nurse her mistress. As the morning advanced the patient grew worse, and Margaret was greatly alarmed. She sent a message to the church, and the minister left the pulpit to hasten to his dying wife, who rallied, however, but passed away a day or two after.

Miss Balfour took her mother's place in the management of the home, and for some time life went on as usual. But gradually there was a change, as the young folk, who were fond of company, began to follow their inclinations, until parties of all kinds, and less formal social gatherings, followed each other in quick succession. Dr George brought home his companions from the city, the girls invited theirs, and there was much gaiety. Margaret, under the tutelage of her young mistress, gained a great reputation among the young people for the good things she prepared for their refection.

One morning Margaret, busy in the kitchen, was startled to hear Miss Balfour screaming, and, hurrying to her aid, was in time to see a man retreating through the sitting-room window. Without hesitating, Margaret gave chase, carrying in her hand a knife she was using when alarmed. The chase was a long one, the girl keeping the man in sight for several miles before he was cornered and captured. There was nothing discovered about him, however, and he was discharged after a few days' detention. Afterwards some things were found to be missing, the absence of which had not been noticed at the time.

Each autumn, as the fruit ripened in the garden, it was gathered and preserved to send to Dr John in India and his brothers in the Colonies.

An abiding recollection was that of peaceful Sabbath-mornings, the family all at church, sunshine and the humming of bees in the garden, and the sound of the service stealing in from the old kirk.

Margaret's service ended with her marriage in 1846, on the 2nd of June, a day chosen to coincide with Dr George's birthday. The ceremony took place in the lobby of the Manse, which was filled by the young folk and their friends. The minister officiated; Margaret Balfour, now a graceful and winsome young lady, was 'best maid.' So Margaret McKerrow became Mrs Johnstone, and passed from the Manse—never to revisit it! In a distant town, with a growing family, she was never able to travel to Edinburgh until after the death of the minister and dispersal of the family from Colinton. Then she called on Dr George Balfour, and was sadly disappointed to find she had just missed seeing Mrs Stevenson; but was comforted later by seeing Miss Jane Balfour, who, hearing of her visit, found her in the railway station. It had also been a joy to recognise some of the old furniture from the Manse, which Dr George showed her.

Mrs Johnstone watched with ever-growing interest the wonderful happenings which the years brought with them; the son of her favourite commanding recognition in the world of letters, and gaining the affection and devotion of a world of readers. The interest attached to the mother and son in Samoa, their death, and the deaths of all those she had served in the Manse, except Miss Balfour, then in her ninetieth year. Finally, Mrs Johnstone, herself aged and a widow, strongly desired a word from her old mistress, but was too diffident to write. Miss Balfour showed unaffected delight in hearing that she was not the only one belonging to the old days still living. This is reflected in her letters in the correspondence that followed:

'WESTFIELD, COLINTON, MIDLOTHIAN,
27th May 1906.

'MY DEAR MARGARET,—I was so pleased and interested to hear of you from Mr Davies yesterday, and sorry that no one thought of asking your address. I can't hear a word, and so do not like to bother others. I did ask him to ask you to write to me, but I can't wait, I do so long to hear from you; or if you can't be bothered to write, your granddaughter might do it. I was ninety last February, and am, alas! the last of the once many Manse bairns, though the fourth oldest.

'If this reaches you, and you send me your address and tell me about yourself and your family, I'll send you a little volume of letters Maggie sent me from Saranac, which Jim's only child Chloe edited, but kept out the best bits, as too private for the world in general.

'Do you remember the day I met you at the Caledonian Station? For years I hoped you would come back. In the hope that this may find you, and that I may hear from you soon, I am ever yours, most sincerely,

'JANE WHYTE BALFOUR.'

'WESTFIELD, COLINTON, MIDLOTHIAN,
5th June 1906.

'MY DEAR MARGARET,—Forgive me for not calling you Mrs Johnstone. I was so pleased and

* One of Margaret Balfour's characteristics was sometimes about the proper use of words, the following instance being recalled. Coming in from the garden laden with flowers, the young girl held them up for Margaret McKerrow to enjoy their fragrance, and objected to the word 'fine,' saying it was not the best adjective to express her satisfaction. She often raised such objections, but always in a playful way.

interested in hearing about you from Mr Davies, and yesterday afternoon I got his letter, and the charming photo of you and the three younger generations. You are still a beautiful woman. I would like dearly to see you again. It is twelve years past on the 30th of April since I was told I was on the down-line, never to be well again, and must never walk; but since 1885 I have been kept indoors all the cold weather for eight months every year.

'Nine of us grew up, and all married but one; I am the last left, but have many nieces and nephews, and a good many grand nieces and nephews. I'll enclose a little photo of my little grand-niece and me sitting on the seat in the garden, taken by her mother. Maggie only had one son. You will see a good deal about him in the books. He had no children, but was much attached to the two his wife had before he married her. He was always delicate. The only quarrel he had with his mother, when a boy, was that she would not say grandpapa's name was nicer than his own. His wife has a house in San Francisco, but was at her ranche at the time of the earthquake. Her home escaped wonderfully; and though the fire was close to it, by a sudden change of wind it escaped. So none of Louis's books or pictures, or the Heriot Row furniture, was lost. She felt the shock of the earthquake, and her sitting-room fire was "quaked" into the middle of the room. Her daughter's son is to be married to-morrow, and I got an invitation to the marriage in Rhode Island!

'I hope you will be able to read this. I still can see to go about the house and to read and work a little, but I am quite deaf—can't hear a single word. I often think of your winter "hotch-potch;" I never can get it so good.—With every good wish for you and yours, I am ever yours, most sincerely,

'JANE WHYTE BALFOUR.'

The following extracts are from letters written by Miss Balfour in June and July of 1906:

'DEAR MARGARET,—I'll try to give you an account of the family by degrees. To-day I will tell you about George. . . .

'Maggie, your bridesmaid, married Thomas Stevenson, a civil engineer, on 28th August 1848, and her only child, R. L. S., was born on 13th November 1850, and was always the delight of my heart and pride of my life.' . . .

'MY DEAR MARGARET,—I send you a few photos to let you see some of the changes that have taken place here. It [Colinton] is now a big, busy place with good shops and many houses. The Glebe is built over, and all the fields about it. The wee houses in the village street have got porches, and some of them an upper storey. There is water and gas in every house! I don't like it so well as the old quiet village, but most folk think it much improved. The photo of Westfield does not give you a good idea of the house, but it is the only one I have. The outside has no beauty, but the view from the windows is lovely.' . . .

'I am going to send you a photograph of Maggie and one of her son. He was not like her, and yet he had her lovely eyes, and was to some extent like her. The wreath of leaves was one she brought home to let me see. It was put on her when she left Honolulu.' . . .

This is an extract from a letter by Miss Balfour to Mrs Johnstone's granddaughter, dated 11th July 1906, congratulating her upon her marriage:

'. . . I wonder if your grandmother remembers a very small fir-tree, the seed of which was sent home by my eldest brother in a letter from India? I don't think she would ever dream that the stately deodar which overshadows the present Manse is that small tree; but it is. What a delightful trip you must have had! It is a lovely part of the country. I have only driven through it—in 1839! Ever since I have had more or less bad health, and in '47 I got charge of two nephews from India, then a sister of theirs came to me, and in '60 I had six children of another brother, and after that a grand niece and nephew; and in '87, when the father and mother of the last came home, and I got free, I said to my brother, "I may go and pay visits now;" his answer was, "If you want to give them the ploy of a funeral, you may go!" Needless to say I stayed quietly at home. And since April '94 I have been forbidden to walk! So there is little variety in my life. But how thankful I ought to be, and am, that I am able to do everything for myself, and but for my total deafness and bad sight, I have all my wits about me, and every one is good to me.

'I am sure your grandmother will enjoy her outing. Thank you very much for the photo of her you were so good as to send me. I don't like it so much as that in the four generations. It does not do her justice. She was a very beautiful woman.

'With every good wish for you and yours, and hearty congratulations on your happy marriage, I am ever yours truly,

'JANE WHYTE BALFOUR.'

After reading the above, R. L. Stevenson's words come to mind: 'The children of the family came home to her to be nursed, to be educated, to be mothered, from the infanticidal climate of India. There must sometimes have been half a score of us children about the Manse; and all were born a second time from Aunt Jane's tenderness. . . . The text my mother says must have been written for Aunt Jane: "More are the children of the barren than the children of the married wife."'

Miss Balfour died May 15, 1907.

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SEVENTH SERIES

A DAY WITH THE SUSSEX BROOK-TROUT.

By R. W. Burgess.

LET those who will sing the praises of moor and stubble, partridge, grouse, and pheasant. These are not for me. Give me my rod and creel, with well-stocked fly-book, and a dancing, tumbling stream, deeps and shallows alternating with rocky cascades and whirling pools, then I envy not the plutocrat his grouse-moor or deer-forest.

Nor does the fly alone claim the whole of my allegiance. My tastes are catholic. There is a warm corner in my heart for the patient punter who, moored in mid-stream, with chair, heavy overcoat, pipe, and stone jar, with liberal use of ground-bait, well-shotted line, and tip of quill just showing, tempts with cunningly compounded paste or succulent gentle the wayward fancy of the daintily feeding roach, or with cork and live bait, or perchance a paternoster, essays the capture of the fierce and hungry pike. Nay, even the ragged urchin who, with hazel wand cut from the nearest hedge, cotton, and bent pin, fishes with earnest enthusiasm for the silvery minnow or pugnacious stickleback has my warmest sympathy. Have I not done all these things, and found them good?

Many a tiny brooklet in the Weald of my native Sussex, overlooked by the wind-swept Downs, will yield its tribute of handsome trout to the man who is not too proud to use the humble worm, and has sufficient patience, and placidity of temper withal, to overcome the difficulties presented by the tangled mass of blackberry, bramble, brier, and other wild growths that so often form a dense canopy over the stream.

On such waters was my first introduction to the trout effected. Since those early days I have fished from 'Dan to Beersheba,' in the turbulent mountain-torrents of the North Country, the brown, peat-stained streams of 'Glorious Devon,' the clear, placid chalk-streams of Hampshire sacred to the dry fly, and in crocodile-infested, steaming, mangrove-bordered rivers of the tropics; to say nothing of having trailed a shark-line through a thousand miles of the Indian Ocean (with never a bite), and still find that my first love has not lost its old charm when more ambitious sport is unattainable.

The sunshine and soft westerly breeze, one morning during the summer, drew me away from the crowded sea-front, with its procession of motors, its itinerant musicians, and other attractions of a seaside town, to a beauty-spot on the far side of the South Downs, where a silvery thread of water meanders peacefully past corn-fields, through meadow and woodland, on its leisurely journey toward the sea.

So small is it, and so completely hidden in most places by its covering fringe of alder and bramble, that one might well cross it at places where it is carried through culverts under foot-path and cart-road and be unaware of its very existence.

To say that the water is low after a fort-night's dry spell is to understate the case. To-day it is little more than a series of pools about a foot deep, connected by gravelly shallows over which one can walk dryshod, a faint trickle of water making its way between the pebbles. To step across is an easy matter where the banks are low and the screen of greenery will allow.

No matter, I must make the best of things as they are, and try to discover the hiding-places of the trout. A long gut-cast will be useless, as it is very evident that a short line must be used to circumvent the bushes. I find a sound remnant of a fly-cast about two feet long in my tackle-case which will meet the requirements, with a single hook on a short length of fine gut for the point and a couple of shot attached to sink the line. The landing-net is opened out for use when conditions permit, and with a small and lively worm for bait I am ready to start. Quite so! But where? An all but impenetrable screen of bushes fringes the water. There is a small gap by the road bridge, where the cattle have made a drinking-place, that will do for the first attempt, as there is a fair depth of water beneath the bridge.

I carefully steer a shortened line through the opening, dropping the bait to the surface of the water, and gently swing it out under the bridge as far as may be, letting more line drop out through the rings at the same time. The bait is allowed to lie on the bottom for a few minutes, and is then slowly drawn toward me a few inches at a time, letting it rest for a short time between each movement, until it is directly under the point of the rod. No luck.

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Try again. Under these conditions 'the race is not to the swift,' and trout may only be 'won by waiting.'

No result the second time. Try once more, and let the bait lie a trifle longer, with a bit of slack line. Hallo! there goes the line! Give him just a moment to get a good hold. Now is the time! I strike, and in so doing lift clear of the water a wretched little perch under two ounces.

This is a bad start and is annoying, as I did not expect to find perch in this stream. He has fallen back into the water, saving me the trouble of unhooking.

Rebaiting the hook, I move on up-stream in search of the next possible opening.

At the next bend I find a possible spot, where a small basin has been worn out, round which the water slowly drifts before continuing its course beneath the bushes. Should a decent fish be hooked here I foresee trouble, as the water is only a few feet across, and at the lower end a dam has been formed of sticks, small branches, leaves, and other débris brought down by the stream when in flood, which would be fatal to tackle should a fish take refuge in this quarter. However, Sussex brook-fishing is made up of such risks, which must be counted as all in the day's work, and no possible hole or corner must be neglected. I gently insinuate my line between the branches, quietly drop my bait into the water, and await developments.

Presently a slight quiver of the line, which is a bit slack, is noted; this is repeated once or twice before any decided movement can be detected, when the line moves off rapidly up-stream. On striking, I feel the distinctive, steady, throbbing resistance that proclaims the eel. Small specimens of these slippery tackle-tanglers, known in the days of my youth as 'boot laces,' are plentiful in all these streams, taking the bait intended for their betters. The hook is usually bolted to somewhere in the region of the tail (if an eel can be said to possess such an appendage), and it is hopeless to attempt to disgorge it. The only course is promptly to cut the line before it is hopelessly entangled, and recover the buried portion during the subsequent *post mortem*. I seldom keep them, as they coat one's hands, creel, and tackle with a mass of slime. However, remembering that an elderly relative with whom I am staying has a weakness for eel-pies, and this one being a respectable specimen, I drop it into the creel along with a plentiful supply of grass, and proceed up-stream, peering through the bushes as I go. The next pool is a very awkward one, as there is a dense, impenetrable mass of vegetation three or four feet high on the edge of the bank overhanging the water. My rod is just long enough to clear the obstruction, and I lower the bait gently into the stream.

Scarcely has it touched bottom when there are two sharp tugs at the line, which goes merrily spinning across the pool.

It is no eel this time, but a veritable trout! Up and down the pool he goes, leaping and splashing, my supple cane bowing and recovering in response to each leap and plunge, my wrist, more by luck than judgment, steering him clear of snags, until, with head out of water, he gives up the struggle.

The net is useless, as the bushes are too high for me to reach over, so I must trust to the line to land him. I lift him carefully over the bushes and swing him to the bank, a handsome, brightly marked trout, some ten inches from tip to tail, and about half-a-pound in weight. One does not look for heavy fish in these waters, and this one is well up to the average I am hoping for. Nevertheless, an exceptional fish turning the scales at a pound is not unknown in these streams; such a capture, though, marks a double-starred, red-letter day in the angler's calendar. It is my first visit to this particular stream, so the capture of the first trout is an occasion for rejoicing.

Several more pools are drawn blank; then two more eels are caught and go toward the future pie. But now surely there is a change coming over the water! It is less clear, shallows are getting fewer, leaves and twigs are floating down, and there is a distinct pull on the line from the current which was not in evidence earlier.

There has been no rain, nor any indication of it, up-country; so how is the change to be accounted for? A chat with some haymakers in an adjacent meadow elicits the fact that there is a mill some two miles up-stream; I am told it has not been working much lately, but it has evidently started since my arrival.

Having no means of knowing how soon the miller's task may be finished, I hurry back to the stream, all eagerness to make the most of the golden opportunity.

Even during the few minutes I have been away the stream has perceptibly increased in volume and speed, and I hurry along the bank, anxiously seeking an opening in the screening bushes. Fish will now have left their low-water harbours, and may be looked for anywhere.

At the first possible gap I drop in my line, but the force of the current has increased so considerably that my bait is carried away, and spins and wavers on the surface as the water swishes by. More shot on the line soon remedies this. Although the force of the water keeps it off the bottom it is well under the surface, and can easily be seen by any questing fish.

I let out more line, and it goes drifting and swirling down-stream under the bushes.

I have not long to wait. As I start to recover my line my rod jabs fiercely, I hear a mighty splash out of sight under the bushes, and what I take to be the rare pound-trout is making a gallant struggle for freedom, helped by the

strong current. Alas! in such waters, with a long line, the odds are all with the fish, and before I get so much as a sight of my quarry he has reached his goal in a snarl of dead branches under water, and I am hopelessly fouled.

I can still feel the fish, but am powerless to get to him; so I let the line slacken, in the hope that he will kindly assist and free himself, as occasionally happens. This is no use; the only thing remaining to be done is to pull on the line, on the chance that silk and gut will prove stronger than the tangle of rotten twigs that he has so carefully wrapped it around. Vain hope! The gut snaps; the line springs back with a jerk, and, helped by the heavy shot, winds itself lovingly around the bough of an oak-tree overhead well out of reach.

My opinion, as expressed in the heat of the moment, respecting Sussex trout-streams is not for publication.

However, I cannot afford to waste precious time in vain regrets and picturesque language, which has already caused a stampede of three cows that were interested spectators. Attempts to recover the cast prove useless, so I give the line a vicious tug, which breaks the gut off short, and proceed, with hands still shaking from excitement and other emotions, to affix a fresh length.

I am soon again ready for action, and drop the fresh bait in the same spot; but, profiting by experience, keep it away from the danger-zone.

A smaller trout takes it immediately and is safely landed, a pretty little fish of about six ounces in weight. In a few minutes another is brought to the bank, but is rather too small to keep; and, being quite uninjured, is returned to the water to fight again another day. Next a small perch is landed, also to be returned, and then another fair-sized eel.

No more runs follow, so I again move on.

This stretch of water yields several small fish, but nothing large enough to satisfy me, and all are returned to the water. I do not get another sizable fish until the end of the copse is reached. The stream enters the wood through a culvert under a cart-road, where it widens out into quite a respectable-sized pool. It is almost certain there will be a fish or two here, but the problem is how to reach the water.

The only method is to force my way through a promising plantation of blackberry-brambles and stinging-nettles. The nettles are particularly fine specimens about six feet high, and softly flick me about the face and neck as I struggle through.

At last I reach the pool, and get a precarious foothold on the fallen trunk of a tree. All around and above are branches of trees, brambles, and other obstructions; but I have a clear drop into the water immediately in front.

Down goes the line, and after drifting a few yards, swishes away across the pool in fine style. There is no elbow-room for fancy work here; I cannot raise my rod more than a few feet, and dare not give the fish more line. I must trust to the spring and toughness of split cane and gut to do the work.

My confidence in my tackle is justified, and after a few exciting minutes my third sizable trout is safe in the creel—the best fish so far, just over the half-pound standard, in the pink of condition. Another fair-sized fish follows from the same pool.

I now turn and retrace my steps, fishing down-stream toward my starting-place. The water is going down again as swiftly as it had risen, and shallows are once more making their appearance.

The fish will have returned to their low-water harbours of refuge to digest the feast of good things brought down by the flood, and I do not anticipate much more sport; still, with patience and luck, I may find a brace or so with appetites yet unsatisfied in the pools on my way down.

Stopping at the place where I lost the big fish earlier in the day, I scarcely recognise it again. In place of the even stretch of deep, swiftly flowing water, extending from bank to bank, that I had left a few hours since, there is a gravelly shallow, with the water scarce covering the pebbles, running into a small pool, the bottom clearly visible save where it deepens under a tree-root.

The place where the big fish was lost!

To every serious-minded fisherman there are three hallowed spots on each of his beloved waters of happy memory. The place where his first fish was taken is one; the place where he caught his largest fish another; and last, but by no means least, the place where he *lost* the biggest fish of all. This spot, perhaps, holds the premier place in his affections; he will return to it again and again, always with the confident hope of *this* time luring the leviathan from his lair. It matters not the number or size of the fish he may have taken there on subsequent occasions; the vision of the monarch of the stream, viewed through the magic lens of fancy, is ever before him. For my part, there are dozens of these shrines of memory up and down the country, on lake, river, and stream.

In the present instance, however, illusion is destroyed. I drop my line into the hole by the root, and after a few seconds the bait is taken, and there is a commotion in the pool. In a few minutes a ten-ounce trout is on the bank. A nice fish, certainly, but not to be compared to the beauty that smashed my tackle a few hours before in this place.

But what is this? As I start to disengage the hook, a tell-tale scrap of line is seen hanging from his jaw, and, firmly fixed, I discover my lost hook!

Another illusion gone! I cannot now, when in reminiscent mood, relate the thrilling story of the fight with the monster trout—how big, did I say: two pounds, was it?—that I hooked and lost after heroic struggles. There is no loophole for error. The identity of the fish is established beyond question, as I am using hooks of a peculiar gold colour, with stained gut, which had taken my fancy in a tackle-shop the previous day.

This is by no means the first time that I have lost a trout and afterwards taken him with the broken tackle still attached, but never after so short an interval.

Well, 'a fish in the creel is worth two in the stream.'

From this point downwards no more trout are to be found. As evening approaches the eels begin to run, and by the time I have worked back to my starting-point the candidates for the pie-dish have increased to half-a-dozen.

The sun is now setting, the station three miles away, and it wants only an hour to train-time; so I pack up my tackle, and turn out my creel on to the bank for a final review before turning my face to the rampart of the Downs, where the solitary windmill, gaunt and armless, guards the pass over which runs the Brighton road.

There are five silvery Sussex trout, averaging half-a-pound each, and six eels about four ounces apiece. The bag is not great, but then neither were my expectations; and such a day as this, as I stroll leisurely for a few miles through the peaceful, luxuriantly wooded scenery of the Sussex Weald, with the treeless, breezy hills of the South Downs always for background and contrast, lingering now here, now there, as pool or eddy attracts my fancy, to take an occasional dainty trout to grace the breakfast-table, has a unique and restful charm of its own that is absent from the more strenuous and serious branches of the gentle art.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER VI.—PAYING A PRICE.

'I SUPPOSE it is about the will?' said Mr Grimesey, with reference to his presence with Miss Dunning.

'No; I have nothing to do with the will,' she answered, seating herself in a chair, facing him.

'Consequently,' he remarked pleasantly, 'you will have a good deal to do with it.'

'Perhaps in that sense it may have some connection with my wanting to see you. I was afraid,' she added, with a softness of manner which proved an indiscretion, 'that on the particular subject in my mind you might be reluctant to approach me.'

A light leaped to the man's eyes and his face almost changed colour, only that its paleness was too cold to change. Could it be possible, after all?

She wondered why he looked and seemed for the moment dumb. Her indiscretion of speech flashed upon her, and she hastened to undo the mistake.

'I must explain,' she said quickly. 'We have long been friends, my mother and you especially, and this morning she spoke to me very anxiously about you. A friendly woman, you know, will do such things without permission, and you must not be vexed with her.'

'I know how friendly your mother and you also have been; you have been my only friends. It has always been my hope, and the object of my efforts, that you might become even more than that. I have struggled hard for it. But'—he seemed to pull himself suddenly up, and looked away from her with a melancholy smile—'I am not come to-day as a suppliant.'

'A suppliant?' she repeated, recognising the position in which his words put her. 'I know you do not come as a suppliant. A rich woman, who is generous, will spare a man that indignity. But there are some obligations which cannot be discharged by such a mode. To be quite plain, Mr Grimesey, if you now asked me to marry you, could we dare, in the face of the world, to do it?'

'But—what is wrong?'

'The question is, what would the world suspect? There is no wrong so hard to bear as the wrong that is suspected, suggested, believed, and never proved. You understand me quite well. Mr Tooting's will is a barrier between you and me. Now let us drop the subject,' she said with a sigh of relief, 'and come back to what I was saying. I shall have the power to do something better than become your wife—for you, I mean. As I have said, mother has spoken to me about you, and you must not be vexed with her.'

'I could not be vexed with her, or with you, on any account,' he answered, his face hardening, while he wondered what was coming. He saw her meaning now, and it was a sharp and dexterous blow to a sudden hope. This, however, he concealed better than she concealed her anxiety to set him right.

'She told me that—you were in money difficulties. I was sorry. I wanted to assure you that my help will always be willingly at your command.'

His position was clear enough to him now. He was rejected, before presuming to claim her—her, whom he was always desirous of possessing, when in a position to elevate her; and all she offered him was money. His case was a hard

one, because he wanted money badly and could not afford to feel virtuous. The pill was a bitter one, but Mr Grimesey swallowed it for such digestion as he was able to give it.

'You are very good,' he answered, after a pause. 'I do not know, however, that you can help me.'

'Why not?' she asked eagerly.

'Because,' he said slowly, 'it would call for a large sum of money—nine thousand pounds almost—to save me from stark ruin within ten days.'

She gave a start. Nine thousand pounds, and almost immediately! She possessed no power for such a feat as that.

'Will you tell me about it?'

'If you like. The whole world probably will know it in a week or so.' He laughed bitterly, and continued: 'Some experienced people I knew were investing largely in Rio Grandes, a mining company promoted and controlled by Mr Felix Fitz'—she did not move an eyelash—'and I was tempted, by the certainty of large profits, to use money that was lying idle under my control. It was clients' money; but bankers do the same thing every day. There was a month to run before the money was required for a mortgage. If I had sold out a few days ago,' he said, drawing a deep breath, 'I should have taken a profit of nine hundred pounds. But there was still a fortnight to let the rise go on. Through something wrong with the company it's all gone now!'

'How soon is the money wanted?'

'The deeds will be ready in ten days, and the money will be called for.'

'And the shares—are they worth nothing?'

'Not now; there is no market. In time they will be as good as ever probably, but I can't wait.'

Miss Dunning was turning over several matters in her mind. She thought she saw a way out. When he said those words she looked paler than usual, and clasping her hands on her knees, fixed her eyes in anxious thought on the wall before her. She did not speak for a little time, and then carried on the conversation slowly, thoughtfully, as though carefully pursuing her way to a point she saw fixed in the distance. 'You know,' she said at length, 'that I could not get money except through Mr Meredith; and he is away.'

'To-morrow, or the next day, he will be home,' replied Grimesey, wondering at the readiness she showed to help in such a heavy matter. Perhaps she would do all he wanted without forcing him to draw upon his reserve power. She was clearly afraid of him.

'What could I say to him? How could I explain the need of so much money?'

'Lawyers ask no explanations; such things are in their everyday experience. And the property is worth the best part of a hundred thousand. This would be a mere fleabite—if you asked for it.'

'But should I get it? You are a lawyer yourself; could an executor touch money or investments before obtaining probate?'

'Of course he could not; I was not suggesting it. But with such security he could readily obtain the money otherwise—it is done every day. If you were pressing with him,' he urged, spurred by rising hope of escaping from ruin, 'Meredith could do it easily.'

The next question she put to him was one on which she concentrated a great deal of effort. 'Is there any possible doubt as to probate of the will being granted?'

'None whatever; there could be none,' was the prompt answer. 'How could you have conceived such an idea?'

'It is not an idea—only a touch of nerves.' He smiled. 'You ask, or rather suggest, to me to approach Mr Meredith for a large and immediate advance on the strength of a will not yet proved. I was merely thinking of that.'

'The will is as good a will as ever was executed. No shadow of doubt rests upon it. How could it? Moore and the doctor as much as said it was what everybody expected, and would surprise no one.'

'It surprised me,' said Miss Dunning quietly.

'No doubt, in a way. The act was not even one of sudden impulse, for Tooting had a draft of instructions ready for me, in his own handwriting, proving that he had thought it over deliberately. I merely copied the instructions, slightly altering the phraseology.'

'Did you leave the draft in the house?' was her quick question.

'No; I took it away in my pocket.'

'Where is it now?' she asked, glancing towards the breast of his coat, as if she expected the paper to be still there.

'I accidentally burnt it—not that it was of the least importance.'

She waited, and he understood what she was waiting for.

'In fact, I put the draft in the envelope containing your letter, and when I thought it well to burn that, I accidentally burnt them both.'

'My letter! Why should you burn it? To what letter do you refer?' she inquired with well-assumed surprise. Mr Grimesey was not the least deceived as to her anxiety.

'The letter,' he answered, dropping his voice, 'you wrote to me asking me to come down and prepare the will. Perhaps there was no occasion to destroy it, but I thought it better. You recollect it, of course?'

'I recollect the letter, but not very well what I said in it. Mr Tooting's solicitor was away, and he objected to have any one else from Sandpits. I mentioned your name, because you had been with that Member of Parliament at the nursing home—and it would be business for you—and I was told to write to you. Dr Black was present at the time.'

'I am glad to hear that; because,' he said vaguely, 'one never knows. Dr Black was present. But there were a few unconsidered expressions in your letter which, in certain eventualities—such as a lawyer's mind is accustomed to contemplate—might suggest misconstruction. In fact, although you wrote without thought, there were certain passages that might, in other hands, be made to look like suggestions for the professional duty I was called to perform. Although, of course, quite innocent,' he concluded, in the same lowered voice, 'the existence of such a letter might, in possible cases, not be desirable. So I burnt it, and the old man's instructions along with it in the same envelope.'

She remembered every word of the letter. Much thinking about it had burnt it into her brain. And what he said concerning it was true. If it were destroyed, it was well; but did she believe him? Could she believe him? As to the draft instructions for the will she cared little; that was his affair. But the letter was hers.

After a long and anxious pause, which was quite as anxious to this man hanging on the edge of ruin as it was to Miss Dunning, she made up her mind. 'I will get you that money. I will write to-day to Mr Meredith. I will also apply to another quarter which I know. One or the other will do what I want, and when I hear from the first I will telegraph for you. It may be to-morrow. Will that do?'

He knew her too well to doubt either her promise or her confidence. His relief found vent in a sigh.

'You are a true friend in need!' he exclaimed.

'Very well,' she said, turning in her chair and holding out her hand, with her eyes steadily fixed on him; 'just one matter more, and we have done. I will obtain your release from your position. But before I move a finger, give me that letter.'

Never was man more taken aback. In the confusion of the moment he was ready to credit her with powers of thought-reading. She simply distrusted him, and noticed when he was referring to her letter an unconscious gesture of his fingers in the direction of his breast-pocket.

He was literally taken aback, and unconsciously drew an envelope from the pocket in question before being aware of what he had done. In an instant the envelope was in Miss Dunning's hand; she glanced at the address, drew the paper it contained partly out to be sure of it, and then, with a smile, placed it in the bosom of her dress.

The interview was now over. The discomfited and humiliated solicitor saw her calmly rise to dismiss him before he quite recovered his faculties. He recognised that he was beaten, and had nothing to say.

'I will wire to you at once,' she reassured him, smilingly—'to your office. I hope I may be able to do so to-morrow. If not, as soon as Mr Meredith returns.'

Thus he was bowed out. Mr Grimesey knew that the 'other quarter' she had in view was no other than Mr Felix Fitz. His natural conviction was that Fitz would become a suitor for her hand after so propitious a start. But at no stage of his possible success could a rival be envied by the solicitor as sincerely as now. She was a woman in a thousand. Revolving in his mind, with mortification mixed with admiration, the genius by which she defeated him, his hand mechanically crept, with his thoughts, to that pocket—and he stopped in the street, like a man struck. 'Both papers—she has both!' he exclaimed. Horror and alarm seemed his first sensations from the discovery. Gradually his face assumed a different expression, bitterly malignant and sinister.

Grimesey's mortification was not greater than Miss Dunning's triumph. He had evidently been holding that paper over her head. She had it now by superior strategy. It should trouble her thoughts no longer. She would now be able to meet Mr Fitz, to face the world, without a shadow to dim her light.

She drew her chair near the fire, perusing her letter in comforting security, and trying to remember what had actually been in her thoughts when she was writing it. She could not remember clearly. The letter was written under the impulse of the moment; but there was something behind the impulse, not very palpable, but evident enough to any eye, as it was to her own consciousness. Grimesey was asked to come down to the place at ten o'clock next morning to draw up Mr Joshua Tooting's will. Then the writer ran into gossip about the patient. 'He has always been a mystery to people here, who know little about him, and are prepared to hear anything without surprise. His own solicitor is away in France, and he refuses his confidence to any one else in this neighbourhood. He is very rich, owning the whole district, and it was thought he would deliberately die intestate, having no relatives, until the revival of an almost insane fear that there might be some one'——Here followed an outline of the incident of the photograph. 'But the fear seems superfluous. However, it has decided him to make a will. No one knows what he will do. It is generally expected in the neighbourhood that, subject to one or two minor bequests, the chances are between a girl named Hilda Roper (daughter of Colam Roper of Sandfields Common, a neighbour) and—myself! She does not want it, being about to marry a very rich man; and as for me—isn't it absurd? Yet the odds of general opinion are in my favour. Really, no one knows, and no one cares; it may all go to the hospitals. Curiosity is the only feeling of people here. I don't know why I should write all this gossip, which cannot interest you; but you are a friend, and I have no one to talk to here. A woman must let her tongue go in some form or mode.

He will doubtless have his instructions prepared for you, so that your task will be an easy one. I am glad to be able to put it in your way.' In a postscript was added: 'His two friends and neighbours, Dr Black and Mr Colam Roper, will be here at *ten* o'clock to-morrow to witness the will.'

What was in her mind when she was writing that letter, and what was upon her nerves next day when she received the solicitor as she did, and lay with covered head whilst he was doing his work upstairs, and avoided meeting him again before he left? She at length placed the paper carefully on the coals, holding it there with the poker until it was gone in smoke.

How the time had flown! Her mother's voice at the door asked if she would have her tea.

After she had tea and bathed her face she felt more buoyant, and turned her thoughts to the other task lying immediately before her. No time could be spared about Grimesey's business, and the sooner it was off her mind the better. Mr Fitz must be applied to. She had no thought of approaching Mr Meredith on such a matter.

She was aware that what she was about to ask from Mr Felix Fitz would enhance his position as a suitor, if he became one, even though she tried to give it the complexion of business. Miss Dunning was under no misapprehension, yet she had confidence enough in her own power to avoid compromising the independence of her position.

She wrote a note to Mr Fitz expressing the hope that he would be able to drive round and see her on a matter of urgency in which she wanted his business help. Any hour would suit her that would be most convenient to him, on the earliest day he could venture out of doors.

She was not surprised when the gentleman came at once in answer; but she met him with a look of anxiety. 'I am indeed ashamed to have made you come out, Mr Fitz! I had no idea you would do so for a day or two at least.'

'But you said you wanted me,' he explained, glancing in her face and bowing, 'and no cause could prevent me from coming to you at once. And you perceive,' he added, smiling, 'I am not very seriously hurt.'

'So I am glad to perceive,' she answered, responding to his smile, and speaking with soft, shy hesitation, 'neither bodily nor—otherwise, I hope?'

'Neither bodily nor—otherwise.' He bowed and smiled again. They sufficiently understood each other now, and sat down a few feet apart.

The details of that interesting business interview need not be described. Miss Dunning briefly and very skilfully explained her object, which was to get Mr Fitz to buy back the Rio Grande shares of Grimesey and enable the man to meet his clients. She would then be quit of an obligation of old friendship on the part of her mother, and be personally relieved from Mr Grimesey.

Mr Fitz had his own thoughts, but put them aside in view of the ground this business would gain for him in Miss Dunning's favour. So he agreed to do it, though just then it was not very easy for him; but she was very winning and persuasive, and she said that she would take the shares herself as soon as she had the power.

As it was arranged, therefore, next morning Mr Grimesey received a telegram to be at Maypole Mansions at one o'clock. A clerk was there with the transfer form for Mr Grimesey's signature, and a cheque for the full price he asked, which included a large profit.

On leaving, Grimesey said he was going down to the funeral of Joshua Tooting.

'Good-bye. I know I am not to see you again, Miss Dunning. And I suppose,' he said disconsolately, looking at the cheque in his fingers, 'I am to congratulate you?'

'I do not understand you. Good-bye, Mr Grimesey.'

Her manner was one of quiet dignity and politeness. The man marvelled at her, ignorant that she as yet had not seen 'both papers' in that envelope. It was only after he had left for the funeral of Joshua Tooting that, washing her hands in her room, she noticed near the basin the crumpled envelope which she had carried up in her hand the day before and dropped there. There was something in it, which she drew out and opened. Had the dead man suddenly stood before her, the apparition would not have blanched her face and stopped her pulses more effectually than the directions, in his own hand, for the will he wanted made for his signature.

She stared at the paper with dilated eyes, until the handwriting was magnified to fill all the room about her. It was a bad time for Miss Dunning. Whether Grimesey left that paper there purposely or not, he would know that she had possessed it, and read it—and destroyed it. Grimesey would know that. He was a criminal, and was able to make his crime recoil upon her, instead of upon himself. She thought she had beaten him on his own ground, but what was her victory compared with his? He had obtained his price, and his satisfaction as well—the satisfaction of knowing what she was compelled to do now, because it was too late to do anything else.

Grimesey's eyes and sardonic smile followed her slow steps back to the sitting-room, and watched her put the paper into the fire and hold it burning until the flames scorched her fingers. He had reason for looking satisfied at Joshua Tooting's funeral that day. But Mr Grimesey, who had looked so hard at Mr Meredith's face in the cemetery, would not have slept so easy that night if he had known that Mr Meredith declined to be executor of Joshua Tooting's will, and was resolved to investigate it to the bottom before it was presented for probate by anybody.

(*To be continued.*)

SOME MEMORIES OF OLD JAPAN.

By H. F. ABELL.

I AM old enough to remember when we, in our little self-contained settlement at Yokohama, in Japan, considered ourselves as tenants of one of the remotest outposts of the civilised world. This was forty years ago, and I often reckon as one of the lucky cards which have been dealt me in the game of life that which ordered me to Japan at what was perhaps the most interesting period of her national history—the time when she was adapting one form of civilisation to another of an absolutely different character, and came forth with uncertain steps to take her place in the race of nations. When I look over my old sketch-books and read again my old diaries I find it hard to realise that I should actually have seen so much that has disappeared for ever, because it was so utterly out of place in the world of to-day, and feel almost as if I were a temporary sojourner in a past age.

An interesting fact connected with this astounding transformation-scene, wrought in so short a time, is that whilst, so to speak, before the footlights all is so modern and so matter-of-fact, there still lingers—nay, survives strongly—behind the scenes so much of the Old Japan of that mystic time when between her and the great outer world there hung a thick, almost impenetrable, veil. And it is with these relics of an Old Japan which has passed away for ever that I shall chiefly deal in these reminiscences.

In the year 1871, when I went out to Japan, the process of transition from the past to the present was hardly in full swing, although the machinery had been at work for four years. While a small and influential, because intellectual and broad-minded, section of the nation moved forward with no uncertain steps, the large remainder seemed, so to speak, stunned by the blow struck. These felt a not unnatural unwillingness to exchange the known for the unknown. It was often said, 'We are not unpatriotic because we do not jump at the glittering prizes held out to us by the enthusiasts for the new régime; on the contrary, we are patriotic in that we do not deride or hinder them, and particularly in our retention of affection for the old state of things until it can be clearly shown to be inimical to the welfare and progress of our country. Then we will move with the rest.'

So it was amongst this mass of non-movers—the living representatives of the Old Japan of history, romance, and mystery—that I was lucky enough to be able to mix and to see things that will never be seen again. I said above that we in Yokohama formed a tiny outpost of the world of Western civilisation. This was true. Landwards, beyond a semicircular line drawn twenty miles from Yokohama, spread Old Japan; seawards, the nearest land was China. We had, it is true, regular services of mails with Europe by British and French boats, and with the United States by antiquated American paddle-steamers; but between their arrivals and departures there were ample leisure-intervals which enabled those who, like myself, were smitten with 'Japan fever' to make the best of their opportunities.

Now let me deal with some particular features of the old Japanese life of forty years ago.

To begin with, a native in Western costume—nay, wearing but a single item of Western costume—was a monstrosity to be stared at. As nowadays a stray peasant with shaven head and small queue of hair tied over it would attract general attention and probably be the subject of ribald remark, so in those days a Japanese with a head like a blacking-brush would have been deemed a fair target for the wit of the man in the street. At the grand ceremony of the opening by the Mikado of the first railway in Japan, that between Yokohama and Yedo, I saw the first attempt of Japanese ladies to ape Western dress-methods in the shape of stockings and French boots. It was the one jarring note of a most picturesque ceremony, for even the nobles in attendance on the sovereign, although from their presence on such an occasion evidently men of the advanced school, were in the historic garb of Old Japan; and I think that this must have been the last public appearance of the *daimio* in their old dress. The edict which forbade the public wearing of swords had been in force for more than a year; but although the intense patriotism of the majority of noblemen and gentlemen urged them to make a sacrifice, the greatness of which can only be appreciated by those who know how intimately the life of the old Japanese nobility and gentry was bound up with their precious blades, some ultra-conservatives refused to the last to obey the ruling, and I have seen what will never be seen again—a two-sworded *samurai* swaggering down the main street of Yokohama.

Not only have I seen swords worn, but I have seen them used. Although I never witnessed a performance of that tremendous rite of *hara-kiri*, or self-immolation, which Mr Mitford so graphically describes in his *Tales of Old Japan*, it was frequently practised in the burial-grounds round about us; and upon one occasion, to be presently alluded to, my own servant threatened to undergo it if I did not comply with certain of his wishes. But I was present at what was not only the last public

execution in Japan but the last occasion of the use of the sword as a weapon of justice; and there are no doubt many of the splendid battalion of Royal Marines who were present in force who have very clear recollection of the terrible character of the scene, and of the very visible effects it had upon them.

As evidence of the impression which the prohibition of sword-wearing had upon men to whom swords had been even more than relations and friends, I may cite the case of the new Yokohama police-force. These men were one and all recruited from the ranks of the disbanded *samurai*, the gentlemen-retainers of noble houses —men who had lived by the sword, and who, under the new order of things, were thrown upon the world without employment. As an Englishman was the organiser of the new force, he considered that he could do no better than arm it with the truncheon of his native land. That, thought he, which commands respect in the foulest purlieus of London will surely suffice for order-keeping among a lot of grown-up children. He erred gravely. Only for a few weeks could the Yokohama police stomach this. Unanimously they petitioned to be armed with the weapon of which they were masters, or with something very like it. To give them their swords again would have been, to put it mildly, a risky proceeding; for a Japanese gentleman, with his sword handy, was not prone to explain and apologise before using it. So they were armed with stout sticks of the length and weight of their familiar swords, and were passably content. Even during the late Russo-Japanese war not a little sharp work was done with Japanese swords of the old model, in the hands of men who declared that fighting properly for their country with the comparatively childish Western weapon was an impossibility.

The Yokohama of our time bore much the same likeness to the settlement of to-day that an unimportant English provincial town bears to a large industrial centre. Our streets were, with one or two exceptions, very narrow and very badly paved. We had no gas, so that after sundown darkness reigned save where an occasional oil-lamp shed a feeble glimmer. Most houses stood in pleasant gardens or large compounds; so that there was a semi-rural spaciousness notable, the recent diminution of which has, I hear, entirely altered the appearance of a once really picturesque, if not absolutely beautiful, place. The Bluff was then, as now, the suburban retreat of the mercantile magnates; but whereas in 1871 not more than a score of bungalows were dotted amongst the greenery of this spacious plateau, now they are packed almost as thickly as in a London suburb.

What a happy little community we formed! All told—men, women, and children, and exclusive of the British and French garrisons—we numbered, I suppose, some three hundred, of whom fully 90 per cent. were young, or at any rate not even elderly, people. The result was that everybody knew everybody else; and I well remember that the appearance of a stranger in the streets set every tongue asking who he or she was, for the globe-trotter had not yet been let loose on the land. Of course, as the predominant elements were British and American, we had our class distinctions and divisions, cliques and coteries, and with ludicrous exactitude drew the line between the man who bought and sold in an office and the man who kept a shop for the same purposes; but we pulled together on the whole, very well. And as we were assuredly not overworked as merchants, brokers, and clerks, every form of recreation was enthusiastically followed. Golf was unknown; but cricket, rowing, bathing, and tennis in summer, football, pony and foot paper-chases, athletics, and shooting in winter, made it impossible for anybody to complain of the dullness of life. Indeed, I think that, considering the isolation of our position and the distance we were from any centre of Western civilisation, life was very much less monotonous with us than it is in many a country district at home. Let it be remembered that, as we were in Japan entirely upon sufferance, we were never quite sure of the security of our tenure, in spite of the magnificently worded treaty which was supposed to protect us; and it was probably the presence during those early years of British and French troops which really saved us from the consequences of one of those *volte faces* characteristic of Eastern diplomacy, and from outbursts on the part of a proud, ancient, and warlike people not yet by any means unanimous in the belief that it was acting either patriotically or politically in exchanging a system under which it had flourished for one of alien origin, the benefits of which were not yet manifest. To be sure, during the four years of my residence in Japan there was not recorded a single outbreak against foreigners; but signs were not wanting that the spirit of outrage was only kept at smouldering stage by force and diplomacy. There were certain districts even within the treaty limits (beyond which no foreigner could go without special permission) whither it was risky to venture; there were villages where the aspect of the natives was one of sullen distrust, where the tea-houses never had accommodation for the foreigner, and where the very babes in arms lisped out '*Tojin baka!*' ('Beast of an invader!') as he passed. Hence holidays afield had their spice of adventure. And even had we no amusements of our own at home, plenty of excitement was given by the frequent earthquakes, and during the winter season the almost weekly fires, which kept the members of our volunteer brigades in capital training, whilst they combined utility with what we regarded as amusement.

But to the writer the most pleasing reminis-

cences of life in Japan forty years ago are associated with the exploration of the country. It was not hard to imagine one's self dropped temporarily into a long-past age in that land where human and natural elements were equally unlike anything to be seen elsewhere. Of communities like ours in Yokohama, of course, there were and are plenty; for the European—at any rate the Anglo-Saxon—takes his atmosphere wherever he goes, and in all essentials Kingston (Jamaica) resembles Yokohama (Japan), and life on the West African Coast is a fair replica of that on the plains of Hindustan. But the Japan of our day was unique, because upon it a curtain has been dropped which will never be raised again. Once before in her history did the 'Crusoe of Nations,' as she has been called, drop a curtain between herself and the rest of the world, and it remained drawn from the beginning of the seventeenth century to the middle of the nineteenth. This curtain she dropped abruptly and entirely; when it was raised, the world beheld Japan absolutely as Japan was two hundred and fifty years before. Forty years ago she again drew the curtain down, gradually and without haste, upon her old self, at the same time that, with equal caution and circumspection, she raised another before her new self; and to a lucky few of us was given the opportunity of witnessing the double operation. To those who did not avail themselves of the unique chance—that is to say, to the majority, who, being business men, were too keenly engaged in exploiting to the full the new field of dollar-making to pay much attention to the closing of one of the most vivid and picturesque chapters of the world's history—it must afterwards have been a subject of inexpressible regret that they did not. So few corners of the world are unexplored, so very rarely is the chance offered of living in a dying world of high civilisation, that to have seen even what were merely the shreds of Old Japan is a subject for warm self-congratulation, not so much because it was the Old Japan—although that now is a name to conjure with—but because the process of building up the New Japan has been one of so much transformation and even obliteration.

The orthodox phrase, 'It is like a dream,' comes to the lips of the man who, knowing the active, hustling, thoroughly up-to-date Japan of to-day, recalls the tramping of old through a country where the white man was regarded as a curiosity, where 90 per cent. of the people knew nothing of the attainments of Western science, and where politeness was extended to a stranger for no other reason than that he was a stranger. It is something to remember the old Tokaido (the great Road of the Eastern Sea), if not when it was the chief artery of communication of the empire, at any rate when it was thronged thickly with pleasure and business crowds; when its towns and villages were alive with colour and sound and movement from morning till night; before the railway ruined it and wrecked it, as I have since seen it, into a solitude as sad and as utter as that of the old Appian Way between the Three Taverns and Albano, or of the Northumbrian Watling Street as it approaches the Scottish Border. It is something to have seen the roadside and rural life of Japan as it was before the first Roman legionary raised a vallum on English soil; to have talked with educated and cultured men who had never seen a pair of European boots, much less a railway train; to have heard Japanese spoken as different from the Japanese of Yokohama and Yedo as is the French of old Quebec from the French of modern Paris. It is something to be thankful for, because it was a unique experience. There are still plenty of places in the world where the white man is regarded as a curiosity, and where the commonest objects of European use have never been seen; but, now that Japan is transformed, there is no country in the world—excepting, perhaps, some remote provinces of China—where an advanced state of civilisation and culture exists together with an absolute ignorance of European life.

Of course there was much that was ludicrous in our eyes about the Japanese early efforts to walk in the ways of the West. Especially was this the case in the matter of dress. I well remember, when the edict first went forth that all officials when on duty were to appear in Western costume, the frequent scene in front of the public notice-boards at the entrances of villages of the local tailors copying, stitch by stitch, the detailed diagrams of coats, waistcoats, and trousers affixed thereto. In his native dress the Japanese always looks a gentleman. Place a tall hat on his blacking-brush-like head, invest his person with a claw-hammer coat and a wide-fronted waistcoat, put ill-made trousers on his always bandily inclined legs, encase feet which have never known the tyranny of leather in new boots, and you have an organ-man's monkey to the life. To their credit be it said, the Japanese women stood out bravely against any innovation in their beautiful, graceful national dress, and not even the example of ladies in high places has ever succeeded in bringing about generally a revolution so much to be deplored. Even in this matter of masculine dress, the principle of adapting, not adopting, a change was remarkably prominent. I do not know what the fashion may be now, but when I revisited Japan ten years ago I noticed that, although the changes all round were startling, very few Japanese men had adopted European costume in its entirety, and that the fashion seemed to be to wear a Western hat and perhaps boots, but to preserve the national *kimono*.

I have spoken of the jealousy with which the foreign settlers were regarded in my time by the natives. This was especially exemplified by

the rigour with which the law about treaty limits was carried out. Around Yokohama a twenty-five mile line was drawn, beyond which no foreigner could pass without hardly-won permission—a rule insisted upon with the object of preventing the opening up of trade in the interior. To the baths of Miyanoshita and Hakoni the foreigner might go without much trouble; but beyond lay the forbidden and therefore fascinating land of Old Japan, high over which soared the beautiful, majestic cone of the sacred mountain, Fuji-Yama. In my time the only woman, native or foreign, who had ever been allowed to make the ascent of Fuji-Yama was Lady Parkes, the wife of our Minister, and the number of European men who had been up could be counted on one hand. To ascend Fuji-Yama was one of my cherished dreams, but not until I had lived in Japan four years did I contrive to get a passport for the purpose. Full of hope and delight, I tramped the forty miles from Yokohama in the company of my 'boy,' who was one of the many Japanese gentlemen out of employ who took service with Europeans in order to learn foreign languages and generally to qualify for positions in the New Japan. Arrived at Subashiri, a village at the foot of the great mountain, I sent my 'boy' with my passport to the mayor's house to have it *viséd*. He returned, saying that it was in order, but that he had left it for further examination; and after a well-earned meal I turned in between the quilts for a good night's rest in preparation for the labours of the morrow.

A couple of hours later my 'boy' awakened me, saying that upon reperusal the passport had been found out of order, and that I must return within treaty limits *at once*. My disappointment may be imagined. It was nearly midnight; to get back to treaty limits meant a dark, rough, and perhaps dangerous walk of nearly twenty miles, and, worse, it meant humiliation and defeat.

I refused to budge. My 'boy' conveyed the reply. Back he came, saying that if I refused to go that night, I must start at six the next morning under escort. I refused to return at all. My passport must have been in order, for it was so covered with signatures and stamps and various hieroglyphics that its import was barely decipherable. My 'boy' prostrated himself. He was a Japanese gentleman, he said, and I was virtually under his protection so long as I was beyond treaty limits. His first duty was to those put in authority over him. If he disobeyed their command he was disgracing himself as a gentleman, and there was no alternative but for him to—— Here he drew his forefinger significantly across his belly. Of course this would never do. It was mortifying in the extreme to be obliged to abandon a long-cherished enterprise; but if the persistence in it meant the self-immolation of a human being, it would clearly never do. So I relieved myself with a few comminatory remarks and returned to sleep.

At six the next morning my 'boy' advised me that a sergeant and five constables in European uniform were waiting outside the tea-house to escort me back to treaty limits. I went out to inspect them, and I noted particularly that they wore, in the place of their native *waraji*, or straw sandals, brand-new British army ammunition-boots.

I made an excellent breakfast, and started on the seventeen-mile walk. It was very hot; the road was of the roughest. I longed for occasional halts, pipes, and sips of tea; but I resisted all temptation. I never stopped till I reached Matsuda, seventeen hard, long miles from Subashiri—alone. Half-an-hour later came the little sergeant, limping, with his boots tied round his neck; and at intervals the other members of my escort came in—all footsore, hungry, thirsty, and amazed. My wrath had cooled. I entertained them, and sent them off smiling and prostrating, with the advice that the next time they had occasion to run in a young Englishman in good training they should stick to their native footgear. But I have not yet ascended Fuji-Yama. I am not quite sure now that the whole thing was not a 'plant' on the part of my 'boy,' to whom the stiff ascent of Fuji-Yama offered no attractions. I could never find out if he really went to the mayor or not, or, if he did, what he said to that official to influence him in his judgment. Anyhow, my linguist friend (to whom I have already alluded) said, when I told him the story, 'If I'd been with you, you'd have got up Fuji right enough.'

Later on during my stay the regulations concerning treaty limits were much relaxed. All the world and his wife were let loose over the enchanted land, and left the usual traces behind them. The little Subashiri tea-house whence the law chased me in 1874 is now, I believe, an up-to-date tourist caravanserai, with bar, billiard-room, and, as I saw it written up in Yedo, 'great accomidations for traveler ladys and gents.' No doubt this is all good for the country; but I am thankful that I saw it before it was 'improved,' and when there was a spice of adventure in wandering off the beaten track.

By the light of subsequent events, any one who knew Japan during the interesting period of which I have been writing can solve much that was puzzling to him then. Knowing as we did that the nation in whose land we were sojourners was proud, chivalrous, and military above all else, we could not understand how, in all the offices, Chinamen ruled with the rods of bullies; how respectable Japanese were not merely content to be the menials of foreigners, but allowed themselves to be treated like beasts of burden; and how very rare were cases of foreigners being

insulted or outraged. We could not see ahead. We laughed at the nation for attempting to jump over five hundred years in as many days, and the simile of the rocket and the stick was often on our lips. We did not think that the nation was quietly learning its lesson all this time, and that its sons who bore buffet and insult meekly were suffering in a spirit of the purest patriotism; that our measure was being accurately taken by these quiet, non-assertive little men; and that, whilst outwardly we were making use of them, in reality they were making tools of us to help them to build up an empire in the front rank of nations. Now I call to mind how more than once my friend remarked, 'These Jap chaps are the best listeners and the best questioners I have ever known. They all have the air of pupils; yet I very much mistake if they don't know a lot more than we give them credit for, and if one of these fine days we shall not learn from them.' Poor chap! He was one of the many Europeans who held professorships in Japan, and who fondly believed that they were life-tenants of these lucrative posts; but who had rude awakenings when, at the expiration of their contracts, the Japanese authorities, instead of renewing them, said the equivalent, in their own polite way, of 'Thank you so much for having taught us to teach ourselves. We will not trouble you any more. Good-morning.'

No doubt the country is all the better for its awakening; no doubt the existence of a medieval state in the present day means a tremendous obstacle to the progress of the world and is a distinct anachronism; but for so long has Japan been regarded as the last stronghold of a picturesque past that it is impossible to stifle a regret that it too should have gone the way of other nations, and sacrificed so much that was fascinating and interesting for the sake of a place among the Great Powers.

ON THE TRACK OF THE LEPIDOPTERA.

CHAPTER IV.

GREY'S hopes of catching the famous butterflies were, he knew, being dissipated by the flames in front of him. The smaller insect-life of the forest would be utterly destroyed. It was useless for him to hope that anything in the shape of butterflies would be spared from the awful flames. He was, however, not a little pleased with his trip. It was not often that a cold-weather visitor had a glimpse of such a panorama as he had been lucky enough to see: a forest-fire in all its grandeur and awfulness, inspiring the animal kingdom with terror and destroying in a few hours the most valuable asset of an agricultural country—its forestry.

For some time Grey contemplated the flames, and it was with no little surprise that he presently heard his bearer's voice behind him telling him that his lunch was ready. Grey betook himself to the bungalow and lunch. As he thought over the events of the morning he recalled the figure of the man on horseback whom he had seen riding away from the scene of the fire. Addressing his bearer, Grey inquired if he knew who the horseman could be.

'I do not know, sahib,' replied the servant, 'but I will ask some of the villagers. They will tell me if the sahib will give me some baksheesh for them.'

Grey laughingly replied that the baksheesh would be forthcoming if the information were obtained.

As the afternoon wore on, Grey, after making his arrangements for the return journey to Darjeeling on the morrow, sat reading on the veranda of the bungalow, occasionally glancing up from his book to watch the progress of the fire. His reading was interrupted by the appearance of his servant, accompanied by a long-haired, unkempt ragamuffin, who carried a butterfly-net in his hand.

'Who is this man?' asked Grey, looking at the unkempt one.

'Your honour, he wishes to sell you some butterflies. He has heard you are a "butterfly sahib." I think he can tell you, also, who the horseman is whom your honour saw this morning.'

Grey became interested, and asked the bearer to depart. That discreet functionary lost no time in obeying his master's orders, as if afraid of hearing something which it might be inconvenient for him to bear witness about in case of future inquiry into the cause of the fire.

'So you catch butterflies?' said Grey, wondering what the fellow had to communicate.

'Yes, your honour; I catch butterflies for Tsoko. He pays me five rupees a month, and I have to give him one hundred butterflies each month. His son comes round here once every three months to take them to Darjeeling. Last month I caught more than a hundred, and I kept them to add to the number for this month. Will your honour buy some from me?'

Grey asked the man to show him the butterflies, inquiring at the same time if he had any of those particular ones he had come so far to get.

The man replied that he had some of the kind indicated, and asked to be allowed to bring them for the sahib's inspection on the morrow. His home was some distance away from the bungalow. 'The sahib wanted some information,' continued the visitor. 'What was it about?'

Grey remembered the horseman of the morning. 'Oh yes; I saw a horseman riding past on a gray horse this morning. I was wondering who he was.' He described the horseman as fully as he could.

'It must have been Tsoko, your honour. He came to dismiss me this morning, saying that he needed no more butterflies from this place.'

So that was Tsoko! 'Curious,' thought Grey, 'that the forest-fire should synchronise with Tsoko's hurried visit. As he thought over the matter a plan began to form in his mind. It would be difficult to convict the Bhutia of the grave misdemeanour of setting the forest on fire; but if the miscreant had really meant to give him counter-check for refusing to buy his butterflies, he was quite ready to take up the challenge. Turning to Tsoko's quondam servant, he said, 'Look here, my man, I will give you one hundred rupees for your butterflies; and if you can tell me of any other place where I can catch them myself I will give you fifty rupees more.'

The man considered the tempting offer for a minute, and replied, 'There is another place about ten miles from here, on the Tibetan frontier, where they are to be found. If the sahib will come with me I will show him the place.'

Grey agreed to do so, and, cancelling his arrangements for the return journey, made preparations for an excursion to the Tibetan frontier on the morrow.

Setting out next day, he reached the little valley where, his guide assured him, the butterflies he was in quest of were to be found. Tethering his horse to a wayside tree, Grey began his search among the sparse vegetation of the hillside, and before long descried, a butterfly. Giving chase, he soon made up on it, and keeping warily out of shadow distance, awaited his chance of netting it. It settled on a scraggy bush outside the little garden of a village hut.

The villagers, looking shyly through the bamboo lattice-work of their huts, became interested in the sahib's movements. One head, then another, appeared in the doorways, the eyes of which heads followed with interest every movement of the new-comer. In the centre of the *bastes* could be seen the small white dome of the Buddhist temple of the village. Had it been less overgrown with creepers it would still have escaped the attention of Grey, intent as he was on his quarry on the scraggy bush. The bush proved uninteresting to the butterfly, which, after settling there for a moment, continued its flight, with Grey in its wake, in the direction of the village. Nothing daunted, Grey followed whither flowers in the gardens of the villagers attracted it. The butterfly was restive. It flitted on, over palings and through patches of paddy, ever keeping out of reach of the perspiring Grey. At last it was hovering as if about to alight. Grey, paying little attention to the scowling faces around him, made a bee-line for the settling fly. Entering the narrow gate of what he took to be a garden enclosure, he rushed up the rickety steps of the moss-covered building in its centre. His arm was raised, and he was about to strike at the butterfly, now basking in the sun on top of the little dome, when a loud shout startled him, and while he looked round to see what the noise meant the butterfly flew off.

Grey turned down the steps angrily. He knew he was trespassing, and that he had been doing so for the last few minutes; but he was also aware that a few pice baksheesh would suffice for the villagers through whose gardens he had been trespassing. But the voice which had arrested his upraised hand at the psychological moment was not that of a mere villager. It was that of the priest of the Buddhist shrine—a priest whose tenets forbade the slaying of all animal-life, including insects, whose temple enclosure had been profaned by the intruder. He was vociferating wildly to the gathering villagers; and as Grey glanced from him to the dangerous *kookries* (knives) which the villagers were handling in a menacing manner, he began to realise his predicament. The loud words of the priest fell strangely on his ears. He did not know the Tibetan language, having been long enough on the hills to pick up only a smattering of Paharia, as the language of the Darjeeling Hills is called. He looked about for his unkempt butterfly-catcher. That worthy had vanished. What was he to do? Little time was left for him to plan anything, for the villagers, at a word from the priest, closed in upon him, and after a sharp struggle, in which luckily only the flat of the *kookries* was used, carried him, struggling and kicking, out of the temple grounds. Once outside of the enclosure, he was thrown violently on the ground, where he lay, rendered unconscious by the rough handling he had received. It might have fared worse with him had it not been for the timely arrival of a forest coolie, whose communication, spoken hurriedly to the angry priest, caused that individual to call his henchmen away from the prostrate victim of their wrath.

When Grey returned to consciousness some time afterwards, he found himself propped up between some stones on the roadway. His cousin was bending over him with an alarmed look on his face. News of the forest-fire had reached him the night before, and he had set out as soon as possible to ascertain the amount of the damage. At the rest-house he had been informed by the runaway butterfly-hunter of his cousin's evil plight. To carry Grey back to the rest-house was an easy matter for the sturdy forest coolies whom Grey's cousin had brought with him, and it was with heartfelt thankfulness that Grey awoke late on the day following, feeling only a little sore after his experiences.

Before returning to Darjeeling, Grey had a

final interview with the unkempt one who had unwittingly led him into the scrape. He had feared that the man had acted as an accomplice of Tsoko, but dismissed these suspicions from his mind when he heard that it was he who had summoned help for him. He kept his promise in the matter of buying the man's butterflies, and felt himself amply repaid for his exciting trip, as he afterwards packed away no less than five of the coveted specimens of the famous Tibetan Lepidoptera in his travelling-trunk.

THE END.

SOME GREAT DATES IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

PART III.—WELLINGTON'S GREATEST BATTLE—THE STORY OF SALAMANCA.

22ND JULY 1812.

WELLINGTON himself has described Salamanca as 'one of his best battles.' Most battles are confused. They seem to be lost or won almost by accident. But Salamanca was won by a stroke—swift and sudden and deadly—in which there was no element of accident. It was a thrust on a fair field and against an adroit adversary. It represents the conception of a great captain, unmarred by blundering in details on the part of his subordinates.

Wellington had captured the great border fortresses, and was marching into Spain. But 300,000 French troops held that country! Soult with 56,000 men was in Andalusia, Marmont with 52,000 held Salamanca; Wellington had only 30,000 British and Portuguese troops scattered along a front of four hundred miles. The problem was to conceal from the French the direction of his intended stroke, and to prevent Soult from joining Marmont in order to defeat that stroke. With one of the most brilliant feats of soldiership in the whole war, Hill seized and destroyed the bridge at Almarez, and so broke the communication betwixt Marmont and Soult. Then Wellington made his stroke at Marmont.

On 13th June Wellington set his columns in motion across the Agueda; in four days he was within six miles of Salamanca. All the bridges on the Tormes had been destroyed, but he crossed by various fords and entered the town, Marmont falling back towards the Douro.

Salamanca welcomed the British with tumultuous joy. They came as deliverers. The French yoke had been cruel; and the shouting crowds in the streets were in a passion of gratitude. But Spanish crowds are liable to sudden and violent changes of mood. When the British passed through Salamanca five months afterwards they were scowled at with almost murderous hate. And yet, in the interval, they had overthrown Marmont in a great battle, and had turned the French out of Madrid.

Wellington's first business was to capture the forts Marmont had built in order to hold Salamanca. He had destroyed thirteen convents and thirty-two colleges in the construction of these forts, and they were of formidable strength. It would take fifteen days, Marmont reckoned, to carry them; and, unlike most French reckonings where Wellington was concerned, this proved accurate, owing to the fact that the artillery Wellington had brought was too light for breaching purposes, and he had to send back to Almeida for a battering-train. Meanwhile Marmont, waiting for reinforcements, stood beyond the Tormes, watching and eager to strike. He was a dangerous opponent, high in daring, swift of genius, a trained soldier, with a special gift for tactics. He was in the prime of life, of a certain fierce energy, and with a more than French appetite for fame. The one thing he lacked was that most necessary quality of a great commander—patience. Reinforcements were coming up; Bonnet was already on the march to join him; Caffarelli was prepared to move. But Joseph was urging him to strike at Wellington; his own temperament made caution difficult; and he began that tangle of swift marches and counter-marches, which to-day are scarcely intelligible without a personal knowledge of the country, and which ended in hopeless disaster.

For a time Marmont seemed to outmanœuvre his antagonist. The country, rugged with unrelated hills, mottled with patches of forest, suited his tactics; and Marmont was familiar with every curve and wrinkle of it. His aim was to strike at Wellington's communications with Ciudad and compel him to retreat. He watched eagerly, too, in the hope that he might catch his formidable rival in some perilous situation where he could be attacked with success. Wellington's care was to guard his communications with the south, keep his hold on Salamanca, and only fight where he had the advantage of position. Marmont's swift and perpetually changing thrusts at his opponent sometimes laid him open to a deadly counter-stroke. But Wellington would take no risks. He would not strike until his stroke was sure. The two great armies, in a word, were like hawks, balancing, with threatening talons, in mid-air, and watching for a chance to swoop the one on the other. Sometimes, for a moment, as they swept past each other, they clashed, and the feathers flew.

One such momentary clash betwixt the

outer fringes of the two armies brought great personal peril to Wellington himself. Thus, on the 18th, Cotton, with the 4th and Light Divisions, and Anson's cavalry, was in a bad position behind the Trabancos, with the whole French army in his front. Wellington, with Beresford, had come up in the early morning, and was trying to see the enemy through the fog, when some French horsemen suddenly galloped upon them. Kincaid, who was on picket-duty at that point, in his *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade* tells how 'Lord Wellington, with his staff, and a cloud of French and English dragoons and horse artillery intermixed, came over the hill at full cry, and all hammering at each other's heads in one confused mass. He had gone there to reconnoitre, covered by two guns and two squadrons of cavalry, who by some accident were surprised and charged by a superior body of the enemy, and sent tumbling in upon us. . . . We were obliged to remain passive spectators of such an extraordinary scene going on within a few yards of us, as we could not fire without an equal chance of shooting some of our own side. Lord Wellington and his staff, with the two guns, took shelter for a moment behind us, while the cavalry went sweeping along our front, where, I suppose, they picked up some reinforcement, for they returned almost instantly in the same confused mass; but the French were now the fliers. It was highly interesting all this time to observe the distinguished characters which this unlooked-for turn-up had assembled around us. Marshal Beresford and the greater part of the staff remained with their swords drawn, and the Duke himself did not look more than half-pleased while he silently despatched some of them with orders. General Alten and his huge German orderly dragoon, with their swords drawn, cursed the whole time to a very large amount; but as it was in German, I had not the full benefit of it. He had an opposition swearer in Captain Jenkinson of the artillery, who commanded the two guns, and whose oaths were chiefly aimed at himself for his folly, as far as I could understand, in putting so much confidence in his covering party.'

Once, during a pause in these evolutions, the two armies held a position facing each other near Reuda. It was a wine-district; the caves, which make the neighbourhood famous, were little better than vast wine-cellars, and the soldiers of both armies, in huge numbers, got drunk in them in company. 'Many men on both sides,' says Napier, 'perished in these caves. . . . The banks of the Douro seemed for a time to belong to one army, so difficult is it to make brave men hate each other.' Especially, it may be added, when they can get drunk together, and without cost.

Marmont justified his policy of swift and baffling tactics to Joseph in almost amusing terms. 'This class of operations,' he wrote, 'is the only one to adopt with the English, who display peculiar talent in taking up positions which it is necessary to thwart as much as possible by preventing them establishing themselves before giving them battle.'

This gigantic fencing-match betwixt two masters in the art of war resulted in some very picturesque incidents. Twice—once on 18th July, in a race for the Guarena, and a second time on the 20th, in a similar race to reach the ford of Huerta, on the Tormes—the two armies pressed on at speed within a half cannon-shot of each other; the officers in either army exchanging salutes, the cavalry watching for an opportunity of charging, the artillery for some advantageous point at which they could wheel round and open fire.

'The country all round,' says Major Simmons, 'was one vast plain, and the soldiers were moving across it in column of companies at quarter distance, ready by regiments to form square if the enemy's cavalry should charge; the march was taken up literally as coolly as if it had been a field-day, taking distant points to march upon, and avoiding the villages in order not to lose time by passing through them. Upon our right as we then faced, and frequently not more than five hundred yards distant from us, was a dense mass of Frenchmen moving in the same order—horse, foot, and artillery. It was quite ridiculous to see two hostile armies so close without coming to blows.'

Again and again, in this game of swift movements, Marmont proved more agile than his opponent; but he dared too much at last, and his dainty tactics were suddenly shattered and his army wrecked as with the stroke of an aerolite. In the actual test of battle Wellington proved himself swifter to thrust than even his agile opponent. For Salamanca is the one battle in history in which 'an army of 40,000 men were beaten in forty minutes.'

On 22nd July the two armies confronted each other from opposed and curving ridges on the bank of the Tormes. These hills defined a basin, oval in contour, a mile and a half broad from north to south, and a little over two miles long from east to west. The British held the northern and western hills; Marmont was on the eastern ridge. Two isolated hills, rugged and lofty, the Arapiles, stood opposite each other, like the gate-posts of a natural amphitheatre—fit arena for a great battle. Wellington held one of these great hills with his left wing; Marmont's right wing extended to the other.

Marmont was eager to fight. The contest of tactics, stretching through ten days, had given him confidence. Bonnet had come up with 6000 infantry. He believed himself to be the better general, and he had the advantage of his enemy in numbers. Wellington, on the other hand, with his sober caution, had made up his mind to fall back upon Ciudad. Joseph was

moving from the centre to join Marmont; Caffarelli's cavalry brigades were on the march. It was certain that the French in a few days would be on his front in overwhelming strength. He could not afford to fight a costly—still less a losing—battle, and he sent a letter to Castanos announcing his determination to fall back across the Portuguese frontier. That letter, by a stroke of ill-luck for the French, fell into Marmont's hands, and determined him to fight. In the light of after events the letter was looked on as a clever trap on Wellington's part.

At midday on 22nd July, Marmont, watching the British position, saw clouds of dust rising against the clear sky in their rear. Wellington was sending his baggage along the road to Ciudad, and that spectacle fired Marmont's temper. It suggested a retreat and an escape, and he instantly set Maucune's divisions, on his extreme left, moving along the curving southern ridge, intending to strike at the Ciudad road and break through Wellington's communications. But in his eagerness to get past his opponent's flank and strike at his rear, Marmont forgot that he was leaving a gap in his own front.

It was by this time three o'clock. Wellington watched with stern content the movement of the French divisions along the southern ridge, while the fatal gap widened, until the left wing of the French army was completely parted from the centre. 'Marmont is lost,' he said; and he struck instantly and with all his force. He rode at speed to his right wing, where Pakenham was in command of the 3rd Division. 'Do you see, Ned,' he asked, 'those fellows on the hill? Throw your division into columns at them directly, and drive them to the devil.'

Marmont from the French Arapiles, watching Maucune's divisions on the march, suddenly saw the red columns of the British striking across what may be called the floor of the amphitheatre. The movement resembled the thrust of a bloody sword at his front. He was quick to see his danger, and strove desperately to meet Wellington's stroke. Officer after officer went riding at speed to stop Maucune's fatal movement, and others to bring up troops from the second line to fill the gap in the centre. But another red column was now thrust across the plain at the unhappy Maucune's flank. His divisions, almost at the same moment, were barred in front, smitten on their flank, and cut off from the main body of the army in their rear. Marmont by this time was riding furiously, like a gallant soldier, to the point of danger. He was struck by an exploding shell and dangerously wounded, and the French army, with such a tempest of war breaking on it, was left for the moment without a commander.

Maucune's leading division, under Thomieres, came round the flank of an isolated hill, expecting to see the British in retreat on the Ciudad road, and found across its front Pakenham's regiments, moving swiftly to the charge. At the same moment some guns on the hill itself opened a shattering fire on its flank. The French faced a sudden and overwhelming disaster gallantly, but Pakenham's stroke was not to be denied. Clausel's division had by this time reinforced Maucune, but the 5th Division came into the firing-line, and its dreadful volleys, added to those of Pakenham, rent the disordered battalions of the French well-nigh into fragments. Then through the space betwixt the two divisions there suddenly came a cloud of whirling dust, within which was the trampling sound of innumerable hoofs. It opened as it passed beyond the British front, and Anson's light cavalry and Le Marchant's heavy brigade, riding at speed, broke upon the French. Some 1200 French infantry were almost at a breath trampled out of existence. The dragoons, big men on big horses, still rode onward, smiting with their glittering swords, and battalion after battalion of the unhappy French in succession were simply destroyed. Le Marchant fell, with many of his horsemen, for the French, though broken, fought gallantly; but in all the overwhelming impact of their charge the British horse rode furiously on, broke through yet another French column, and captured a battery of five guns. In that one charge 2000 prisoners were taken, and Maucune's three divisions practically ceased to exist as a military force.

(To be continued.)

JESS.

I'm ten, and there's six of them littler,
And the baby's so tiny and thin,
I daren't leave her a minute, hardly,
But I think she will swallow a pin,
Or p'r'aps bump her head in the gutter,
Or make a great scratch on her knee;
So I've just got to sit still and mind her,
For, you see, there is no one but me.

Our Tommy and Bertha—the next ones—
They're willing, but no good at all;
Well, Tommy is better than Bertha,
If it wasn't his knees were so small.
Jess knows when I've got her; yes, truly,
She's not a bit easy to please;
She knows right away there's a difference
'Tween me and our Tommy's hard knees.

There's Emma, and Doris, and Vi'let,
Do nothing but play silly games;
'Old soldier,' and 'moppet,' and 'tersey'—
There's more, but I don't know the names.
And sometimes they ask me to join them,
And sometimes I want to say, 'Yes;'
But I don't, though I'd like to most awf'ly,
For what would become of our Jess?

I pretend I don't like to play 'hop-scotch,'
That 'tick' is a game I detest;
That I'd much rather watch from a doorstep,
And tell them which one does it best.
Bimeby Jess'll change from a baby,
She'll mind herself most of the day;
You don't think by that time I'll be older,
And *really* want never to play?

EDITH L. ELIAS.

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SEVENTH SERIES

THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

YOU will probably find that by the time this page is printed a certain anxiety will come to be expressed upon a subject which two months ago we should all have been willing to pledge ourselves would not in any circumstances short of the most violent discomfort or even disaster have worried us any more for the remainder of this year. The ancient and everlasting theme of thought and conversation, the weather, has never previously been so well used, and with good cause, being of such serious moment in divers ways, as it has been since the summer season, recently concluded, was first entered upon. It was a season of unexampled sunshine, brilliancy, and heat, and was such a reversal of the kind of summers which for some seasons past have been experienced in this country that now there comes up in the mind the fear that the reversal will extend all along the almanac, and that instead of the glorious autumns which in recent times we have seen to follow upon dripping months of June and July, yielding us sunshine and balmy days crimson and gold in their colouring by nature, cool but of sufficient warmth, invigorating, this happy period often extending up to the very eve of Christmas, the balance will be maintained this year by an October and November of storms and blasts, of biting winds and shivering cold, and midwinter days, with all their discomfort outside, and the attractions that they give to the fireside, brought forward to December. The people generally do not appear to have any great faith in the generosity of Nature in her dealing out of weather to these islands. When she hurls upon us something of a kind which makes for much grumbling and uneasiness and farmers' loss, there is no confidence that she will give compensation in happy days ensuing; while, when there is a period of lavish sunshine and genial warmth, there is dark pessimism abroad concerning the future prospects. 'We shall have to pay for all this,' say the wiseacres with a shake of the head, and they say now that we must soon be paying for the June, July, and August which we had, a trinity of months the like of which have not been known in living memory. It will be perceived that by this time these recent months, now dropped back into the history of seasons, their time run out, their work and effects long since accomplished, have been exalted to the rank of the most perfect, the most glorious, kings of summer months which made life a joy and a blessing such as it is not always at such times. We speak now of the happy, splendid summer we have had, and the season was so conspicuously different from others that it will be remembered as even exceptional seasons seldom are; and when in the future St Swithin does his worst, and dog-days are wet and gloomy, men and women will remember the Coronation year, and murmur reminiscently of the splendour of its weather and the joy that pervaded life in that fair time. Sunshine and flowers, countrysides of matchless beauty, scenes in town of glittering dalliance and gaiety, seacoasts of smooth azure flecked with foam, everywhere music in the air; and as time goes on, and more seasons of discontent are piled on to us, this one in the exaggerations of memory will be bettered all the time. And the truth is that the people are just as fickle in their remembrances and judgments as is the climate of this land itself. Already, as we see, the Coronation summer is exalted and established to the position of chief and happiest, most enjoyable of all summers we have known. But what of the time, so recent too, when that season was with us? Days of the most brilliant sunshine there were, but they were days also of record heat which became unbearable. Men and women sweltered and melted in it, were tormented by dust and dryness, and cried aloud of their discomfort and the pains and sufferings they were enduring. Not without cause were their wailings and their yearnings for rain and for nips of refreshing chilliness when there were ninety-five degrees of heat in the shade. 'Oh for two whole days and nights of rain!' they cried, and the fancy of a deluge for a week brought a certain momentary happiness to their souls. Sunshine was well enough, they said; but when they had to pay the price for it in heat endured, as was done in August, give them instead, they pleaded, the gray, dull skies which were more familiar to them, the rains to which they were well accustomed, the conditions from the effects of which they could by easy human means escape as they could not from those of the terrible, the awful summer with which they were being in-

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flicted when the King and Queen were crowned! It had few praises then, and the truth must be that the contemporary judgment was saner and sounder than that which follows now, for the historical perspective is not so reliable in the matter of seasons as it is in regard to the affairs of government and the events of the progress of the world.

* * *

Our people are not accustomed to such a season as we have lately had. It was of an exaggerated type, unnatural to these islands, and the centuries of time in the past, in their makings and their shapings, have not fitted us with bodies and constitutions, minds and temperaments, that are suited to such conditions, so that we could not endure them properly, and could not thrive under them as, say, Italians and Spaniards might. It is being fast forgotten now, but we seemed in July and August to be taught a lesson in the modification of some of our desires. As people reflected in the past on some of those dark and dripping days which were called cheerless and depressing, thoughts often turned on the great and peculiar qualities of the Briton that had enabled him to accomplish so much and to achieve high greatness despite the hard circumstances in climate and weather which he had to endure. At such times it seemed really to be one of the mysteries of the world that he had done so much with such odds against him, and people wondered then to what vaster heights he would have risen if he had been favoured always with skies of the Italian kind, and long seasons free from wet and wind, when life would have been as sunny as everything about it. But they understood two months ago how wrong they had been. It was not only that their constitutions and natures were unfitted for such heat and dryness, that the discomfort of parched tongues, streaming skins, and beaded faces was great indeed, but that with it all there came a vast diminution of energy, effort, and even ambition. A drowsy languor fell upon men and women, so that even when in shady places, cool and comfortable, they happily contemplated the sunlight that was brightening all about them, a certain contentment stole over them. Sunshine within certain limits of heat may be good for the body, and it may give inspiration to fine intellects, but it does as surely bring us that contentment with things as they are, and rank laziness follows quickly after it. It was understood in August that if all summers were like that of the Coronation year, the pertinacity of the Briton, unexampled since the world began, would soon be diminished, his productive power would decrease, his courageous fighting propensities, his hardiness, self-reliance, strength, would soon be weakened. Those gloomy skies, chilly days, soaking atmospheres may make for rheumatics, but they make also for discontent, for the desire for improvement, and for the determination to succeed, and that is what has made Britain great, or is one of the reasons for it. A little more mild sunshine, a little better clarity of atmosphere, might have been well; but the people of this land have surely risen not only in spite of their climate, but also because of it. Such summers as the last one, splendid as they may seem in the memory now, would quickly transform a people who are not accustomed to them. The pains and discomforts of the body had a sharp reaction on the mind, and the state of thoughts and feelings was so far from the normal that strange things were done that might not have been done in cooler air. When there were some who died from heat and others who went mad by it, it is safe and easy reasoning that stronger bodies and minds must have been affected somewhat, though not so direfully or apparently. Conceptions and judgments were not so finely balanced as usually; and the cumulative effect of days and weeks of irritation from the heat had its effect upon dispositions and inclinations. Some have even set forth the idea that there might not have been some of those tremendous strikes if the people had not been subjected to the conditions of the tropics which made them see many things wrong. But it has all gone now, and winter is ahead. If, as they say, the weather of the seasons goes in cycles, we may have more burning summers, but not probably for some time one quite like that of this year; and so, with no fear of repetition, we may remember it with increasing gladness, as we do, forgetting the troubles that it forced upon us. But in the winter, discontented again and working hard and to good effect, it may be well to recall the lesson that was learnt some months before, and so soon forgotten afterwards.

* * *

There is doubtless a considerable difference between the ideas and methods of such dramatists as Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones on the one hand and the famous ancients like Æschylus and Sophocles on the other. The ordinary person has always considered that, except by university societies and by small bodies of enthusiasts before little audiences of keen intellectuals, the presentation of the old Greek plays was impracticable. Plainly, they had no drawing power and they would not pay. This was partly because of their peculiar form of construction, quite unlike that of the plays we have had from Shakespeare's time until now, and a seeming disregard of what we consider to be the essentials of action, plot, and dramatic interest. There was some fine talking, and certain morals seemed to be more or less lucidly conveyed, but that was all; and the men and women who turn into the stalls at the St James's, the Garrick, or the Criterion at nights might feel a little contemptuous of the wisdom of the ancient playgoers, did they ever give the matter a thought.

Yet, as all know who have read them with intelligence and understanding, there is something that is greatly good about those old Greek plays, and their chief fault for us is that they do not fit our times. In many of them there is a fine strength of conception, some exhibition of dramatic instinct, and, particularly, a robust originality in design and treatment; but moderns fail to appreciate the merit of the work from the practical dramatic point of view because they cannot properly visualise such plays presented in the theatres that we have and amid such settings as are customary. So we have been looking round and recasting our thoughts and modifying the supposed necessities, and we have come to the conclusion that if he is properly handled by us, as others have handled him, there may be a good public for Sophocles; there may be money in him. So we are about to try him, this being as much as to say that Mr Martin Harvey, with the assistance of Professor Max Reinhardt, will offer *Œdipus Rex* to the London public next January on such a scale and in such circumstances as to constitute one of the chief dramatic sensations of the age, and the strongest and most daring departure from the conventional that any of us have known. While it has been suggested that the old Greek plays have not such dramatic quality as appeals to modern producers and theatre-goers, it has to be said that there is one of them, this being *Œdipus Rex*, which is not in the same category as the others. Its strong dramatic quality has been recognised from the time of Aristotle, who spoke of it as the most perfect of Greek tragedies, down to the present time; and while it has been staged in Germany, Austria, and Russia in recent times by Professor Reinhardt in just the same way that it will be done by him in London next January, and has had longing eyes cast upon it by various of our English actor-managers, including Sir Herbert Tree—who would surely have made a magnificent spectacular success of such a production, the kind of work in which he most delights and excels—there have been difficulties in the way, chiefly caused by the censor, who took objection to some of the features of the plot and refused his permission for it to be presented. So the Germans and the Austrians and the Russians have enjoyed the play and have not suffered for it, but have been greatly stimulated in the mind and helped in their knowledge and appreciation of ancient thought and literature. But now that the censor is helped towards his judgments by a committee, and is not at the mercy of his own individual fancies and preferences, *Œdipus Rex* comes to be licensed for production in England. For some time before this came about Mr Harvey had been intently studying the great Greek drama, believing that in some form it might be produced in England, and, being strongly desirous of being the active agent in the matter, when the ban was removed he lost no time in completing his negotiations with Professor Reinhardt.

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It is a tremendous undertaking, demanding great enterprise, courage, and above all a splendid sense of dramatic possibilities through a different medium from that in which they are generally considered and presented in these times. *Œdipus Rex* is not a thing for ordinary theatrical production. The usual theatre will not do for it. Sophocles had no idea of such theatres as we have now. The Greek arrangement was quite different, and, great as are the possibilities of adaptation, it is quite impossible to adapt the intended form of presentation of *Œdipus Rex* to our modern methods and retain anything of the original form and scheme and result. The system has to be changed, and then the producer has to work up to the full capacity of the new system, and that is what Professor Reinhardt has done very thoroughly on the Continent, the weirdness, and the splendour, and the magnificence, and the dramatic quality of some of the effects that he has produced being, by common consent of all who have witnessed them, most remarkable. In Berlin he had six hundred performers engaged, and the play was produced in a circus, where the average takings were one thousand five hundred pounds per night. Something in the nature of a circus is needed. The Greek tragedy is not played on a stage, one stage, in the way of a modern play. In a certain sense it is hardly played at all, since there is no real action of consequence. The movement of the play is carried on by speeches which are chiefly made by messengers who come in to relate the news, good or bad as it may be, and these are relieved by the choric odes. There has to be an upper and a lower stage, the former for the principal characters, and the other one for the chorus; and it is an essential feature of the presentation that the latter does not enter from the sides or wings, but comes in from the back of the theatre through the audience. With their fixed conventions modern theatre-goers might consider this arrangement to be an unhappy and a disturbing one, the chorus walking through their midst in a dim, misty light; but in truth the effect is good, and Mr Harvey, having seen the play performed at Frankfort, says that it is nothing less than thrilling on account of what he calls the 'proximity' of the performance. 'It comes so close to the spectator,' he says, 'that those who, like myself, have seen it have felt strangely fascinated.' Much of the wonderful effect gained in the presentation of the play is reached through the manner in which it is illuminated. The principal characters on the upper stage are in the full light; those of lesser importance to the story of the play, the populace and the supplicants, have a dimmer light cast upon them; while the chorus moves about out-

side in a gray-bluish light, and, says Mr Harvey, they 'bring a haunting, fateful note with them, prophetic of disaster. I have never witnessed anything more impressive than this scene, and the passing of the characters in the tragedy up the long steps of the palace through the gates into the darkness beyond.' No ordinary theatre being able to accommodate a play presented in this manner, it has been decided to produce it at Covent Garden, where the floor will be raised to the level of the stage, so that the latter may be brought well forward into the auditorium, and the chorus may wander through the audience in the appointed manner. In Germany the huge stage crowds have been made up of boys and young men from the schools and the universities, and the hope is expressed that Mr Harvey may gain some like assistance in the enterprise with which he has grappled. The performance occupies only about two hours and a quarter, and the season is not likely to be a long one. Professor Gilbert Murray's translation will be employed, but some considerable alterations from the original are necessary, and the play will be adapted for the stage by Mr W. L. Courtney. Nevertheless the conception, the idea, and the spirit of the original will be most carefully preserved. They need to be. *Œdipus Rex* is different from all other plays. The best authorities in such matters declare that in it there is displayed a most curious and wonderful perfection of the constructive skill of the dramatist, that the conception of its story is majestic, and that there is a great sublimeness in the tragic importance of its characters. Œdipus, the king, is a splendid piece of dramatic portraiture. He is a great hero with magnificent and noble qualities, but no hero is ever lovable unless he has his definite and maybe fatal weaknesses for contrast with his strengths to show up the human side of him. Perfection in man is unattainable, and its suggestion on the stage is only wearisome. Sophocles made his Œdipus a splendid man, but he exhibited his weaknesses, and in its way the character is one of the finest in tragedy.

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With so much said, a little mention may be made of the plot of the play for the refreshment of the memory of youthful studies. Laius was king of Thebes, and his wife, Jocasta, was queen; and Thebes became unhappy when some terrible prophecies were uttered in Apollo's shrine at Delphi to the effect that Laius would be murdered by his own son, and that that son should further marry his own mother. For the overthrow of this terrible prediction the infant son of Laius and Jocasta was subjected to some deformations. His feet were mangled by iron bars, and he was given over to the care of a shepherd to be exposed on the heights of Mount Cithæron, there to die. But the shepherd had a great pity on the child exposed to such cruel torture; and, instead of fulfilling his undertaking, he gave him over to the care of a shepherd of Corinth, to which city he was taken. His antecedents were forgotten, and it came about that Polybus and Merope, the king and queen of Corinth, adopted him as their son. So he grew up in entire ignorance of his real origin, and when on one occasion he heard doubts expressed concerning his paternity, he went to the shrine of Apollo for some certain information upon the point. The oracle did not satisfy him, and he departed in some anger. On the road he met a chariot containing Laius, the king; there was an angry encounter between them; and the upshot was that Œdipus slew his father, Laius, not knowing, of course, his relation to him. Thereafter he went from Corinth to Thebes, and served the city well by rescuing it from the exactions of the Sphinx, and so it came about that he was made king of Thebes, and he married Jocasta, the widowed queen. He knew not that Laius, whom he had killed, was his father; the people of Thebes did not know that he had slain their former king; he did not know that; and he did not know that Jocasta was his mother. So fate was playing cruel tricks with them all, and they were guilty while innocent in intention. It is indeed a play of Fate; there is no moral in it save that of the helplessness of man in face of the decrees of his destiny.

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All this has gone before the opening of the play, at the beginning of which we find Œdipus Rex well established on the throne of Thebes, great and powerful. But it is anything but well with the city and its people. A gloom overhangs it, troubles abound, and more are threatened. A pestilence rages; flocks are perishing; crops are withering. It is clear that there is a curse upon Thebes, and when the oracle is consulted the dread information is yielded that the city has a parricide within its gates, and that there can be no hope for relief or happiness for it until the crime is purged. Still it is all unknown that Œdipus, the king, killed Laius, his father. Gradually then the secret is exposed. Tiresias says it; and Œdipus, alarmed and wretched, sends for the shepherd to whom the son of Laius was said to have been committed. A messenger from Corinth increases his doubts and fears with the information that he was no blood son of Polybus but only an adopted child; and then the shepherd comes to tell how he carried the unhappy baby away from Cithæron and lodged him with the shepherd of Corinth. So at last the whole truth, in its full hideousness and terror, is laid bare. Œdipus had been an innocent instrument in the hands of a cruel fate. If it were wrong of him to kill Laius, that at all events was a small matter as such things were considered then; but from this accident, as it might be termed, the whole evil arose. With the truth before him, Œdipus prepared

himself sternly for his punishment for the salvation of his city. Jocasta had already committed suicide. With his own hands the king tore out his eyes, and he stood blind before the people of Thebes waiting for the decree of banishment. It is the heaviest tragedy. There is no relief of lightness or humour in it anywhere. It is grim, terrible, strong. The presentation of such a tragedy in the way that it will be done by Mr Martin Harvey and Professor Max Reinhardt will be one of the great events in the history of the English theatre.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER VII.—ANOTHER WILL.

MR MOORE knew that under ordinary circumstances a greater matter than the death of an old client like Joshua Tooting would not have brought his senior partner, Mr Meredith, back to England in the middle of the winter. There was more in his thoughts, therefore, than he disclosed to his neighbour, Dr Black, when returning from the funeral; and of course Dr Black was aware of the fact. Mr Moore's reticence stimulated the doctor's interest, which, therefore, in conjunction with professional duty, made him decide to call and see Mr Meredith in the course of the evening.

On reaching his own house, Dr Black found his wife—who was a stout lady, generally asleep—being kept awake by the society of her daughter and Hilda Roper. The latter had been told two items of news by Miss Black. Mr Meredith had returned (Madge had seen him driving by in the cab), and Mr Geoffrey Wace had gone away. One of the Sandfields girls had been told by her brother that Wace had been sent off by the bank to South America. So that here was one figure gone from their limited stage of life, though one of no particular importance.

'I feel sorry,' said Madge Black, looking disappointed, 'because I liked Mr Wace. Those foreign banks send their clerks all over the world, I suppose.'

'I suppose so,' answered Hilda, with a far-away look in her eyes; 'but what matter?'

But it was some 'matter,' as a small, silent beat of her heart testified, and a little sigh that wafted that small heart-beat away—to South America or elsewhere.

'I saw Mr Meredith drive past, father,' said Miss Black as soon as the doctor came in. 'Was he at the funeral?'

'Just in at the finish, for a minute.—I saw him glance at your wreath, Hilda. There was another wreath laid beside it on the coffin-lid; but whom it came from, or whose hand placed it there, no one knows. Yes, Mr Meredith is back.'

'Now we shall soon see things,' declared the doctor's daughter authoritatively. 'Hilda will get her thousand pounds of course, and Mrs Cox; but Mr Meredith will not give the nurse one penny. The horrid thing!'

'But the will gives her the penny, Madge!'

'Who cares about the will? Is not Mr Meredith the executor?' she exclaimed conclusively.

The doctor said he was going to call on Mr Meredith as soon as Madge would give him a cup of tea, and he would make a note of her opinion and communicate it to that gentleman.

Dr Black, on visiting Mr Meredith an hour later, enjoyed a surprise which added years to his life at Sandfields Common.

It will be remembered that, after executing his will, Joshua Tooting wrote a letter to Mr Meredith, and at once sent it to the post by Ann Cox. That letter was detained at Claypits by Mr Moore, pending his partner's return.

Mr Meredith was not greatly surprised when he learned from his partner of Joshua Tooting's death and the disposal of his property. But he was deeply mortified with the latter, because it disappointed a certain hope he had been nursing for the past two years. Apart from this, Tooting's will, if he ever decided to make one, would probably depend on a passing mood. But Mr Meredith from the first resolved that he would not act as executor of the will. On arriving home he found a stronger reason for that decision, and one which fully justified him in coming to England.

Joshua Tooting would, in Mr Meredith's opinion, have died intestate but for the fear of a claimant arising who might prove—or pretend—to be the issue of his sister's ill-starred marriage. There had been a child, who had been lost sight of after the mother's and father's death—lost sight of because never sought. His sister's misfortune in letting herself be won and carried away, by an unprincipled Portuguese named Almeda, into a brief and unhappy life as the partner of a criminal who ended his career a fugitive, had darkened Joshua Tooting's days; because his affection for her was as singular as his undying hatred of her husband's memory was abnormal. This passion was an obsession, and held Tooting's life in an unrelaxing grip.

During the last two years Mr Meredith had begun to have a better hope, and to suspect the existence at times of some softening influence working on the character of his old friend. But he discovered nothing to advance his feeling past mere suspicion. He associated it with the old man's partiality for the presence of young Hilda Roper about the garden. The girl re-

minded Joshua of the lost sister. But the gentleness of those awakened memories assumed no visible direction, and the old man never alluded to a surviving child of his sister as a possibility, or a hope, occupying his thoughts. Still, knowing Tooting to be so secretive, Mr Meredith never lost the expectation of some issue from those kindlier feelings until he heard of Joshua Tooting's death.

The solicitor was, therefore, not surprised, even though far from satisfied, by the will. He would not, he resolved, be its executor, and was puzzled why Tooting had so appointed him. Unless in the letter left for him the testator justified the appointment, Mr Meredith would still decline it. He felt a little curious about the fortunate nurse—which was only natural. Kinless men sometimes rewarded the last services in life in that manner, and there was nothing to be said against it.

His partner gave him the unopened envelope with Joshua Tooting's letter in it, and indicated where the will was placed in the safe. Then he left him alone. First Mr Meredith read the will, which was brief enough to be almost taken in with a glance, looking at the signatures, at the back of the sheet, and all round it; then he replaced it in the safe and opened the letter.

Mr Meredith had not read many lines before he gave a start and settled himself in the chair with rigid face. Just after reading the executed will he was astounded, lost for a time in a confusion which necessitated a mental effort for him to recover his bearings. There were two papers, the letter to Mr Meredith and an enclosure.

In the former Joshua informed him of the execution of the will, and his reasons for sending to London for a solicitor. 'When you have read what I am now about to tell you, you will not be surprised at what I have done. I did it in haste, but in order, for I felt my end approaching so near that I knew I had no time to spare. I prepared a draft, and just gave it to the solicitor to write out in proper form.'

The explanation that followed was surprising. There was a child surviving of Fanny Tooting's marriage, a boy, who, on the father's death in great poverty and degradation, was left friendless in the world. The British Vice-Consul at the place, and his wife, who had known the child's mother, took an interest in him, and finally adopted him. Eventually they died, but they had been able before that to give the lad a start in life in a humble way by which his education and character might help him in time to a better position. Three years ago the youth came to London, and, in accordance with an instruction bequeathed to him by his foster-parents, sent an intimation of the fact to his uncle. This intimation was of the most formal character, neither seeking recognition nor declining it; and, with hardened heart, Tooting ignored it. Later, for some reason or another, Joshua Tooting made inquiry concerning the young man, and discovered that he had gone away again from England. The old man grimly remarked that he would not have expected so much independence from the son of such a father.

It appeared from what followed—beneath the language rather than through it—that after the nephew's disappearance the old man began to think of his mother and him oftener, and in regard to the son more forgivingly. The influence of the unconscious personality of Hilda Roper was clearly visible here. The girl's innocence and beauty, her quiet, silent ways, raised vivid memories of the lost sister, and worked, with secret thoughts and feelings of his own, to effect a change. Not outwardly indeed, for outwardly he would continue the same to the end.

'You will therefore understand,' said the letter, 'that, considering all things, I thought it best to execute this will. I only hope it will turn out for the best. My sister's letters you will find in a sealed packet in my desk. Of course I have appointed you sole executor.'

Here the letter ended, obscure and disappointing. In its opening it had raised an expectation which there was nothing in it to support. There was the will, which he had just read. How could Mr Meredith, after perusing that letter, feel otherwise than surprised and puzzled at what the old man had done? How could the rising feeling of nature (sufficiently evident under its concealment) towards his sister's child have led Tooting to disinherit him in favour of an utter stranger having no claim at all? If it had been Hilda Roper (who was a favourite of the old solicitor), instead of the nurse, the surprise would even then have been great, though the regret would be less.

He had forgotten there was an enclosure, as the letter made no allusion to it, and it still lay in the envelope. He took it out, and discovered the solution of the mystery.

It was the copy of Joshua Tooting's will, which the nurse had found on the bed. Joshua had written some lines on the back of it, which Mr Meredith read first:

'*December* 4, 1903.—When writing to you, this was found on my bed. It is an exact copy of the will I have just executed. The man made two copies, because of an ink-blot on the first, and the second was similarly blotted. I signed the other one, and thought I might as well enclose this to you, as it was lying about.—J. T.'

Turning the sheet over, he glanced at the copy. A glance was sufficient to show that it was not a copy of the will. It was a different document altogether. The solicitor was in the presence of a very grave discovery. Some light did immediately dawn upon him, for he stood up, took the original will from the safe, and held the two side by side before him at arm's-length.

They were, it has been said, totally different documents—the will duly executed by Joshua Tooting, and the paper declared by him to be 'an exact copy of the will I have just executed.' But in appearance, as Mr Meredith held them before him, they were identical—save for the signatures on the one. Both were written on the same paper, in the same handwriting, commencing on both sheets at the same line and ending at the same point—as identical as two postage-stamps. The resemblance conveyed a distinct meaning to Mr Meredith's mind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE SECRET OF INFLUENCE.*

By the Right Hon. JAMES BRYCE, British Ambassador at Washington, U.S.A.

NO one can go through life without noticing that there are persons whose gift for attracting others and influencing others is greater than their power of intellect or force of will seems to account for. So, too, no one can read history without observing that there have been men not of the most shining talents or commanding personality who have nevertheless counted for more among their contemporaries and have been more listened to and followed than other men of more brilliant capacity. Something else besides striking intellect, something else besides strenuous will, would seem to go to the making of the thing we call influence. What is it? This is the question on which I am invited to offer some observations drawn from a study of history.

Let us begin by admitting that in the case of many of those who have been foremost in the sphere of action or in that of thought, intellectual force coupled with force of character, or even perhaps taken alone, sufficiently explains the ascendency they have exercised. When a man appears so conspicuously fit to lead and rule that he succeeds in all he undertakes, a man like Trajan, or Constantine, or Richelieu, or Cromwell, or George Washington, or Bismarck, not to speak of such extraordinary beings as Julius Cæsar or Napoleon Bonaparte, the mere fact that he has been successful and that he actually exerts immense power dazzles the eyes and subjugates the wills of other men, whether or not they come into direct contact with him. They are ready not only to obey him, but to believe that what he does is right and that what he says is true, just because he says it and does it. Such is the prestige of success; and to achieve this success a man must of course be possessed of a dominating will as well as an unusually vigorous mind. So also a great thinker whose ideas penetrate and stir men's hearts, giving them new conceptions of truth or new plans for bettering the world, such a one when he is widely read and felt to be a force working on society becomes a shining figure and a guiding force to many who know little or nothing of him as a person. He has given the impression of greatness. Now, greatness is so rare, and the average man is so glad to get some sort of leading, that he is ready to accept what his leader of thought tells him merely on the *ipse dixit* of the leader. Luther and Calvin, different as their characters were, both exercised this sort of power. So in his own way did Rousseau; so did Mazzini (of whom more anon); so did Leo Tolstoi, the latest of the prophets. The thoughts or exhortations proceeding forth from such men throw a sort of spell on those who are specially fitted to receive their thoughts; and the influence exerted is wholly irrespective of the personal qualities of the individual from whom the thoughts flow. A writer of logical power or imaginative power or emotional power may move thousands of men who do not know and hardly care what the writer is himself. Persons so unlike one another as St Thomas Aquinas, Calvin, Thomas Carlyle, and Dr Phillips Brooks moved by their written or printed words persons ignorant of the lives, characters, and careers of each of them. Their virtues or their failings made no difference. It was the voice, not the man; and the thoughts were their own best credentials.

When the thinker or prophet is also a leader whose own life illustrates and justifies his words, the effect he produces is both more widespread and more intensified. This is especially the case with the great religious teachers or reformers. They must be, if they are to succeed, men who live up to their ideas. They must be seen to be penetrated by their convictions, and to have such faith in them as to face danger and even death for their sake. The prophet who blenches in the moment of supreme trial is lost. If Luther had submitted at the Diet of Worms, his arguments would have remained just what they were before, but his personal influence would have vanished. The death of Socrates consecrated him to posterity, and the unparalleled stimulus he gave to philosophy and to morality derived its force not merely from the profundity of his thought, but also from the example of his whole career and his constancy to the end.

Let us, however, turn from the great luminaries of history to see what ordinary life and daily experience show. When it is perceived what are the elements of strength that give a man a direct personal influence among his neighbours

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in city or country, the nature of influence in general may become clearer.

There are at least four such elements, two or more of which will be found to be always present in whoever leads, or is trusted by, or inspires those among whom his lot is cast. The first is intellectual independence and the thing we call initiative, by which I mean the power of thinking for one's self instead of borrowing thoughts from others, and of deciding on a course for one's self instead of following the advice of others.

The second is tenacity of purpose, the capacity to adhere to a view once adopted or a decision once taken. Whoever, wanting this, lets himself be blown about by every wind of doctrine or every pressure of menace or persuasion may be a very acute man or a very adroit man, but will never impress himself on others as a person to be followed.

The third element is a sound judgment, fit to forecast the results of action. Few people can look beyond the next move on the chess-board, and the man who sees several moves ahead, and whose forecast is verified by the events, soon grows to be the man whose advice is sought and taken. His neighbours seek it. Any assembly where he finds himself, from a town meeting or a local school committee up to a legislature, gladly listens to his counsels.

The last is sympathy—that is, having the capacity for entering into the thoughts of others and of evoking their feelings by showing that he can share them. The power of sympathy is so far an affair of the emotions that it may exist in persons of no exceptional abilities. Yet it is a precious gift which often palliates errors and wins affection in spite of faults and weaknesses. It is a key to unlock men's hearts, and the heart that has given confidences attaches itself to the person who has received them, and is prone to surrender itself to him if he is felt to be strong.

No one of these four qualities is rare. Each of them may be possessed by persons little above the average. But they are rare in combination, and it is the combination of the power of inspiring personal attachment with the power of diffusing the impression of independent force that especially makes a man the centre of a group or a multitude that is ready to think and feel and act with him.

We have all known such persons. Sometimes their sphere may be a narrow one, yet the qualities which made others gather to them are just as visible in the small as they would have been in a larger area. I remember two instances in two English cities, instances dissimilar in some ways, but both illustrative of the springs of authority and attraction. One was a person of singular firmness and sagacity, a man of few words, but kindly in his quiet way, and ready to help those who sought either counsel or any other help from him. He had no ambition, and refused all the honours and all the posts of prominence that were offered to him. But everybody who was anybody knew him and trusted him, and to quote his opinion was in that city better than to quote the views of all the officials and all the newspapers. That he said a thing was enough. The other was a lady who had devoted herself to philanthropic work with an inexhaustible ardour and tenderness. Her judgment was sometimes at fault, but the charm of her earnestness and the atmosphere of fervid aspiration which she diffused drew disciples and followers around her, eager to hang on her words and do her bidding. Unselfish ideality and zeal, coupled with sympathy, were the spring of influence in this instance, as wisdom and force, coupled with uprightness, were in the other.

There are many kinds of attraction, some half-physical, as we see in those who possess that dangerous gift hypnotic or mesmeric power. But influence is a different thing. Weakness may sometimes attract. But it is always from some impression which a person conveys of superior strength, be it of will, or of emotion, or of intellect, that influence springs.

Before we bring our inquiry to an end, let us revert for a moment to the great men, and note how the same qualities which we have found operative among ordinary people operate on a large scale to give their power to famous leaders.

There were three such leaders in the United States in the middle of last century. John C. Calhoun had the influence which belongs to the man that stands out as the most clear and cogent creator and expounder of a logical body of doctrine which a great party embraces and fights for. He was followed and his arguments were applauded and his phrases repeated because he was a vigorous thinker and a strong, proud, self-reliant man. Daniel Webster had the influence which cannot but follow a majestic intellect, a striking countenance, and a splendid gift of oratory. But neither of these men exerted that special kind of influence which wins devotion from the followers and makes them rejoice to follow. Henry Clay stood intellectually beneath Calhoun and beneath Webster, but he had the gift they lacked. He drew people by a personal quality which was irrespective either of will or of intelligence. It was what you now call magnetism, a quality which is sometimes rather unreal and artificial, but must in him have been natural.

Among the illustrious ones of the distant past who possessed this power over the hearts and wills of men, there rise to recollection such names as those of Ignatius Loyola and St Francis of Assisi. Ignatius was a man in whom conviction was so strong that by mere example and a sort of infection it convinced those whom he drew round him. In St Francis emotion swelled with so full a tide that it overflowed into the souls of others and filled them with a like passion for humility and poverty and for the love of all

living things. But there is no more remarkable instance than one whom some among us have known, and who ought not to be forgotten by any historian of last century, Giuseppe Mazzini. He had the temperament of the prophet, an intense faith in his own beliefs, an unselfish devotion to his own ideals, a fortitude and persistency that nothing could daunt. Both his sincerity and the elevation of his aims were beyond doubt; and the flame of his passion burnt so strong that it was hard to come near him without catching fire from it. Thus it befell that no man of his generation had so many or such ardent disciples and followers. It was they who kept the light of Italian patriotism alive through twenty years of trial, discouragement, and repeated failure.

Force, fervour, intensity—these are the qualities which have given their power to great leaders in all the movements by which the world has been swayed. Sometimes they have been present in men who left so little written memorial or whose efforts were so foiled by adverse circumstance that we can note only the fact that they must have been remarkable because their contemporaries admired and followed them. They possessed the secret of influence, though we cannot tell how they manifested it. They are among the riddles of history.

THE MAN-EATER'S WARNING.

By Colonel STANLEY PATERSON, F.R.G.S.

'THE sahib does not believe; he thinks it is but the foolish talk of us Bunji people; but we who live in the door of the jungle know it is no untruth. Perhaps one day the sahib will know also.' We were riding homewards on the elephant; Kakora, my diminutive Bunji tracker—they seldom grow more than five feet high, these quaint little aborigines—squatting on the neck behind the mahout, while I sat on the pad with the head of the buffalo we had killed that morning—the big bull that had for nearly two years ravaged the crops, and at times even held up for days the wagons of the villagers on the high-road, the big Sirkari road itself—strapped on the pad at my back. Naturally enough talk had run freely on the doings of our quarry and his kindred wild beasts, till it centred itself on the ways of the two dreaded man-eaters, a tiger and a leopard, the stopping of whose terrible depredations was the main cause of our presence in that far-away jungle.

Marvellous tales were told of their supernatural daring and cunning, and of their asserted habit of quieting suspicion in their intended victims by assuming the form, ways, and voice of mankind; all being easily accounted for in the native mind by the assured fact that the spirits of those who had provided a dinner invariably accompanied their temporary hosts during nightly forays, finding a convenient resting-place on their backs, tails, or, for choice, their heads. This all the men firmly believed; but the reason of it became the matter of heated argument, Kakora and one of the Bunjis, who was running alongside the elephant, maintaining that it was done purely and simply to facilitate easy capture of prey; while Muni, the second tracker—who, clinging on behind by some precarious foothold utterly impossible to a white man, and steadying with one hand the sweeping horns swaying all too dangerously with the motion of the elephant, shouted his facts and fancies across the great head—vehemently declared that the warnings were usually beneficent and intended to put the quarry on his guard. In the bright sunlight of the midday jungle such superstitions seemed absolutely childish, so I interposed a word of ridicule and disbelief that elicited the sentence with which this story begins.

'Speak of the devil and you see his tail.' Strange it is how often the truth of this saying vindicates itself in everyday life. As we neared the camp, still hidden from us by a large mango tope, a melancholy moaning reached our ears, a sound well known to every sojourner in the East, the cry of women wailing for the dead; and pushing on in some anxiety, we found the entire population of the neighbouring Gondi village of Kokma gathered round the tents. Their tale was soon told. At half-past four that morning, just after I had left camp, the leopard man-eater had quietly torn a hole in the palm-leaf roofing of one of their miserable huts, seized by the throat its principal occupant, a stout young matron of about twenty—the fifty-third woman he had taken from five wretched villages—thrown across the floor with one flick of his powerful paw the little child she had in her arms, jumped back through the hole, and dragged his victim off into the jungle. On hearing her cries the entire population with one accord had fled to the sahib's camp, leaving, mark you, the poor little girl alone in the hut, and there, with typical Eastern patience, they had squatted for nine hours, awaiting my return.

Hustling them off to their village with a promise to follow quickly, and giving the headman orders to get a *charpoy*, or native string bed, some rope, and a lantern ready against my coming, I washed, made a hasty meal, and in an hour's time was trotting my pony towards the village, followed by Kakora, Muni, and two other Bunjis, carrying the rifles, water-bottle, &c.

There was no doubt about the truth of the Gonds' story. There was the torn roof, with the poor woman's bloody *dhoti* still sticking in the hole;

and there, right across the main road and away into the grassy jungle, was the wide, blood-spotted trail along which the brute had dragged his kill. Her child, a little girl of six, was interviewed, and through tears, that dried quickly in the fingering of a little loose silver, narrated the events of the morning at full length; so the only thing left was to discover where the marauder had taken the body.

The whole scene was most pathetic: on the ground all the evidences of a horrible death; the bereaved husband quietly but sadly repairing the broken roof and folding up the blood-stained *dhoti;* the small child smiling over her silver coins; and the dull apathy of the villagers, who, after the first feelings of terror had passed, soon relapsed into true Oriental fatalism—'What is to be must be.' After all, what could they do to prevent it, those poor husbandmen? They had reported the depredations, the *sircar* had proclaimed a reward, and there, for them, the matter ended, for they had neither the arms nor the desire to try conclusions with so formidable a foe. As for the Bunjis, to them it was but the way of nature, and affected them no more than seeing my pony munching his corn. The horse must have his food; the leopard must have his food; what then? And, besides, if the Great One decreed death, how could one escape? But the white man could not look at it thus calmly, and then and there determined on revenge.

Sending the pony back to camp with orders to the *sais* to return to the village at daylight, we started off along the broad and easily followed trail, the Bunjis carrying the *charpoy* and everything necessary for a night's vigil in the jungle. For nearly an hour we ran the track, which momentarily led us into wilder and more desolate jungle, till by the bank of a tiny stream there was a patch of trampled, blood-marked grass; and beyond it, half-hidden in the undergrowth, lay something dark. Approaching cautiously, I gazed at the object in bewilderment. It was a woman's head—a head with wide-open, horror-stricken eyes; a head without a scratch on it; not gnawed, torn, or bruised, but completely severed from the body as though by one cut from a very sharp sword; so clean, indeed, was the cut that had the head been again fitted to the trunk the line of severance must have been barely noticeable.

Then came the grave voice of Kakora at my elbow, 'Sahib, could any ordinary leopard do that?' I shook my head impatiently—for in truth the thing was beyond my experience—and took up the track afresh, bidding one of the men bring the head with him so as to save at least that poor fragment of humanity from those ravening jaws. For a full hour we pushed on, first through a long strip of *sál* jungle, then over a sandy stretch covered with tussocky grass and intersected by innumerable dry nullahs, till finally the trail led us into a low, boulder-strewn valley, bounded on either side by rocky hummocks full of caves and hiding-places, beside which clumps of elephant grass waved in prodigal abundance.

And right at the head of this valley we found the body. A great mass of creeper-covered rock jutting out from the *sál* forest above overhung the valley, the base forming a dry and shady shelf a few inches above the level of the ground. Laid on this, tight up against the rock, was the headless trunk lying on its back, arms close to the sides, limbs straight, just as though prepared for funeral. Except for the imprint of four great teeth in the left shoulder, there was not a mark upon it.

Hastily we surveyed the spot to find a possible watching-place. To the left was a hurtled mass of rock, grass, and scrub, forming the end of the valley and gradually leading up to the high *sál* forest above; on the right the rock and scrub cut down sharply to a level stretch of short, lawn-like grass that ran up to the shelf on which the corpse lay, and on it stood three small trees, two of them within five yards of the rock, one immediately in front of the body and the other some few yards to the left, while the third and largest one was about twenty paces farther back. In this I decided to sit up and watch. A more eerie and desolate place to spend a night in, or a more unpleasant position in which to face a man-eater, can scarcely be imagined, for so small was the tree that we could not tie the *charpoy* more than six feet above the ground, and even then it swayed perilously with my weight. But there was little time to think about it then. The sun was nearing the western horizon, and as there would be no moon that night it was essential to get the men out of the jungle before complete darkness overtook them; indeed, they were already casting uneasy glances at the fast-failing light, and would, I knew, make record time to the village when they left me. So the *charpoy* was rapidly secured in position, well bushed round to give cover from view; rifles, coat, and water-bottle placed in it; the lamp lit, fastened to the small tree on the left, and shaded with big *sál* leaves so that the light should fall on the corpse only; and refusing Kakora's half-hearted offer to stay with me, I climbed to my seat and prepared for a night of vigil.

The men went off at a run, making, according to my injunctions, as much noise as possible—they needed no second bidding for this; soon their voices were lost in the distance, and I was alone in the weird and silent jungle. But not for long.

Hardly had the last echo died away than there came the rustling of leaves and the soft pad of a leopard's footfall creeping down through the scrubby jungle on the right, and a second later the bushes parted, giving a glimpse of a spotted face and two glowing eyes. It was but momentary, for the instant he saw the lamplight, and possibly the swinging head of his victim—I forgot to say that one of the Bunjis had hung the head by its hair on a branch immediately above the lamp—he uttered a loud 'Whough!' turned

in his tracks, and set off best pace through the scrub and undergrowth, never giving even the fleeting chance of a shot.

It seemed all over for the night. After that fright he would never return; so, making myself as comfortable as possible in the *machan*, I lit a pipe, partly for occupation and partly to stifle the offensive odour emanating from the already putrefying corpse, and settled down to meditate till daylight. But it was a long and dreary wait, and I was dead-tired, having been up since 4 A.M., fought a fierce fight with the buffalo bull, and had at best but one hasty meal; therefore exhausted nature would have her way, and, notwithstanding the danger of my position, I dozed. Dozed for a few minutes, only to wake again and see that ghastly head swinging to and fro in the light night-breeze, and the corpse heaving and emitting hideous sounds as the gases of decay made their escape through the severed neck; lit a fresh pipe, and dozed anew. In this uneasy fashion the interminable hours crept slowly on, till about midnight I awoke abruptly, with every sense intently alert and full of that indefinable instinct well known to the night-hunter that something is approaching, though as yet the ear can detect no tangible sound.

Then along the level grass stretch came the firm, assured tramp of human footsteps. I prided myself on an intimate acquaintance with the footfall of every denizen of the jungle, and had no doubt this was man. But who would be in the jungle at this hour? No one from the camp would dare to come out, and well I knew the villagers would rather face death itself than the ghostly terrors of the midnight jungle. Who, then, could this be who came so confidently forward, and, stopping some fifty paces from me, gave a low whistle—the three modulated notes of caution that man, all the world over, gives to his companion when danger is suspected.

I was about to answer it, when there flashed into my mind the recollection of that curiously severed head. 'Oh,' thought I, 'this is no beast's work; 'tis *dakkus* [dacoits].' But with the remembrance of silver ornaments still on the woman's arms and legs, I doubted again. Firmly grasping a rifle, I leaned well over the *machan* and peered steadfastly outward. The night was fairly dark, but clear and starlit, and the grass immediately below and for some little distance off was plainly visible, but not a shadow or sign of living thing could I detect upon it. Steadily on came the invisible visitor, stopping within ten paces of the *machan* to whistle again; then on, on, right below my eyes, beneath my feet, under the *machan* passed those dread, formless footsteps—halted suddenly, and silence absolute reigned again.

A dull shiver and a terrible inclination to scream passed over me; but, taking a firm grip of myself, I leant cautiously forward, carefully separated the strings of the *charpoy*, and gazed down at the ghostly something that lay below, almost within reach of my arm. And for a tense half-hour, with eye close to the *charpoy* strings, I peered intently into the shadows, without gaining the slightest clue to the mystery underneath; while my mind tried hard to argue out the why and wherefore of what I had heard. If it was a man, how could I have failed to see him, and why not see him now when his head must be within a few inches of my eye? Again, if a beast, I must have seen it with the grass below so plainly visible, and wherefore that whistling? Up to that time I had never heard a leopard whistle—indeed, it is a fact little known, even to old and experienced *shikarees*, that leopards when hunting in couples by night constantly whistle to each other—I have heard many since. And if neither man nor beast, then what? So argument chased argument, till my mind began to reel for want of a plausible answer.

At last a rustle and footsteps once more; only this time the soft padding of four cat-like feet moving, not straight towards the corpse, but in a direction half-way, as it were, between that and the way they had come. At first nothing to be seen, then a long, light line that in advancing seemed gradually to take shape, till, turning at the rock and creeping along in its shadow, the animal came full under the rays of the lamp, and I beheld a magnificent leopard standing astride the headless carcass. Calm reason resumed its sway. I knew now where I was.

Full ten minutes he stood there, motionless as a statue, with cocked ears listening intently; but the bole of the small tree I have mentioned as growing close up to where the corpse lay hid from me his shoulder and most vital parts; and, besides, well I knew that at the slightest movement one spring would carry him into darkness; so I lay still and bided my time. When at length convinced that all was safe, he lowered his head, swung himself several times backwards and forwards on his powerful limbs—just like a rocking-horse, I remember thinking at the time—then slightly springing forward, with a low growl, buried his teeth in the thigh.

Now his shoulder was clear; my revenge had come. I fired.

. . . . . .

And when next morning we carried the slain man-eater campwards through the rejoicing villages, where the entire population, man, woman, and child, spat upon him and reviled his ancestry for twenty generations, strange thoughts were surging in my brain, and I rode unheeding in the crowd, though the Gonds decked me in chaplets of flowers, and the women, in a passion of gratitude, threw their children before my Arab's feet, he, equine nobleman that he was, stepping daintily over them, snorting protest as he went.

But the little Bunjis only nodded quietly one to another, and whispered gravely, 'It is as we said. Now is the sahib a brother of the jungle. He knows.'

SOME GREAT DATES IN THE PENINSULAR WAR.

PART III.—THE STORY OF SALAMANCA—*concluded.*

PAKENHAM'S charge, though so swift, so instantly and brilliantly successful, yet involved some hard fighting, for the French were veterans, and their officers were gallant men. Grattan of the 88th was in the fight, and gives a very realistic account of it: 'Pakenham told Wallace to form line from open column without halting, and thus the different companies came into line without the slow manœuvre of a deployment. . . . The manœuvre was a bold as well as a novel one, and the appearance of the brigade imposing, because it so happened that all the British officers were in front of their men—a rare occurrence. . . . The soldiers, with their firelocks on the rest, followed close upon the heels of their officers, like troops accustomed to conquer. They speedily got footing upon the brow of the hill, but before they had time to take breath the entire French division, with drums beating and uttering loud shouts, ran forward to meet them, and belching forth a torrent of bullets from five thousand muskets, brought down almost the entire of Wallace's front rank, and more than half of his officers. The brigade staggered back from the force of the shock; but before the smoke had altogether cleared away, Wallace, looking full in the faces of his soldiers, pointed to the French column, and leading the shattered brigade up the hill, without a moment's hesitation brought them face to face. . . . Thomieres's division wavered; they opened a heavy discharge of musketry, but it was unlike the former. It was irregular and ill-directed; the men acted without concert or method, and many fired in the air. At length their fire ceased altogether, and the three regiments, for the first time, cheered. The effect was electric; Thomieres's troops were seized with a panic, and as Wallace closed upon him, his men could distinctly remark their bearing. Their mustachioed faces, one and all, presented the same ghastly hue; and as they stood to receive the shock they were about to be assailed with, they reeled to and fro like men intoxicated. . . . Pakenham, seeing that the proper moment had arrived, called out, "Charge!" The three regiments ran onward, and the mighty phalanx, which but a moment before was so formidable, loosened and fell in pieces before fifteen hundred invincible British soldiers fighting in a line of only two-deep.'

A French army, however, has great rallying-power. Pack, with his division of the Portuguese, had been launched at the French Arapiles at the moment Pakenham advanced. The Portuguese reached the crest of the great hill, but were flung down its slope in ruin by a vehement bayonet-charge.

Clausel was now in command of the French. He was a cool and brave soldier, and with stubborn patience was forming a new front; but Wellington, who, with the instinct of a great soldier, was always at the point of danger, brought up the 6th Division to the fight. The French were driven back afresh; Clausel himself was wounded. Foy's division had abandoned the Arapiles after it had wrecked the Portuguese attack, and with great skill covered the road to the river fords by which the broken army must escape. One of his divisions joined the survivors of Maucune's command, and stubbornly clung to the steep ridge covering the road which ran through the forest to Alba de Tormes, along which many regiments were now falling back in disorder. Wellington launched the Light Division against Foy, supporting it with the 1st Division and some squadrons of dragoons; but Foy had something of Ney's genius in retreat, and though hard pressed, yet evaded any fatal stroke.

Maucune's position on the ridge was assailed by the 6th Division, and the fight was the most picturesque feature of the whole battle. It was by this time dark, and, watched from a distance, the progress of the attack on the hill was registered by the irregular front of fire—now curving upward, now drawn back, answered by the darting flames of musketry volleys from the French on the crest. 'Clinton's men,' says Grattan, 'looked as if they were attacking a burning mountain.' He adds that the French, 'besmeared with blood, dust, and clay, and some carrying only broken weapons, fought with a fury not to be surpassed.'

'On the side of the British,' to quote Napier, 'a sheet of flame was seen, sometimes advancing with an even front, sometimes pricking forth in spear-heads, now falling back in waving lines, and anon darting upwards in one vast pyramid, the apex of which often approached yet never gained the actual summit of the mountain—the French musketry in opposition, rapid as lightning, sparkled along the brow of the height with unvarying fullness, and with what destructive effects the dark gaps and changing shapes of the adverse fire showed too plainly.'

Pakenham, however, turned the left of the hill; Foy's regiments had already disappeared along the road to Alba de Tormes, and Maucune slipped adroitly from the ridge and followed. He had played the part of a good soldier.

Alba de Tormes, commanding a bridge across the Tormes, had been placed by Wellington in the charge of a Spanish garrison, and he followed the French, expecting to find them held up at the bridge; but the bridge was empty. The

Spaniards had abandoned Alba de Tormes against Wellington's orders, and without informing him of what they had done. The French were across, and their retreat was pushed with such speed that on the day after the fight Clausel was forty miles from Salamanca.

In the fight the British lost in killed and wounded 5200; the French loss amounted to 14,000, of whom 7000 were prisoners. But as the result of Spanish carelessness or stupidity, which left the gap at Alba de Tormes open, 'the French,' says Wellington, 'were able to bring off about 9000 or 10,000 men, whom we must have captured if the garrison had been left at Alba.' It cannot be said, however, that Wellington himself showed great energy in the pursuit of Marmont's shattered army. When night fell and the French were in broken flight through the forest, Wellington's left wing, which had taken no part in the fight, was still fresh, and could have reached the Alamar before daylight, and swept up the wrecks of Clausel's broken columns. But Wellington, sometimes at least, failed to show that sure sign of a great captain, the faculty of pursuing a beaten enemy with fierce, sustained, and pitiless energy, till the uttermost fruits of victory were reaped.

Salamanca, in its general results, resembled the stab of a lancet on one of the great nerve-centres of the human body; it set every limb quivering. Joseph at Madrid, Soult outside Cadiz, Caffarelli in the north, Suchet in Catalonia—all felt the shock. The news of the battle reached Napoleon on 2nd September, a week before Borodino was fought, and filled him with astonished rage. He described the unfortunate marshal's despatch as 'rubbish.' He accused him of 'the crime of insubordination, which is the cause of all our misfortunes in this affair.' Napoleon had written too many bulletins himself to have much respect for those his marshals composed; but when he read Wellington's despatch describing the battle, he recognised the accents of truth. 'I am sure,' he said, 'this is a true account;' and truth was kinder to Marmont than his own explanations. 'After all,' was Napoleon's summary, 'he was not so much to blame; he had crossed weapons with a better commander than himself.'

Wellington himself, it is interesting to know, considered Salamanca as one of the three finest of all his battles. Napier describes it as 'his finest illustration of the art of war.' For Wellington the battle had the merit of 'having fewer blunders in its conduct than any other battle he knew.' He had the instinct of an artist or of a good workman. He abhorred blunders; he prized neatness and thoroughness of workmanship. But all the characteristics of a great captain are stamped on the battle—the swift vision that saw his enemy's blunder, the instant resolve to attack, the lightning-like thrust, the casting of his whole strength into his attack. For Wellington, almost at the moment he launched Pakenham at Maucune on the extreme of Marmont's left wing, struck, too, at his centre and at the extremity of his right wing.

Madrid has to be added to the trophies of Salamanca. King Joseph abandoned the city on the news of Wellington's approach, his departure resembling more the migration of a colony than the march of an army. A vast disordered procession of 20,000 non-combatants, and nearly 3000 carriages, principally laden with plunder, went with him. Wellington might easily have leaped upon that disordered mass. His cavalry could have driven them into the Tagus, and the capture of the brother of Napoleon would have affected the public imagination as much as the defeat of Marmont. But here again Wellington allowed a chance to slip.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE CONQUEST OF SMOKE.

FOR some years past there has been an agitation towards the cleansing of the atmosphere, and especially in regard to smoke abatement. In London there is a society which carries out an active propaganda, but for activity and enterprise it is not to be compared with the society which exists in Hamburg for the same purpose. The latter has a highly efficient organisation and carries out its work upon scientific lines. It has a membership of over four hundred, and has nearly fifteen hundred boilers on its register. This society strives to achieve its end by educating the stoker in the scientific method of firing boilers so as to bring about a complete combustion of the fuel, together with the rational design and setting of grates and boilers. Inventors also are stimulated to exercise their ingenuity in combating the smoke nuisance, and all new appliances to this end are subjected to a searching test to determine their value for the purpose in question. So complete has been the success of this society that a branch upon the same lines has been established in Finland, and the London Smoke Abatement Society might very well emulate its methods; though it must be pointed out that the conditions prevailing in England and Germany are not identical. In Germany the price of coal is high in comparison with the prices which rule in the largest centres of Great Britain, and as saving smoke means a more complete use of fuel, the study of the subject affects the Teuton's

pocket very appreciably. There is no doubt that our laws concerning the smoke nuisance require considerable revision and amendment, and only prolonged agitation can achieve this end. When the hands of the authorities are strengthened and the pains and penalties for smoky chimneys are increased, greater care will be observed in regard to the emission of black, unconsumed carbon from chimneys. Unfortunately the efforts of the London society do not meet with the whole-hearted support which they deserve. Conferences, exhibitions, and discussions are abortive, or only of academic interest, if the very authorities whose object is the improvement of the common weal fail to extend a helping hand. Still, despite these handicaps and the lack of financial support, the society has accomplished excellent work. The smoke nuisance in the Metropolis is not so bad as it was before the society came into existence. The domestic chimney, which was such a serious offender, has greatly improved, and offences among the thirty-five thousand workshops and factories situated within the area of Greater London are not so prevalent as was the case before the society's foundation. It is carrying on an active campaign of education, and next May an International Smoke Abatement Exhibition is to be held in London, which should prove both highly instructive and interesting. The abolition of the smoke nuisance is no dream. Science can overcome the evil completely, if given the opportunity; and as the necessity for a purer atmosphere is of vital concern to the whole community, the work of the London society should be furthered and assisted in every way.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE AEROPLANE.

It was only a few years ago—less than a decade—when certain bold scientists advanced the statement that man never would succeed in emulating the movement of birds through the atmosphere by means of a machine heavier than air. Yet what has happened? To-day the aeroplanist can travel from point to point with the utmost ease, and incidentally he has provided the world with a fleeter means of transportation than has hitherto been known. We have great aerial races across countries and continents and seas. Man has defied the wind, and is becoming a bird in very truth by means of mechanical devices. A speed of one hundred miles an hour has been notched on more than one occasion, an altitude of over eleven thousand feet has been attained with perfect safety, and twenty passengers have been carried across country *viâ* the air. To-day the aeroplane is the first and foremost vehicle of aerial locomotion. The machine has issued from the experimental stage. It is being employed for postal purposes, and by its means missives can be transmitted and delivered with greater speed than is possible at present. It can even outclass the telegraph upon short journeys, as was proved during the *Daily Mail* aerial race. It is doubtful whether any other invention has been stimulated by the offer of more tempting prizes than aviation. The automobile was brought to a high standard of perfection by this means, but the rewards which awaited the intrepid motorist in its early days were insignificant with those awaiting aeroplanists to-day. It is also a moot point whether any other invention has developed with such pronounced strides. Perfection is not yet gained, and innumerable experiments and researches still remain to be made before the aeroplane can be considered as part and parcel of our everyday life. It is maintained that the scope of this vehicle is limited, and that the majority of people regard it with curiosity, but look askance at the suggestion that they should make use thereof, and feel safer when they have at least one foot upon the ground. The introduction of the motor-car provoked similar qualms, but these have been lived down; and when the first wave of nervousness regarding aerial travel has passed, the world and his wife will go planing for pleasure and business.

WATERPROOFING CEMENT.

A new specific has been introduced under the generic name of 'pudlo,' the object of which is to render cement waterproof. It is a white powder, which is added in the proportion of about 5 per cent. by weight to the constructional material. Its application is very simple. The cement is spread out for mixing in the usual manner, away from the wind. The pudlo is then added through a sieve, and the two ingredients are mixed thoroughly together by means of shovelling. When this has been done, sand and water are added in the ordinary manner. The addition of pudlo renders the mixture absolutely waterproof. The specific has been subjected to many severe practical trials, and has proved highly efficient. It is stated that it has been tested by the British Government for the purpose of keeping heads of water back in fortifications. There has been a demand for a waterproof cement for some time past, and should pudlo establish its efficiency under all and varying conditions it should meet with wide success.

THE POSSIBILITIES OF EUCALYPTUS-OIL.

The commercial applications of eucalyptus-oil at the present moment are somewhat limited. Its greatest consumption is in medicine, inasmuch as the oil is regarded as a powerful protector from certain classes of disease, especially colds, influenza, and so forth. Yet the oil can be turned to profitable advantage in a number of other industries, as was related by Mr H. G. Smith, the research chemist and assistant curator at the Technological Museum

of Sydney, New South Wales. In the course of a lecture upon the subject he held out great hopes for its extensive use in connection with the separation of metallic sulphides from ores, and remarked that large quantities of the oil were now being used for this purpose at Broken Hill. Certain varieties could also be utilised for tanning operations; while he stated that it could be adapted to the preparation of flavouring essences for culinary purposes, especially of one with a lemon flavour. He strongly urged the Australians to make the cultivation of the eucalyptus-tree as much a special and careful study as the raising of apple and fruit trees, particularly the more prolific species, since it presented opportunities of developing into an extensive and important industry as the commercial possibilities of the oil became more widely known.

PROTECTING THE FUR-SEAL.

For years past humanitarian interests have been waging a relentless campaign against the wanton slaughter of the fur-seal by pelagic fishing. The agitation has borne fruit at last, and this means of catching the seal has been rendered illegal, thanks to the concurrence of the four interested Powers. The signatories to the treaty are Great Britain, Japan, Russia, and the United States, and the settlement of the question in a satisfactory manner reflects great credit upon those concerned, for it has been one of extreme difficulty. The agreement holds good for fifteen years, and will afterwards continue in operation until one of the four interested Powers repudiates it. The settlement has demanded certain compensations, the most important being the agreement to give Japan and Canada 30 per cent. of the skins of the seals killed at the rookeries, in return for the abandonment of pelagic fishing. These two countries have been the greatest offenders in this respect, more especially Japan, which had a fleet of over twenty vessels—four times the number employed by Canada—engaged in the fishery. There is no doubt but that the treaty has been signed in the nick of time, otherwise the seal would have become as extinct as the dodo within a very few years. By extending this protection to the animals, however, nature will be given an opportunity to restore the balance of things. Few people realise the enormous slaughter and extensive depletion of the fur-seal rookeries resulting from the pelagic fishery. In 1882 it was estimated that over two million seals repaired annually to the Pribyloff and Commander Islands to bear and rear their young. For every seal captured by pelagic sealing four others were lost, for many of the seals caught were found to be pregnant females nursing two or three young on shore. In thirty years the enormous herd of two millions has dwindled down to about one hundred and fifty thousand. By protecting the seals in their breeding-grounds it is hoped that the heavy losses will be made up within the course of a few years, inasmuch as the seal may be likened very much to the rabbit. The seal is polygamous, one male having from ten to one hundred consorts. Breeding has been retarded owing to the fact that the males and females are now almost equal, with the result that the proportion of young born and reared is much smaller than was formerly the case. The males fight among themselves for possession of the females, and in the mêlée the young suffer severely, a large number being killed. The stronger males, however, combine and beat off the weaker members of their sex, and doubtless it will be found advisable to kill off these redundant males so as to assist nature to restore the balance between the sexes. In addition to protecting the living seals, the four countries agree to allow no skins about which there is any doubt to be admitted within their respective territories; consequently the practice of the United States' officials of cutting up and destroying all skins which cannot display a satisfactory passport will be followed. As the dressing of the fur of the seal is an English monopoly, this country should be able to place a great check upon illegality and poaching, seeing that if the poachers cannot find a market for the skins the game will not be worth the candle.

A SIMPLE DESTROYER FOR BOOK WORMS AND MOTHS.

Owners of large libraries, especially those fortunately possessed of large collections of old books, are cognisant of the extensive ravages wrought by book moths and worms. There pests can be overcome very easily and inexpensively, however, and by a treatment which does not affect the books in the slightest. All that is required is a large chest, over the inside and outside surfaces of which paper should be pasted to render the box airtight. Books attacked by the parasites are inserted in this chest in such a way that the leaves stand free by bending back the two covers. When the box has been filled in this manner, a small flask containing from twelve to sixteen ounces of carbon bisulphide is inserted. The lid is attached and secured tightly, the cracks being covered with paper so that none of the fumes can escape. The chest should then be left undisturbed for a week. By the end of that time all eggs, larvæ, and parasites present in the books will have been killed.

THE KINEMATOGRAPH FIEND.

We have long suffered from the afflictions of the kodak fiend, but have become so accustomed to the snapshotter that we fail to resent his indefatigable efforts and importunities. Now we are threatened with a new peril—the kinematograph fiend. Mechanical science and inven-

tive ingenuity have devised small cameras, no larger than a kodak, and of approximately the same weight, whereby the photographer can secure lengths of moving pictures for development and projection at home. Two ingenious devices of this character have appeared on the market, accomplishing the same end by different methods. The one is the 'aeroscope,' and the other is the 'tak-kos-kope.' Both cameras use the standard kinematograph film, so that supplies of film can be easily obtained. In the case of the aeroscope an ingenious exposure-device has been incorporated. There is a small compressed-air mechanism contained within the camera, which is charged by a pump in much the same way as a bicycle or motor tire is inflated. In exposure all that one has to do is to press the button, and so long as the latter is depressed the intermittent exposures are made, the compressed air furnishing the energy for the operation of the shutter. In the second apparatus, the tak-kos-kope, the usual kinematographic system is adopted. The shutter is operated by turning a handle. The cameras are so designed that, in addition to taking moving pictures, they can be used for ordinary snapshotting and time-exposure work. Such a camera has been in request for some time past, as it offers the amateur a means of securing episodes, incidents, and scenes in animation which are far more interesting when projected by the magic-lantern than still-life records.

A NEW ALUMINIUM ALLOY.

The demand for metals of extreme lightness and strength has been the cause of considerable activity in metallurgical research work. Aluminium is the lightest pure metal which has yet been discovered, but it possesses numerous disadvantages. Consequently the trend of investigation has been in the direction of aluminium alloys which possess all the salient advantages of the pure metal, with none of its defects. The latest alloy of this type is known as sulphalium, which appears to be possessed of some excellent qualities, judging from the results of exacting practical tests. This new alloy can be worked with extreme ease, and is clean both in filing and cutting. Its melting-point is slightly higher than that of aluminium; it is a trifle heavier than the pure aluminium, though lighter than the average aluminium coating; and it can be easily cast. One great advantage which it possesses is that it is not affected by the action of sea-water. This has brought about its use by the Admiralty, to whom it is being supplied. It also appears to be well adapted to purposes for which extreme lightness and great strength are required, and should prove highly serviceable in the manufacture of various instruments; while it ought to receive attention from those engaged in the aeroplane industry, in which aluminium is being extensively utilised, but is far from being satisfactory. Further experiments are being carried out at present to ascertain the possibility of rolling the alloy for manufacture into sheets and also for wire.

A FIRST-AID POCKET-CASE.

The liability to an accident in these strenuous times is one of the contingencies which always menace us. It may be the slip of a knife, or an ugly jagged wound from glass in the kitchen, a fall or slip in the office or street attended with contusions and other more serious damage to the human frame, an explosion, or a railway accident; but in every instance timely aid may mitigate a serious injury or prevent disfigurement. Under these circumstances the need of a small and compact first-aid outfit capable of being slipped into the pocket, and containing everything necessary, is obvious. Such a requisite has been placed on the market, designed essentially for private and home use. This is the compactoid pocket-case, which contains a complete outfit for any emergency. In addition, there is a terse and valuable first-aid reference-book, which gives just the information required to alleviate the suffering until a doctor can be brought. Its compactness and light weight render it a distinct and useful addition to every establishment, and it should always find a place in the traveller's kit-bag.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A SEPTEMBER EVENING.

THE golden gates are opening in the west,
And from their portals this sweet autumn day
Calls our dear land unto her quiet rest,
And twilight lifteth gentle hands to pray.

The hill burn sings a psalm of deep content
Amid the hush of this sweet, hallowed eve;
'Neath folded wings the little birds have bent
Their weary heads 'mong flowers that fragrance breathe.

The twilight falleth on the ripened corn
All safely garnered into golden sheaves,
And to my soul the peaceful song is borne
Of autumn singing in the yellow leaves.

God rest the hearts of all who labour here
'Mid scenes so fair! I only ask to stand
In perfect peace, with kindly nature near,
And feel the pressure of her loving hand.

GILBERT RAE.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st.* All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
2*nd.* For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3*rd.* To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.
4*th.* Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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Chambers's Journal
SEVENTH SERIES

THE MAN OF STRAW.

By MARIAN BOWER.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

Le livre de la vie est le livre suprème
Qu'on ne peut ni fermer ni rouvrir à son choix;
Le passage attachant ne se trouve pas deux fois;
Mais le feuillet fatal se tourne de lui même.
On voudrait revenir a la page qu'on aime,
Et la page ou l'on meurt est déjà sous nos doigts.

THERE comes a point in almost every man's life when he seems able to say that the past is past, and that the future is to be divided from it by a certain definite action. As Paul Kwolsinski, Prince of the Holy Russian Empire, walked across the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, one soft evening in May, with the rise up to the Etoile curtained in soft, luminous mist behind him, and before him the great pile of the Louvre, the swift-flowing river, and the busy streets, he was saying to himself that he had come to this very point. The present was represented by the Englishwoman he had just left; the future meant the life he hoped to lead with her when she was his wife, the past certain tempestuous days of his early manhood.

He began to loiter. The soft evening air came fresh to him; the sky was streaked with gold and crimson and soft lemon. He smiled that slow, placid smile of a very big man. The peace of his present existence, the knowledge that his ways were the ways of those who feared neither questions nor investigations, had a charm for him—the charm of contrast; for Paul Alexandrovitch, a Russian on his father's side, on his mother's English, had lived in a time of ferment, of evasion, of absolute peril.

That movement in Russia which those who looked on it with favour called 'a step towards emancipation,' which those who looked on it with horror called 'a stride towards anarchy,' had spent its first great force before Paul was old enough to participate. But there remained enough strength in it, when he was twenty, to captivate an eager lad. He saw that all was not right, and he did not stop to think if he and his friends were taking the best way to make things better. He was ardent, provocative, unwise. The very warrant for his arrest was signed, when his mother succeeded in obtaining an audience with the Czar. Alexander listened to the Englishwoman, whom he knew, whom he liked. He promised her six months' grace. If she could tame Paul in that time all should be forgotten.

Circumstances fought for the Princess Kwolsinski. Not a week later she was summoned to Lausanne, where Paul had insisted on going, he said, to study. She found him in strange lodgings, among strange companions, men and women, seriously ill with typhoid.

Paul did not know her when she bent over him. He looked at her indifferently; he looked on equally indifferently when a tall girl, with the curious golden-coloured eyes peculiar to the Slavs, with a face which was striking in a disturbing way, rose, and with a gesture, a superb gesture, made the sick man over to his mother.

'Nursing is not my *métier*,' this magnificent creature announced. 'I am glad you are come. The illness has wasted my time. I have work to do.'

The Princess let the girl go in silence. She was all a part of the craze which had monopolised Paul; and then, as soon as the doctor gave a doubtful permission, she carried her son away, not to a town, not to a city, not to where men were to be found, and women, but to a yacht. There, on the open sea, with an expanse of water about him, with the sky a great blue dome above him, Paul came back to health and strength.

It was his mother's day, and she made the most of it.

When he left the yacht Paul went with her to her English property. There he lived for the next few years.

It was while he was leading the life of the average English squire—hunting, shooting, and yet finding time to learn the necessities of the tenants, of the land, of the cottagers—that he met Veronica Quayle.

Veronica was only a little younger than he, and the two had much to say to each other from the first.

The Princess looked on, silent and not dissatisfied. No woman thinks another woman quite good enough for her son; but Veronica was not a choice that a sensible mother could resent, and events had made the Princess

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eminently sensible. She was just beginning to wonder to herself, with a whimsical smile, whether she should think about doing up the dower-house, when one morning Paul came into her boudoir and announced his intention of returning to Russia.

'And Veronica Quayle?' questioned the Princess, startled for once out of her tactfulness.

The big man drew himself up. His mother fancied that beneath his dark moustache his lips were pressed tightly together.

'Miss Quayle is the most beautiful woman I know—and the best,' he said briefly.

That afternoon Paul took the train for London. As soon as the express could get him there he was in Petersburg.

The Princess wondered if Veronica could have refused him, but one look at the girl's face decided that. Veronica was bearing herself proudly, but it is the proud women who suffer.

Paul did not come back; the Princess went to him. Veronica seemed to fade out of his life.

It was of all these past events, and of the entanglement of them, that Paul was thinking before he put them, as he believed, for ever behind him. Veronica had been in Paris for two years. He had come to Paris because she had an *appartement* there. He had just left her. This time he asked her to be his wife, and she had not refused. He had explained to her what he had never confided to another living being, and when he finished there had been a great pity on her face.

'Oh my dear! my dear!' she breathed.

Paul came up close to her. They stood together, for one minute, for two, for three. He put his arm about her; she rested against him. They spoke no word. She had not married; he had not. They both had suffered.

Suddenly the passionate, the Russian, side of his nature cried out within Paul. 'If I had lost you always, Veronica! If I had lost you always!' was wrung from him.

The tall woman with the dark eyes looked up. 'Then,' she answered simply, 'I should have waited always.'

Paul bent over her and gathered her yet closer. There was more than love in his face; there was the reverence, the man's deep reverence for a woman when she shows herself greater than he knows he could have been himself. 'Who but you would have believed that I could not help myself when I left you?' he breathed.

Veronica looked up at him again. 'It all depends on how much one loves,' she said gently.

After this they had talked; they had been silent, she and Paul, but they had rejoiced. An hour later he left her. She promised to let him return to dine; and now, because there was a little while to spare, because he could not go back to his hotel and settle to the paper or his letters, when he came to the head of the Rue de Rivoli he turned into the garden of the Tuileries. The children who gambol all day on the pebbles between the tall trees had mostly gone home; a beggar with paper toys flapped a monster beetle in his face; he skirted one of the benches occupied by a smart *midinette* and her young man. As he came before the monument which marks the site of the destroyed palace Paul chanced to look over his shoulder, and he noticed—for a habit of minute observation, once acquired, is never lost—that a man he had seen walking down the Champs Elysées was still behind him. He quietly looked ahead as he would have done had he been in Petersburg more than twenty years ago. One of the first things a Revolutionary is taught is that if he suspects he is being followed, on no account to glance behind him again.

The next moment Paul smiled to himself. Why should he think of Revolutionaries and their injunctions on this day of all days? None the less he pulled up before the monument, as if to read the inscription on its base, to give the man behind him time to pass. He heard the footsteps crunching the gravel; he heard them close behind him, level with him, and then they stopped.

It was one moment before Paul could bring himself to look round. Life had never been dear to him as it was now, and it made him nervous, timorous. He moved to the left.

And then the individual, moving with him, asked in French, 'The Prince Paul Kowlsinski, is it not?'

'That is my name,' answered Paul. He was calm now, collected. He waited, looking down at the middle-aged, shabby individual beside him.

The man, with a frock-coat a size too big for his spare frame, the cloth brown with age, with a tall hat of that shape peculiar to Paris some ten years ago, with a long, bony face which seemed absolutely devoid of expression, waited too; but when he saw that Paul did not intend to add a word, he went on, 'I meant to call at your hotel, *mon Prince*, for I saw by the journal that you had arrived.'

'Who are you?' demanded Paul.

The thin man drew back his upper lip. Apparently that was his equivalent for a smile. 'You would not know my name,' he answered, 'and it does not matter to you; but I am charged with a message from one you will know.'

'And that is?' demanded Paul.

'I am charged by Madame Shiroff—by Madame Sonia Shiroff—to tell you where she lives, and to beg you to come and see her at once upon a matter of urgent importance,' he answered.

As the shabby man said these words the

clocks of Paris boomed out the hour. From the Seine sounded the shrill whistle of the penny steamboat pulling up at the steps by the Louvre; on the one hand was the roar of traffic in the Rue de Rivoli; across the bridge on the other hand was a rival roar of carts and cabs and wagons, of cries from the drivers, of the cracking of whips, of the insistent bell from the tramcars.

Paul heard not a sound. The name this unknown man had uttered rendered his ears deaf to anything else. He put his hand into his pocket; he took it out; he asked himself whether he was indeed that Paul Alexandrovitch Kwolsinski who had just left Veronica Quayle, who had just heard Veronica promise to be his wife.

He loved Veronica; he had loved her ever since he realised what the feeling of a man for a woman might imply; and she had waited for him. It was the crown of all, that—contrary to reason, contrary to appearances, with not a single thing to go on—she had waited for him just because, loving him, she believed in him. And now?

The possibility was so awful that Paul faced it calmly. He turned to the shabby man, who was watching him narrowly.

'You say,' he remarked, 'that you have a message for me from Madame Sonia Shiroff. I think you must be mistaken. The only Madame Sonia Shiroff I ever knew is dead.'

Again the shabby man drew back his lips until he showed the receding gums and the long yellow teeth. 'I am not mistaken, *mon Prince*,' he answered. 'Come with me and you will see.'

'Where?' demanded Paul.

'To the Rue Pelegrine, to the Hôtel Lombard in that street. Madame has a room there.'

Paul looked straight before him. He knew Paris, and he knew the aspect of the locality to which he was being invited. It was a poor quarter, but not an evil one. He remembered that he was very big, that he was very strong. He remembered too—and how the reflection hurt!—that he could not go back to Veronica until he had made sure who this Madame Shiroff might or might not be. 'Very well,' he decided. 'I will go with you. But,' he added significantly, 'you will walk before me.'

The two set off. They crossed the Seine, they penetrated into the network of streets by Notre Dame, they turned into the Rue Pelegrine, and in a moment Paul saw before him the tall, gaunt house, let out in *chambres garnis*, which was dignified by the title of the Hôtel Lombard.

The fat proprietress, with carmine cheeks and a profusion of black curls, was in the glass box which commanded a view of the entrance and of the staircase.

The shabby man nodded to her. 'Good-evening,' he said affably. 'I bring a visitor.'

'Who desires a room?' questioned the buxom dame.

'Who comes to see madame of No. 27,' the shabby man answered.

'Proceed, then,' muttered the proprietress indifferently.

The two men mounted the stairs, which were devoid of carpet and badly in want of soap and water, until, when they had gone up three flights, the guide paused before a door with '27' painted on it.

Without so much as the ceremony of knocking, the shabby man flung it open. '*Voilà!*' he ejaculated, and he addressed Paul, as, with a wave of his hand, he indicated a woman stretched on a sofa.

Paul looked before him. It was the hideous room customary to such an establishment—as stuffy as if the window had not been opened for weeks, badly in want of a fresh paper, with everything in it dingy at the best, and generally dirty. But Paul looked past the accessories to the figure which had half-risen as he entered. The next moment he walked nearer, and stood gazing searchingly at a pallid woman's face.

A pair of faded eyes, which were neither gray nor green, but which in their youth must have been luminously golden, looked back at him. Paul stood stock-still, stood and searched this face with an examining glance.

Without, on the stairs, a child began to cry, and a shrill, fretful woman's voice began to expostulate; two girls—they must have been very young, their laugh was so irresponsible, exchanged confidences as they passed the half-open door.

Paul aroused himself. 'Leave us,' he said to the shabby man, and the command was so imperative that the individual in question turned about and went out at once.

Then Paul asked one question. 'Who are you?' he said to the figure before him.

The woman rose now, getting on to her feet as if the movement were a painful effort. She was very tall; her gestures were still superb; there was scorn, there was disdain, in the poise of her head; but she was thin to emaciation. And when she spoke her voice no longer vibrated; it had a hollow, lifeless sound which made Paul start, for he knew its significance. It implied solitary confinement in a Russian fortress. 'I was Sonia Shiroff when you knew me,' she said; 'but the name by which I am best known now is'——

'Is'—— breathed Paul.

'Elida Sanspeur.'

The two words were spoken in an undertone and with a glance at the door.

As the Prince Kwolsinski heard them he started. 'Then you are the woman,' he breathed, 'who'——

'Who is being sought for by the Russian secret police,' she supplemented; 'the woman

who blew up the fortress of Moscow, who escaped from Siberia, who threw the bomb at the governor, but who'——

'Who'—— whispered Paul again.

'Who was Sonia Shiroff when you knew her.'

The big man winced. 'I had the report of your death six months ago, the official report from the chief of police,' he interposed.

The tall woman smiled, then sat down suddenly as if she were too tired to remain standing. 'Yes,' she went on, 'I died then—officially. I have always kept two names as a matter of precaution. Last spring the pursuit of the Third Section became so hot that I thought it well to sacrifice one of my identities. There was a woman of about my age, sufficiently near my size. She knew she had to die soon. She belonged to us, and she would be useful to us even in death. She passed herself off as me; she died as me. I escaped—that is, Elida Sanspeur escaped—out of Russia. I am here now; you see me; you know me again. In spite of time, of Siberia'—she just shivered once—'you know me again. I am Sonia Shiroff, the woman you married twenty years ago.'

She had said the words that Paul had been waiting for, that he had been dreading. He looked at her. There was no mistaking her, no denying what she said.

He had married her in those old, mad days; he had lived in Lausanne by her side. But what a marriage it had been!—a marriage of convenience, one in name only. In Russia such marriages, where a man gave his name—and nothing more—to a woman because it enabled her to defy the paternal authority, and to plead her husband's authorisation if questions were raised by the Government as to her living in a foreign land, were often arranged among the Revolutionaries. Paul and Sonia had met at the house of a sympathiser, who later expiated his views in the prison of Peter and Paul, and this friend had proposed the marriage to Sonia as a way of escape, to Paul as a good action he might do for the cause.

Regarding it in that light—and there were many precedents to support the view—Paul consented. Sonia's father never knew the real rank of the man who had gone through the ceremony of taking his daughter for a wife; the two had set out for Lausanne, and there they parted, Sonia to become an ardent exponent of revolutionary doctrines, Paul to settle down to trying English methods of farming on his estates.

(To be continued.)

A NATIONAL AWAKENING.

By B. S. Townroe, B.A.

SOME years ago there appeared in *Punch* a cartoon representing John Bull lying asleep and Lord Roberts strenuously attempting to awaken him. If that cartoon were reproduced at the present time, in order to be true to reality it would be necessary for the artist to draw John Bull with his eyes partially opened. The democracy is awakening to an increased realisation of the importance of national defence; and, in proof of this return to the appreciation of practical problems, it may be of interest to state some of the impressions gained during three years' constant work for the National Service League, which show how the working-man is beginning to consider this vital question. Many open-air meetings on behalf of the League, many long talks in the workshops, many significant sentences from a Territorial company of colliers, are a mine of experience from which it has been possible to dig out some definite idea of the national spirit now awakening.

By national spirit is meant not only the national spirit which inspires the boy to play at soldiers and the man to volunteer, but a broader spirit which may be inadequately termed love of and consideration for the Fatherland. How far has the nation and her interests a due place in men's hearts and lives? Many pessimists say that the average Englishman, especially of the class who work with their hands, cares little or nothing for his country, the wider claims of nationhood being neglected in the absorbing strife of Capital *versus* Labour. Superficially this is the case; but fortunately, if we look deeper down, there is a movement, not perhaps visible to those whose chief field of study is the cosmopolitan Metropolis, but nevertheless capable of being roughly gauged by those whose work lies in the midst of industrial England.

At once let it be confessed that the task of seeing into and expressing the mind of the provincial Englishman is no easy one. He is forever on the defensive, keeping off every stranger with a cold shield of suspicion. An inquirer tries to open conversation by a harmless remark about a game of bowls or the flying of some pigeons. In reply, the stolid worker slowly takes out his pipe, spits on the ground, grunts out a monosyllable, and then replaces the pipe in a manner which clearly says, 'I'm not going to be got at, so you needn't try it on.' Look at the half-grimed face, the smouldering eyes, the set, defiant expression, the tired attitude of the driven body. What are the thoughts behind that mask? If we could really discover them we should have materials on which to build a likely prophecy of the future of democracy in this

country. But glimpses can be obtained by careful methods, by patience, by sympathy, by reticence as discreet as theirs, by friendliness to the children.

The two main factors which hinder the spread of national ideals are soon discovered, on exploring into the thoughts of working-men, to be, one the economic, the other the intellectual.

The economic factor always pervades the mind of the manual labourer, for outside the door of his home ever crouches the wolf of unemployment. The severity of the struggle for existence in these great industrial centres is a truism the truth of which can only be known by those who have been in the abyss. Fortunate is the family which has not known in its own home the cares of unemployment, the visitor who needs no pressing invitation, the unwelcome guest slow to depart. A shift in trade conditions, a new plant of machinery, a foreman's malice, an accident, may each open the door to this wolf who devours the bloom from the children's cheeks, the family treasures from the home, the good looks from the 'missus,' the brave heart from the man. Two classes alone do not heed the terrors of unemployment: one, the skilled artisan, who, in possession of the secrets of his trade, is sure of permanent work; the other the thoroughly shiftless unemployable who has not the sense to trouble about economic problems. But the majority of working-men when faced with any proposals or new ideas unconsciously ask themselves without any hesitation, 'How will this affect my pocket?' There is no discredit attached to them for this selfish test, but rather to the industrial conditions which make wages far more important than the solid worth of any measure. Personally, I believe this economic factor to be the chief reason that the North at the last election voted, on the whole, for the continuance of our present fiscal system, for on this vexed issue the average man of the collier or artisan class says, 'Well, if there 's any chance of Tariff Reform making my meals cost more I 'm not going to have it.' Economic pressure in the past has created a suspicion of all reforms in the future.

Another factor which hinders the mass of the population from realising the importance of national and imperial problems is the general intellectual poverty. Of course, compulsory education has brought about a great advance, but fourteen is too early for children to leave school. It is the age when 'instruction ends and education begins.' The observer studying the intellectual condition of our people is apt to be deceived by the rise of men like Mr John Burns and Mr Tom Smith, the Tory cobbler, whom sheer force of character and perseverance have forced out of the ranks. The success of the few overshadows the mental state of the many. At present we do little in the schools to promote any system for the education of the people in the meaning of nationhood such as is the rule in Germany. There, since the days of Fichte, the people have been taught in their schools, in their universities, in their national army, that they belong to a nation, and must always be ready to make a common effort for the common good. What are we Britons taught? Talk to any Board school child, and it will be found that Empire to him or her signifies merely a waving of Union-jacks on Empire Day. The result is that the young men take a pride in mocking at old traditions and reverenced memories. For example, in a Lancashire village on the Sunday after the death of the late King, when the press described the country as 'black with mourning,' several callous youths flaunted along the roads with red ties round their necks and red flowers in their buttonholes. Again, two days before meeting these thoughtless fellows, I heard a group of Lancashire colliers, unconscious of my presence, solemnly arguing whether the new King's name was Henry or George. Such an incident, however exceptional, is enough to show the limited outlook of men in some districts. Another group, discussing the advantages of a president over a king, inquired whether the King of England has more money a year than the Shah of Persia, and whether the latter had so much that he could not 'bust it all in a week.'

Surely we need a broader education which will enable the voters who so largely have the ultimate control of our imperial destinies to face the broader issues with more knowledge and a greater wisdom. This article, however, is not the dismal wail of a pessimist engaged in the unfruitful work of self-depreciation, but an attempt to analyse a movement among the masses which gives the lie to those who say that we are degenerating as a nation.

Two broad rivers—the one of religious zeal, the other of military ardour — fertilise our national life and keep it strong and clean. Has there ever been an age in this country when religion was a more active force? Travelling widely about the North of England, I seldom enter a service in church or chapel which is not well attended. There is a great stream of philanthropic work, prompted by this religious fervour, which, under the influences of the scientific spirit in charity, is slowly being organised efficiently. In the military world, the huge spread of the Boy Scout movement and the sacrifices made by so many Territorial officers and men, not only to do their own duty but to bear the burden for the others who either cannot or will not serve, show that service of the Fatherland is by no means an empty phrase. But how spasmodic is the flow of these two rivers! In religious energy much of the main flood trickles away into stagnant ditches. The river of military enthusiasm ebbs and flows as recruits are impelled, for various reasons, to volunteer.

The result is too often inefficiency in parish and in battalion. 'Muddling through' was possible in the old days before the advent of scientific methods. At the present day in all the departments of peace and war, in commercial strife, in the religious campaign, on the modern battlefield, organisation is winning. Great Britain cannot afford to remain much longer an unorganised nation.

The people themselves, half-conscious of something wrong, express their sentiments in such words as 'Oh, both parties are big liars!' and are ready for a movement inspired by ideals of national self-sacrifice. In fact, they are, so far as my experience among the artisan class shows, ready, when they understand it, to adopt such an organising and vitalising force as compulsory training in a citizen army of the kind advocated by the National Service League. For somewhere deep down, rarely exposed, the working-man has a soul to be touched. Mazzini noted this truth in the words, 'At the root of every question the people has at least a glimpse of something that appeals to its soul, something that gives it self-consciousness and raises its trampled dignity.'

Many illustrations of this come to mind. A man after a visit to our colonies returned a keen Imperialist, for he had realised the great responsibility of this sceptred isle and the importance of the Empire to the Mother Country. 'Except Yokohama, we've got all the sugar-plums, and we've got to keep them.' Beneath the mask of indifference, the soul of Britons is still alive and ready to respond to the call of duty. A wire-drawer, in conversation, expressed himself in a hushed tone of voice, 'No one knows how much I love my town and my country.'

When such a spirit is certainly moving, it is not right to be pessimistic over the more superficial signs of decadence. There is also the matter-of-fact, practical character of the English which preserves the men of the northern provinces from any form of the sentimentalism which is a danger in the Metropolis. The South of England is more affected by the winds of emotion from the music-halls, more influenced by the Gallic moods of the *entente cordiale*, more ready to hearken to the war-cries of the half-penny press, than the North. In Lancashire men may be found who never look at a daily paper, but are content with the more stable fare of the Bible and Carlyle. Such characters cannot be moved by the jingo cries of the music hall. They listen quietly and readily to any reasonable argument. Also, speaking generally, even the hearts of the most progressive are held by a sheet-anchor of latent Conservatism. 'It's established, so it's safe and all right.' So they express their adherence to traditions of the past which make them slow to vote for new ideas and new reforms. All this strength of quiet clinging to the old ways of life holds the Englishman, and especially the Northerner, back from flimsy sentimentalism or rash revolution.

It is because of these two qualities of innate idealism and sound sense that the North may always be relied on to show a true national spirit in case of a national emergency. Adverse critics may say that the harsh competition of modern industrial life has destroyed the more spiritual attributes in the worker. Lack of inculcation of national ideals in the schools has left minds narrowed. The attention given by public speakers and preachers to questions either of dogma or of class passion rather than to the issues of citizenship has deprived men of opportunity to learn. But despite all these adverse influences there is a movement arising from below. The younger men especially are beginning to study, and much of their study is of physical facts. In a men's club attached to a Baptist Chapel a party of youths all knew the principles behind Sandow's system of bodily culture. This interest in their own development leads them to be interested in all questions which affect the physical welfare of the country. Again and again, while I was advocating compulsory military training as a means of increasing young men's health and strength, one of the audience has said to me, 'I'm with you there. It 'll make some of the weaklings fitter.'

Another charge, by no means justified, which is brought against the average working-man is that he is completely apathetic to all questions of home defence. As we English have not had to fight for our lives since the time of the Spanish Armada, it is no wonder that in the intervening centuries we have built up a wall of blind indifference, and that the military has been divorced from the civilian population. This wall accounts not only for the apathy, but for a measure of passive hostility to soldiers which Lord Roberts, Lord Haldane, and Sir R. S. Baden-Powell are rapidly breaking down by familiarising the public with the social advantages which are to be obtained from military training. And indeed the apathy is not a symbol of death. Indifference on the surface does not mean decay at the heart. The national spirit may need exercise, but it is only sleeping. As one old man expressed it, this spirit only needs 'warming up.' Materialistic views of life have chilled any fervour surviving from the enervating prosperity of the last century. Doctrines of class-hatred are quenching the fires of patriotism, but the spirit is there.

The problem before the nation at present is how to warm up this national spirit. In periods of excitement, as during the Black Week of the Boer war and the late King's funeral, for a time there is a consciousness of nationhood. But until this consciousness becomes a permanent part of all our lives we cannot hope that the ship of State may be steered safely among the many rocks which threaten her very existence—the

rocks of unemployment, of physical deterioration, of moral slackness, of increasing feeble-mindedness, of national unpreparedness. Intermittent jerks, spasmodic excitement, and subsequent revulsion will accomplish little. As the Greeks only by long and persistent effort resisted the attacks of the purple Persians, so we only by determination, by continued strain, by united organisation, will revive the spirit of nationality.

Many people are coming to feel that the most practical method to attain this unity of a people striving for a new way of life is by the adoption of some form of compulsory military training. A true citizen army is a great force for knitting a nation together, as a trivial personal example may show. As I was sitting one day on the Sicilian hills, a herdsman, a queer brigandish figure with rough goatskin on his legs and kindly creases in his old face, came and talked to me of his experience in the Italian army. 'Yes, I was stationed at Turin,' he said. 'That was when I was young. Ah, those were good days! Yes, that was the only time I have been out of Sicily, but I made many friends up there, and North Italy is a good country. Eh, those were very good days!' Underlying his glad memories of forty years ago could be felt the enthusiasm and love for his country engendered by his time of service. In his heart the gulf between North and South Italy so apparent in Italy to-day was bridged by his common service. Will it not help to knit our nation together if all the able-bodied youth, from the son of a Prime Minister to the son of a washerwoman, have to go into camp together for four months? By this community-life in camp the bitterness between classes will be diminished, the common kinship of all men and women will be more recognised. Equal compulsion will give equal opportunities to all men. As the various classes and masses meet together, tact will be exercised (and possibly fists as well), perception of others' feelings will be strengthened, imagination and appreciation of the other point of view will be quickened. Those who have greater maturity of thought or character will lift up their comrades to a higher plane. This is the true education, the practical education, which associates the happiness of self with the happiness of society. By the moral elevation of the individual the spirit of the nation will be uplifted. National service will help to give the nation the ideal described by Hegel as liberation from one's own caprices and the acceptance of a universal task. Her universal task is to keep the national spirit alive; it can be done by the personal service of every able-bodied man. Professor Wilkinson's words, 'The man who has learned to serve his country has learned to love it,' can be proved to be full of truth on application to facts. The men who have done their duty to their town and country by taking part in municipal affairs or in the Volunteer forces are the virile stock. They have on the whole the inspiration of the self-sacrifice which has throughout the ages made nations strong. They have learnt

> To set the cause beyond renown,
> To love the game beyond the prize,
> To count the life of battle good,
> And dear the land that gave you birth.

Upon the others, who have not learned to serve their country, the chill of apathy is freezing. More faintly can their ears hear the call of duty and less warmly do their hearts respond to their Mother Country calling for the personal service of her sons. National service will awaken Britons again to appreciate the brotherhood of classes, to welcome self-sacrifice, to have a broader and more spiritual outlook, to be filled with the true national spirit.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

By P. L. M'Dermott.

CHAPTER VII.—*continued.*

THE first four paragraphs were identical in the will and the copy, and then came the difference, which, preserving all the calligraphic appearance, so completely changed the purport that it was no wonder the solicitor was amazed. The fifth paragraph of the will gave Hilda Roper one thousand pounds, and the sixth and last left all the rest to the nurse. In the copy the gift to Hilda Roper was ten thousand pounds, and the last paragraph was as follows:

'I give and bequeath the entire residue of my estate, real and personal, to the son of my late sister Frances Almeda, absolutely, on condition that he takes the name of Tooting instead of his father's.'

On the face of it, here was a mystery that defied Mr Meredith's understanding—or a most audacious fraud. Which was it? Sitting as a judge, with the two documents before him, and Joshua Tooting's letter to boot, he could make nothing of it. It was the most extraordinary matter that had ever come within his experience. What caused that London solicitor—a complete stranger—to write out those two papers, so alike in appearance and so different in purport? And which of them expressed the last will of the testator?

If only the instructions drafted by Tooting could be seen! Perhaps the solicitor Grimesey kept the paper—very probably he did—and it

would go far, if not the whole way, to settle all doubts if it were produced.

Mr Meredith felt himself embarrassed so greatly by the want of personal knowledge of what had gone on in his absence that he welcomed the visit of Dr Black. Here was a man who was certain to know everything that was to be known.

The disclosures almost deprived Dr Black of the power of speech. But he recovered it, and, pointing to the will, exclaimed with dramatic solemnity, 'Meredith, the thing is a—forgery!'

'That's a strong term, doctor! Be calm,' said the solicitor, smiling.

'I repeat it, Meredith — forgery and conspiracy!'

'Hush, hush, doctor; don't use such words in a decent lawyer's hearing. But I want you to tell me how it all came about, so that I may be able to form some rational opinion. Tell me first about the nurse and the solicitor,' he said with professional instinct.

Dr Black told him all that he knew, which need not be repeated here. He laid stress on the point that the solicitor, after sending him and Roper away by his telegram to the nurse, arrived an hour afterwards, when they were gone, instead of waiting till three o'clock. There was something in that, depend upon it. Moreover, Dr Black could not forget the nurse's nervous condition that important day. If she did not know what Grimesey was doing, or attempting to do, she had a sense that he was doing something sinister. She avoided him when he was leaving.

'Your idea was of some conspiracy between the nurse and the solicitor. But why?'

'Hang it,' cried the doctor, with bitter disappointment, 'that's the worst of it! She is going to marry another man.'

'I see,' said Mr Meredith, who could not help a laugh at the doctor's feeling, 'if she had only given herself as a reward to Grimesey the thing would be plain enough. She has been too clever for you. But we will get to the bottom of it. Has any one ever heard of that nephew? He seems to be another mystery, although a will in his favour would soon clear him up.'

'I never heard of him before,' answered the doctor. The thought of the second wreath laid on Joshua Tooting's coffin came to his mind, but he dismissed it. 'He mentions his sister's letters; might there be any clue among them?'

It was very possible, and so important that Mr Meredith expressed his intention of going across to The Roost at once. Dr Black, at his invitation, went with him.

On the way Mr Meredith explained his own position in connection with the will. 'Feeling as I did, as to his duty to his sister's child, if there was one, it went against the grain with me to be executor. Now I certainly will not. I believe the intention of Joshua, knowing the youth to be living, was the intention embodied in this unexecuted paper. Whether he suddenly altered his mind at the last moment we do not know—it is quite possible. Grimesey is the man to explain that. But I do not think—and I knew him well—that if Tooting had come to that resolution he would readily change it. I will have nothing to do with the will as its executor. Miss Dunning must obtain probate.'

'If she has courage to attempt it,' said the obdurate doctor. 'And she took nine thousand pounds away from Hilda Roper's legacy, and Hilda's fiancé as well. That was mean. She was welcome to the man, of course, and I only hope she will never see the money.'

Mr Meredith said nothing for a minute or two. The doctor had spoken in a random way, as he generally did, but his words struck the solicitor.

'There's something in what you say, doctor. Joshua might conceivably have changed his intention at the last moment regarding his nephew; his moods were never certain. But I feel sure he would not, for that reason, have cut the girl's legacy down from ten to one thousand. He would never have done that; there could be no motive for the act, and he was undoubtedly fond of her in his way.'

'There is great force in that view, Meredith. And I tell you what. He had the girl in his room for an hour the day before he died, talking to her about his sister. My Madge told me.'

Mrs Cox answered the late knock at the door with surprise and alarm, although she had another woman staying with her. But learning what they came for, she quickly procured candles and led them up to the silent chamber, where she left them.

Before doing anything else, Mr Meredith took a silent survey of the bed and the table before the window, measuring the distance and reconstructing in his mind the business of the day of Joshua's death. The actual writing-pad was still on the table from which the two sheets had been torn for the will. Mr Meredith took it in his hand, examined it with interest, and carried it away with him when he left.

The desk was in a corner between the window and the bed. The key was in the lock, and Mr Meredith opened it. He saw the sealed packet of letters in a pigeon-hole, and, placing the two candles on the desk, sat down and opened them. They were years old, discoloured and worn. The solicitor turned them over reverently, reading none; glanced an instant at the photograph, whose original he remembered well; and at last, picking out two more recent letters, he tied the rest up again and restored them to their place.

Mr Meredith perused these two letters with deep interest. One of them was in Joshua Tooting's hand, and this was the shorter of the two; the other was in strange handwriting and somewhat longer. When he had read them

both he looked over the shorter letter a second time, and then remarked, 'Doctor, read this while I am looking through this other one again.'

Dr Black recognised Joshua Tooting's writing on the envelope, which bore neither name nor address (nor did the letter it covered), except the words 'My Nephew.' The date was at the top, 'Dec. 4, 1903,' showing that it was written at the same time as the letter to Mr Meredith—after the signing of the will.

'NEPHEW,—When you wrote to me I did not answer your letter because my heart was hardened against your father's son. For his memory's sake I could wish you unborn, but that, on account of your mother's, I dare not. I have struggled hard, and sinfully, against her influence, and shut the door of my life against you. But I am near to another life now, where I must meet her, and I cannot face her without such help as a deathbed repentance may bring to me.

'Forgive an old man whose life has been unhappy since your mother went out of it. Your forgiveness will aid me to obtain hers.

'I have made my will this day, leaving you all I have, except some minor legacies. Of these, the principal is ten thousand pounds to one Hilda Roper—all that I can give her for her presence about this place, so constantly reminding me of your mother. You owe her your thanks and reverence for her good influence. JOSHUA TOOTING.'

'Well,' said the doctor when Mr Meredith took back the letter from him and carefully placed it with the other in his pocket-book, 'that sheds a new light on Tooting's life—and death. Poor fellow! Have you discovered any clue to the nephew? The letter bears neither name nor address.'

'I can trace him, I think, in a little time.'

'There can be no doubt now about the will. The letters were written after it was executed, so that no change of mind was possible to be carried out. The thing is a forgery,' said the doctor.

The solicitor made no reply to this remark, and presently said, as they went away, 'Before I do anything else I must see Miss Dunning and Mr Grimesey. I will write to them both to come down at three o'clock to-morrow. You can be present also if you wish.'

Mr Meredith knew the doctor would wish it above all things. He was convinced, further, that Sandfields Common, or the greater part of it, would be possessed of the facts before breakfast next morning, for the doctor was an expert disseminator of news of public interest.

(To be continued.)

IN UNDISCOVERED GALICIA.

By JAMES BAKER, F.R.G.S., Author of *John Westacott*, *The Cardinal's Page*, &c.

SPANISH Galicia, not the Galicia of the cities of Cracow and Lemberg. This Galicia, happily placed in the north-west extremity of sunny Spain, is half-surrounded and indented by the Atlantic, and watered by numerous rivers; and so, even in August, it is rich in umbrage and verdure, and has a climate that is wholly temperate, for rarely does the thermometer rise above seventy-five degrees in the shade, the mornings and evenings being decidedly cool and deliciously refreshing. And yet, if undiscovered to the twentieth century tourist, what a land of marvels and surprises, of striking contrasts, is Galicia, and to the historian or archæologist a country full of rich matter and exciting problems; and in the emblazoned houses the heraldic student will find food for study, as in Rhodes, and Ragusa, or Spalato. Search amidst the archives of the towns of Galicia should give many a point regarding our English history, for amidst its hills fought the Black Prince, and at Pontevedra reigned, as King of Castile, John of Gaunt; and the Armada chronicle and the passage of Catharine of Aragon to England are linked with Galicia.

At this town of Pontevedra one might make a long halt to study its churches and ruins and the prehistoric monuments and remains in the neighbourhood. The cathedral church of St Maria, with its richly decorated west front, rising above the wide double flight of steps, is a fine example of Spanish architecture of a late period, and the monuments and the Biblical history in quaint stone carving within repay lengthened examination. The rich balustrade outside the church is effective; but if this church is of interest, how much more interesting are the ruins of San Domingo!—a remarkably ornate building of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, with deep, tall lancet and richly moulded rose windows, and twisted pillars with most elaborate capitals, as at Roslin and Brunswick. Collected in the ruin are rich monuments of Roman prehistoric and medieval times. A volume might well be written of the church; and in the town is a museum of prehistoric antiquities of Galicia, with gold torques and armrings, and coronets of thin gold plates similar to those found by Schliemann in Mycenæ.

If Pontevedra has an enticing history, it also has rich nature around it. At Lerez, up the river, that can be reached at high-water by boat from Pontevedra, is a Devonshire-like yet tropical verdure, with palms and blackberries; and on

the Monte Porreiro estate, with its delightful gardens, the mineral waters are refreshing and not nauseous.

But Pontevedra, packed as it is with history, holds us too long. Was not a Columbus ship built here? A run by motor round the indented, astoundingly varied coast brings us to Grove, and a long new bridge links the mainland to the island of La Toja (*j* pronounced as a guttural *ch*, as La Tocha).

After the ride through bits of Connemara and Italy, and through the sand-dunes of Perranporth in Cornwall, with tamarisk and pines and aloes and rich sea-holly, and most varied flowers, what a surprise it is to see a vast palace of an hotel, with a luxurious interior; though just beyond, on the quay, are the Gallegan fisherfolk, with their swift-sailing *dornas*, small boats, and the big twenty-four oared fishing-boats with great square lug-sails. On fête-days and at regattas the peasants crowd on the island and mix freely with the fashionables of Madrid, who are here for the waters, good for inward complaints and especially for the skin, and for the soap extracted from them.

La Toja can be left by steam-launch for Villa Garcia, passing close by the little island of Cortegada, that is to become the Osborne of Spain, it having been presented to King Alfonso, who is building a country residence there.

From Villa Garcia the railway links up the other romantic resorts in Galicia, and especially that pilgrimage-city of the Middle Ages, Santiago de Compostella. By the way, if spelt Campostella the name is clear—the field of the star that pointed to the remains of James the Great, son of Zebedee.

It is little known what a tremendous intercourse there was between England and Galicia in the fourteenth century. In the year 1395 ships left Dartmouth, Newcastle, and Hartlepool with pilgrims, and from the great port of Bristol between May and July in that year ships sailed conveying no less than six hundred and sixty pilgrims to Santiago, each paying sixpence to the King of England.

If the wonders of Santiago were known in England to-day many thousands of tourists would travel yearly to St James's shrine. Outside the city, on the country roads, all is alive—peasants on the Gallegan ponies, with bright-coloured saddle-cloths; the wailing, moaning, screaming bullock-wagons with the solid wooden wheels that emit these weird cries; swarms of children, and women busy at work. But inside the city all is silent, dead, save the footfall of the passer-by on the great uneven flag-stones. No horse or vehicle is heard except an occasional rush of motor or bus to an hotel. The *sereno*, or night-watchman, in long black cloak, and bearing a long, steel-headed halberd, halts in the night under arches, in the deep shadows thrown from an occasional glimmering light.

Above, towering toward the starlit sky—and myriad indeed are the flashing stars in the clear air—rise up the massive, many-pinnacled buildings of church and cathedral. It requires at least a week to grasp the rich and minute details of the latter alone. In the crypt below the inner west doorway or Gloria, known as the Old Cathedral, there are intricate carvings of the richest romanesque order, intertwined foliage and figures full of masterly flowing outline reminding one of the rich work in Poitiers. This crypt is a problem; but Señor Murguia, in his work on Galicia, asserts it was the entrance to the subterranean portions of the cathedral, and the minute work is of the highest craftsmanship. The crypt proper, where lie in a silver-gilt casket the relics of Santiago, reminds one of the crypt at Ripon Cathedral, and the great silver altar in the cathedral above of the mass of silver enclosing the shrine of St John of Nepomuk in Prague.

Three times a year there is enacted in this cathedral a scene of the strangest interest. The large plated censer, four and a half feet high and two feet across, is swung from the great cupola from the north to the south transept. The censer weighs one hundred and thirty pounds, and is borne in by two and swung by six men, directed by the master, who fastens the knot in the rope on which so much depends. You feel this as the great smoke-emitting mass rushes through the air, high up until it nearly but not quite touches the transept roof, and then swishes down over and between the awe-inspired worshippers; bishops, priests, and choir being grouped in the north transept, around the head of St James the Less in its gilt casket.

But all the wonders of Santiago—its workshops, monasteries, libraries, and cloisters—and of its environs must be implied, not told, they are so many; for Coruña and the old towns of Betanzos and Puente de Eume call us northward. The roads are fairly good for motoring and bicycling, and the scenery and picturesque peasantry *en route* full of charm.

Coruña has much of import both historically and of to-day. Its great Tower of Hercules, of Phœnician or Roman origin, is a mighty monument; and the huge rock near, with the problematical Latin inscription, proves the importance of the place in Roman days. What Englishman can stand unmoved at Sir John Moore's tomb, or in the house, now well cared for by Colonel Vidal, where 'our hero' died? Coruña, 'the Groyne' of old English story, played an important part in English history in Armada and Catharine of Aragon's days, and when Drake sailed the seas.

After all the excitement of a tour in Galicia—and it is as exciting as a first visit to Rome, so full of surprises are towns and villages—there is a haven of calm, pastoral rest at Mondariz, for green hills and rich verdure surround and envelop this nature-blessed spot. As I write,

from a balcony I look out on bits of Dartmoor, with its erratic granite blocks rising up against the deep-blue sky; a pine-clad hill leads down to an Italian valley, with trailing vine and dark-green maize, and on the hillside flower the mimosa-trees. The bullock-wagons wail past, and the *correos* or post-diligence comes in with three ponies in rope-harness. Palms and plane-trees, pines and catalpa-trees, shade the roses and flowers beneath my window; and yet, amidst this village life, where the peasant comes in to elaborate church festivities, and joins in brilliant processions through village and wood, and stays late on into the night to dance the Gallegan dances to the bagpipe and drum, there rises up a palace of an hotel, and yesterday I was introduced by one of the foremost writers of Madrid, Señor Garrido, to a Minister of State and many others of the dignitaries of Spain who have come here with their wives to enjoy the calm, and take the health-giving waters, and drink in the pure air and fresh, cool hill-breezes of Mondariz. Most restful, yet gay with music and dance, is this strange spot hidden away amidst the Galician hills; but it is easily arrived at by rail and motor-bus from Vigo (attainable by the Booth Line or Royal Mail steamers) or from Madrid. Truly another surprise in this land of surprises and delicate charm, delightful Galicia!

THE TALE OF VITTORIA.

21st June 1813.

By W. H. Fitchett, LL.D.

WELLINGTON had struck down one French general after another—Junot at Vimeiro, Soult at Oporto, Victor at Talavera. He had repelled the sudden onfall of Masséna at Torres Vedras; he had wrecked Marmont's force at Salamanca, defeating an army of 40,000 men in forty minutes. The French had been driven out of Portugal and half-across Spain. This was an amazing record; but there were still 230,000 French troops drawn in a line from Valencia on the east coast to the Asturias. Wellington had 40,000 French in his immediate front. They were busy entrenching themselves. All the bridges on the Douro had been broken, and its farther bank was being turned into a French version of Torres Vedras.

Wellington's plan was to hold the French in his front and on his right flank at attention, and turn the French left by launching a column of 40,000 men through the trackless wilds of the Tras os Montes. By the mere wind of that great movement he hoped to shake the French out of all their strong positions. Wellington himself would then push at the French centre, and bring them to bay before they reached the Pyrenees. The story of how this daring strategy was carried into effect is told here.

If Wellington's new plan of campaign was daring to the point of audacity, it was yet very simple. There were 230,000 French troops in Spain, distributed across the Peninsula from Valencia on the eastern sea-coast to Asturias on the north-west. Caffarelli, in the north, guarded the line of communication with France; Drouet covered Madrid and central Spain; Reille from beyond the Tormes commanded what was still called 'the army of Portugal,' though the possibility of its ever touching Portuguese soil again had vanished. Wellington thus had in his immediate front 110,000 good French soldiers, though they badly wanted good generals. The French expected Wellington's advance to be against their centre; and while he was busy re-equipping his regiments in their cantonments beyond the Agueda, they were absorbed in the task of strengthening the line of defences on the Douro and the Tormes. All the bridges on the Douro were destroyed; huge entrenchments stretched for miles on its farther bank; for the French, like good soldiers, had learned something from Torres Vedras.

But Wellington had no intention of operating again in the wasted districts on the Tormes. He wanted, it is true, to fix the attention of the French on that point. To maintain the illusion that he intended to strike at the centre, he kept his headquarters at Ciudad. He placed Hill at Coria, and formed magazines there, so as to leave his enemies uncertain whether he might not strike at their left across the Tagus. But his real plan was secretly to organise a column of 40,000 men, which should cross the Douro within the Portuguese frontier, and turn with a wide sweep the French left, marching through the apparently trackless wilds of the Tras os Montes to the Esla, and beyond it to the Ebro. All the positions the French had strengthened with such toil would thus be turned in succession, and without a shot being fired. When the French, under the stress of this movement, fell back at the centre, Wellington would push on with Hill, and bring the retreating French to bay far to the north. Somewhere at the base of the Pyrenees the campaign planned on such a scale was to reach its climax.

This strategy, in a sense, violated all the rules of war. Wellington was dividing his army in the presence of an enemy greater in numbers than himself, and holding a central position. If Masséna had been in command on the Douro,

instead of Joseph or Drouet, Wellington would hardly have attempted a strategy so daring. What would have happened if, while Graham with 40,000 men was lost in the hill-passes of the Tras os Montes, and Hill was whole marches distant at Coria, 70,000 French had broken out upon Wellington on the Agueda?

But Wellington assessed, with keen divination, the personal elements in the equation. There was no Masséna, or Soult, or Marmont at the French headquarters. The French armies were standing on the defensive. Their eyes turned north, not south; to the Pyrenees rather than to Lisbon. There is a genius that obeys rules; but there is also a genius which, while disregarding rules, attains the ends for which they exist; and Wellington showed this genius in shaping the campaign of 1813.

On 18th June the great movement began. Graham was put in command of the columns, 40,000 strong—infantry, cavalry, guns, with pontoon-bridges in sections—which were to cross the trackless, wind-blown summits of the Tras os Montes, ford its swift rivers, pierce its gloomy defiles, and reach the Esla. It was an amazing march. The hill-crests were ridges of splintered rocks; their slopes were rent with chasms; the tracks by which the army travelled were often fit only for goats. Guns had to be lowered by ropes over precipices, and dragged up by sheer strength of human arms.

Craufurd would have been an ideal leader for such an army engaged in such a march. But Graham was sixty-seven years of age; up to middle life he had been a country gentleman of studious habits and quiet tastes. Grief, in a sense, made him a soldier. The sudden death of his wife, after a happy wedded life of seventeen years, made the quiet of ordinary existence intolerable to him, so he joined the army; and, by virtue of his Scottish stock, he had many of the qualities a soldier needs—hardihood of body, a certain gift for command, and a dour courage—as Barossa showed—which not all the tumult of battle nor the worst blows of ill-fortune could shake. His rank and wealth secured quick promotion; and Wellington, who loved a hard fighter, who was also fond of field sport—and was a gentleman—welcomed Graham when he joined his army in 1812.

Larpent, who met Graham at Wellington's headquarters just before the campaign began, describes him as 'a very fine old man;' 'but,' he adds, 'he does not look quite fit for this country work.' Yet Graham was the man whom Wellington chose to take charge of that part of his operations which would most severely tax the physical endurance and the compelling, masterful energy of a commander; and Graham did his work splendidly. His divisions crossed the Douro, near Oporto itself, on 18th May, and their march was pushed on without check, while the French were absolutely unconscious of the thunderbolt about to fall on their right wing. They were still ignorant so late as 24th May that an army of 40,000 men had turned their flank, and was pushing on for the Esla, and even for the Ebro. Wellington broke up his headquarters at Franeda on the 22nd, and joined Graham on the 30th as his columns reached the Esla. Picton was riding with Wellington when they crossed the rivulet which marks the Portuguese boundary. He says that Wellington 'wheeled his horse round, took off his hat, and cried, "Farewell, Portugal; I shall never see you again."'

He was saying farewell to more than Portugal. He was turning his back on retreats and uncertainties, on dependence upon Spanish allies and battles with Portuguese intrigues. Much water had run under the bridge since he had sat with Cuesto, planning, in terms to suit that obstinate Spanish brain, the tactics of Talavera. He himself was another man; richer in prestige, wiser in battle-lore, surer of himself and of his army; surer, too, in his knowledge of the forces he had to meet.

As Graham pushed on, the French awoke to the tempest of war about to break upon them from the summits of the Tras os Montes, and they fell back in haste. One strong position after another became worthless. The line of the Douro, with all its defences, was given up; Madrid was abandoned, never again to see a French garrison. On the high plains round Burgos, Joseph, for a moment, dreamed of offering battle. The traditions of the place were encouraging. This was the spot where Wellington failed in 1812, and from which his retreat began. But Graham was pushing on inexorably, threatening the communications with France, and Burgos was abandoned. The castle was mined and blown up with such haste that the explosion took place as a column of infantry was defiling past the walls, and 300 men were instantly slain. Wellington a year before could not win Burgos with the guns and bayonets of his troops; he won it now, without the expenditure of a cartridge, by the skill of his strategy. It was French gunpowder that blew up Burgos, and at a sore cost to French lives; but it was Wellington's genius that fired the match.

The blast of the explosion sent a wave of deep sound over all the hill-summits and through the ravines for many miles; and years afterwards Wellington told Croker a curious story. He was within a few miles of Burgos, and heard the sullen thunder of the explosion, and saw the clouds of black smoke rising slowly into the sky, and his soldierly instinct told him what had happened. 'But,' he added, 'when I heard and saw this explosion, I made a sudden resolution—instanter to cross the Ebro, and endeavour to push the French *at once* to the Pyrenees.' It is difficult to read the mind of a great soldier, and

who can tell the relation betwixt that sudden blast of sound, that seemed to shake the Spanish skies, and the answering expansion of purpose in the mind of Wellington? With what mystic vibrations were the cells of his brain stirred by that strange air-wave?

The emphasis in Wellington's story lies on the words 'at once.' To push the French beyond the Pyrenees was his accepted goal; but when he drew the plan for the campaign on which he was then engaged, it stopped short south of the Pyrenees. Perhaps the terrific blast of sound in which Burgos passed away—Burgos, which a year before had proved impregnable to him—gave Wellington a sudden vision of the range and energy of his own strategy. It was the tramp of Graham's battalions, far off in the wild hill-passes of the Tras os Montes, which shook Burgos into dust; and still Graham's columns were pushing on. They would shake a mightier fabric than that of Burgos—the whole fabric of French power in Spain—to ruin.

On 3rd June the line of the Douro was mastered; on the 6th the British were over the Carrion. On the 15th Hill crossed Puente Arenas, and the French were thus suddenly cut off from the sea-coast. Port after port was abandoned. Some British ships of war sailed into Santander, and Wellington, abandoning the line to Ciudad, made this port his base.

Having crossed the Ebro, Wellington swung round and marched for the great Bilbao road and for Vittoria, the deep valleys echoing to the rattle of his guns and the tramp of his battalions. At Modena he left the 6th Division to guard his stores and supplies, but pushed on his columns with tireless energy. For six days, in spite of ravines and precipices, of swift torrents and rough hill-crests, the march was urged. On the seventh his columns broke through the hills, coming by many separate defiles. Vittoria was in sight. Wellington had gained the advantage, not of a battle, but of many battles, almost without cost. Napier, in prose which has the resonance of a bugle, describes the effects of Wellington's strategy. Great rivers—the Esla, the Thormes, the Douro, the Carrion—seemed to be dried up; the rocks, the mountains, the deep ravines were levelled; 'Clausel's strong positions, Dubreton's thundering castle, vanished like dreams; 60,000 veteran soldiers, willing to fight at every step, were hurried with all the tumult and disgrace of defeat across the Ebro.' How was it that an army of gallant and disciplined soldiers, with good officers, was driven like a flock of sheep across a country rich in positions capable of easy defence? 'That soul of armies,' Napier says, 'the mind of a great commander, was wanting.' It was wanting for the French; but 'the mind of a great commander' was thrilling every fibre of the British forces with its purpose.

Vittoria, the scene of the battle that finally destroyed French power in Spain, is a basin in the Biscayan hills, eight miles broad by ten miles in length. In shape, to use a familiar figure, it resembles a bottle. The hills which define the basin are square at the western base; they run eastward in parallel lines, but suddenly tumble in and form the neck of the 'bottle.' Vittoria itself is in the neck of the 'bottle,' and may be described as its cork. The basin is the meeting-place of five highways, the great road to Bayonne being the chief; and along these five roads, for weeks before, not only the baggage of the retreating French armies but the plunder of a kingdom had crowded.

Two convoys had been sent off into France, but still the plain was congested with carriages and wagons, camp-followers, and Spanish officials, the whole court equipage of Joseph himself, the wives—or, more frequently, the mistresses—of the French officers. It was a French officer, indeed, who, after the battle, told Wellington, 'You had an army, and we were *un bordel ambulant*.' Plunder was the familiar habit of the French, from camp-follower to King Joseph. In that predatory monarch's carriage, captured after the battle, were found bundles of famous pictures, cut from their frames and rolled up, which he was carrying off as booty. The business of plunder, indeed, was raised by the French in Spain to a fine art. But now a hundred rifled cities and convents, colleges and palaces—to say nothing of cottages—were to be avenged. In their last great battle in Spain that accumulated booty—the plunder of a nation—was, for the French, a snare and a disaster.

The Zadora, a sunken and narrow stream, runs from Vittoria westward down the whole length of the plain, and parallel with the northern wall of hills. When it reaches the base it turns at a sharp angle southwards, and finally breaks through the south-western angle of the 'bottle' by the Puebla defile, and makes its way toward the Ebro. Joseph's army, 70,000 strong, was drawn up on a low ridge running across the plain, with its right on the Zadora, its left touching the southern line of hills. The Zadora, swinging sharply to the south, covered the French front like a trench, but not one of the seven bridges across the river had been broken down, and not all of them were efficiently guarded. The second line of Joseph's army was on a loftier ridge parallel with the first; behind that, and on a plateau still a little higher, stood the town of Vittoria itself. On the morning of the fight the whole ordered mass of the French army, line above line, was visible at a glance. Its front, from the Zadora to the southern range, covered five miles. The infantry were in columns; masses of cavalry, with the early sun reflected from helmet and scabbard, were in reserve; guns frowned from every rising point. Surtees, who looked on that scene from the flank of the Rifle Brigade, says: 'The French appeared

almost as numerous as grasshoppers. On the plain between the Zadora and the mountains the troops seemed to stand so thick that you might imagine you could walk on their heads.' It was a formidable army.

Wellington's plan of battle was a replica in miniature of the strategy of the whole campaign. He attacked at three points. Graham with 18,000 was to march outside the northern wall of hills, to swing in at the neck, and seize the great Bayonne road, and so plug the 'bottle.' Hill with the right wing was to force the Puebla pass, and clambering along the heights, strike at the French left. When Graham had reached the point where his menace of the great road was felt, then Wellington himself was to cross the bridges of the Zadora and smite at the French centre.

Wellington was again dividing his forces in the presence of an enemy. When Graham with 18,000 men marched off behind the northern hills, Wellington was repeating deliberately, and on a larger scale, the movement which ruined Marmont at Salamanca. He was separating his left wing from his centre. But there was no great commander on the French side to punish that fault—to crush Graham's isolated force, or to pour in overwhelming strength on Wellington's own centre. Wellington, once more, was assessing the personal elements in the equation, and risking the fight on his judgment of them.

(To be continued.)

THE POLITY OF FRUITS.

By Dr Andrew Wilson.

AMONG the treasures which nature lavishly offers for man's acceptance, fruits stand out conspicuously enough. The phrase in the English Liturgy regarding the desirability of enjoying the fruits of the earth in their due season is not without a deep and significant meaning. Man reckons many fruits among the important elements of his diet-list; while, apart from their purely nutritive aspect, certain fruits are regarded also in the light of choice morsels and tit-bits, such as, in the language of an old author, are 'grateful to the sense and pleasant to the taste withal.' But as all is not gold that glitters, so all fruits are not suitable for human consumption. Some, indeed, are highly poisonous, and from certain members of this class of fruits are extracted medicinal principles of great value to the physician. Others, again, are harmless as regards their qualities, but either from their small size or in other respects are unsuited for any of man's purposes. A very important distinction, however, falls to be drawn between fruits regarded from a botanical point of view and from a popular aspect respectively. It is in the consideration of the differences easily discernible between the botanist's ideas of fruits and those of the man in the street that certain curious phases of the subject are found. To begin with, a 'fruit' in the popular idea is a vegetable product which is good to eat. The nutritive and enjoyable qualities of fruits settle the definition for the popular side of things. Obviously, however, thousands of 'fruits' exist which, as we have seen, are either not good to eat or are actually poisonous to man. Hence the botanist, despising at once all merely utilitarian notions of fruits and man's enjoyment of them, defines any fruit as the ripe pistil of a plant. The flower, the harbinger of the fruit, also figures as its parent. In an ordinary flower we see a green outer cup, the calyx; coloured leaves or petals, forming the corolla; stamens, producing the yellow dust or pollen which fertilises the ovules, and so converts them into seeds; and, lastly, the pistil or central organ of the flower, which when ripe contains the seeds. It is this ripe pistil with its included seeds which is the 'fruit' of the botanist. What we have further to learn, however, is that, associated with the matured pistil, there is found a large variety of structures mostly represented by flower-parts specially modified in the interests of the plant to secure seed-distribution. Some of these parts represent the eatable portion of a fruit; the ripe pistil forming it may be an insignificant element, as regards size at least, of the fruit itself.

No better illustration of this modification of a fruit can be found than is afforded by the case of the strawberry, whereof the learned Dr Boteler —so called by Izaak Walton in the *Angler*, but really Dr William Butler, a Suffolk Æsculapius —remarked that 'doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did.' A strawberry is a fruit in the popular sense, of course; it is also a fruit botanically, for it includes in its structure the ripe pistil of the flower. Popular notions credit the little green bodies embedded in the juicy pulp with being 'seeds,' but seeds are never so exposed on the surface of a fruit. If we put one of the 'seeds' under a magnifying-glass we find it to be really a little part or element of the pistil—a carpel, as it is called—with a seed in its interior. In fact, the strawberry pistil is, like that of the buttercup we see in the centre of the flower, a collection of little green pointed bodies all nestling on the top of the flower-stalk. These green pistil parts, or carpels, which nobody cares for at all, are therefore the strawberry's real 'fruits.' If this be so, then we are naturally forced to inquire what is the succulent mass we eat, and for which

we pay the fruiterer. The answer is to be found by once again going back to the flower. If a child blows on the ripe pistils of the dandelion, they are carried away by their fluffy down on the wings of the wind, and are thus distributed over the earth's surface. What is left is the cushion-like end of the depleted flower-stalk, and this we call the 'receptacle,' because to it are attached all the parts of the flower. In the buttercup we can see the receptacle, when we cut through the flower vertically, as the convex end of the stalk, with all the little pistil parts attached to it. Suppose this flower-stalk end took a fit of growing; suppose, further, that it became red and succulent; then, we can see, the little green pistil parts would be separated and would come to be embedded in the juicy mass. This is precisely what happens in strawberry development. What we eat and enjoy is simply the enlarged end of the flower-stalk. Much the same thing is to be expressed of the 'hip,' or fruit, of the rose. The red hip contains pistil parts, often mistaken for seeds, in its interior. They are really the fruits, and the hip itself is the flower-stalk end (with possibly the calyx added), which has become enlarged and hollow, and bears on its top the remains of the withered calyx of the flower. The case of the fig affords another example of the part the flower-axis, or stalk, may play in fruit development. Here the stalk becomes hollowed, and not merely the fruits but the preceding flowers are contained inside it, and it is the succulent walls of this receptacle which are eaten and constitute the popular 'fruit.'

Simpler fruits are seen in the case of the pea and wallflower. A pea is simply the ripe pistil with the seeds in its interior, and this pistil consists of one part or carpel only, whereas in the wallflower there are two parts, and the fruit in the latter case splits from below upwards to allow the seeds to escape. This latter consideration opens up before us another and equally interesting chapter of fruit-history. Getting rid of the notion that plants exhibit any relationship to man and his wants, we have to remember that, like the famous Smith of Perth, every plant 'fights for its own hand.' The sole object both of flower and fruit development is to reproduce the race, and of that work seeds represent the culminating element. Everything connected with a flower—colour, size, time of opening, position of stamens, arrangement of flowers on the stem, and so forth—is meant to secure cross-fertilisation, and so to develop strong and healthy seeds. This is the general trend of plant-life, to secure fertilisation by pollen from other plants of the same species, and this occurs in the majority of plants, although most flowers contain both stamens and pistils. And so it is with fruits. Everything connected with them is intended to further the distribution of the seeds, and to secure that they shall not fall on stony ground, but be placed favourably to bring forth, it may be, sixtyfold or even a hundredfold.

If the diffusion of seeds is the main end of the evolution of the fruit, let us note some of the methods whereby this end is attained. Flowers are made attractive to their insect ministers by their colour or by their odour. As a rule plants with inconspicuous flowers, like the musk, make up for their decorative loss in the matter of smell. Both qualities lead insects to the honey-stores, for as a rule the plant-visitors are offered a free breakfast-table by the flowers. The pollen is carried from plant to plant by the insects, and cross-fertilisation ensured. Now, the fruit in its evolution has followed much the same lines of development. Just as the pollen of many trees is carried by the winds, so some fruits spread their seeds by aerial agency. The winged fruit of the maple is familiar to us all; reference has already been made to the dandelion fruits, which are wafted far and wide by the pappus or downy filaments with which they are crowned; the elm and ash have winged nuts; the hawkweed has a parachute of hairs that enables it to journey through the air; and in a bignonia plant of New Granada the seeds have literal wings wherewith, kept suspended in the air, they can describe circles of flight like birds. Then, also, rivers and seas may convey seeds. The water-lily's fruits float by means of airtight compartments. The arrowhead fruit possesses a rind which is smooth and oily, and is thus protected from the action of the water. The cocoa-nut will occur to us as another example of a fruit which can resist salt-water action for a lengthened period on account of its thick covering, and may thus drift over many leagues of ocean.

But when we arrive at the animal as the agent for dispersing fruits we enter upon a further evolution of the polity of nature in respect of the distribution of plant-life. Some plants are provided with hooks and spines so that they can be entangled in an animal's woolly coat, and be thus conveyed, carriage free, to 'woods and pastures new.' The burdock, with its burs, illustrates such a type of fruit; and the hound's-tongue (*Cynoglossum*) has a similar contrivance. An African plant has fruits which cling so persistently to fur that they are sometimes said to madden the lion in its attempts to get rid of them. Birds act as disseminators of fruits in a special fashion, as we shall presently see; but in a casual way they act also as important ambassadors of the plant-world. The American currant was introduced into France many years ago. Wines are coloured at Bordeaux by aid of its juice. The plant is now found all over southern France, and also in Switzerland and the Tyrol. The birds have acted here as transport and emigration agents. Probably most of us can recall Darwin's famous illustration of the spread of fruits and seeds by birds. From the leg of a red-legged partridge which Professor Alfred

Newton sent him, Darwin took a clod of earth weighing six and a half ounces. The earth-clod had been kept for three years. Darwin broke it up, watered it, and placed it under a bell-glass. No fewer than eighty-two plants sprang from the earth, the plants belonging to the common oat, one kind of grass, and at least three species of other and higher forms.

These illustrations mostly concern the fortuitous conveyance of fruits and their seeds. Nature, however, works along much more definite lines in securing the extension of plant distribution. Supposing we ask the question, 'Why are many fruits succulent and good to eat, and why are many attractively coloured in addition?' The reply, obviously, cannot be found in a reference to human wants. That point has already been discussed. The plant has to live and to fight for itself, as we have seen. Therefore we find that, just as colour and other qualities in the flowers have been developed with a definite end in view, the special characteristics of many fruits have been similarly evoked to favour seed distribution. There is no fruit 'ruddier than the cherry,' for example, and it is besides agreeable to the taste. This is the human point of view; but every gardener knows it is an opinion shared equally by the birds. The cherry's hope of possessing the earth could not be realised were all its fruits simply to drop to the ground, and after the decay of the succulent mass promote the growth of seedlings at the very root of the parent tree. On the contrary, it demands that its representative units shall go forth into the world to seek their own fortunes, and so it enlists the birds in its service by offering them a free and delectable meal. This is the meaning of the colour; it is a tacit invitation (*pace* the gardener) to the feast. This also is the purpose of the juicy substance which envelops the seed; it is the reward for paying heed to the colour-invitation. The cherry is a gift of the plant to the bird, and when the winged guest has flown off with its dainty morsel the succulent envelope is consumed, and the stone dropped to the ground. Thus is avoided any crowding and belittling of cherry-trees on the parental patch.

We begin now to discover the inward meaning of that polity of fruits which makes them good to eat, and which often renders them attractive to the eye as well. The prevailing colour is undoubtedly red. Like the soldier's coat, it is an attractive and conspicuous tint. We get blue and blue-black hues in the sloe, alder, bramble, and elder. In winter the white mistletoe-berries stand out in contrast to the green of the leaves, just as the red holly-berries illustrate another winter attraction to the birds. If the fruits are small in size, nature, ever ready to place matters on a favourable footing for her children, masses them together, and this renders them clearly visible to avian eyes. We note this expedient in the rowan-tree, the elder, and the barberry.

But not all fruits are disposed of as are those of the cherry. Many are swallowed whole by the birds, or at least the seeds are often ingested with the edible parts. In such a case the seeds are not digested. They escape solution through their hardness, and so they escape unharmed from the digestive system to the soil, and are thus placed in a favourable position for development, it may be, in a district many miles removed from the place of their birth. It is not to be denied that in this work of fruit and seed distribution a good many seeds must be destroyed. There is no guarantee that a seed may not be eaten and devoured, any more than we can suppose that 'every bullet has its billet' when the seeds find the ground. Only, nature is lavish in her production equally of pollen and seeds. For the most part there is an overplus, a very considerable margin allowed for the accidents and contingencies which await all the affairs of the children of life. The squirrel loves the hazel-nuts, and devours the vital element of the fruit. But our furry friend stores up the nuts against the winter's wants. It accumulates a large amount of its favourite food, and in the carriage of the nuts from store to nest many nuts must be dropped in soil which is suitable for growth. Thus we arrive at a clear enough understanding of the polity of fruits. The fruit represents the last stage but one in the development of a new plant. It is preceded by the leaf and the flower; and so the promise of the spring-time finds its fulfilment in the later and mellow days of the golden reaping.

'SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.'

'Silver threads among the gold'—
Words reminding me of old,
Of a voice so rich and rare,
And a form divinely fair.

Never do I hear the strain,
With the touching, sad refrain,
But fond memories rise anew
Of my young love—dead, yet true.

As the music softly breaks,
And I list, 'tis she who wakes—
She who sings the song of old,
'Silver threads among the gold;'
She who breathes, in tender tone,
Words addressed to me alone:
'When your hair is silver-white,
And your eye no longer bright,
Still, my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.'

So, at times, the vision bright
Dawns on me like morning light;
Vision from the shadowy past,
That will haunt me to the last.
For I feel that, hap what may,
Nought can make her love decay;
That, though changes me befall,
She is mine throughout them all;
And that, how or where I be,
She will sing love's song to me.

JOHN OLIVER, M.A.

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ROMANCE OF THE SOAP INDUSTRY.

WHEN Henry Ward Beecher, then at the height of his popularity, was asked by the astute manager of an English soap-firm for a testimonial, that popular clergyman very quickly wrote out a recommendation, which speedily found its way as an advertisement to the front page of the *New York Herald* and other newspapers, and greatly helped to capture the American market. This recommendation began by saying that if 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' soap must be considered as a means of grace, and a clergyman who recommends moral things should be willing to recommend soap.

Few commodities of civilised life have been so cleverly and widely advertised. Sir John Millais was furious at first when he realised that a favourite picture of his little grandson, Willie James, entitled 'Bubbles,' sold to the *Illustrated London News* for reproduction, had been resold for two thousand two hundred pounds to Messrs Pears for advertising purposes. When so adapted for commercial purposes, it was spread over the world in thousands, and began a revolution in favour of artistic advertisements. We all know the clever adaptation of Harry Furniss's *Punch* picture of the tramp with its legend, 'Two years ago I used your soap, since when I have used no other;' or the picture bought in Paris called 'Knight of the Bath,' which under this title was of no use until rebaptised, 'He won't be happy till he gets it;' as well as 'Good-morning! Have you used Pears' Soap?' The piece of sculpture with the legend 'You Dirty Boy' was also a hit. There is no speech or language into which these advertisements have not been translated. We may go to the uttermost parts of the earth, and they are there before us. They haunt us in newspapers and magazines; by road or rail stare at us from hoardings; in the barber's shop as in the railway stations. The Dutchman who entered in his note-book 'Stick no Bills Street' as the genuine name of a street, might with equal ease set down a strange jumble of names for any of our railway stations, where the advertisements are far more prominent than the name of the station. There we might find Sunlight Soap, Lux, Vim, Vinolia, Hudson's, or Monkey Brand mixed up with advertisements of cocoa and other commodities. Language is no bar to its wide and universal appeal, and the free or more sparing use of soap decides a man's level in civilised life.

Thus to impress the minds of thousands with the name of a good and useful soap is a great achievement, and good business. But it must be a genuinely good article to begin with, else the money and effort are thrown away. To trace the rise and progress of some of our modern soap-firms is to unfold an industrial romance. That of Messrs Pears, since 1865 and the introduction of modern methods, has increased by leaps and bounds. It is hard to believe that the Levers of Port Sunlight have, within twenty-five years, built up an enormous business which now, with a capital of fourteen millions, has ramifications in every country in the world. It has been said of Sir W. H. Lever that he is as great in business and organisation as Napoleon was in war. Messrs Pears are credited with having spent one hundred and twenty-six thousand pounds in advertising in one year, and altogether over three millions in making the merits of their soap known. What Messrs Lever have spent is not known to the public; but hand-in-hand with clever advertising went wonderful ability in making and selling soap. They began with one brand of soap; now they include, besides Sunlight, Monkey Brand, and Hudson's, many other widely used varieties. This has not been the only notable achievement at Port Sunlight, one of the best-organised factories in the United Kingdom; for a successful attempt has been made to establish a good understanding between the warring forces of capital and labour. There are, as part of a prosperity-sharing scheme, ideal conditions for working in the factory, and a garden city to dwell in when work is over. Besides, there is a copartnership system which promises to have a longer lease of life than many previous profit-sharing schemes.

The founder of the firm of Messrs Pears was a London barber, a native of Cornwall. Lever Brothers, of Port Sunlight, were sons of a wholesale grocer at Bolton, Lancashire, and brought up to their father's business. Sir William Hesketh Lever, the founder of Port Sunlight, was born at Bolton, 19th September 1851, and was educated at Bolton Church Institute. The landmarks in his very successful and enterprising career have been entrance into his father's business in 1867; removal to Wigan in 1881; purchase of a small soap-factory at Warrington

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in 1886; and, on the rapid expansion of the business, its removal to the Cheshire side of the Mersey, three or four miles south of Birkenhead, and the founding of Port Sunlight in 1888. There are branch offices in London and elsewhere in the United Kingdom, and agencies, factories, and twenty-one associated companies, for example, in Canada, United States, France, Germany, Switzerland, South Africa, Australia, and Japan, with cocoa-nut plantations in the Pacific; and a palm-oil concession in the Belgian Congo. A brother of the founder, the late James Darcy Lever, worked with Sir W. H. Lever in the grocery business, loyally supported him in all that he did, in his new development believed in him implicitly, and was in the firm until his health failed in 1895. Associated with the founder is his son, Mr W. Hulme Lever, and his brother's son, Mr Darcy Lever, and a strong body of directors. Lever's philosophy in business has been to find out men who could do certain things better than himself, and then to assist them with all his energy in doing such things. Well aware that every man has his weak points and his strong points, he saw the folly of quarrelling with a man because of his weak points. No one is strong in all directions. Therefore, for the development of his business, he looked out for men of special strength in special directions, so long as their weak side was not in regard to character, honesty, truth, and loyalty. Those in whom these traits were awanting had short shrift.

From early years Sir W. H. Lever was fond of system, with an inborn desire for expansion in business and organisation. When glued to a desk in his father's shop, he argued that it was bad economy for him to be confined there when he could do more for the business by going outside and soliciting orders. In an address to the Port Sunlight representatives, when the firm was twenty years of age, entitled 'A spare hour and a half, and what it led to,' Lever recalled the various steps that led to the founding of Port Sunlight, when at thirty-five years of age, a happy commercial traveller, he joined his father's business. In the course of one of his journeys he used to drive to a place called Hindley, between Wigan and Bolton, and call upon the shopkeepers there. One day he had finished his rounds in the afternoon by half-past three instead of five o'clock, an hour and a half earlier than usual. So to utilise this time, though not on his round, he started to go to a village called Ince, and got a few orders from five or six calls. This led in future to regular calls and regular business at Ince. Then he went into Wigan and did well there, buying up a bankrupt business. This meant his removing to Wigan, where the business was soon larger than the one at Bolton. Then, installing his brother James Darcy Lever as manager, he 'went into soap.' 'Why,' he says, 'I thought of soap more than anything else I do not know, except that the wrapping of soap was my first occupation when I went into the grocery business.' He determined to have a trade-mark, and that of 'Sunlight' was chosen and registered. All the Lever soaps made for them were so branded at first. One soap made from oils was called 'Sunlight Self-Washer.' A beginning was made in railway-station advertising also. Small works at Warrington were taken over in 1885, and a beginning made by Lever Brothers in soap manufacture. The first boiling of soap was in 1886, after some months had been spent in perfecting the quality. The output at first was twenty tons a week, which soon rose to one hundred and fifty tons, then to four hundred and fifty tons. Trouble arose with their landlord at Warrington, and a fresh site was looked for. When W. H. Lever looked over the field-gate situated right in front of the present office door—the gate which led into the field where all the works are now situated—he said, 'Here we are.' Land was bought up as the firm required it and as the business developed, until now there are about ten miles of railway sidings, and a value in land and buildings of two and a half millions sterling. Lever moralised thus to his representatives: that if he had not gone on to Ince to make good use of an hour and a half he would never have had the Ince journey, if he had not had the Ince journey he would never have had the Wigan business, and if he had not had the Wigan business he would never have had the Wigan experience which led to soap.

The career of Mr Sydney Gross, the creator of 'Monkey Brand,' who retired from the directorate of Lever Brothers in 1911, is also a romance of commerce. He came to Liverpool in the early eighties from Philadelphia, with about twenty pounds in his pocket, to sell 'Brooke's Soap.' The only money he had was for travelling expenses. According to Lever, he inspired such confidence in those with whom he came in contact, by his sterling uprightness and honesty, that he made the largest sale of soap then known—one transaction amounting to fifty thousand pounds sterling. He arranged with those to whom he made the sale that they should pay him regularly, and that he would spend a certain sum out of the proceeds for advertising. Later 'Brooke's Soap' was bought by Messrs Lever, and those who had put twenty thousand pounds into it received subsequently fifty thousand pounds in cash and a quantity of shares, which shares afterwards sold for one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds. They received altogether between one hundred and fifty thousand pounds and two hundred thousand pounds in cash for their twenty thousand pounds. This, Lever says, was entirely due to the ability of Mr Sydney Gross, who had always to struggle and fight for his position, and who, along with Mr Barratt of Pears', he reckons as one of the

shrewdest advertisers of the time. In this last he made a bull's-eye every time!

Over fifty thousand visitors annually walk through Port Sunlight village to see the cottages and works, the general impression of which is that of safety, health, and order. The founder has got away from the stereotyped cottage in long rows, and has made a point of having not less than three bedrooms and one bathroom in every house. These seven hundred cottages, like half-timbered villas of the Old English style, with garden back and front, and allotments behind, are spread over four miles of broad roadways. Built of faced brick, with tile-hung gables and casement windows, and roofed with red tiles, they have a pretty appearance. All that is necessary for a happy and healthy village community may be found here, including schools, church, village inn, cottage hospital, clubs for workmen, literary societies, baths, and auditorium. This has reacted on the dwellers there, one of whom said, 'The houses are respectable, and we must keep ourselves respectable.' Mr W. L. George, who has written a book, *Labour and Housing at Port Sunlight*, concludes, after a careful and critical examination and summary of the whole scheme, that the founder of the village may well rejoice in his work, and pride himself in a practical achievement unequalled in the annals of industrial Utopias. The ideal of the founder was to socialise and Christianise business relations, and get back again in office and factory and workshop the close family brotherhood that existed in the days of hand labour, and in this he has largely succeeded. The developed estate covers two hundred and thirty acres, of which ninety-five are occupied by the works, and one hundred and forty by the village, and it is situated three miles from the centre of Birkenhead, between the Mersey and the railway from Birkenhead to Chester. Recent fresh acquisitions of land have provided abundant room for expansion. The capital outlay on the village has been about half a million sterling, and the rents obtained just about balance the annual expenditure on repairs and general upkeep; so that Lever Brothers must annually write off many thousands of pounds from the profits against this scheme. This is one of the methods of prosperity-sharing at Port Sunlight. Another is the share-certificates.

Sir W. H. Lever, after studying every past and present method of profit-sharing, found that few systems had a long lease of life, and that most were faulty in detail. In 1909 he announced a scheme which virtually gave the employees an interest in the concern. Without disturbing the previous system of prosperity-sharing, the scheme takes in employees—men and women—who are not less than twenty-five years of age, and who have given satisfactory service for five years; partnership certificates are distributed yearly. After the ordinary shareholders have been paid 5 per cent. upon their capital, the remaining profits available for further dividends are divided between the certificate-holders and ordinary shareholders in proportion to the amount of their holdings. The copartners' dividend for 1909 was 7½ per cent.; in 1910, 10 per cent. In Mr Lever's own words, it was an invitation to join hands with the principals to make the profits of the business sure and increasing. 'Let it not be a one-sided copartnership. There must be a fund created out of which you can benefit. There cannot be any one-sided arrangement that can be of benefit to either of us. Live up to our motto, "Waste not, want not." Fill your business hours with work for the business, increasing the quality of the product. Take care of the machinery and tools; help me to weed out the chronic idlers and grumblers from this business. If we come to years when dividends cannot be paid you will suffer, but you will not be the only sufferer. Your copartners will suffer, and I will suffer with you, and you will have learned what business means, and what the risks of business are; a lesson you ought to learn just as much as myself.' Though the workpeople put in no money, it is suggested that they put their consciences into the business. This scheme Lever regards as the best work he could ever accomplish, even if he lived to be many centuries old.

The visitor who passes along the galleries in each of the factories marvels at the machinery, almost human in its action, which facilitates the various processes of making and packing, and at the contented, happy look of the workers. At the entrance are the large, light, general offices, where there are over four hundred clerks engaged, and over two hundred typewriters in daily use. These halls are decorated with flags of the various countries in which Sunlight soap is used. About a hundred boilers supply steam for soap-boiling in immense pans of sixty tons each. There are laboratories for testing the raw materials as well as the soap in processes of manufacture; rest-rooms for the girls, as well as dining-rooms. In spacious dining-halls in the factory the workgirls obtain a liberal helping of meat and vegetables for twopence, the larger appetites of the men being satisfied for threepence. The meal may be supplemented by soup or pudding for an additional penny, by tea for one halfpenny.

The raw products are landed on a wharf close by; the oil-bearing seeds are crushed, and the refuse goes to feed cattle. Oil-mills are being established on the Upper Congo to supply raw material, such as palm-oil, which will render the firm less dependent on outside. Cheshire has long been famous for its cheese and salt industries; to these have been added that of soap in myriad forms.

We have exhausted our space, and can only

mention the other firm already alluded to. Andrew Pears, inventor of Pears' Soap, was the son of a small farmer on the Lanadron Farm, near Mevagissey, in Cornwall. He came to London, and set up a barber's shop in Gerrard Street, Soho. He found the toilet-soaps of his day defective, and invented a 'transparent soap' for his own use—a good, honest toilet-soap, with which, before the days of pushing and advertising, he made only small headway. In 1835 he took his grandson, Mr Francis Pears, into the business, which was henceforth known as that of A. & F. Pears. After 1865, when Mr T. J. Barratt joined the firm, and modern methods of pushing and advertising were adopted, great progress was made. Mr Andrew Pears, a great-grandson of the founder, also became a partner, the joint capital being seven thousand pounds. Mr Francis Pears, who did not approve of pushful methods, retired in 1875, leaving four thousand pounds of his capital on loan to the business. We have already alluded to the clever and effective advertising methods of the firm; difficulties were overcome, and the business was converted into a limited liability company, with a capital of eight hundred and ten thousand pounds. And only a blind man can be ignorant of the existence of Pears' Soap, its announcements springing up in most unexpected quarters.

As civilisation and habits of domestic and personal cleanliness increase, and sanitary laws are enforced, so does the demand for soap increase. The average consumption of soap in England and the United States—called the best-washed countries in the world—is about fourteen pounds per head per annum. In Russia it is only about one and a half pounds. The tendency of recent years has been towards improvement in quality, and much more toilet or perfumed soap is being used than thirty years ago. And the area of raw material for its manufacture has also increased. Not only animal tallow, but vegetable oils and fats, resin from American and French forests, palm-kernels, oils of cocoa-nuts and cotton-seed, as well as the Manchurian soy bean, are all drawn upon for materials. Glycerine is one of the soapmakers' valuable by-products which has greatly risen in price.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE news reached Mr Felix Fitz at his chambers soon after the morning opened with a cheering recovery in Rio Grande stock. The stimulating effect of this favourable turn of fortune was dashed by what his partner brought in with him from the City.

'I met two men from Sandfields—you know them, Brock of Throgmorton Avenue, and Sidey of Grant & Sidey—who were discussing it. Another will has turned up, not signed, but in Grimesey's handwriting, as like the other as two peas, but different altogether. The estate is left to a nephew.'

'Must be an imposture!' declared Fitz, recovering from the first surprise.

'No; doesn't look like it. The thing was sent by the old fellow himself to his solicitor, Meredith, stating that it was a copy of the will he had just executed. Another letter was found, addressed to the nephew, to the same effect. It looks,' said the partner gravely—for he felt how it might affect Fitz now—'as if something was wrong!'

Fitz reflected a minute anxiously. 'Both in Grimesey's handwriting, you say? If that is so, how is it explained?'

Mr Johnson paused. He was loyal to his partner, and thought it right to tell him clearly what was thought at Sandfields Common. 'By some clever manipulation, one paper was substituted for the other at the moment of signature.' Mr Johnson paused again. 'You know,' he continued, 'that, if that was so, Grimesey's motive was clear. No doubt he kept the intention, as well as the act, to himself, hoping that in the result he might wear the prize.'

The words of Mr Johnson could not have been better devised. They separated the lady from the solicitor in the business, and conveyed to Felix Fitz the compliment of having won her from him.

Mr Fitz experienced a passing glow of satisfaction from the thought, but felt the position to be a very grave one. If Miss Dunning lost the fortune——

Here again Mr Johnson chanced to come to his aid. 'Luckily, Fitz,' he said cheerfully, 'it isn't all bad news we have this morning. Our Rios will be up another couple of points before the day closes. All danger is past. Of course you are going to call on Miss Dunning? She will have heard the news—ill news, you know, beats the telegraph—and she wants some one to stand by her.'

'She has her solicitor, Grimesey.'

'I didn't mean a solicitor.'

'Johnson, you run too fast!' replied Fitz testily. 'You talk almost as if I were engaged to her!'

'I didn't suggest it. But, honestly, Fitz, didn't you throw over the other girl for Miss Dunning?'

'Nothing of the sort!' exclaimed the other vehemently, for he was secretly sore on the

point. 'She—or rather her father—broke it off. I have told you the only ground he had, and it was trifling enough.'

Mr Johnson agreed that it seemed precipitate action, but privately suspected that there was more justification for it than appeared. Mr Fitz believed there was not, and he was very sore about it. In his heart he was sorry for the loss of Hilda Roper, even though her attractions were not equal to those of Miss Dunning; and his vanity was wounded. But he was in ignorance of the damaging appearances against him, which in fact were the cause of Mr Roper's coming to seek him.

'It is a thing of the past now,' said Mr Johnson, 'and may be suffered to drop. But,' he added, again suggesting what he thought to be right, 'if you are not going to see the lady, will you come to the City to-day?'

'Very probably—in an hour or two.'

Mr Johnson said no more, and left him.

Mr Fitz did not feel at all comfortable as regarded Miss Dunning. In justice to him it may be stated at once that he did not give a thought to the large sum of money—nearly nine thousand pounds—he had paid at her request to buy back Grimesey's Rio Grande shares, nor was his disinterestedness in the matter influenced by the knowledge that the shares were recovering their former value. He did not think about it at all. Nor, indeed, was the possible loss of her fortune by Miss Dunning a predominating factor in his discomfort of mind. It was a serious possibility, but not everything. He had been desirous of taking to himself another lady without fortune, and in his eyes there was no comparison between them. Mr Fitz was in a state of perturbation which he was unable to analyse. He had been strongly attracted to Miss Dunning. He felt he had afforded her ground to expect that he would proceed further. But he could not shake off an annoying consciousness—vague indeed, but the more troublesome for that reason—that he would rather she had had no relation to that will at all, that without it she would stand still higher in his estimation. It would be a shabby thing to abandon her at the present juncture; but would it be well to compromise his relations with the lady further? It was a somewhat confused succession of ideas like these that caused his partner's suggestion to irritate him. 'She has her solicitor, Grimesey,' he had said. But Mr Fitz knew she had not Grimesey as adviser.

'I do declare, Etta,' said Mrs Dunning, entering her daughter's bedroom in morning *déshabille*, 'that Mr Fitz has been already at Covent Garden, and sent those lovely flowers!' She placed a fine bunch of blossoms in a vase on the table by the head of the bed.

Miss Dunning, raising herself on her elbow, coloured faintly as the perfume reached her. 'He has not called?' she inquired, startled by the afterthought and her mother's easy attire.

'Dear, no! He sent a boy with them. Well, well,' added Mrs Dunning to herself as she left the room, 'I must say he is a gentleman-like man; and you know what 's best, Etta.'

Miss Dunning lay back on the pillow, her gaze dreamily fixed on the flowers. Perhaps it would have mattered little to her if she knew (and perhaps indeed she did guess) that at the moment Mr Fitz was also in his bed, the flowers having come by his order. She was in his thoughts, and a woman finds much to think of in such a conviction.

Mrs Dunning disturbed her daughter's reverie a minute or two afterwards by bringing in a letter which had just been left by the postman. It bore the Sandpits postmark, and Miss Dunning opened it quickly.

The bright tinge that had been brought to her face by Mr Fitz's gift quickly faded on reading the few formal lines of the letter from Mr Meredith. That gentleman requested the favour of a call from Miss Dunning at three o'clock, with her solicitor. He had also asked Mr Grimesey to attend, and to bring with him the instructions from which he had prepared Mr Joshua Tooting's will.

There was no need for Miss Dunning, as she sank back with colourless face and staring eyes, to ask what this ominous summons meant. Grimesey was to be there, to be asked for the paper of instructions in the dead man's handwriting. How could she dare to sit before him if he glanced toward her for the answer? She foresaw by a flash all that the solicitor's letter portended. But the thought of her situation in such a crisis overwhelmed all else.

By-and-by she rose, bathed her face with cold water, drank a cup of tea, and lay down again to think. She knew now what Grimesey had done. It was not for nothing that the consciousness, the apprehension, of his proceedings had been on her nerves at The Roost. His act was the direct consequence of her letter asking him there. She had suggested it to him herself. She had with her own hand burned the evidence. Overwhelmed by the realisation of it all, she recoiled from examining herself as to how much of her suggestion was conscious—or not. If the burned documents were before a judge and jury, the lady had no doubt as to the opinion they would form.

The evidence against her was destroyed. Her conduct at The Roost had been carefully discreet. But still, with all her intelligence, she could not feel sure that she was quite safe. The loss of the fortune was for the present a secondary matter. Mr Meredith must have found some other document to throw doubt upon the will. If this were denounced as a forgery (which Miss Dunning knew it to be), Grimesey was the principal criminal. Would he be the only one

called to answer? His motive for the act would be probed. It was a great relief indeed to have destroyed the evidence; but she knew not what might happen. In connection with the motive of the criminal, she could hardly escape, in most men's opinion, being touched by the crime. Worst of all, she feared Grimesey; and if he confessed, what could she do?

She would lose the estate. This was beyond doubt. With assurance of personal safety the loss would be a relatively small misfortune. She would be as she was before. But no, she could not be again as before. That forged will had changed life for her. It was bitter to reflect that she had rejected (at all events lost) the certainty of a good home and honourable position as Mr Colam Roper's wife, and that now it awaited her to be herself abandoned. Mr Felix Fitz, when the news reached him, would not see her again.

As a woman, she instinctively looked round for some one to help her. She had no one to whom she could appeal. Whatsoever degree of immunity she might possess, she dared not compromise it by communicating with Grimesey. She could not trust him if she did. She feared him now more than ever, and since he left that paper in her hands (and knew she had destroyed it!) he was the one of all others she recoiled from meeting. From the idea of sending to Mr Fitz she shrank with shame and fear. In the face of unknown dangers she was alone and friendless.

She had sent her stupid and loquacious mother away from her, and lay on a couch with her head covered, as she had done that day when Grimesey was making the will. The darkness of desperation was settling down upon her, and she was on the verge of a resolution to let things go as they might, to refuse on the plea of illness to attend at Mr Meredith's office that day, when the door-bell rang, and she sprang up, pale with dismay, on hearing the voice of Mr Fitz. Mrs Dunning was giving him voluble thanks for the flowers he had sent in the morning.

After an hour of incoherent reflection, Mr Fitz had at length decided to call on Miss Dunning. He could at least offer her the assistance of his own solicitor if she needed it. And in truth he did want to see her again. Whatever might be the end, he could not refrain from seeing her.

He paused a moment on entering the room, looking at the tragic picture she presented. So she had heard the news! Such was his conclusion, as he gravely and sympathetically took her hand.

'I am so grieved you should be troubled by this matter,' he said, sitting down. 'And I think it very cruel, too, that you should be made to suffer for anything that is wrong—you, so entirely innocent.'

The speech had a pleasant sound, but she did not grasp its significance.

'I have a letter from Mr Meredith,' she said, offering it to him to read; 'but I do not understand what it means.'

Mr Fitz read it, and answered gravely, 'Then I am unfortunate to be your first informant. It is best for you to know before you go to Claypits. My partner came over to my rooms this morning, and told me what was talked of in the City. This explains my coming so early to see you. I knew you had no adviser.'

A glance conveyed her gratitude. As gently as he was able, without obscuring the facts, he told her the news that Mr Johnson had brought. As far as the will was concerned—the will that had been executed—she knew it already. The rest was news to her; and, whether by chance or design, she at once seized one fact with a readiness and earnestness which struck Mr Felix Fitz.

'A nephew after all!' she exclaimed with wonder. 'How strange that no one should have known of it! But as there is a nephew, Mr Fitz, it is right that—will or no will—his uncle's property should go to him.'

'You cannot do as you like,' he answered with a smile, 'for it is the law that must do whatever is done. The property is not yet yours to deal with, neither is the will which Tooting executed. You had nothing at all to do with it; only, as I have said, if it is wrong it is cruel that you should suffer.'

'I do not care indeed!' she said, soothed by his manner of speech. 'I do not care. I shall be glad to be done with it, and—and back at my work again. I was happy enough; perhaps in time I shall be able to forget all this, and be happy again.'

'There is not so much to be unhappy about, so far,' he hastened to assure her. 'You must go down and see Mr Meredith. You are afraid of nothing, of course; but as you have interests involved you must have an adviser. I will send my solicitor to you, and he will accompany you. This paper of instructions for the will,' he added, glancing at the letter again, 'has Mr Grimesey shown it to you, or do you know whether it is in his possession?'

She hesitated a minute, thinking how to answer the question. She gave him a truthful answer, as far as it went, which made Fitz think all the better of her. 'To be candid, I had some anxieties, Mr Fitz; and when Mr Grimesey reassured me by saying that he had merely copied Mr Tooting's instructions, I asked him if he had the paper still. He said he had accidentally burned it. I believe it is burned,' she added, noticing a passing look of doubt in his face.

'I am going to the City,' he said, rising without offering any remark on her answer, 'and I will give Mr Paterson the outlines of what you have told me. You can tell him anything further that he may think necessary. Be of

good cheer; you know the worst that can happen.'

She burst into tears, and buried her face in her hands. 'Oh Mr Fitz! I wish the thought of Mr Grimesey had never occurred to me, that I had not brought him down. I simply thought of helping him a little in his profession. How could he have imagined such an act? I—I told them—when the will was read—that I had no claim to anything.'

'Nor had anybody else, as was believed.'

'They said so; but I did not want anything.'

'It is very hard on you—very hard,' Mr Fitz answered soothingly, and drawing a step nearer to her. 'But go down with Mr Paterson, and be strong. I hope,' he added in a hesitating manner, giving the impression that he was moved to say more, or doubtful as to saying as much as he did—'I hope when you return you will feel happier and better.'

Without offering a word more, Mr Fitz pressed her hand in silence and went away. Miss Dunning looked after him, and at the door when it closed, trying to imagine what he would say when she met him next.

Mr Fitz drove to the City and called on his solicitor. He told Mr Paterson what he wished him to do for the lady, and outlined the facts without expressing any opinion regarding them. He thought it necessary to explain, however, the circumstances of his introduction to Miss Dunning, and his feeling that as she had no one to advise her, it was incumbent on him to secure advice for her.

'Yes, I quite understand, Mr Fitz; it is highly creditable of you,' said the solicitor. 'I will call on the lady at one-thirty. It seems to me, however, from what you have told me, that the crux of the matter is whether the executed will corresponds with the testator's draft or not.'

'I believe—Miss Dunning believes—that Grimesey burned the paper—accidentally, he said.'

'Ah!' said Mr Paterson, 'that's another thing. Is Grimesey to be there?'

'He has been requested to bring the draft instructions. My personal feeling is one of wonder as to whether he will show himself.'

'But he must, or'——

'Just so. Well, come and see me on your return,' said Mr Fitz, taking his departure.

Having told Mr Paterson the whole position, with a reservation which the reader will guess, Miss Dunning's mind was free from any immediate trouble except the uncomfortable prospect of meeting Mr Grimesey at the Sandpits solicitor's office. His face would be constantly reminding her of the two papers she had put in the fire. He might even speak about them; Mr Meredith certainly would. The solicitor accompanying her was ignorant of the matter, so she would be obliged to watch and act for herself.

At Waterloo Station Miss Dunning drew a veil over her face, and experienced a transient flutter lest Mr Grimesey might be going down by the same train. If he was, they did not see him either at Waterloo or at the Sandpits station, and when they arrived at Mr Meredith's office there was no one with him but Dr Black.

'I am glad you have come with Miss Dunning, Mr Paterson,' said Mr Meredith, bowing to the other solicitor, and glancing with interest at the lady, in the attempt to discover what manner of woman she might be. She had before starting given certain touches to her toilet which a woman never forgets, and looked her best, although nervous from anxiety. More than these points he had not opportunity to note.

'We are waiting for Mr Grimesey, who drew up the will,' continued Mr Meredith, 'and who alone is able to explain why the intention of the testator was so suddenly altered as the two wills indicate. I appointed three o'clock.'

All eyes referred to a clock in the room, now pointing to five minutes past the hour named. No one spoke for a minute, until Dr Black, sitting somewhat apart in a corner, looking up from an A B C railway guide, remarked, 'No other train is due till three-fifty.'

'He must have come down by the same train as Miss Dunning and yourself,' said Mr Meredith, with a perceptible tone of doubt in his voice. 'Perhaps he has been delayed coming over from the station. In the meantime, Mr Paterson, I will place before you the facts on which we have to decide as to our course of action.'

Mr Meredith briefly recited them. Then he placed the two wills in Mr Paterson's hands. This gentleman read them both carefully and in silence, and the endorsement written by Joshua Tooting on the 'copy.' Along with them he had Tooting's letter to his solicitor.

Precisely as Mr Meredith had been moved to do after perusing and comparing the two wills, Mr Paterson held them both from him at arms'-length, side by side. Having surveyed them in this manner for a few seconds, he handed them back without comment. Next he was given the letter addressed to his nephew by Tooting.

'Do you know this young man?' he asked Mr Meredith. 'There is no name or address.'

'I do not know where he is at present. I believe he is somewhere abroad,' said Mr Meredith. 'But he can be found in due time. This is the letter from him to which the deceased alludes, and it will make his identity clear.

Mr Paterson read this document also, and gave it back without remark. There seemed to be nothing more to do pending Mr Grimesey's arrival, and the meeting was at a standstill except for one incident.

Miss Dunning asked to be allowed to see the

two wills. They were handed to her. She did not look at the executed document, but at the copy, and uttered an exclamation.

'I remember it very distinctly,' she said. 'When I was arranging Mr Tooting to write his letter to Mr Meredith on the afternoon he died, I picked this paper up among the bedclothes. I thought it was his will from the words I read at the top of it, and told him so. He said he would enclose it to Mr Meredith.'

'Did he make any remark,' Mr Meredith inquired with some interest, 'when you said it was his will?'

'He took it from my hand and read it, close to his eyes,' she at once answered, 'and said it was only a copy of the will; that Mr Grimesey had written it out twice.'

Miss Dunning had enough perception to see that her ready and frank answer made a favourable impression on Mr Meredith.

And now, as they waited, wondering what had delayed Mr Grimesey, a clerk came into the room.

'Mr Paterson?' he said, handing a buff envelope to that gentleman. Mr Paterson opened the telegram, glanced first at the signature, 'Fitz,' and then read it. For a full minute he was silent, and the others had a sense that something of moment was contained in that message.

'Mr Meredith,' he said at length, 'I have serious news from my client, Mr Felix Fitz. I cannot doubt its authenticity from that source.' He half-turned his head and looked at the lady. He felt reassured by her look, and added, 'Mr Grimesey (for whom we need no longer wait) absconded this morning with a large sum belonging to a client, and was arrested at Dover. Probably,' said Mr Paterson, 'your letter, Mr Meredith, inviting him to come here, precipitated the resolution.'

'Arrested, did you say?' asked Mr Meredith.

'Arrested. But before reaching the station he took poison, and was dead when the doctor came.'

Mr Paterson handed the telegram to Mr Meredith and Dr Black to read. He was the first to speak again.

'When I read those documents, Mr Meredith,' he observed, 'I almost formed an opinion on which I could advise Miss Dunning. Miss Dunning, it is my duty to say, has no wish in this matter except to do what is right. She has told you how she found that paper, and what the testator said. The will that was executed was forged and substituted. What the man's motive could have been I do not know, but it matters nothing now. He is dead, and the executed will is worthless. Of the man's intention, and of his act itself, until to-day Miss Dunning was absolutely ignorant. I presume this declaration ends the matter?'

It ended the matter as far as Miss Dunning was concerned. As she returned to London, silent and thoughtful, in the railway carriage, the picture was constantly before her imagination of Grimesey that morning with Mr Meredith's letter before him, thinking of the fatal forgetfulness of leaving that paper amongst Joshua Tooting's bedclothes. A solicitor, he had complacently reflected when placing the dead man's instructions in his pocket, forgets nothing that he ought to remember!

Grimesey had lost everything, and was gone into darkness. Nurse Dunning remained, and on the way to town she mentally contemplated herself with deep interest and some anxiety. She had lost. She felt herself a loser. The Tooting estate was gone to a stranger. Mr Colam Roper was gone. What should she have left to her now beyond what she had before coming to Sandfields?

Mr Paterson, who was with her, struck in on her thoughts with a relevant inquiry which occurred to him merely as conversation, 'You will be relieved when all this is over, Miss Dunning? How much more trying it would be to be compelled to surrender after possession and enjoyment! You have nothing in the way of loss to regret. Are you going back to nursing?'

'I am going first to Eastbourne,' she answered quietly, 'for a week or two of rest. I leave to-morrow morning. Then, of course, I shall resume my profession. Will you please,' she continued after a moment's thought, 'tell Mr Fitz how grateful I feel to him for his friendship to me? He has done so much for me in the past week!'

Would Mr Felix Fitz, on receiving this message, come to see her that evening before she left London for Eastbourne? Or would he fall away from her too? Miss Dunning did not look cheerful on that journey home.

'A fine style of woman,' said Dr Black reflectively when they had left. The appreciation seemed stereotyped in the doctor's mind. 'And she told that incident well about finding the paper on the bed.'

'Yes, she told it well,' answered the solicitor, smiling dubiously; 'and she is, as you say, a fine style of woman. But she could tell us more if she wished,' he added significantly.

'What are you going to do next?'

'To find this young man Almeda, wherever he is. A few advertisements in some foreign newspapers will do it in due time.'

'But, meantime, are you going to propound the other document for probate?'

'I have been thinking about what is best to do, Black. There are reasons for giving effect to Joshua Tooting's intentions; it is due to Hilda Roper and Ann Cox. On the other hand, I don't care to stir up the matter of the will again. It would be best to let it rest. It

will depend entirely on this young Almeda when he turns up. If he will undertake to pay these legacies to the girl and the old woman, he may take the property as next-of-kin under an intestacy. Otherwise,' said Mr Meredith firmly, 'I will propound the papers as Joshua Tooting's will.'

(To be continued.)

A WANDERER'S NOTE-BOOK.

By A. F. Whyte, M.P.

I.—IN BELGIUM.

THE white cliffs of Dover faded from view; the lights of the Admiralty Pier shot their varied beams across the gray, heaving Channel, and slowly melted to a confused gleam as the ship turned eastwards. From midnight till faint dawn the dark sea stretched away to the horizon in a long succession of restless waves that wore a colour for which there is no exact description, since it changes with every movement of the water, and in the distance blends with the cloudy hue of the moonless sky. There is a never-ending fascination in the sea at night—'the sight of salt water unbounded,' the constant variation in colour and sound, the mysterious and silent procession of yellow lights when another ship heaves in sight and passes into the darkness again, and, to crown all, the gradual warming of the sky in the east as the light begins to grow. No two nights at sea are the same, yet all are alike. 'His sea in no showing the same—His sea and the same 'neath each showing.' Those who, in fear of the consequences of sea-travel, tuck themselves tightly in their berths, and lie there till the port of their destination is reached, little know what wonders they miss by deserting the steamer's deck at night.

With the near approach of day and the coast of Flanders, the familiar line of houses between Middelkerke and Ostend showed like a broken rampart on the low horizon, while the dim, brown beach below was edged with the white foam of

> Yonder midnight ocean's force,
> Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse
> To throw that faint, thin line upon the shore.

And as we slipped along the Ostend channel with the steam shut off, the line of nestling fishing-boats stirred and rubbed their blunt noses against the beams of the long quay, and then settled to rest again when the wash of the steamer subsided. A few minutes later a stream of passengers, dishevelled in appearance and inclined to be surly because their sleep had been disturbed, poured slowly down the gangway and across the wide platforms to that express of many destinations which, daily throughout the year, awaits the arrival of the Dover boat. The very labels on the carriages stir in the breasts of all 'good Europeans' a great desire to roam over the most fascinating of the five continents: 'Bruxelles — Luxembourg,' 'Köln — Passau'—'Frankfurt—Wien,' 'Brüssel—München,' and so on, with a challenge and an appeal to the curious in 'Bruxelles—Vienne—Constantinople.' But such places were not for us. Armed with those miraculously cheap *Rundreise* tickets, by which the Government of Belgium endeavours to attract the profitable custom of the travellers and holiday-makers of all nations, we were on our way to the north-western border of the Ardennes.

As we steamed out of the dimly lighted harbour-station the sky kindled in the east. A rolling mist was spread over the flat country, catching a faint glow from the slowly increasing glory of the sunrise. The land was hidden from view. Here and there a roof crowned with a tiny spire of blue smoke, and here and there the gaunt immobility of a windmill, broke the white expanse. Suddenly a form arose on the horizon towering above the mist, and stood revealed in austere beauty against the rich background of the morning sky. Seen thus, the Belfry of Bruges is without a peer in northern Europe. Not the winged buttresses of Notre Dame with wisps of Seine mist entwined about them, and the flying streamers of a November sunset behind; not Chartres, nor Cologne, nor the many-memoried gables of Nürnberg, can compare with the simple, strong beauty of the Belfry in such a setting. As it came, it vanished; and with it the mantle of mist and its glamour. The growing light fell upon '*Le Matin dit tout*' (what a self-revelation!), '*Oxygenée Cusenier*,' '*Sunlight Savon*,' and the rest of that unsightly regiment that shocks the traveller on his sentimental journey with its unwelcome salute. But, just before Ghent,

> Up leaped of a sudden the sun,
> And against him the cattle stood black every one,

and the banausic spirit of those signboards fled before our own good poet and his three galloping riders; till Browning's ballad in its turn was driven from our minds by the rattle and stir of the Gare du Nord at Brussels, where we parted company with the east-bound carriages, and bought *brioches* and *Die Jugend* and *L'Étoile Belge*. Then on to Ottignies, through beech-woods of a tender green, carpeted with the brown spoil of many autumns; across southern Brabant, with its ringing names—Ramillies,

Wavre, and Quatre Bras; past Namur, a picturesque cluster where the Sambre joins the Meuse; into the hilly country of the northern Ardennes, where the line winds round bare hillsides or plunges from cutting to cutting with only the briefest glimpses of gorge and wooded hill between. We left the main line at Jemelle, a smoky blot in the fork of the Wamme and the Lomme—just such a place as Paragot would have called a *trou infect*—and reached Rochefort twelve hours after leaving London.

Now, Rochefort is the kind of quiet and secluded corner of which Karl Baedeker rarely divulges much. It has no enthralling history, no imposing buildings, none of the characteristics which earn the eulogies of the professional traveller's guide. If it has secrets to reveal, he will give no clue; if it has a pleasant and communicative population, the 'great man from Leipzig' knows it not; if it is just the right haven of retreat from the rush of life elsewhere, you will not find it out from Herr Baedeker. He can only tell you that it numbers nearly three thousand souls, that it was once the proud capital city of the Ardennes (did Rosalind, I wonder, know it?), that it occupies an elevated site on the Lomme, commanded by the ruins of an old castle, for admission to which you pay ten sous, and so forth. In summer, I believe, it is visited by a motley international host that comes to gape at the huge caverns of Han-sur-Lesse (which, by the way, are worth gaping at); but in spring, before it is filled with grotto-hunting Philistines from Westphalia and Cockaigne, it has many charms. You will not find them in any guide-book, but you will soon enjoy them if, like the true traveller, you make no plans, but welcome each day for the unsuspected things it brings, taking the good weather with the bad and the good luck with the ill.

Friends you can make at every turn of your road. The first to meet you may well be the *gros chien*, the great draught-dog that is one of the most familiar sights in all the northern parts of the Continent. You will find him slumbering, literally across your path, at the threshold of your inn. With his heavy shoulders and sleepy eyes, he seems at first a most unpromising companion; but, even if he provides little diversion for you himself, you may gain much by making friends with him while he feigns a deep slumber between the shafts of his little four-wheeled cart in the pale spring sunshine. Advances to the dog will lead, if you know how, to some desultory conversation with his small master, the boy who is milkman and itinerant greengrocer all in one; and if you have patience to wander round the uneven cobbled streets while he delivers his milk, eggs, and vegetables, you will ultimately find yourself engaged in friendly banter with his mother at the door of a low-roofed shop. And the morning will slip away as you sit on her well-scrubbed doorstep listening to the tale of how Angèle found life in Rochefort *ennuyeux*, and went to America. 'Oh, but monsieur should have seen the bustle and fuss there was! It took days for her to say good-bye . . . and Jacques, *là-bas* on the railway, growled all day, and said she was a heartless thing . . . but between you and me, monsieur, I think Angèle would not have gone if Jacques had been more masterful . . . but he would never try to hold her; he only grumbled and mumbled about being hardly used . . . and *le vieux papa*, her grandpa, said that life couldn't go on without her in the house; everything would go wrong; and she was a *méchante fille* with such ideas in her head . . . but she only tossed her head and said she wanted to see the *grand monde;* and hadn't she saved some money, and hadn't Marie done well by herself by going out to America, and why shouldn't she?' At the end of the little tale, which took many times longer in the telling than I have taken in writing it, I fell wondering where in that vast new land she had found a place, and whether, indeed, she had found one at all.

If such pleasant, gossipy mornings are to your taste, you can have as many as you please in Rochefort, or anywhere else in a new country, and all for the small exertion of making friends with the big dog and the little boy. Every peasant on the road, every fellow-traveller on the tram or the railway, can open doors for you into a life that is new and strange, and yet curiously similar to your own in all that matters. The fascination deepens and grows richer in proportion as you remember that 'we differ as much from other people as they differ from us.' And after each pleasant encounter with a new friend, under new skies, you will applaud the Emperor Charles for saying, '*Mit jeder neuerlernten Sprache gewinnt man eine neue Seele.*'

THE MAN OF STRAW.

PART II.

AS Paul remembered all these things he flashed out a question. 'Why have you never appealed to me before?' he demanded.

'I did not need your help,' Sonia answered.

'And now?'

'It is for you to say whether I am to live or whether I am to die.'

'What!' blurted out Paul; 'whether you are to live or to die!'

'Just that,' returned the woman who was

watching him very intently. 'The police of the Third Section are on my track. A wretch betrayed Elida Sanspeur, and they have traced me as far as Geneva. It is but a question of days before they find that I am here. In the old times I could have fought for myself, have pitted my wits against the whole of the secret police of Russia. But I have been ill. Siberia has broken me. I want to get to England. I long to get there. I want to feel that I am safe; I want to sleep tranquilly at night, to wander out into the meadows and into the green lanes. There I shall recover; here I must die. But one person can get me out of Paris, can get me to England. I am your wife, in name only, it is true; but you married me. Will you help me to escape?'

Paul heard the low, toneless words. He looked at the worn face, and it came home to him that this woman stood between him and Veronica.

Madame Shiroff watched him. She made an impetuous movement towards him, pulled up, panting, her hand to her side.

'*Ciel!*' she whispered as soon as she could speak—'*ciel!* There is some woman you love!'

Paul bent his head.

'And I am in your way,' Sonia gasped; 'I am unwelcome to you. You rejoiced when you heard that I was dead.'

'That is so,' answered Paul.

The tall woman drew back. Her face was ghastly now; there were great dark rings beneath her eyes; there were flat shadows on either cheek. 'If you do not help me to fly to England I shall be arrested,' she resumed; 'if I am arrested I shall die before my trial comes on. I will never face that torture a second time. If I can reach England I may recover, I may regain my strength. I am hard to kill, wonderfully hard. I may live for years.'

'Yes,' acquiesced Paul.

The two waited in that dreary little room, with the perpetual coming and going along the corridor, with the children crying on the staircase, with other children crying on the pavement without. Then the clocks of Paris rang out again. It was but one hour since the face of the world changed for Paul. Veronica would be waiting for him. She would be standing in her *salon;* her gown of blue, deep royal blue, would be trailing over the soft gray carpet. He had asked her to wear that gown on this evening—for him. Must he never ask her to do anything more for him; must he never see her again?

The sun flooded into the little *chambre garni*, hot, glaring. The miscellaneous smells of the street, all of them unsavoury, penetrated through the closed windows. Paul felt that everything, from Sonia in a dressing-gown that had lost its freshness to the Hôtel Lombard and No. 27, was intolerable.

Suddenly a thought came to him. He had but to temporise. He had but to put on time by pretending that he required a day, two days, to make the arrangements for Sonia's flight. That very evening he was due at a house where he knew Count Ivan Cassilis would also be among the guests. The merest hint to this exceedingly astute diplomatist would be enough. To-morrow the Hôtel Lombard would be raided, the door of No. 27 forced. Sonia had never been his wife. It was not as if in marrying her he had given her more than a convenient man of straw husband. He had never even had her in his arms; he had never once kissed her. He loved Veronica. How he loved Veronica! And if he loved her, was not his first duty to her? If one woman must be sacrificed, was it not common justice that it should be Sonia, not Veronica?

The room seemed to grow as hot as if it were the tropics at midday. Paul began to breathe heavily. Sonia was watching him steadily, stealthily, as a panther watches its prey.

The moments went by. The shadows began to take the place of the blazing sun. Paul never moved. Sonia stood as if she were turned to stone.

At length Paul looked behind him towards the door.

'What have you decided to do?' asked the woman he had married.

It was his opportunity. He could say that he dared not stop any longer, that arrangements took time, that the ways and the means must be carefully considered. If he went saying that, he would never return.

A second time he looked to the door. By now Veronica must be wondering why he was so late. How he loved Veronica! How he had loved her for years!

'*Eh bien,*' asked Sonia again, the toneless voice whispering the words one by one, 'have you decided what you will do?'

Paul opened his mouth. There were so many words in the excuse he wanted to make that he felt as if it were a task almost beyond him to bring them out one by one. Then Veronica's eyes flashed before him, Veronica's confiding smile came up before him. Could he face her, much less let her marry him, if he did this thing?

His lips moved, moved as do those of a little child conning a lesson it finds all but too hard. He was very pale; his jaw was set. 'Yes,' he answered very slowly, very clearly, 'I have decided. You are my wife. I must do what I can for you.'

The tall woman came a step nearer. 'A moment ago you were thinking of leaving me,' she said. 'It would be more convenient to you if I were arrested—if I died.'

Paul started. Sonia Shiroff had read his mind as if it were a book open before her.

'How did you know?' he gasped.

A scornful laugh answered him. 'If your safety had depended on it, not once nor twice,

but often, you would learn to read what was passing in men's minds,' she answered.

Paul nodded.

'But why,' went on Sonia, 'do you so particularly want me out of the way?'

'Have I not told you?' Paul blurted out. 'I love another woman.'

Sonia heard. 'You love another woman,' she repeated below her breath. She raised her head and fixed her eyes before her.

She had been beautiful, and Paul had never wanted her. She had been a queen among her compatriots in those old days at Lausanne, and Paul had never paid her the homage of a look, a sigh; other men had made love to her, and Paul never seemed to remember that the marriage service had been read over them. And now he, who had been so cold to her, loved another woman. Another woman had taught him what love was, the height of it, the depth of it.

'Yet,' she murmured, 'you propose to save me.'

'I do,' answered Paul Kwolsinski.

Madame Shiroff sat down. She pressed her hand to her side, and looked at the big man. At forty-three Paul was a handsome man, while she was a worn wreck; but, old or young, she had never been anything to him. Stung with this thought, Sonia suddenly cried out, 'Paul Alexandrovitch, I loved you! I have always loved you!'

'What!' gasped Paul.

'*Mon Dieu!*' went on the tall woman, 'you never guessed it, I know, but it is true I loved you. I left you when you had the fever at Lausanne because you did not care whether I went or stayed. If you had—if you had'—she repeated in her whispering voice—'if you had but said my name once when you were delirious'——

In another moment she had herself in hand. 'Yet because I loved you I saved you there,' she continued. 'You were the only one of our band who was not enrolled in the inner circle of our society; you were the only one who took no oaths of obligation. I knew—for no eyes can see so clearly as those of a woman who loves as I love you—that you were not heart and soul with us. You were too measured, too patient, too English, in fact. What you professed was but a passing phase, not conviction, not belief. Therefore, when your mother came, when she took you away, you could go unfettered; and now'——

'And now!' echoed Paul.

'In my need, in my extremity, I have appealed to you, and you tell me that you love another woman, that I stand between you, and that—notwithstanding that—you promise to help me.'

'I promise,' affirmed Paul.

The tall woman rose again, came up to the man who twenty years and more ago had made her his wife. She stood before him; she smiled at him. 'Thank you, *mon ami*,' she said, a soft note in the hollow voice. 'You are doing a great thing for me.'

'I am doing my duty,' thrust in Paul bluntly.

'Yes,' answered Sonia, 'I understand. You are doing your duty.'

The two were silent a little.

It was Sonia who spoke first. 'Leave me now,' she decided. 'Come back to-morrow.'

'You should change your lodgings to-night,' objected Paul. 'You say you have been here some days. When it is dark you should go elsewhere.'

The tall woman looked very directly into the face fronting her.

'Ah!' she answered, 'you still recollect some of our ways. I will change my room to-morrow.'

'To-night,' remonstrated Paul.

'No,' demurred Madame Shiroff, 'to-morrow. I promise you to-morrow.'

From that decision she would not move; and presently, when at her request they had shaken hands, Paul left her. He went down the staircase; he saw the fat proprietress look searchingly at him; he saw the shabby man with a stump of a cigar in his hand lounging against the entrance-door, and he nodded to him. He stepped out into the narrow street. The lamps were alight now; the loiterers that night always brings out in Paris were beginning to make their appearance. Paul walked on and on. He had to tell Veronica; he had to bid her farewell anew. She would approve of what he had done; yet how she would suffer! how he would suffer!

With this medley of thought in his mind he avoided his hotel, he avoided the neighbourhood of Veronica's flat; he kept to the meaner streets, to the crowded quarters. At length, when even his great strength was becoming exhausted, he turned about. He did not suppose he could sleep, but he could lie down. He would think of Veronica as he passed the hours with his face upturned to the ceiling; he thought of her as much as he walked with the night above him and the glaring street-lights about him.

He was by Notre Dame again when he saw the shabby man coming along. This time the lean individual was hastening as if fear were driving him; this time the yellow face was blotched with gray.

Paul laid a hand on his arm.

'Let me go!' muttered the quavering wretch; 'let me go!' He wrenched himself free and darted in between a dray and a great market-cart. Paul Kwolsinski stood still. Something had happened. What had happened? He guessed at once. He turned and began to walk back to the Rue Pelegrine.

It took him some time to make his way there, for he had forgotten the exact turnings; and as soon as he entered the narrow street he saw that a crowd, all agog with curiosity, was gathered before the Hôtel Lombard. He asked a student on the outskirts what it meant.

'The police have made an arrest,' he heard. 'They have just taken a woman out. They say she is a famous Russian Revolutionary.'

Paul drew back. He struggled out of the street. Something, he felt, wanted explaining; something remained to be told to him.

Sonia had especially stipulated to remain for another night. Was it a mistake on her part, or a deliberate action?

Paul Kwolsinski realised that he did not understand this woman, that he had never understood her.

In the morning he learned that his misgivings had not been without foundation. He found a note on his dressing-table when he awoke. It had been placed there mysteriously. Paul never inquired how it had come. It was from Sonia. 'I hasten to write this,' she began. 'I can still hear your footsteps on the corridor. I can still see your face, and it has told me so much more than your words. I bade you come back on the morrow. I insisted on remaining in the Hôtel Lombard. I knew exactly what I was doing, what the consequences would be. I knew before I asked you to come to me that the police intended to raid the hotel this very night. You represented my only way of escape; and you must recollect that, hard pressed as I have often been, I have never appealed to you before. When I sent for you I wanted to escape, to live, to get well; now, though you do not know it yet, I have refused my last chance. To be taken means certain death. I have chosen to die. It is the last thing I can do for you; and I do it willingly, for I love you better than myself, better than any other woman can love you. I make my surrender to the section my marriage gift to you and to the woman you love. Be happy. Surely I have purchased your happiness for you!'

Paul read the note. He understood. What Sonia had done was indeed irrevocable.

At her trial she made no defence; she only asked to die. Paul's influence did something to ameliorate her condition; but there never was any chance of a reprieve. The career of Elida Sanspeur put mercy out of the question. But she did not live until the day appointed. One night she just turned about and died, and the officials, in consideration of the special circumstances, sent her message to Paul. She asked him to be happy.

THE END.

THE TALE OF VITTORIA.

21st June 1813.

VITTORIA was fought on 21st June, the longest summer day Spain knows. A faint mist lay on the landscape for the first hour; then it passed away; and, set in a frame of blue hills, with almost cloudless, sun-filled skies above, the tumult, the smoke, and slaughter of the last of the great battles in the Peninsular war awoke. The battle had to be run upon a time-table. Hill was not to move till Graham had reached the point where he could prick the great road; Wellington was not to move till Hill and Graham had shaken the French flank and rear. The French apparently never discovered Graham's movement, a fact which once more shows that the soul of an army, the mind of a great commander, was missing.

At the first faint pulses of sound from the east, telling that Graham had begun, Hill made his attack on the Puebla Range, a Spanish brigade leading. The Spaniards fought well; two armies were watching them. They climbed with the agility of mountaineers up the steep hill-slope to its very crest; then the French charged, and flung them with cruel slaughter down the rough slope. The 71st, led by Cadogan, took up the task where the Spaniards had failed, and the Highlanders were not to be denied. They fell fast under the bitter fire of the French; the brown sides of the hill were strewn with their dead; but up to the crest, and over it, the Highlanders went, and the French hold on the hill was roughly broken. No regiment fought better that day than the 71st, and none sustained greater loss. Out of 1000 men who stood in the line when the battle began, only 300 piled arms at the end of the day. Amongst the slain, and long mourned by his regiment, was Cadogan, perhaps the most promising soldier that fell in the whole battle.

The attack on the French left, it is to be noted, had some curious features. It was made at first with a single battalion of Spaniards; later a single British regiment, the 71st, was sent to support the Spaniards. This was trying to displace an army with a pin-prick. If the attempt to turn the French left was serious, why was it made in a fashion so ineffective? The truth is, the movement was nothing better than a trick. Wellington wanted to tempt the French to strengthen their left wing, believing this to be the point of danger, and so weaken their centre, where he meant to strike.

Graham's guns, far off to the east, were now answering the sound of Hill's volleys on the flanks of the Puebla Range, and Wellington moved. To carry the bridges of the Zadora, commanded by the muskets and artillery of a French army, might have been a bloody task; but just as the battalions were about to move, a peasant brought the news that one of the bridges was unguarded, and Barnard's Rifles were at once sent across. They followed a

white, curving road up the slope to an old chapel, and there Barnard halted his men. On either side of the Rifles, as they halted, and almost within musket-shot, battalions of French infantry were standing quietly. A French gun fired a couple of shots at the intrusive British as they went at the double past the chapel, and one of the shots killed the peasant who had given information as to the bridge; but there was no movement to thrust this impertinent British battalion, which had apparently strayed into the midst of a French army, back into the river.

The British had to fight for the other bridges; but the possession of one made the task easy, as the Rifles were able to take the defenders of bridge after bridge in flank. Picton, with his division, was in position opposite one of the bridges; he had marked the line of advance, and as the sound of battle awoke where Hill was moving, and bridge after bridge near him was carried, and no order came for him to move, he grew furiously impatient. Had Wellington committed that most fatal of blunders, forgotten 'the Fighting 3rd'? As Kincaid tells the story: 'He rode to and fro in front of his men, watching the fight, fuming to plunge into it, and beating the mane of his horse angrily with his stick. An aide-de-camp, riding at speed, came up, and inquired where Lord Dalhousie—who commanded the 7th Division—was. Picton, in wrathful tones, declared he knew nothing of Lord Dalhousie; were there any orders for him? "None," said the aide-de-camp. "Then, pray, sir," demanded the indignant Picton, "what orders do you bring?" The aide-de-camp explained that Dalhousie was to carry the bridge to the left, and the 4th and 6th Divisions were to support the attack. The "Fighting 3rd," in brief, were to look on as spectators while other divisions did the work! Rising in his stirrups, Picton shouted, in tones of passion, to the astonished aide-de-camp, "You may tell Lord Wellington from me, sir, that the 3rd Division, under my command, shall in less than ten minutes attack the bridge and carry it, and the 4th and 6th Divisions may support if they choose." Then, turning to his men, who were chafing for the fight, he cried, "Come on, ye rascals! Come on, ye fighting villains!" And, let loose with those paternal epithets, Picton's "fighting villains" promptly carried the bridge.'

When the first line of their centre was broken, no touch of a commander's skill helped the French. Hill was pricking their left flank at the point where it touched the ridge; Graham was striking at the only road by which they could retreat. Wellington watched the struggle, with the eye of a great captain, till his pin-prick had succeeded. The French had weakened their centre to strengthen their left wing, and as a result the hill in front of the Arinez, the key to the second line held by the French, was only lightly held. Then, catching up Picton's division, he carried it in close columns of regiments, and at a running pace, diagonally across the front of both armies, and seized the hill. Oddly enough, it was known by the name of the 'Englishman's Hill.' More than four centuries before—in 1366—a detachment of the Black Prince's army was cut to pieces there, and Conan Doyle has woven the story into his romance of *The White Company*. And now, after so many centuries, the feet of charging Englishmen were racing up the slopes of that historic hill.

The seizure of the hill was the crisis of the battle. L'Estrange, who was with the 31st, says: 'I heard a tremendous rush on our left; the ground seemed actually to quake under me; and looking in the direction of the sound, I saw the whole British host—artillery, cavalry, infantry—throwing themselves on the line of the French army. Three or four regiments of cavalry were at that moment charging. . . . It was too much for the nerves of the French; they turned in retreat along their whole line, and the battle of Vittoria was won.'

At six o'clock on that long summer evening the French stood on the last ridge they held in front of Vittoria. Behind them was the city; beyond it were thousands of carriages and baggage-wagons, a vast multitude of non-combatants, men, women, and children, all in the distraction of flight. As the British guns, coming up, sent pulses of menacing sound over that agitated crowd, the whole mass, with every blast of the cannon, would wave like a human sea. A murmur of terror went up. But, to quote Napier, 'there was no hope, no stay for army or multitude.' It was the wreck of a nation.

The one gleam of generalship on the French side was shown by Reille. Graham's column consisted of 18,000 men of all arms; Reille held the bridges on the upper Zadora, and guarded the great road, with little more than two-thirds of that number — 10,000 infantry and 2500 cavalry. And yet the Frenchmen kept Graham at bay. The bridges were won and lost again and again, and there was much hard fighting; but on Graham's part not much generalship, as the river might have been passed both above and below the bridges. From twelve o'clock almost till sunset—until, indeed, the tumult of Wellington's battle coming up told that the fight was lost, and squadrons of British cavalry who had ridden through Vittoria were threatening his rear—Reille held his post.

By sunset Graham broke through, the road to Bayonne was barred, and the routed French had to swing to the right on the road leading to Salvatiera. 'They fled so fast,' says Hill's biographer—'kings, marshals, generals, and men—that the allies, who had been sixteen hours under arms, and had marched three leagues since the day dawned, had no chance of overtaking them.' It would be perhaps truer to say

that the British were so busy picking up the plunder of the battle that their pursuit lacked vigour.

The night of 21st June fell upon such a scene as earthly battlefields have not often witnessed. The vast booty of plundered Spain congested the roads. It was not merely an army in flight. It seemed, writes a soldier who took part in the battle, 'as if all the domestic animals in the world had been brought to this spot, with all the utensils of husbandry and all the finery of palaces mixed up in one heterogeneous mass;' and all, it may be added, swept simultaneously into a whirlwind of distracted flight. Ten days after the battle, with the exception of the garrisons holding San Sebastian and Pampeluna, and Suchet's forgotten and irrelevant army in Catalonia, not a French soldier remained in Spain. Three armies had been blown, as if by the very winds, through the defiles of the Pyrenees.

[*Note.*—The foregoing series of articles by Dr Fitchett form part of a popular *Life of the Great Duke*, which is just being issued by Messrs Smith, Elder, & Co., London.]

PETTICOAT LANE ON SUNDAY MORNING.

By C. Edwardes.

PETTICOAT LANE on a Sunday morning is wonderful! Its old name has gone, like the low-gabled dwellings which doubtless flanked it in Queen Elizabeth's time. You must ask for Middlesex Street if you wish to give it its modern directory dignity. But its character has not changed with its name. It is the same bewildering and amusing market for all kinds and conditions of all small things that it has been for a century or two, with the same predominant nation crying 'Buy! buy!' in many keys—good-humoured always, as becomes the astute trader. There is nothing to interest the eye in its tall warehouse-fronts and commonplace shops with Jewish and other names to them. When it rains, as it often does on Sunday mornings for the convenience of the Lane's umbrella-merchants, the mere setting of the scene is dismal; but on the level there is more colour, incident, and human nature than you will find in the average stage-play. Shakespeare would have rejoiced in it. Unfortunately, the humours of the Lane as we know it were not for him. From Edward the First's time until Cromwell's the Jews in England were under a ban which neither their thrift nor their admirable contentment with small profits and more or less quick returns could surmount. The important Rabbi Manasseh-Ben-Israel of Amsterdam, in 1655, petitioned His Most Serene Highness the Protector ('whom God make prosperous!') on behalf of his nation, requesting among other comforts that 'they might be allowed to traffic freely in all sorts of merchandise.' The petition was not formally granted, and Prynne, among others, thundered against it; but the Jews came in quietly without being opposed, and soon made themselves useful. The Great Fire helped to establish them, and they have been lords in the Lane now for generations.

It is London's great bazaar and market-place for the poor, Jew and Gentile alike. Clothes and fal-lals abound; but here and in the cross-streets there are also furlongs of booths of fruit, vegetables, bread, pastries, and sweetmeats. Nor must it be hastily assumed that the Lane's goods are all of indifferent quality, deceits for the eye and disappointment for the stomach. Its oranges at five a penny and bananas at three a penny are as good as the oranges and bananas half a mile away at double the cost. The same may be said of the grapes at twopence a pound and the sweetstuffs. Sheffield tools are cried here at prices which would astonish and disgust Sheffield. The collars of the latest mode at twopence apiece seem just as good as those for which you pay sixpence or eightpence to the polite hosier in Cheapside. Four new full-sized white linen handkerchiefs for sixpence is a typical bargain. They appear to be faultless, as well as linen, and what more can be desired in a three-halfpenny handkerchief? And so on, up and down the list of the Lane's articles of merchandise. From collar-studs with detachable heads at three a penny, and new silk neckties in tasteful colours at twopence instead of the sixpence-halfpenny (or three for eighteenpence) commonly demanded in an important street, to silver lever watches (new and second-hand) of unquestionable workmanship at a dollar, the mystery of it all grows as one pushes through the crowd from Whitechapel to 'Dirty Dick's' famous tavern in Bishopsgate.

Strangers to the Lane ask how it can be done. They notice the various couples of constables who leaven the crowd, and draw conclusions. They feel pretty sure that professional thieves and 'fences' between them provide the Lane's Sunday market with its valuables. As there are more ways of stealing than by direct picking of a man's pocket, the comestibles may quite easily be bracketed with the watches and chains as stolen stuff. It is a distressing inference; but, however keenly they may feel it, the Lane's chief merchants themselves will fly into no public tempers if you make just that suggestion to them. 'Lumme! What if it is? What have *you* got to complain about, eh?' retorts a long-established and very racy seller of watches. 'But you've got an innocent mind, you have,

and you 're welcome to the blessin'!' He has a heap of watches on his table, an assistant flanking him on either side ready to screen his greatness from draughts, too much rain or sunshine, or the attacks of evil-doers, and he sells five watches in about five minutes. Then a man sidles up to his ear (no small thing, by the way), produces a watch, gets four shillings for it, slips away, and the heap of other watches receives a recruit. Presently it is offered to the public in its turn—'Ten shillings—nine—eight—seven—six—five!' This gives the merry trader his chance for a sermon. 'Pinched from a duke—this was, and I'm offerin' it to you for five bob! . . . Come now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You shall have it for four-and-six. Your uncle will lend that on it. My profit on this deal is a tanner, and I don't care a curse whether I sell it or not!' He sells it, of course, and smiles with the crowd as he wonders what a curate would say about a transaction like that. This old-established merchant's tongue hits the Gentiles hard. One has more than a suspicion also that he loves to pull their more or less Christian legs.

Our old friend the quack rattles it here on a Sunday morning as eloquently as his predecessors of Chaucer's time. His neighbour sells you a five-and-sixpenny 'gold' ring for a penny, or a stamped 'gold' chain for threepence; he, out of his deep love for suffering humanity, gives away for twopence a healing mystery the secret of which Harley Street would sacrifice a year's income to get at. So he says. You are exhorted to accept it reverently, play no tricks with it, but administer it only and exactly in the doses prescribed on the green wrapper outside. It is an unfailing pain-killer. Proof of its quality is given on the spot. A woman with a swelled face consents to be treated *coram populo;* she smells the phial, seems to swoon promptly, recovers, and mutters dazedly that the pain has gone. 'It really 'as; leastways for the time it 'as,' she adds, for the special information of her nearest bystander. 'For *all* time, lady!' shouts the quack. He bids her hurry home lest she take a chill, and for several seconds does a brisk trade in his bottled ammonia. You are to be careful, he instructs you, how you administer it. Another quack proclaims a newly discovered powder for the teeth. He seizes a boy who has never known a toothbrush, polishes him for half a minute, and then holds him before the public with lips drawn up and down until the urchin breaks away. Sound teeth or rotten teeth, his nostrum will make them all as white as snow.

So goes on the diverting and tumultuous traffic with man's hopes and credulities, to the satisfaction (temporary or lasting) of buyers and sellers alike. One breathes and moves freely only when the 'Dirty Dick' end of the Lane is reached. A little way on here, towards Bethnal Green, are two other Sunday morning markets of a very different kind. If you have lost your dog, this is the place to come for it. Bulldogs, collies, terriers, poms, poodles, and toys are here in scores. This trade is in the hands of Gentiles, and coarse-looking specimens they are—the Gentiles, not the dogs. The dogs all seem in a dreadful state of depression, their masters for the moment scarcely less so, although quick to brighten towards any well-dressed person who shows an interest in their quadrupeds. Their communications about price, pedigree &c. are almost sure to be whispered, and if you were born yesterday you may believe them; otherwise, scarcely. A step farther and you are in Sclater Street, the place of execution of myriads of England's sweet little song-birds. The dealers here also are Gentiles. Linnets at twopence a pair are the chief commodity on the market this Sunday morning, and the way their doomsters grab them forth from their prisons, stretch out their feathers, and then toss them into paper bags like bits of gingerbread, and exchange them for twopences, is not good to see. The Jew mart of Petticoat Lane need be nothing worse than amusing. These other two markets of the Gentiles are sinister and disgusting.

THE LAND OF FAR-AWAY.

In amber shocks the piled wheat stands
Across the stubbled lea,
The sun looks down through a golden haze
Where the children gleaning be.
The apples fall through the crooked boughs
To the lilt of the pickers' lay,
And it's time we were trimming sail, dear lass—
High time we were setting sail, dear lass—
For the Land of Far-away.

The leaves they dance across the fields
In troops of rustling brown,
And a wind that whips the tree-tops sends
The acorns rattling down.
The flowers they died a month ago
That bloomed so fair in May;
And it's time we were spreading sail, dear lass—
Full time we were hoisting sail, dear lass—
For the shores of Far-away.

For the days and our hearts alike grow sick,
With a sadness akin to pain,
When we think how the autumn-time gives place
To a winter of snow and rain.
So we'll change this land that is old and stale
For another that's young and gay;
Yes, we'll e'en be making sail, dear lass—
Spreading our purple sail, dear lass—
For the Land of Far-away.

For that land of the Summer Afternoon,
Where the lotus-eaters stay;
We'll step our mast to the favouring gale
For the Land of Far-away.

GEORGE WHITELEY WARD.

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A MEMORY OF STRATHEDEN.

By Henry H. Brown.

WHERE the small streams which form the head-waters of the Fifeshire Eden have united in a river of very moderate volume, they find a channel in the bottom of a valley called, from the ancient name of the water, Strathmiglo. The bed of the river is for the most part fringed with trees, and the banks are gay with wild-flowers or covered with the broad leaves of the butter-bur. To the south of the stream, fields, intersected by stone walls and broken by clumps of wood, rise gradually to the foot of the great rampart of the West Lomond, which may be described as an almost precipitous slope nine hundred feet high, and extending for several miles in a curve. Above this rampart the green peak, gracefully rounded, rises to a height of seventeen hundred feet. The ground to the north of the river slopes more gently, and culminates in the hills which separate Stratheden from Strathtay.

That a battle was fought at Merlsford in Strathmiglo we need not doubt. There has always been a local tradition to that effect; and, although tradition by itself would not be conclusive, it is corroborated in this instance by the discovery of vast quantities of human bones and ashes of bones. The tradition as to the sanguinary character of the conflict is preserved in lines written by Alexander Douglas, an old Strathmiglo bard:

> When Meral's Ford ran red wi' blood,
> That was an awful hour, man;
> Then Scotia's sons most firmly stood,
> Maintained an' gained the stour, man.

If we inquire who fought the battle, the answer is less certain. Various theories on the subject have been proposed; but the most remarkable is that which is argued at considerable length and with much detail in a book entitled *Interesting Roman Antiquities recently Discovered in Fife*, written by the Rev. Andrew Small, Edenshead, and published in 1823.

In many respects Mr Small reminds us of our old friend Monkbarns in *The Antiquary*. He has the same dry humour, the same charming credulity in antiquarian matters, and the same confidence in the absolute truth of his own conclusions. Indeed, it is more than likely that Sir Walter Scott had him in mind when drawing some of the traits of Mr Oldbuck. We know from the Introduction to the novel that the character of Monkbarns was partly adapted from a very intimate friend of the novelist's family; but we are not told that this friend was the sole model. I think that there are several little links that connect the antiquaries of Monkbarns and Edenshead. Sir Walter was almost certainly acquainted with Mr Small, being one of the original subscribers to his book. The style of *Roman Antiquities* closely resembles that of the samples of Monkbarns's monographs which are given in *The Antiquary*, particularly in the constant introduction of far-fetched derivations of place-names. If it be objected that in their literary style there is a family resemblance amongst antiquaries, I can point to another fact which seems conclusive. Mr Oldbuck had a pet theory that the battle of Mons Grampius was fought at the Kaim of Kinprunes, adjacent to his house at Monkbarns; Mr Small believed that the scene of the conflict was Meralsford (now spelt Merlsford) adjacent to his house at Edenshead. It is true *The Antiquary* was published in 1816 and *Roman Antiquities* in 1823; but Mr Small says that he had been working at his theory for years before he published his book; and if Sir Walter knew the author, he would also know his views on that subject. It is a curious point which I have not seen elsewhere mentioned, and the universal affection entertained both for Monkbarns and his creator must serve as an excuse for this digression.

The memory, therefore, which I wish to associate with Stratheden is that of the battle of Mons Grampius, fought between the Romans under Agricola and the Caledonians under Galgacus. From the short narrative of Tacitus, the son-in-law of the Roman general, it appears that the Caledonians had for some time been giving trouble, after the fashion of the wild tribes upon our Indian frontier, and Agricola had undertaken a punitive expedition against them, just as one of our commanding officers might do. He proceeded northwards, keeping in touch with his fleet, and when he reached a hill, which Tacitus calls Mons Grampius, he found the enemy in such force that it was necessary to give them battle.

At this stage Mr Small offers a very shrewd criticism. He says that before Agricola could

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have arrived at the Grampians, he must have traversed forty miles of difficult country occupied by a warlike race, densely populated, and containing two wide rivers—the Forth and Tay. It is not conceivable that the Caledonians would have permitted him to advance so far without even a skirmish, yet it is clear from the statement of Tacitus that there was no engagement prior to the arrival of the army at Mons Grampius. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the historian's informant mistook the Lomonds for the Grampians—an excusable error for a stranger in an unknown land? Mistakes no less obvious have been made in similar circumstances by our own intelligence-officers.

The Roman centre was composed of eight thousand infantry, and three thousand cavalry were posted on the wings. These were all auxiliary troops, the legionaries being placed in reserve. Agricola himself sent back his horse, and stood on foot beside the eagles. The Caledonians held a strong position on a rising-ground. Their foot-soldiers, in immense numbers, rose tier upon tier, and their cavalry and war-chariots deployed in front.

The battle began with an inconclusive discharge of darts and missiles. Then Agricola ordered the Dutch and Batavian auxiliaries to charge. Their onset broke the Caledonian ranks and threw them into a state of confusion, which was increased by the chariots, the horses of which became unmanageable and dashed amongst the infantry, doing more harm to friends than to foes.

The whole Caledonian force was being driven slowly up the ascent, when Galgacus brought forward his reserves. The Romans were then in danger of being involved in the great mass of their opponents and surrounded. The crisis of the battle had arrived, and Agricola gave the signal for the legionaries to advance. The Caledonians could not stand before these veteran soldiers. They broke and fled, and a fearful carnage ensued.

Tacitus estimates the loss of the Caledonians at ten thousand, and that of the Romans at three hundred and sixty; but he probably refers only to the legionaries. The auxiliaries must have suffered severely in a hand-to-hand struggle with such brave adversaries, and this supposition is rendered more probable by the circumstance that, instead of following up his victory and marching through the whole country, as he at first intended, Agricola withdrew his army into winter-quarters.

Although the scene at Merlsford otherwise fits well with his description, the Roman historian, whom I have thus far closely followed, does not allude to any river. Mr Small, after considering the various spots where human bones have been found, and carefully examining the ground, suggests that the Eden was an important factor in the struggle. He supposes that the Romans were on the south side towards the West Lomond, and that the Caledonians were opposed to them on the gentle slope where Edenshead, Wellfield, and Pitlour now stand. The invaders tried to force the passage of the river, but were repulsed, and both armies executed a parallel flank movement down-stream as far as Merlsford. Here the Romans made a feint of retreating from the bank, and thus induced the Caledonians to attempt the ford. Then, suddenly wheeling, they engaged them when hampered in the confined valley of the stream; and while both parties were fiercely struggling for the mastery, the legions in reserve came up and decided the day.

Whether the narrative according to Mr Small is a memory or a vision, I cannot tell. The question can only be decided after a thorough weighing of evidence, for which this is not the place. But it is hard for us to realise to-day the idea of a struggle so bitter and involving so much bloodshed. The Eden at Merlsford runs brightly over its stony bed. Perfect stillness surrounds us, except for the murmur of the river, the rattle of an occasional train, or the more frequent rush of a motor-car on the highway beyond the railway. Cattle are standing in the shallow water, which is said for two whole days after the battle to have run red with blood. The ripening grass in the hayfields sways gently in the breeze, the sunlight lies upon the soft green foliage of the woods, and high above us frowns the grim rampart of the West Lomond, which perhaps, of all the surrounding scene, has changed least since the days of Agricola and Galgacus.

A pathetic incident of the battle is worthy of being recalled. Only one Roman officer lost his life—Aulus Atticus, the prefect of a cohort. Impelled by the headstrong rashness of youth, and carried forward by the impetuosity of his charger, he was surrounded by the enemy, and cut to pieces with their long two-edged swords. Poor lad! he sought glory and found a grave, as many a young officer has done before and since. Perhaps he left a fond mother at Rome to mourn the loss of her boy, and to seek what comfort she could in the cold platitudes of the philosophers, or to sustain herself with the noble saying of the poet, '*Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*' And yet if to be kept in perpetual remembrance for a brave deed be glory, the death of Aulus Atticus was glorious. Of the soldiers engaged in the battle his name alone is preserved by Tacitus, and he shares the immortality of the historian. So long as literature endures, Cnæus Julius Agricola will be remembered as the victor of Mons Grampius, but Aulus Atticus as the hero.*

* Where the battle was fought has been the subject of much controversy. Ardoch, Dalginross, near Comrie, and Urie, near Stonehaven, are among the sites mentioned. Dr Skene prefers the peninsula formed by the Isla's junction with the Tay. In his *Memoirs of Delvine* Sir Alexander Muir Mackenzie identifies it with the same district, and assumes as the site of the battle of Mons Grampius the estate of Delvine or Inchtuthill, on the Tay, below Dunkeld, Perthshire. Mr R. L. Arnold, in his very interesting story, 'Iyvinda,' in *Chambers's Journal* for 1903, accepts the same position for the scene of the battle, of which he gives a very realistic narrative.

THE WILL AND THE NURSE.

CHAPTER VIII.—CONCLUSION.

NO more was heard at Sandfields Common about Joshua Tooting's will. It was known that Mr Meredith was advertising abroad for the heir; and although this afforded a subject of speculation for a time, as the weeks went by and nothing occurred the subject gradually passed from people's thoughts. On the authority of Mr Meredith, Mrs Cox still continued, with the company of another woman, at The Roost; but she was seen outside the house less than ever.

Miss Black had had a disappointment, as may be remembered, and it was succeeded by a little private grievance in that her friend Hilda Roper appeared to have got over it sooner than Madge herself did. All the apparent change in Hilda was that she became even quieter in her ways. Though her face did not show it, she herself thought she was more serious, as befitted a young woman who had recently had an experience, and who, moreover, would in a few months be twenty.

Sometimes, for want of a better topic, Miss Black would discuss Mr Almeda with her friend. But, as the discussion was unavoidably handicapped by absolute ignorance, it was chiefly of a speculative turn, and mostly confined to the probable colour of his skin. Would he prove black, or brown, or yellow? For it was not to be imagined that a man with such a foreign name could be white. They felt that they did not want Mr Almeda at Sandfields Common. Dr Black comforted them with the anticipation that Mr Almeda would probably care nothing for Sandfields Common beyond getting the rents.

So the winter months passed, and the spring again arrived, and things had quite resumed their normal character. Mr Colam Roper was busy with a building contract in London, which kept him occupied and contented and free from retrospection. His daughter had a good flower-garden to fill up all her time, and Mr Meredith grew into the habit of coming round, two or three evenings a week, 'to pick her out,' as he would say, 'from among the other flowers,' in order to give him a cup of tea. He never alluded to Joshua Tooting's affairs in talking with her.

One sunny afternoon, delightful with the young and warm life of spring, Mr Meredith, after an interview of some length with a client, pushed his papers away and felt that he must go over earlier than usual to see Hilda Roper. She would give him tea, and all her time, at any hour of the day. But when he reached the house he was disappointed to learn that she was not in.

The old gardener, who was her companion, believed—he was of opinion, because he noticed Miss Hilda several times looking across the Common—he felt sure, she was gone to visit the old garden at The Roost. 'Miss Hilda she was powerful fond o' that old garden this three year past,' said the old man; 'and she ain't been there since the death—least, not in the garden, nor furrer nor visiting Mrs Cox. And them flowers there must be so outrageous wild now!'

Mr Meredith gathered his lips as though to emit a quiet whistle, and walked slowly back to his papers. Once or twice he did halt to look curiously across the Common at the old house among the elms, but that was all. He resolved to go back at five o'clock and get tea from Hilda Roper, and hear what she thought of the old garden now. And he did return; but Hilda was still at The Roost, a fact which he seemed to learn with lively interest. In truth, she was having tea and pink jelly with Mrs Cox at that moment, as happened in the following manner.

Day after day, for more than a week, since the sun grew warm and the blossoms began to open to its influence, the girl was seized with a longing to spend one more afternoon in the old garden where she had spent so many. She could only enjoy it alone, or she might have taken Madge Black. It was not clear to her consciousness why she hesitated; but it was, in fact, because Joshua Tooting was not now the owner, but another and a stranger. At last, this afternoon, the longing would not be resisted, and seizing her hat she went across.

Hilda had an old private way of her own of getting into that garden, and she was soon lost to sight—only there were no old eyes at the window watching her now—among the wilderness. More than an hour she wandered about ways known only to herself, and probably trodden by no feet but hers since long ago. But she picked not a single blossom to-day. And when at last she emerged from amongst the flowers and foliage, and crossed an open space to the old summer-house, sitting down there with her hat at her feet and her hands clasped in her lap, her face wore an expression almost like that of Eve on the sad day when the first two 'through Eden took their solitary way.' It would be Hilda Roper's last visit to a garden which she loved as a part of her young life.

It was sitting in that summer-house, even as she sat now, that Joshua Tooting discovered the girl two or three years ago, reminding him (as she went on doing) of his dead sister. In the same place she was again discovered to-day. She was lost in pensive memories, her eyes shaded seriously by their long lashes. Once or twice, these sensitive sentinels fluttered at some light sound, but sank down in security again. Another

interval, and they sprang open, and the startled colour flew to Hilda's face. The curtain of leaves and flowers was drawn aside, and a young man, with a scar across his cheek, stood before her.

'Oh Mr Wace!' she cried, springing up.

'Forgive me for alarming you. Indeed, I did not know you were here until—until I saw you through the leaves a minute ago.'

'I came in down there,' said Hilda, pointing in the direction, 'because I was used to it when Mr Tooting was alive. I have not been here since, and—I wanted to see the garden just once more.'

'Why "once more"? Are you going away?'

'No, but Mr Tooting is dead, and some one else owns the garden now.'

'And some one else—you are afraid of him? If I were you, Miss Roper, I shouldn't be. Or,' he said, laughing, 'if you were Miss Black you wouldn't be. Do you suppose Miss Black would be afraid of any one?'

'Oh it isn't that, Mr Wace,' she said hurriedly; 'but it isn't the same now. I hope you are well,' she added, with tardy politeness. 'Miss Black heard you had gone abroad somewhere. Have you come back again?' she asked innocently.

'I think so,' was the reply. 'But you have not gathered any flowers!'

'No, Mr Wace. And I must go now; I must call in to see Mrs Cox.'

'Mrs Cox is quite well. I have just seen her. And if you will stay to have tea with her she will give some to me likewise. She has pink jelly for you.'

Hilda blushed. This situation seemed to be embarrassing for her, and she did not see her way out of it. And she felt her heart going very fast. Without appearing to know it, the young man stood between her and the door of the summer-house, blocking the way.

At last she glanced desperately in his face with eyes that eloquently uttered the piteous appeal, 'What shall I do?'

The young fellow answered them quietly and gently, 'Sit down again, Miss Roper, and I will tell you.'

It was a look in his face, she remembered it now, and a scarce perceptible drop of the corners of his mouth, that caused her to sink promptly in the seat again rather than his verbal request. In a measure that passing revelation, for it did not stay, prepared the girl for what he told her. He was Mr Almeda, the nephew of Joshua Tooting, the son of Joshua's sister. The name Wace he took from his foster-parents. And now it should change again to Tooting.

'I was here,' he said, 'the day my uncle was buried, and placed a wreath on the coffin, by the side of another. The moment mine touched it I knew,' he continued gravely, 'whose the other was.' Hilda, Hilda, control your countenance! 'When I heard the purport of my uncle's will I was under orders from my employers to proceed to a branch in Buenos Ayres, and I went. Mr Meredith called me back.'

'I am so glad! Every one will be!'

'Nay, but I have a duty to perform yet, imposed upon me by my uncle's dying injunction—a duty of gratitude and reverence. Will you read these lines, Miss Roper?'

With trembling fingers she held the paper and read it. The tears rose to her eyes as she thought of her old friend penning, on his deathbed, those solemn lines to his nephew. The writing looked very blurred when she came to the concluding lines:

'I have made my will this day, leaving you all I have, except some minor legacies. Of these, the principal is ten thousand pounds to one Hilda Roper—all that I can give her for her presence about this place, so constantly reminding me of your mother. You owe her your thanks and reverence for her good influence.

'JOSHUA TOOTING.'

The distressed eyes appealed to him again, now wet and glistening: 'What shall I do, or say?'

He answered by bending and raising her hand to his lips before she knew what he was about. 'Thanks, and reverence, and more—more, Hilda—my whole heart and life. Will you accept them?'

What was Hilda to do—or say?

And that was how it came to pass that presently Mrs Cox was giving them tea in The Roost.

THE END.

MARTINIQUE TO-DAY.

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

THE Island of Cuba has been called the 'Pearl of the Caribbean' because of the brilliantly tinted foliage of its trees and shrubs, the great variety of its tropical flowers, and its artistic marine landscape painted by the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico. But Cuba cannot compare with a sister island in the Antilles group. Nature has adorned this little dot of land far more gorgeously. If the Garden of Eden had been on Martinique it could not have been more attractive in hue as seen from the sea or from shore. Rising high above its plains and valleys was a mountain; miles away it seemed like a great emerald because so thickly covered with the green of the forest-trees which completely hid the blackness of its rocky slopes. Ships' crews could see

this nature monument thirty miles out on the Caribbean, so massive and high was the mountain.

But one night there came what was perhaps the greatest and deadliest explosion in the history of the world. Martinique was turned from a paradise into an inferno. When the cable spread the tidings, the newspapers of America and Europe contained in their headlines the statement that Mont Pelée had had a 'volcanic eruption.' This was only part of the truth, for the entire top of the great peak was blown off. Thousands of tons of rock were shattered into fragments and thrown as far as twenty miles beyond the foothills; but though beautiful St Pierre was crushed as though shells from aerial artillery had been showered down upon the city, this was only one calamity that the eruption inflicted upon the island.

The mountain was hollow, and under it—no scientist can tell how far—was a sea of molten fire kindled perhaps when the earth was made. So much of the peak's top fell down through Pelée that it forced the white-hot lava up and out of the top and through great fissures which the heat had made in the mountain slopes. The fiery rivers which spread over the country-side reached St Pierre, and completed the work of the rock-fall. Everything of wood was burned, and stone and brick were cracked and chipped until the buildings composed of it fell of their own weakness.

Then, to finish its deadly work, Pelée allowed a small river to flow through one of the crevices made by the heat. As the water reached that pit of fire the steam generated caused explosion after explosion, which threw out great masses of sulphur from the heart of the mountain. This, mixed with volcanic ash, floated in the air, and, descending upon St Pierre, became a death-cloud that suffocated all the human beings who had escaped the first visitation, with the exception of a convict in a St Pierre prison.

This is how a mountain became a monster of destruction, burning, suffocating, or burying alive forty thousand people and destroying their homes. It literally killed one of the world's most beautiful cities; but it had been called the Gomorrah of the New World on account of its wickedness, and the superstitious believed that this terrible calamity was the vengeance of Providence.

In May 1902 came the death-cloud and fire; and to-day the peak itself, with its ragged top, looms up into the sky a gloomy, desolate monument of destruction. The walls of St Pierre are there still, and probably no fewer than forty thousand of its inhabitants are there also; but they have been asleep these nine years now. It is extraordinarily impressive to look upon this white, sightless skeleton of a dead city. As seen from the sea, the ruins stand in orderly rows, the streets rising in tier upon tier from the shore to the hills. But every street is silent, every house roofless, every window cavernous. Here and there, still fixed in the heavy masonry, the rusted clamps and pins show where doors were hung and window-shutters fastened; but beyond the bare incombustible stone and metal not a fragment or shred of fabric remains of all the decoration of what was once perhaps the gayest and most fashionable shopping street in the West Indies. Now and again one gathers indications of what kind of stock was carried in this shop or that. Here a mass of what was once coiled chain, now fused to a solid lump of metal, suggests that this was an iron merchant's store; there the wreckage of a massive safe inside the wide windows, framed for display, makes it likely that a jeweller throve here. But for the most part each building is full, choked to the roof, with ash and volcanic dust, dreadful to see, but merciful perhaps, for under it, buried deep, are things that one does not care to think of. No life, no perishable material, survived that first stifling, withering blast; then came the rain of sulphurous dust, covering all things, which for the most part remain hidden to this day.

On the water-front of the dead city the sand beneath one's feet treads as firm and sound as anywhere on the English coast, but it is black—soot-black, and is part sand, part cinders. A few crabs live in holes in the black stuff, and scramble out of one's way as one approaches. A line of débris marks the limits of the tides, stones worn smooth by the action of the water, bits of glass polished and frosted by the salt—in one place a tablespoon and in another the blade of a knife, both showing through the rust the blistering effects of fire—but all dead things, with not a scrap of seaweed or a fragment of a shell. On this level background, inky black, whatever there is stands out conspicuously, and there is something ominous and dreadful in the utter absence of all signs of life. For some miles out from shore the floor of the sea is even now, after all these years, carpeted deep in this black pall under which and on which nothing lives. A mile or so along the shore comes the broad, pebble-strewn bed of the watercourse, down the centre of which a ten-foot wide rivulet of water babbles crystal clear from the mountains.

In the circular basin of a fountain is held the pedestal of what was once an elaborate bronze group, with swans nearly life-size at each corner, which one may believe once poured water through their curved necks. They are headless now, and only one swan still stands on its base. Two others, melted out of shape, lie in the empty basin mere lumps of metal. In another place is the iron head of a lion thrust out from the wall, with open mouth through which also water used to pour; but the pipes are melted away, and under the rust the features of the lion are blurred and half-obliterated by the breath of the furnace. Two massive columns

still show what was the stately entrance to the Governor's house, but the heavy iron gates lie on the ground wrecked and twisted.

In the cemetery the tombstones are split by the heat and twisted from their beds, and the monuments lie broken and strewn on the ground; but this place, where the graves of a few hundred dead were honoured with monuments of marble and granite, has little meaning now. The city itself is one vast cemetery of unknown dead.

Occasionally a vessel will anchor off the dead city to let the curious land in the ship's boat and satisfy their craving for the morbid. And they may find creatures—a few—who traffic on the relics of the dead. On the forlorn wreck of a jetty may be seen half-a-dozen almost naked black folk, all thrusting out pathetic souvenirs dug from this graveyard of a city—goblets and other glass vessels showing the action of the fire, half-fused and melted out of shape, coins burnt and bent, personal ornaments such as a bronze crucifix and chain, bits of bric-à-brac like an old wrought-iron candlestick or an Indian god in Benares brass-work, all bearing witness to the awfulness of that hour when the hot air searched the town like a flame driven by a forced draught through a furnace, each article truly a thrilling memento of the past.

To-day Pelée looms skyward, weird and desolate in its blackness. The impression it makes is of a sombre, sullen monster of nature with a great prong like a tooth which was forced out of the crater when the explosion occurred. The contrast is greater because nature has performed a strange miracle. Although the mountain emptied its flaming contents over the foothills around it, covering them with ash and lava to a depth sometimes of ten feet, and destroyed every green thing, these foothills are again decked in a dress of foliage and flowers actually growing out of the volcanic débris. For miles around Pelée the vegetation has covered valley and hill as before. Where the seeds came from is a mystery, for not only the plants but their roots and the earth in which they grew were poisoned by the sulphur as they were covered by the ash and lava. Perhaps the sea-winds and the land-birds scattered seeds from which sprang the vegetation. How it grew and restored the beauty of the foothill region is due to a very curious reason, as botanists have discovered. Volcanic ash has some element in it that makes a wonderful fertiliser, in contrast to lava, which is the 'soil of desolation.' So much of the former fell around Pelée that it formed the bed of this great natural garden, transforming the bare foothills and valleys into an earthly paradise.

Another miracle which proves the fertility of volcanic ash has been wrought in the United States. In the eastern part of the state of Oregon are Mount Hood and Mount Baker, two peaks from which centuries ago belched forth lava and ash. The eruptions created a desert twenty miles long. Some fruit-growers who had heard of the fertile properties of the ash moistened the desert with irrigation canals, and to-day this orchard and garden produces the finest kind of fruit and vegetables grown in America. It is an earth resurrection.

BRUNSWICK OF THE K. E.

By J. Morton Lewis.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE room was luxuriously furnished. Everything that could make for its comfort as a club-room was present. The windows were hidden behind heavy curtains through which the sound of the traffic in one of the busiest West End thoroughfares could only faintly be heard, a large fire burned in the grate, and deep arm-chairs were drawn up invitingly before it.

A waiter, one whom long service had made the epitome of discretion, moved noiselessly to and fro, looking every now and then at the large swing-doors. 'They are late to-night,' he said once.

Presently the door opened, and a young man in evening dress entered. 'Good-evening, Chalmers,' he said.

'Good-evening, sir.'

'I am the first to-night?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then you might bring me a Scotch and soda whilst I am waiting.' He seated himself in one of the arm-chairs nearest the fire, and took out a cigarette-case. 'It is cold. One can hardly imagine it is the middle of May,' he said as the waiter laid the refreshment on the table by his side.

'Yes, sir, and the gentlemen are all very late to-night.' Punctuality was an unwritten law of the club.

The man drew a letter from his pocket. It was written on paper headed 'The Knights-Errant Club,' and announced that a meeting had been arranged for Thursday, May 16th, at eight o'clock P.M. sharp.

'Yes, it is most unusual. I thought perhaps I had made a mistake in the hour.' He relapsed into silence, sipping his whisky and soda and gazing into the fire.

Presently the door swung open, and another man entered.

'Good-evening, Brunswick,' he said. 'You here alone! Where are the others?'

'Not come yet.'

'Um! I fancied I should be the last.'

One by one they arrived. At a few minutes past nine nearly a score of men were gathered round the fire. They represented all that was best in the professional life of London—a couple of authors and a dramatist whose names are upon every one's lips, a doctor and three members of Parliament—each eminent in his own sphere; and in them all there must have been a strain, more or less deeply defined, of that love for adventure which sleeps to a greater or lesser extent in the hearts of all men.

The K. E., the club to which they belonged, was an association of men, the Knights Errant of this modern-day prosaic world, who had sworn that one of their members should be present at any war or upon the side of any man or woman who needed help.

Never more than one member left upon any occasion, and it was a point of honour that no call should be neglected. Queer romantic vows bound them together, freemasonry of the most exclusive nature.

London, even the members' most intimate friends, knew nothing of the existence of the club. A glance at the faces of the men gathered round the fireside would have revealed no hint as to the purpose for which they had met nor any suspicion as to the romance which must have formed so integral a part of their nature.

They were all bachelors; that was one of the most rigidly enforced rules. Directly a member married, his fellow-members gave him a farewell dinner, and he passed from their midst.

Nine times the club had called upon its members. Six of those who had been chosen sat in the room on the night this narrative opens; the others had been laid to rest in foreign countries, serving their vows.

Brunswick, whom the world looked upon as one of the rising men in the literary profession, was speaking to his neighbour when the chairman rose to his feet.

'The call is to go to Uruguay to assist the Señorita Mendoza. Mark my words,' said the other.

The chairman gave an unnecessary rap for silence.

'Gentlemen,' he said, 'your committee have decided that the club, in accordance with the rules which it has formed, should send one of its members to Uruguay to assist the Señorita Mendoza in her fight for the presidential chair. She is the first lady who has ever had the courage to stand for the presidency of a South American state, therefore it would only be chivalrous upon our part to give her all the assistance that lies in our power. Therefore, gentlemen, one of you will sail for Uruguay within twenty-four hours. The selection will be made in the usual way—by ballot.'

In a few moments the name of each member had been written on a slip of paper, the slips folded into four, and placed in a bowl.

The chairman shook them up together, took one at random, and opened it.

There was a tense silence as he read the name aloud—C. H. Brunswick.

Instantly the silence was broken by the buzz of conversation, amidst which Brunswick rose smiling. 'Thank goodness!' he said cheerily; 'anything to break the monotony of a literary life.' He moved towards the door. 'I shall get ready for my departure at once.'

'One moment,' said the chairman. 'I know the Señorita Mendoza. At least I knew her five years ago, and she will remember me. I will give you a letter of introduction.'

'Thanks!' said Brunswick. He lighted a cigar. 'What is she like?'

'Let me see. She is about twenty-five now, I suppose. When I knew her, in raw girlhood, she gave promise of being exceptionally beautiful.'

One of the members glanced at Brunswick's great, handsome figure. 'My friend,' he said with a laugh, 'we shall give you a farewell dinner when you return, and then throw you out.'

CHAPTER II.

SIX weeks later, Brunswick had landed at Monte Video. Uruguay takes its politics seriously. Bands of men, ranchmen and miners, marched through the streets, wearing in their buttonholes large rosettes, the badge of their candidate; and fights were a not uncommon feature, especially amongst the lower classes.

Fortune favoured Brunswick, inasmuch as when inquiring the way he all unwittingly chose a man who bore the señorita's colours.

Instantly the man was all politeness. The Señorita Mendoza's house was on the northern outskirts of the town. A thousand apologies that he could not ride with the señor himself, as pressing business kept him in Monte Video; but the señor could find his way, or anybody would tell him—anybody wearing a green rosette. And the Uruguayan smiled.

Brunswick nodded and smiled. 'It is upon the Colonia road?' he said.

'But yes, señor.'

'Then if I need further direction I will inquire the way to Colonia. It will serve me equally well, and perhaps be safer.'

Half-an-hour's riding brought him to the señorita's house, a large white house standing in a small park. The scent of limes greeted him as he rode in at the gate.

He had trotted a few paces up the wide carriage-drive when his horse shied—a figure had stepped across his path.

Apparently the man was a Mexican, and he none too courteously inquired Brunswick's business. As he spoke his eyes surveyed the Englishman up and down, as if taking in every detail, while his hand strayed to the butt of his revolver. 'Who are you,' he asked, 'and what do you want?' Of all men, the Mexican can be the most insolent. He has reduced it to a fine art.

Brunswick flushed. 'I am an Englishman,' he replied with studied calm, 'and I have business with the señorita. I am also,' he added tentatively, 'an infernally straight shot.'

'I can take any message.'

'A thousand thanks! I deliver my own messages.' Brunswick smiled. 'A life spent in nearly every country under the sun has taught me that it is wiser.'

Five minutes later he stood in the salon of the señorita's house. Whilst waiting, he glanced around. It was furnished lavishly, with a daintiness that betokened a woman of culture, and moreover a woman who had spent some portion of her life in Europe.

After a few minutes the door opened and the señorita entered. She was a tall, graceful woman, with masses of waving hair which shaded a pair of dark, expressive eyes. During his short stay in Uruguay, Brunswick had heard men speak of her beauty, but even their words had not prepared him for the woman who stood before him. Perhaps the admiration he felt was shown upon his face.

The señorita smiled, and a quick colour came to her cheeks. 'You have business with me, señor?' she said.

Brunswick drew the letter of introduction from his pocket and handed it to her.

She read it through, then looked up. 'I must thank you,' she said, 'for your proffered service. I knew Mr Manwaring very well when I stayed in England some years ago. My father and he were very dear friends.'

Brunswick bowed. 'I believe so.'

'And you are a Knight-Errant, or at least so the letter says?' She tapped the sheet with her finger.

Brunswick shrugged his shoulders. 'The title is somewhat ambiguous and vainglorious. But at any rate I am generally to be found where there is fighting.'

'Some day you must tell me of your club.' She motioned him to a chair, and sat down facing him on a long, low couch. 'You will find plenty of fighting here,' she went on. 'The idea of a woman as president is new to Uruguay, and many of the people do not take to it kindly.'

'Why do you wish to stand?' asked Brunswick.

The señorita made a gesture. 'Perhaps a whim.' Then she grew more serious. 'No, the other candidate is a half-breed Spaniard named

'that you are doing all this. I should not have thought it would have interested you.'

'Why not?'

'You are too essentially feminine. Do you know, I half-expected to find'—— he stopped abruptly.

'What did you half-expect to find?' asked the señorita. She spoke ingenuously, but there was a sparkle of merriment in her eyes.

As he made no reply she leant towards him. 'Tell me, what did you expect to find?' she asked again.

Brunswick rose. 'I will tell you another day, when I have the pleasure of knowing you better. Now I must ride into Monte Video, for it is getting late, and I start work for you to-morrow.'

After he had left, the señorita turned to the Señora Montana. 'He is very handsome, this Englishman, and very interesting. But I wonder why he came here to help me. He has not done it for money.'

'Then,' said the Señora Montana, with a wise shake of the head, 'I should not trust him.'

The señorita laughed, and, going out on the piazza, watched Brunswick ride along the road which led to Monte Video. 'He rides well,' she said.

CHAPTER III.

BRUNSWICK threw himself into his new labours with a zeal which surprised even himself. When he arrived in Monte Video it still wanted three weeks to the election. A fortnight had passed, and he had spent every hour of the day addressing meetings and entering generally into the life of the city. The work pleased him; it brought him into direct contact with men whose lives would otherwise have remained a closed book to him. 'When I get back I shall write a novel about it all,' he told himself once; 'and people will not believe it is true,' he added with a smile.

The evenings, when one or the other was not engaged upon business relating to the election, he spent at the señorita's house, sitting on the piazza chatting or listening to her singing, while the Señora Montana looked on in strong disapproval. She was a firm believer in first impressions, and her first impression of Brunswick had not been complimentary. Moreover, it was heightened by the fact that he was giving his services to the señorita without hope of reward. Such a thing savoured to her either of madness or some deeper ulterior motive. The first hour of his company showed the former to be unthinkable, so her mistrust grew day by day. She watched him, puzzling her none too brilliant brain as to the recompense for which he strove. Finding no satisfactory solution, she even warned her charge.

The señorita laughed. 'Uruguay has made you suspicious,' she said. They were standing in the *sala*. She turned suddenly and faced the señora. 'Do you not know he is a Knight-Errant, sworn to help ladies in distress?' There was mockery both on her face and in the tones in which she spoke.

The Señora Montana regarded her. 'Ah,' she said, 'I have lived longer than you! Men do not help women for nothing in this world. It does not mean he seeks no price because he has not mentioned it yet.'

'And, who knows, perhaps I may be able to pay it—if it is not too great. Have I not land and money?'

Which remark set the señora wondering. It perplexed her. 'Surely,' she said in the solitude of her own room, whither she had gone to reason it out, 'she will not marry him!' The day was hot, and the thought worried her, so she fanned herself vigorously.

It was the next evening. Brunswick was seated in the *sala*. The night was hot and sultry, and the Señora Montana, forgetful for the moment of the charge she had laid upon herself, sat in a chair and dozed while the señorita reclined on a couch before the open window, facing Brunswick.

'And you think I shall win?' she said suddenly.

'I think so, señorita. It will be a close fight, but I fancy you will be returned by a few votes.'

'Señor Lopez evidently thinks so as well, for he is redoubling his efforts.'

'Yes.' There was a hesitation about the way Brunswick spoke.

'Why do you say it like that?' asked the señorita.

Brunswick was looking out of the window. He inclined his head towards her and smiled gravely. 'I have been in Monte Video a fortnight, and I was wondering why they go to the trouble of an election. It is so unlike their nature. A few revolver-shots would be so much easier and equally convincing.'

The señorita laughed, and the sound awoke the Señora Montana. 'That,' she said, 'is sarcasm, and it is unlike you.' Then she grew more serious. 'To-morrow, you are addressing a meeting at Colonia?'

'Yes.'

'You will find it difficult to get a hearing, I am afraid. It is a stronghold of the señor's.'

Brunswick shrugged his shoulders. 'I shall be prepared,' he answered. 'My voice is healthy, and Pedro is going with me, amongst others. We are great friends, he and I.'

The señorita smiled. 'Pedro told me of how you met. He has a great admiration for you, founded on that meeting.'

For a few moments there was silence, while both looked out of the window across the gardens

to the road which led to Monte Video. It showed white in the moonlight, like a ribbon drawn across the landscape.

The Señora Montana watched them drowsily. She was tired, and a bee which had come through the open window into the room droned out a lullaby. Her eyes closed, her head sank forward again, until it was half-hidden in the black mantilla she wore. The señora was not a good listener, as she was too somnolent by nature. Moreover, she was unlucky, as she herself affirmed.

The señorita leant forward a little. 'Why are you doing all this for me?' she asked suddenly.

Brunswick glanced at her, and for the second time that evening their eyes met. 'Did I not tell you I was a modern Knight-Errant, for ever on the *qui vive* for adventure?'

'You have found it here.'

He smiled grimly. 'I have been shot at five times, and escaped scathless. They are frightfully bad shots, the Uruguayans—even Pedro, for whom I have the greatest respect.'

The señorita leant still farther forward. For a brief second her hand rested upon his knee. 'Señor,' she said, a strange look in her eyes, 'you must be careful. You will promise me. If you were killed'——

'If I were killed!' Brunswick's voice was strangely calm. He looked at the señorita, but her face was averted.

'I should never forgive myself,' said the señorita, in a low voice.

'But others take the same risk.'

'They are paid for it. You do it simply for the love of adventure.'

'Ah'—Brunswick was looking out of the window again, as if somewhere amidst the trees and the fields he would read the answer to some unasked question—'only for the love of adventure,' he repeated slowly. He turned sharply round. 'I promised you I would tell you one day of the club to which I belong.'

'Yes, some day,' replied the señorita, 'but not to-night. I am thinking of to-morrow.'

Brunswick laughed. 'I should not worry, señorita,' he responded lightly, 'for to-morrow never comes.'

The Señora Montana awoke with a start. A sense of guilt filled her, and disappointment also. She was wondering about what they had been speaking, and the look she had seen upon the señorita's face had not lessened her curiosity. The señora looked upon the world with aggrieved eyes, and there was always a querulous note in her voice. Now it was accentuated. 'It is late,' she said, 'and you are still talking.'

'Yes,' responded the señorita, 'while you have been asleep.'

Brunswick rose. 'Yes,' he said, 'it is getting late, and I must start early in the morning.'

The señorita walked with him as far as the *patio*. 'Remember,' she said, 'you are to take no risks to-morrow.'

Brunswick was standing beneath a wild-rose which grew up one side of the *patio* wall. He plucked a leaf, toyed with it for a moment, then let it fall on the ground. 'There will be no risks,' he answered with that grand inconsequence which had helped him out of many a danger. Then he walked away, and, mounting his horse, rode into the night.

The señorita watched him until a bend hid him from view, then she stooped and picked up the leaf which he had dropped. She pressed her lips against it, then laughed at her own foolishness. The next moment she was in the *sala* again, talking to the Señora Montana.

'And he is going to Colonia to-morrow?' said the señora.

'Yes,' said the señorita; and, as she spoke, the señora saw she glanced at a leaf which rested between her fingers. The next second she had pinned it in the bosom of her dress.

(To be continued.)

THE TOLL OF THE MINES.

THE appalling fatalities in mines and the dire colliery disasters of recent years have directed attention to the hazardous lot of the miners and the development of ways and means for safeguarding them. The compulsory provision of rescue brigades, on a scale of one brigade to every two hundred and fifty men, and the maintenance of sets of portable breathing-apparatus, will go far to reduce the death-roll among the brave men who work underground; whilst to science we must look for methods of adequately dealing with the dangers arising from fire-damp and coal-dust.

At the last International Colliery Exhibition, held in London, life-saving devices for mines revealed some interesting and substantial developments, in which British, German, and French inventions were displayed.

One of the simplest forms of respiratory apparatus consists of a hood lined with oiled silk, which envelops the head, leaving apertures for the eyes. A cylinder strapped on the back contains an hour's supply of compressed air, which is conducted to the headpiece by a rubber tube, the exhalations being conveyed through a valve over the mouth.

The pneumatogen, the invention of a German scientist, is an advance on the above method in several respects, and consists of a knapsack containing liquid air which, when vapourised, is equivalent to about eight hundred gallons of pure air, sufficient to permit operations in noxious gases for three or four hours. This type of apparatus has proved very successful in Austrian mines, and has given good results in Yorkshire.

An excellent device, which is in operation in the mines of Germany, is that known as the pulmotor, an apparatus which automatically produces in a few minutes in those overcome by gaseous fumes an effect that, by means of artificial respiration, sometimes takes hours to bring about. Sets of the apparatus can be taken to the danger-zone after an explosion, and placed on the miners found, so as to counteract the poisonous air, pending arrangements for conveying the injured men to the surface. In conjunction with the pulmotor respirator a stretcher of special design is used.

Another form of breathing-apparatus is the Fleuss-Davis patent, in which compressed oxygen is inhaled, and the exhaled breath passed through caustic soda, thereby absorbing the carbonic acid. A telephonic instrument and self-contained electric hand-lamp, capable of burning for eight hours, can be carried without difficulty. In the invention of Drs Boch and Bamberger the chemicals used are potassium and sodium peroxide.

A quite recent departure in fighting the miners' enemy is the enterprise of the American Bureau of Mines in establishing free instructional schools, the first being at Pittsburg. Mimic explosions are devised, and the miners instructed how to deal with emergencies. Dummies representing asphyxiated miners, and obstructions similar to those found in a mine after an explosion, are placed in a large space charged with sulphur gas, into which the miners (donning respiratory helmets) enter, remove the dummies on stretchers, and clear away the obstructions. In addition to the schools, half-a-dozen rescue-cars, fitted with life-saving apparatus and carrying a crew of trained men, besides a surgeon of the American Red Cross Society and a mining engineer, will be allocated to certain districts, with headquarters on one of the trunk railway lines. These demonstration-cars will have a supply of helmets, oxygen, safety lamps, and a field telephone. Lectures and kinematograph films will instruct the miners in all that appertains to their calling. The United States Government hope in this practical way to reduce the heavy casualty list among the miners, of whom from eight to ten thousand are injured and killed every year.

A GLUT OF STATUARY.

By Francis George Heath.

THE minds of the Customs authorities in the port of L—— had been much exercised for some time by the suspicion that a large amount of contraband was finding its way into that port. Yet, in spite of the most watchful care and quite an excessive amount of vigilance in the matter of the examination of imported goods, nothing of consequence had been discovered.

Customs methods for the detection of illicit importations are not very comprehensive—that is to say, they are, to a large extent, haphazard. All the articles that come into this country from abroad are divided by the Customs department into two great classes, called respectively 'free goods' and 'dutiable goods.' The names or tariff-descriptions of the last-mentioned are pretty well known to most people, and consist, of course, of such articles as spirits, fermented wines (port, sherry, claret, burgundy, champagne, marsala, &c.), tobacco, tea, cocoa, coffee, 'preparations containing spirits,' &c. Everything else comes into the great class of 'free goods,' a number of which will no longer be 'free' should Tariff Reform come to the front and change what is called our fiscal system.

To prevent fraud on the revenue, every master of an incoming vessel is bound by law to present to the attending Customs officials, in a document called a report, a faithfully descriptive catalogue of everything he is bringing into the country, and is subject to a fine—which may be avoided by subsequent and satisfactory explanation—for any misstatement. For the unloading of the imported goods, Customs entries, as they are called, must be made out; and the merchants who make them out, or for whom they may be made out by Custom-House agents or their own clerks, are also subject to fines for wrong descriptions—fines which are not always enforced if it can be shown that the misstatements arise from genuine clerical or other errors, and not from 'fraudulent intent.' The vessels cannot be what is called 'cleared inwards' until important points of the kind indicated are settled. The imported dutiable goods are either cleared at once, on immediate payment of duty, or are lodged, under Customs control, in bonded warehouses set apart and specially approved for that purpose by the Board of Customs. In these warehouses the dutiable articles are kept under secure lock and key, and vigilantly guarded by the officers of Customs until they are cleared by the payment of duty, the owners of the premises meanwhile receiving rent for storage from the owners of the goods, the former having

previously given substantial bond to the Crown for the proper conduct of their bonded premises, and being in their turn liable to fines, in addition to full payment of duty, should any article be delivered without Customs order.

To conceal dutiable goods amongst free goods, in any importation, is the prime offence against the Customs laws; yet the high rates of duty on some articles, such as tobacco and spirits, offer great temptation to illicit traders, who employ all sorts of artifices to smuggle—or evade the notice of the Customs officers.

When silk was dutiable, women were the chief offenders; and as they sometimes wound the contraband article around their persons, under their ordinary clothes, it was found necessary to employ 'female searchers,' now no longer brought into requisition. One of the latter, on one occasion, made a curious discovery. A female smuggler had had constructed — but not for running silk contraband—an indiarubber dress for wearing under her ordinary clothes. She appeared, when this contrivance was in operation, to be a very fat woman; in reality she was abnormally thin. But the indiarubber underwear was double and hollow, and the space between the skins, so to speak, was filled with brandy! Moreover, a tap was attached to this curious dress; and upon turning the tap and squeezing herself, she could produce a drink for a friend.

This contrivance for drinking purposes was almost as bad as 'tapping the admiral,' if the legend is reliable of the drinking, by the sailors on board, of the rum or brandy in which it was affirmed the body of Nelson was brought home for burial. The story was that on this homeward voyage the grog on board ran short, and hence the incident, which may have been invented from the statement that the bung of the cask in which the famous hero's body was contained accidentally fell out, and—so it was said—the rush of spirituous liquid to the hole caused a finger of Nelson to protrude, which in a moment was grasped by a jolly tar who, seizing and shaking it heartily, exclaimed, 'Dear old boy, you are in better "spirits" than any of us!'

But, returning to our smuggling, it may be said that a record of the numerous, and more or less clever and ingenious, methods of concealing contraband would make a very interesting volume. The plots for the stories are all mixed up in the great mass of our importations, per ship, already described as 'free goods.'

Of course there is a systematic Customs examination of these alleged free goods, but it is, almost necessarily, perfunctory and haphazard. To attempt to open and minutely examine the contents of every imported (and presumably 'free') package would require a far larger body of Customs officials than is actually employed, and, moreover, the process would be so slow that it would practically almost stop the rapidly inflowing commerce of the country. A sort of huge gimlet or 'spit' used to be employed for ascertaining roughly, without opening them, the contents of enclosed packages that there was no time to open. This instrument, like a dagger, was plunged into a package, driven or pushed through to the centre, turned round, and then withdrawn, bringing out, as a gimlet brings out small fragments of the wood it is driven into, miscellaneous portions of the contents of the packages. But it was found that the gouging-spit did so much damage, bitterly complained of by innocent importers, to valuable free goods that its use was discontinued. Then, as now, the sharp round spit was employed. This is a sort of elongated bradawl; and its use is restricted to goods that it cannot damage, such as bags of flour (that might contain the highly dutiable saccharin, which is white, or other contraband), corn, potatoes, or what not. It is supposed that the bradawl-spit, when smelt on being withdrawn, would, for instance, reveal the flavour of concealed tobacco. This supposition, however, is very much of an illusion, for, to the knowledge of the present writer, a watcher attending on a Customs examining-officer was once industriously spitting and smelling *bales of leaf tobacco*, ignorant of their actual contents; and he never discovered, by his smelling of the spit, what it was! The bales were really part of a big consignment of properly declared leaf-tobacco going in transit, per barge, down the Thames. He was only stopped by the wharfinger, who, at first unable to speak for laughing, feared that the watcher might damage the tobacco-leaves should they be intended for making cigars. The man turned to the Customs officer, as each time he withdrew the spit from a bale and smelt it, and said, 'All right, sir,' the officer not having noticed what he was doing. But really the spitting process is very much of a farce, and there is little doubt that a not inappreciable amount of illegal concealment goes undiscovered. Of course, in any case of suspicion—as when a 'run' of any kind is anticipated—the overhauling and examination of presumable free goods is a very thorough one.

Some years ago a large amount of smuggled tobacco was got into the country in the following ingenious manner: Huge consignments of presumable agricultural machinery (on which there then was, and still is, no duty) were brought in at various English ports—London, Grimsby, &c. They consisted, apparently, of huge boilers and other hollow ironwork; and as machinery is generally subjected to only a very cursory examination, these boilers passed the Customs officers without suspicion, and were delivered 'out of charge' as free goods.

An accident, however, led to the discovery that the hollows of the dummy boilers were filled with leaf tobacco! One of them, in transit

through London streets, broke down, and a plate came off and disclosed the contents. Then a sudden raid was made upon others travelling into the county ports at the same time. One of the London ones, seen by the present writer, was brought on to the quay fronting the Custom-House in Lower Thames Street, E.C. It consisted of a huge closed cylinder, the plates of which were fastened on by screw-nuts or what appeared to be screw-nuts; but when a wrench was used to unscrew the presumed nuts, it was found that they were dummies riveted on. At either end, in the centre of the plates, a narrow iron tube was inserted—apparently a solid axle to enable the big cylinder to revolve. If the eye were applied to the end of one of the narrow tubes, placed exactly opposite the one at the other end, daylight could be seen, giving the impression that the whole of the apparatus, presumably for lightness, was hollow; and if the nose were applied a smearing of tar, just inside, masked any smell that might come from the concealed tobacco. It required a great deal of trouble to force open one of the end plates. A crowd had gathered on the Custom-House Quay to watch the operation; and when at length one end came away and fell to the ground, a mass of tobacco was found to be stuffed into the interior of the cylinder. And upon this discovery the crowd lustily cheered.

But to return to the Customs officials at the town and port of L——. From the necessary explanations given, it will be inferred that the contraband which they had reason to suspect was arriving at their port was being conveyed there, somehow, inside packages of presumable free goods. Yet, in spite of raids upon all kinds of parcels of such merchandise, nothing could be discovered! A percentage—usually 10 and sometimes 20 per cent.—of free goods is more or less carefully overhauled; but the percentage of examined goods can always be increased at the discretion of the Customs surveyor, and if a particular consignment were suspected, in parcels of any kind arriving, either direct from a foreign tobacco-port or, per transhipments, from another foreign port, the whole of such packages might be opened and carefully examined. But such a course, unless under special circumstances, would not only involve serious delay in the general import business, but would require a much larger staff of officers than the normal one; and, moreover, hundreds of innocent men would suffer considerable loss. So the discretionary powers of examination have to be very discreetly exercised.

The Customs collector, or official head, of the port of L—— held numerous and anxious consultations with his staff, and directed his surveyors to see personally that the examinations under free entries should be as numerous and exhaustive as possible. He also made frequent visits to the various stations in the port and personally superintended a number of examinations; but very little was discovered—nothing at all commensurate to the quantity of tobacco which anonymous correspondents had more than once informed him was being smuggled into the port of L——. He then called a meeting of all his officers, and inquired as to the proportions, to each other, of the various commodities which were arriving. The entries of the previous two months had been collected to be brought to the meeting, and the only noticeable thing that seemed to be coming in, to rather an unusual extent, was a quantity of cheap statuary. That was about the last thing, the collector remarked, to be suspected; and no doubt there was an unusual demand—which was more or less accidental—somewhere.

After the meeting, however, it occurred to one of the examining-officers to take a little action on his own account, because a discovery of concealed dutiable articles meant prize-money for the discoverer, and, if the haul were a big one, possible early promotion. The port of L—— was a large one, and included several Customs stations. At one of these Mr John Brinsted, the examining-officer referred to, was stationed as 'special.' It was to this particular station that the unusual quantity of statuary referred to at the Custom-House meeting was consigned. The day after the conference with the collector an incoming ship again brought a large cargo of statues, all about the same size, and all made of the same material—plaster of Paris. Mr Brinsted took note of the address of the consignee labelled on the packages; and on quietly strolling round to the place indicated, found that it was merely a cabman's yard, with no dwelling-house attached. At the time of his call the outer gate leading into the yard was locked, and no one, apparently, was inside. Returning at once to his station—having, before leaving it, purposely omitted to sign the 'out of charge' note usually given to the importer after the necessary Customs examination, and before any goods can leave the custody of the Crown's officers—on inquiring if the carman had yet called for the load of statues, he was answered in the negative. He then instructed his watcher to bring one of them into his office. Dismissing the man, he took a hammer from his drawer and smashed the plaster-of-Paris bust, and then his suspicions were confirmed! The figure was placed on an unusually large pedestal; the former was hollow, but the latter was crammed with tobacco! He called in his man, after locking the statue in his cupboard, and requested him to come into the office for the 'out of charge note' so soon as the carman arrived. This functionary came about an hour afterwards, and on counting the images in his van—the examining-officer having casually walked up to look on—remarked that there was one short of his memo. of number. Mr Brinsted told him

that that was all there were to go. On asking the carman, in an off-hand way, whether he was going to deliver the goods to the address given upon them as that of the consignee, the man said no, because he understood the consignee had sold them to a Mr Laurenstein, to whose address, No. 2 Union Street, L——, he was instructed to deliver them. Whereupon the officer, handing over the 'out of charge' note, merely remarked, 'All right!' but made up his mind, as soon as the van was well round the first corner, to saunter, observant but unobserved, in the direction of No. 2 Union Street, and to arrive there about the same time as the van. Also, unobserved, Mr Brinsted managed not to lose sight of the consignment until it reached its destination; and then he casually noticed a curious thing. The house, No. 2 Union Street, was approached by steps leading down to its front door, and immediately over it was a Jewish tabernacle. There were no houses, but only a high wall running along on the opposite side of Union Street; and the street was practically a blind alley, being closed at one end by a continuation of the high wall built across the street to meet the last house.

Casually pursuing his investigations, Mr Brinsted walked back to the open end of Union Street, and, turning round, discovered that running parallel with the back of the houses in that street was another blind alley, very narrow and also bordered on one side by a high wall; and he found that the houses of Union Street had back doors opening into this narrow street or town lane. There was no name to this second blind alley, which also was empty, and merely served the purpose of a second outlet for the Union Street houses.

Having quietly—and unobserved still, owing to the presence of a black-smoke fog—noted these important and (to him) significant circumstances, Mr Brinsted returned to his station, and from thence proceeded to the collector at the head-office. He reported what he had discovered, and laid before his chief the plan he proposed to adopt. He was satisfied, he said, that his proceedings had not been observed, and requested that the services of the police should be officially requisitioned.

At nightfall Mr Brinsted and his watcher (a subordinate officer), accompanied by two policemen, repaired to Union Street. The house, No. 2, appeared to be in entire darkness, as no light at any window was observable.

Leaving the two policemen and the watcher in the street opposite and running parallel with Union Street, the officer entered the latter, and, with a footrule he had brought, measured the distance from the blind end of the street to the door of No. 2, and from that to the open end of the street. He then returned to the policemen and watcher, and proceeding with great caution, but accompanied by his three assistants, he measured the distance from the various points. On measuring the same distance from the end of the narrow street he got to a door which, he felt assured, was the back outlet from No. 2 Union Street.

On each side of this door was a window; and he instructed the two policemen to dip under the windows, one under each, and stand flat against the wall, so that one would be on each side of and close to the door. This end of the narrow lane was almost in darkness; for only one lamp at the end, now blurred by the thick fog, lighted the thoroughfare, which (like Union Street, strangely so-called) was a blind alley.

The police officers were told to keep perfectly still, listen at the door, and be ready to seize any one who might come out of it. The Customs officer then whispered his plan, which was to go with the watcher and loudly knock at the door of No. 2 Union Street.

There was still no light observable at any of the back windows, and no sound could be heard, and it might easily have been supposed that the house was either tenantless or deserted. But Mr Brinsted did not think so. Having carefully made the arrangements just detailed, he and the watcher stole around to the front of No. 2, and the officer gave loud, sharp, repeated knocks at the door. They then listened intently, and heard a stealthy step approach the door from along the passage; but this, the officer was convinced, was only to enable the inmate to try and discover through the keyhole who it was that had knocked. No attempt being made to open the door, Mr Brinsted gave other louder and more impatient and continued knocks. Then he listened intently; and, applying his ear to the keyhole, he distinctly heard stealthy footsteps retreating.

Our officer knew, as if by instinct, what would happen; but for the event it is necessary to return to the other side of the house. Through the passage the two policemen heard the knocks, and each got ready for a capture. They also had listened, and had also heard the stealthy footsteps, first going towards the Union Street end of the passage and then approaching their end. A hand of each was ready—the one a right hand, the other a left one, but each almost equally dexterous. Then the door was cautiously opened from inside, and a figure came out into the doorway and looked fearfully and hurriedly each way.

It was so dark that the figures hiding against the wall were not discerned by the outcoming man, who, hastily turning to close the door quietly by the aid of the key, came out again, stood one instant to look right and left once more, and was just on the point of starting to run, thinking the coast clear, when two powerful hands, one from each side of the door, were thrust out, and in less time than it takes to

write it down had 'collared' the would-be fugitive and placed him under arrest!

These proceedings had been conducted almost in darkness; but a light was soon procured by the production of a couple of bull's-eyes, and the house was entered by the policemen with their prisoner. Walking through the passage running from the door in No. 2 Union Street to the back outlet, the front entrance-door was unlocked and Mr Brinsted and his watcher admitted.

On search being made of the premises it was found that there was extensive cellarage, in some rooms of which were large collections of busts and pedestals, most of them detached from each other; but the pedestals were empty! In other rooms were boxes containing altogether several hundredweight of tobacco. It was believed that in all probability this was only a part of the quantity which had been smuggled, as it was ascertained that the importation of this particular kind of statuary had been going on for some considerable time before it was discovered that the hollow pedestals were the hiding-places of the contraband.

A very ingenious plan had been adopted to enable the tobacco to be inserted and withdrawn without damaging the statues. The bust and pedestal were separate articles in reality; but the former fitted into the latter, in the top of which was a large hole to admit it. A little flange of plaster of Paris, projecting over the hole, prevented the bust from slipping *into* it. The bottom part of the bust was closed; but into this bottom part a little screw had been inserted that passed through the hollow of the pedestal, and, just outside, underneath, was gripped by a little nut. This nut, sunk in the plaster of Paris, was whitened so that it would not be noticed even if the bottom of the bust were looked at. The hole in the top of the pedestal was large enough to allow a hand to be got inside, so as to place and remove the tobacco.

In cases of smuggling, a Customs officer, under the authority of his commission, has power of arrest without a magistrate's warrant, otherwise many a smuggler caught *en flagrant délit* might manage to escape. Hence the culprit at No. 2 Union Street was quite legitimately detained, and subsequently the tobacco on the premises was seized. A prosecution and imprisonment followed, as also, later on, did the promotion of Mr Brinsted as a reward for his important seizure, in addition to his prize-money.

A clue to the receiver of the tobacco was extracted from the prisoner, and it pointed to the largest tobacco-dealer in L——, who had been noted for his cheap prices; but there was not quite sufficient evidence to warrant prosecuting, and the man escaped punishment.

THE REFORM OF THE TOURIST.

By F. G. Aflalo.

SOMETHING was said in a recent number of *Chambers's Journal* on the compulsory education of the great brigade of 'kodakers,' and a league was proposed which should protect the public against the indiscriminate 'arts' of the camera-fiend. Is there no possibility of a Society for the Improvement of the Tourist, of which the regulation of the snapshot might conceivably be a useful department? The tourist, quite as much as his or her yet lower prototype the tripper, is a cruel thorn in the side of quiet travellers, spoiling their enjoyment, and, if a countryman, making them blush for their race. If it be asked wherein lies the tourist's offences, they are many; but the least venial are its—the neuter is unavoidable as a collective of both sexes—manner of dressing when abroad, its behaviour in places of worship and entertainment, its loud talk, its ignorant contempt of the manners and customs of other countries, and, on the other hand, its occasionally unaccountable familiarity with the natives, and its indiscriminate gift of money or strong drink—not from generosity, but in the spirit of patronage.

There are other charges in the indictment, but here surely is matter enough to occupy half-a-dozen sub-committees. Let me very briefly touch on these matters, in which—I say it with regret, but also with conviction born of long and wide experience—English people are second to only one other nation in the depth of their offence.

The way in which ordinarily quiet and retiring Englishmen and their womenfolk, who at home would be content with broadcloth and tweeds, think it necessary to attire themselves for a holiday on the Continent is enough to make Poole and Paquin commit suicide. The husband dons knickers that would outrage a seaside golf-course; the wife shortens her skirts to the dimensions of a kilt, and wears strapped over her shoulders a courier bag more appropriate to a bookmaker's clerk. Men who would not dare to walk abroad in such travesties of wardrobes in their native town think nothing of going to a continental race-course in yachting costume, or to the opera in a get-up suggestive of otter-hunting. When they see themselves portrayed in the hilarious pages of *Pour Rire* or some other comic paper current in Paris or Berlin, they cry shame on the exaggeration of lying caricaturists. Is it fair for an Englishman, however strong may be his instinct of independence, to enter a fashionable restaurant in a

continental capital at the dinner-hour in football costume? He does not, it is true, offend native susceptibilities, for if he came painted only with woad he would but amuse them the more. But what of his wretched countrymen who understand what is being said, on all sides, of his savagery and, incidentally, of that of his nation?

Even more outrageous, if possible, than the way in which these tourists dress is their behaviour in places of worship and entertainment. Nothing is sacred to them. They stand around a confessional in St Peter's and snigger at confessor and penitent alike with a 'No Popery' expression on their stupid faces, or they talk (not always in whispers) during a Mass, or they poke their vulgar fun at paintings or statues with a levity that must fill some of the humble worshippers with thoughts of murder; they talk at concerts and at the play, with the same brutal disregard of the enjoyment of their neighbours. It may be that they would do the same at home; but there, at any rate, they take their risk of being called to order or evicted—a condign punishment from which, thanks to the politeness of our neighbours, they know themselves to be safe in other countries.

How, I shall be asked, could any league or society mend these evils? Quite simply—by ridicule. Every member would pledge himself or herself to lose no opportunity of reporting the worst cases, with the offender's name whenever it could be ascertained at his hotel or otherwise, to headquarters. It is to be hoped that the society would possess funds enough to publish a monthly magazine of such lively interest as to command a wide sale, and a section of this would be regularly devoted to giving publicity to these cases. Nor would the arts of the caricaturist be neglected; and even if in its early days the society could not publish its own journal, there would be ample material wherewith to attract the editors of older-established periodicals. Actions for libel? These, believe me, would be very rare, and the society would hold itself responsible for the cost of the defence. Ridicule kills extravagance where serious criticism fails. By what other means could the æsthetic craze, the cult of the sunflower and of green velvet smoking-coats and long hair, have been scotched so effectually as by *Patience*?

The other class of offence, the misplaced kindness to natives, is, it may at once be admitted, more difficult to deal with. I hope that I may not be understood to advocate severity, much less cruelty, in the relations between, let us say, tourists on the Nile and their Egyptian dragomans. Nothing is farther from my thoughts, for the Egyptian is such a sleek and silken creature that it is impossible to be harsh with him. It is, however, the other extreme of familiarity—particularly on the part of women travelling without escort—which leads to so much mischief, to a false impression on the part of the natives which it is exceedingly difficult to correct. So long as careless men give their native servants strong drink, and so long as thoughtless women write them affectionate letters (little dreaming that the conceited recipients will promptly show them to all their future employers) on returning home, there will always be trouble in Egypt; and the trouble will fall, not on the tourists (who are out of the country within a few weeks), but on the administrative class, which finds its dealings with the natives hampered by the need of re-adjusting the false perspective in which, thanks to these foolish and selfish tourists, they have come to see the ruling race.

This behaviour on the part of English people who winter in Cairo or up the Nile is not to be met by ridicule, since in many cases it is tragic—in its results, at any rate—rather than ridiculous. Something might, however, be done by appealing to the East-going public generally, for there is abundant evidence that it does not realise the woeful consequences of such spoiling of the Egyptian. Here is material for Lord Kitchener to ponder; and no man could, if he would, deal with the situation more efficiently.

It is the fashion to make a laughing-stock of the tourist and globe-trotter. Why? So long as he does not—like Padgett, M.P.—force his hurried impressions of lands and nations on the reading public as if they were the careful opinions of a long experience, but seeks to broaden his horizon in intelligent survey of 'farre and strange countreyes,' he may thereby qualify as a useful citizen, and know more of his own land for having seen others. It is only when he is guilty of some of the excesses alluded to above that he too often figures as the only vile feature in a prospect otherwise pleasing, and these might in all probability be dealt with in the manner suggested.

THE GIPSY QUEEN'S SONG.

I HAVE neither crest nor crown,
The rain may fall on my bare head!
Soft on the grass I lay me down.
How could I sleep on a queen's bed?

The whole world my kingdom is;
My feet are light, they never tire;
I wander wheresoe'er I please,
And with your faggots make my fire.

Voices in my dreams o' nights
Call me down the roads which wind;
And in my rear the lights—the lights
Which I must always leave behind.

Draw the bolt and bar the door,
Sit by your narrow hearths and spin!
A myriad years shall pass before
I cry on you to let me in.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By Henry Leach.

London, *Yesterday.*

As these are times when the best of old customs, practices, and traditions are one by one brought out from an abode of peace and seeming permanency, and, in the prevailing spirit of restlessness, upheaval, and reorganisation, are examined, severely and without respect, for their modern and practical value, it is beyond doubt that in the near future a much closer scrutiny will be applied to our modern educational systems than has been done in the past, that the question will be asked as to whether the changes that have been made in recent years have gone far enough on the one hand, and whether, on the other, some of the innovations that have been established have the value they are supposed to have. The keynote of all such investigations will be that capacity in business for the mass of the people is better than simple scholarship, as we have understood the term hitherto. There have been such advances and revolutions this year that it is clear that no old-established system of training or manners, least of all one that has been propagated and nourished by the better and more refined classes of the people, will be permitted to continue without a thorough examination of its merits, and then such drastic changes as commend themselves to special revolutionaries. Mere scholarship may come to be regarded as a luxury for the idle and the rich; and as in the ideal of Socialism there will be neither idle nor rich, there will be no scholarship either. The records of the past will be examined only for their bearing upon the problems of the present and the future; and it seems to many students of affairs that their value in this respect is being regarded every day as diminishing.

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Some will argue with strength that in the extent of our advance in knowledge and the application of it, in the development of the resources of the world, we have done more in the last twenty years than was done in all previous time; and it might be hard for the defenders of the distant past to prove that all that happened in it was in the way of preparation for this sudden progress, and that each age was an indispensable link in the chain. Modern men have become so much accustomed to marvellous feats in progress, so blasé in their attitude to mechanical and scientific discovery, that they are now for the most part a little indifferent as to their rate of progress, and need to remind themselves sometimes concerning it. This leads to reflection upon the wonderful people that they are, and then they feel some sense of pity for their forerunners, followed by irritation at their ignorance and lack of strenuousness—culpable ignorance, as it begins to seem upon still more reflection; for if they had but found out electricity and some other things in the Middle Ages, instead of occupying their minds and bodies so extensively with religious squabbles, what, indeed, would have been our present achievement! What have we missed, it is asked, what must our children miss, through those petty but absorbing meanderings in thought and action by our ancestors in bygone ages? How irreparable is this loss of time! What a waste of the world! Who should say that by now, had those dead men done their duty, we, who of ourselves have conquered the water and the air, have harnessed the elements for our purposes, have plucked from the bosom of Nature her most cherished secrets—who should say that by this time we should have been limited for our operations to our Mother Earth, that we should not have been able to wander away from her and carry on our fierce activities in the plains of Jupiter and Mars, make great mining operations in the mountains of the moon, and find in each new world an entirely new series of wonders which are beyond the capacity of old Earth to yield? So many of the fancies of Jules Verne have already been realised, and even exceeded—what a clumsy craft was this Frenchman's imagined clipper of the clouds in comparison with our newest aeroplanes!—that it is unreasonable scepticism to doubt the future realisation of the remainder; and what is there now in our knowledge and instincts that is finally convincing that the whole universe is not there for our exploration and our use when we are prepared for it, as against the poor-spirited conservatism that prompts the belief that man is for the world, and the world only? Only the mysteries of the beginning of life and those following upon death appear to be too difficult for exact comprehension, and even these not entirely so. Those who thus complain about the in-

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efficiency and want of ingenuity and opportunism in their ancestors have little patience for the argument that the strain and necessities of life did not press so hardly upon them; that they accomplished all their necessities, and something more; and that we, with the struggle for existence harder upon us, have done no more, when it is carefully considered, than make good service to our own necessities also. Nor do they listen to any pleading that our much-mechanised life itself is no better, no pleasanter, no easier, no more fruitful in good and happiness, than was the simple but colorific life in the middle and early ages. Serious doubts come to be held on the reality of the glories of the Elizabethan era. The importance, it is urged, of the recognised standard events in history, the narrative of which occupies chapters and chapters in the school-books, has been exaggerated, and is little in comparison with that of others of the most modern times. For example, how many of the political changes that have taken place since the Norman Conquest are equal in the magnitude of their importance to the revolution of 1911, when the peers of the realm ceased to be the final and absolute arbiters of laws and changes in laws? And yet, so much have our minds become attuned to the process of making vast discoveries, effecting sweeping changes, and striding as far forward in a month as the dead men did in a century, that we for the most part do these things and forget about them immediately afterwards, take them as the events of the ordinary course, details in the great mass of constant happening. Feverish hurry, practicalness, materialism—these are the signs of the methods of the time, manifesting themselves in divers ways.

* * *

Now scholarship is coming to be differently considered. At the recent meeting of the British Association, held at Portsmouth, deep attention was given to this question of education and scholarship, and it is likely that the points that were then raised and discussed will be much further worked upon during ensuing months. Sir William Ramsay, in his presidential address, made some observations which were very noteworthy, and will be long remembered. After complaining that the technical institutions that we have at the present time are training boys, not to be captains of industry, but merely fitting them to be foremen and workmen, he made some very pertinent remarks on scholarships, to which he referred as 'bribes' and as 'a form of pauperisation' unknown in other countries. He urged that honours should be awarded according to the teachers' estimate of their pupils' abilities, and put forward the startling proposition that all gainers of university scholarships should agree to repay the sums they received as soon as their circumstances permitted. By this means, he estimated, some six million pounds could be made available for university education, this being one-fourth of the sum that was needed to make that education satisfactory and complete. Then he pleaded for recognition of the fact that progress in science consists not merely in the accumulation of information which may be put to practical use, but in taking thought for the morrow, in attempting to forecast the future, in trying to control conditions so as to leave permanent benefit to mankind. We all, he said, live in hope that the world will grow better as years roll on; but he asked the simple question as to whether we are taking steps to secure the improvement of the race. That is a question that might be answered more or less satisfactorily in various ways, but apparently there was no disposition to answer it at Portsmouth.

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The system of examinations, and particularly those to which students in secondary schools are submitted, has been under suspicion for a long time, and this is a specimen of a traditional system that sometime may be deserted. Let the case against the system be stated as by its opponents. When a special extent of knowledge upon a certain subject, or subjects, is required—as, say, for the practice of medicine or the law—the examination is necessary; it is the only or best means of ascertaining the extent of the candidate's knowledge. But as a cardinal feature of the system of the general education of boys and girls of the middle section of the middle-class, young people in most cases having no special profession or calling in view towards which their education is being directed, simply receiving what is known as 'a good general education,' and having their minds set in some form of training, the examination system is, in the first place, unnecessary, and, in the second, it is full of evils. Those scholars often succeed best who with an average intelligence—or one even much below the average will serve them—have the keenest memory and that dull patience for cramming from which a cleverer boy with a keener temperament revolts. So simple memory is the test of brain and cleverness. It gains for its possessor marks in his class, and it gets him honours at the minor examinations for which he is entered. Nearly every other consideration in education of such boys and girls is subordinated to the scheme of getting the pupil through this examination, and to that end he or she is crammed with books of facts which are not understood and for which the student has no sympathy or interest, and forgets almost immediately the examination is done with. It is merely a memory-test. Candidates have been known to pass in Euclid when they have committed to memory the A, B, and C's of the text without any reference to the diagrams! The pupil who has originality, a strong bent of his own, who is really in the true sense clever, though he may not be a marvellous memorist, is not encouraged.

More than that, when he finds his mental inferiors, the mere crammers, becoming the heroes of his class and the favourites of the tutors, their examination prospects being so good, he is intensely discouraged. He feels something of disgust at the system of things which makes such gross misdirection of sympathy and interest possible. If it be said that these achievements in memory are in themselves evidence of mental power and ability, it has only to be whispered that capacity for remembrance has been exhibited in a marked degree by dogs, cats, parrots, and other animals and birds, and by snakes as well. If, again, it should be pleaded that this cramming with facts of subjects which are on the fringe of scholarship, such studies being pursued no further after the examination, serves as a kind of mental training, quickening the mind and fitting it for good practical work afterwards, is it not to be answered that such training might be effected through the medium of other studies that would be of subsequent value and by some other system than that of the examinations? There is a particular kind of story that is told almost every day in connection with the success of some person or other in business, but the grim moral of it does not yet seem to be understood or to have struck home. The men of whom the story is told have displayed a business capacity of the highest character, a genius for organisation, a marvellous shrewdness, and an ingenuity for invention and adaptation which have inevitably carried them forward to the highest places. Yet, in the narrative of their life-stories, it is told and written with some appearance of mystery that when they were at school they gave no promise of such amazing success afterwards, seemed very ordinary boys, never distinguished themselves in class or in examinations, were perhaps pronouncedly lazy, in many cases were the duffers of the class. Yet see their success; and it is likely as not that the crammers and passers of examinations who outdistanced them at school, and gained the plaudits of masters and others, are now in many cases lagging far behind them in the same walk of life. Their cramming and their fine memory are of no use to them now, and their poverty in mental equipment has been long exposed. For such reasons there are some of us who, with certain limitations, are rather inclined to believe in the duffer and the lazy boy at school. No boy is wholly bad; and as it is natural and inevitable that youth should look forward and inquire with curiosity, there are certainly many serious subjects in which every boy takes an interest, or could be made to do so if they were known. In many cases seeming stupidity and laziness are merely a subconscious protest by indifference against an unsympathetic system. Some day, the interest of the boy being fired with the right fuel, his mind will blaze up in an enthusiasm and brilliance of which the boy who crams everything, and all with no discrimination, is quite incapable. The tendency of the system that prevails is to encourage mediocrity and suppress individuality.

* * *

It has been said that when the boy leaves school after passing his examinations, he quickly forgets nearly all of what he learned. The 'three R's' are in many cases all that he retains. This is because, for one thing, the system upon which he was crammed for examinations when at school was such that he acquired no sympathy with his subjects, and because those subjects in the form in which he absorbed them are useless to him in his after-life, and of no interest to him. Here is horrible waste; and it need not have been so. Ten years after this boy has passed his examinations and left school, how many lines could he write of the doings of even such interesting figures of history as Cardinal Wolsey, the great Earl of Warwick, or the Duke of Buckingham? What could he say he knew, when questioned, concerning (*a*) Jack Cade, (*b*) Perkin Warbeck, (*c*) Lambert Simnel? Nearly nothing. The class-books of history with which he was crammed began, perhaps, with the Norman Conquest and terminated at the accession of Queen Victoria—terminated at the point when history of the most vital importance to the life and future of the student was beginning. All that went before might have been a kind of preface to the history of the modern time when the events have a direct and immediate bearing on all that we do and have to do, enjoy, and suffer to-day. The boy is left to pick up these facts as best he can after he leaves school, and, of course, generally he never picks them up, and goes along through life at a disadvantage. He knows—or knew—all about the Reformation, but he knows nothing about the Reform and Education measures of the most tremendous consequence. He could at one time write a very fair summary of the life of Cromwell, but he cannot and never will be able to write twenty lines of the lives of Mr Gladstone or Disraeli. He knows—or knew—all about the old-time trouble with the barons, but he knows nothing about the causes which have gradually led up to the great Parliament Act of 1911, which effects such a great revolution in its way. How serviceable it would be for a boy now leaving school to be equipped with a knowledge of the theory of Socialism, and the kind of efforts that are made to practise it and combat it; of the rise of labour and the history and facts of the Trades Union movement! What knowledge of our early wars with France could not be spared to make room for some concerning the circumstances of the progress of Germany in recent years, her ambitions, and the steps she has taken for their furtherance? Boys know—or knew—enough of the Continental alliances and schemes of long-gone times, but not a thing about the Triple Alliance of to-day. And if you set them a stiff

paper on the British Empire, its origin and history, its statistics and its existing circumstances, what could they do with it? Little enough—painfully little; though they could write, or once could have written for you, a tolerable story about the Empire of Rome. They can work the binomial theorem, but they cannot read the all-important money-columns in the newspapers with any understanding. They can solve various problems in statics, dynamics, and hydrostatics; but they have no idea of what electricity is, and how it is applied to-day. Unless they come to own a motor-car or aeroplane of their own, the principles and systems upon which these machines work will remain mysteries to them. They have not time or the convenient opportunity or the impulse for the study of these things after the school-days are over. They can tell you a little rubbish about the imports and exports of various foreign countries with which we are not concerned, something about their watersheds and the tributaries of their streams, their hills and valleys, and what their climates are like in June; but now, when Morocco is a centre of interest and importance, they cannot tell you that eggs, strangely, come third on the Moorish list of exports, while the country is one of the richest for mining purposes, heavily laden as it is with gold, silver, copper, tin, iron, antimony, manganese, and other metals; and, again, that while there are sandy wastes, there is little real desert, but much fertile soil and a splendid climate for the growing of wheat and other cereals. How a little of such knowledge taught at school would help to the interest and pleasure of reading the daily newspaper! But in the classes to-day, when geography is being taught and Morocco comes up for consideration, just the same old, unilluminating facts are crammed into the boys as were crammed ten years ago—with perhaps some slight necessary revisions—and nothing is said as to why the Germans went to Morocco, and why they wanted to stay there, because it is very unlikely that such questions would be asked at the examinations! Boys leave school and go into offices and warehouses knowing nothing about our glorious navy, upon which their future and their very existence depend; if it were possible, they would know less about the army. Surely they should learn something about all these matters; the newspapers ought not to be as mysterious reading to them as if they were printed in Arabic characters. If there were a school at which boys destined for commercial careers were taught only of the things of to-day, beginning English history with the nineteenth century, considering geography only from the point of view of the political and commercial problems of the recent past and the future, being instructed in the theoretical and mechanical details of steam, gas and oil engines, of automobiles and aeroplanes, being made to speak and read both French and German, and being taught something of the simpler laws of the country as they affect the ordinary doings of the individual in private and commercial life, being made so efficient in knowledge of subjects and matters of current interest and importance that they could pass an examination based upon the morning's newspaper, surely such a school would succeed amazingly. And that would be a very good form of examination, too, to take each page of the morning paper, the financial, the home news, the foreign, the leader page, the literary, art, and musical pages, and even the sporting page and the advertisement pages, and demand of the candidate that he shall tell you what he knows about something on each of them—something more concerning the matters written about than is said. The pleasure and the dignity and the value of true learning, as we understand the term, will always remain, must obviously remain; but this is a very practical, technical, materialistic age, and it is one in which the fight for existence and superiority has become terribly keen, with many signs that it is to be keener still. So it will come about that the boys will be taught to understand their newspapers. These are things that are being said. But it does not need to be observed that there is another view taken of the matter, and those of culture and refinement of mind, holding it, do not feel that it is neccessary to press it.

BRUNSWICK OF THE K. E.

CHAPTER IV.

BRUNSWICK had ridden a few hundred yards along the road to Monte Video when a figure, stepping out of the shadows, caused his horse to shy. Instantly his hand flew to his jacket-pocket, where a revolver lay concealed.

'A thousand pardons, señor!' said a voice. 'I did not wish to see you at the house, in case I should disturb the señorita.'

'It is you, Pedro.'

'*Si*, señor. I have been to Colonia to-day. There will be trouble at the meeting to-morrow. Friends of Señor Lopez have vowed they will break it up. They do not want the señorita as president, and they do not want to hear you speak.'

'That is no reason why I should remain silent—eh, Pedro?'

Pedro smiled, disclosing two rows of very white and even teeth. 'No, señor,' he replied.

'But we will go prepared. I shall carry a revolver, and you will take your knife.'

Pedro's hand travelled to his waist-belt. 'That goes everywhere with me, señor.'

'You will meet me in Monte Video in the morning?'

'Yes, señor.'

'And I should not tell the señorita what you have heard, if I were you. It will only trouble her unnecessarily, perhaps.'

Pedro nodded as Brunswick gave the rein a little jerk. He watched him until he reached the crest of the hill and stood limned out against the moonlit sky. 'He rides as he fights—like the devil,' said Pedro, repeating in his own words the praise his mistress had bestowed upon Brunswick on his first arrival in Monte Video.

An hour later Brunswick was at his hotel, interviewing one of the señorita's many agents. From him he received confirmation of Pedro's intelligence.

On his table lay a letter. When the agent had left he opened the envelope. It was from a member of the club, one who had been present on the night of 16th May. Light-heartedly the absent man bantered him. 'We have heard a lot about the Señorita Mendoza from Manwaring since you left, and even now are saving up our pence towards the grand farewell dinner we shall give you before we throw you out to go to your own fireside and connubial bliss. Who knows? Providence may have directed Manwaring's hand when he drew your name upon that fateful night.'

Brunswick put down the letter. Hitherto he had not sought to analyse his feelings towards the señorita. Like most men, he was a firm believer in that unseen hand which directs the comings and goings of mankind, and whom so many call Providence. Suddenly realisation had come to him. 'By Heaven,' he said, as he went into his own room, 'she shall be elected, if I have to drive the men to the polls with a drawn revolver!'

Colonia is a small town, insignificant in size compared with Monte Video. Its population is largely composed of miners who work in the hills to the north and ranchmen from the valleys. A laxer creed of morals pervades its streets. Of law and order there is little, if any.

At one o'clock in the afternoon Brunswick stood in the iron room in which he was to address the meeting. On the platform by his side stood some half-a-dozen of the most influential men in Colonia. His audience was coming in, a dozen at a time. Brunswick watched them as they entered.

'They are an evil-looking lot,' whispered Pedro, who stood near him.

Brunswick nodded.

He had not spoken for more than a few minutes, when he received confirmation of the Mexican's warning. Volleys of questions were poured in upon him, mostly from a group of miners who sat in a cluster near the platform, men in the pay of Señor Lopez, who interspersed their interruptions with insulting remarks concerning the señorita.

Brunswick faced them. His face was set hard, and a gleam of anger lit up his eye. His hands were clenched tightly as he attempted for a few moments to make his voice heard above the uproar.

Then a shot rang out from the back of the hall. The bullet whistled past his head and embedded itself in the woodwork a few feet behind him. Still he stood unflinchingly.

Following the shot, pandemonium broke loose. A score of men attempted to rush the platform. Brunswick struck the nearest in the face, and sent him reeling back amongst his fellows.

Then a hand clutched his arm, and a voice—Pedro's—whispered in his ear, 'Come away, señor; it is courting death to stay now.'

For a moment Brunswick hesitated. His fighting blood was aroused.

Then the voice sounded again: 'Come, señor; the others have all left. We are alone, and the señorita bade me give you a message—if there was danger—that you were to fly. She wants you, señor, for other work. Come!'

Brunswick turned sharply round. He and Pedro stood alone upon the platform. The other adherents of the señorita's cause had all deserted him. Still, for another second he hesitated. In that second a well-directed stone struck him upon the side of the head; and, half-dragging, half-carrying him, Pedro bore him from the platform to a small room at the rear of the building, and, after locking the door, bathed his temples with some water which stood on the table.

Brunswick staggered to his feet. The first sickening sensation, following directly upon the blow, had passed away. A look of anger lit up his face as he heard the shouts of the men and the crash of splitting wood as they demolished the furniture in the hall.

'You can walk, señor?' said the Mexican.

Brunswick nodded.

'Good! There are a couple of horses outside. We must get away as soon as we can. For a few minutes they will be satisfied with the work they are doing now, then they will break down the door, and it is well we should be a mile out of Colonia by that time.'

'The señorita told you to give me that message?' asked Brunswick.

'Yes, señor.'

'I wonder why?'

Pedro smiled. 'It is not for me to know the señorita's thoughts, señor,' he answered softly.

Brunswick looked at him quickly. 'I am ready,' he said. 'The ride in the cool air will revive me.'

A couple of minutes later, mounted on a couple of the fastest horses in the señorita's stable, they were galloping on the road to Monte Video.

Even as they left, the cries of Señor Lopez's followers rang in their ears, and a stray shot or two whistled over their heads.

'They have broken down the door and discovered we have gone,' said Pedro. When they had covered nearly five miles he slackened the pace of his horse. 'You are better, señor?' he asked.

'I had not thought about it,' replied Brunswick.

Pedro nodded. 'It is wisest. At any rate, we are safe out of Colonia, for which we must thank the blessed Mary.'

'It is the first time I have turned my back upon danger.'

Pedro possessed a great respect for the Englishman who had so suddenly come into their midst. 'I believe you, señor,' he said; 'but it is wiser at times, and it is also as the señorita would have had it.'

Reaching his hotel, Brunswick turned to the Mexican. 'You will see that my horse is stabled,' he said, 'and then ride straight on to the señorita's and tell her that no damage has happened to either of us. Those who ran away will be the first to tell her of the dangers which beset us.'

'And you, señor?'

'I shall go into the hotel and lie down for a little while. As soon as it is cooler I shall ride over to the señorita's.'

Entering the building, he went slowly upstairs to his room. The glare of the sun and the fatigue of the ride had rendered him faint. The pain from the blow he had received was excruciating. With a sigh of relief, he flung himself down on his bed. Gradually, as the pain subsided somewhat, he dropped into a fitful sleep. He slept until late in the afternoon, when the sound of voices woke him.

The veranda ran along the whole of the side of the house, divided between each room by a small wooden balustrade. On the portion next to his a couple of men were speaking in low tones, and the wind, blowing in his direction, made their conversation sound as distinct as if they were in the room. At first, half-awake, he listened—a chance word—and, rising to his feet, he crept close to the veranda. Once he peered carefully round the corner.

One of the men speaking was the señorita's rival for presidential honours—Señor Lopez. 'Yes,' he was saying, 'practically the whole of Monte Video will vote for her, and Maltinedo as well. It is too dangerous to leave anything to chance. I must become president; our welfare—yours and mine—depends upon it. Therefore the señorita will have to disappear.'

'You do not mean to kill her?' responded the other.

Brunswick heard the note of horror in his voice.

'No, no; but she must disappear until after the election is over. There are a hundred houses between here and Maltinedo where she could be hidden. Uruguay cannot elect a woman who has vanished; and once I am president, she can say and do what she likes.'

The other man remained silent for a moment. 'When are you going to have her kidnapped?' he asked thoughtfully.

'To-night—it is the safest time. That servant of hers, Pedro, will be in Monte Video; the Englishman is badly wounded, and we need fear nothing from him until after the election is over. A few more inches, and he would have spoken his last word. For a half-breed who has little time for practice, Mutrie is a good shot, but he is too hasty.'

Brunswick smiled grimly as he heard.

'You have arranged everything?'

Señor Lopez laughed, and the sound was not pleasant to hear. 'You should know me well enough for that. Garcia and I ride to her house to-night alone. He will gain admittance. She will be in the *sala*, for I have studied her ways, and the window which leads on to the piazza is always open. Garcia will carry a handkerchief soaked in chloroform. The rest will be mere play. Outside I shall be waiting with a couple of horses.'

'Is it safe for you to take part in the kidnapping?'

From where he crouched, Brunswick could just see the face of Señor Lopez. There was a self-satisfied smile upon it. 'It is always safest to do one's work one's self,' he replied—'safest and wisest. And if there is any trouble, Garcia will have a knife.'

'And you start?'

'As soon as it is dark.'

Brunswick walked slowly back to the centre of his room. Sitting down on the bed, he thought out a plan of action. The pain in his head was still excruciating, and a feeling of dizziness came over him as he stood up.

Determination will often help a man, and lift him from the bed of sickness when all other means have failed. Within half-an-hour he was in the saddle, galloping along the Colonia road to Nevada, the señorita's house.

Dismounting in the *patio*, he gave a hard pull at the bell, which hung against the wall amidst a cluster of roses.

It was answered by the señorita herself. There was a look of anxiety on her face as she saw him leaning against the *patio* wall, his face white and drawn. She laid a hand on his arm. 'You have come! You should not have done so. Pedro has told me you are wounded.'

'Pedro! Is he still here?'

'No; he has left again for Monte Video. And you are better?'

Brunswick smiled a trifle wearily at her solicitude. 'Much,' he answered; 'and I have come to see you alone.'

'We are alone now, señor.'

'Ah, but I must speak to you somewhere where we shall not be overheard.'

The señorita led the way into a private boudoir. The scent of flowers greeted him as he entered. Everywhere was that daintiness, that sense of refined comfort, which is only to be found in a woman's room. With a sigh, half-contentment, half-weariness, he sank into a chair. The dust of his morning's ride was still upon his boots.

'I am hardly fit to enter a lady's room,' he said. 'The need is urgent, or I should have come in a more befitting costume.'

She waved the remark aside. 'You are ill; you should not have come.' She rose from the chair in which she had just seated herself. 'I will fetch you some wine.'

Had a woman been present she would have noticed a fact which escaped Brunswick's notice—that, despite the servants she kept to do her slightest bidding, she went to fetch the wine, and delighted in pouring it out and waiting upon him herself.

'Thank you, señorita,' he said, as she handed him the glass.

She stood before him, and there was a look of pain upon her face as she saw the change a few hours had wrought. 'You must wait until you are better before you tell me anything,' she said. 'You have been working too hard for me. As a result, the blow this morning, and now the ride over here, have been too much for you. You must rest.'

The wine brought Brunswick new strength. 'A thousand thanks, but I am better already.' He looked at her keenly, wondering how she would take the news he had to tell her. 'I was in my room at the hotel this afternoon,' he began, 'and I overheard a conversation of the Señor Lopez.' Then briefly he told of the plot.

The next moment he was aware that he need have had no fears. There was a smile upon her face when he had finished. 'The señor must have good reasons for wishing to be president,' she said.

Brunswick shrugged his shoulders. 'You remember you told me it would be a bad day for Uruguay if ever he was elected. I agree with you. It would be a bad day for any country.'

'And what shall we do?' asked the señorita.

Brunswick looked up quickly. 'I do not know if you will agree with my suggestion. I want you to sit in the *sala*, apparently by yourself. I shall be hidden near the window. When this Garcia, whoever he is, enters, he will find me there. It is a thousand pities Pedro is in Monte Video; he could wait upon the Señor Lopez.'

The señorita laughed softly.

'You are not afraid?'

'Afraid! With you here?' The Señorita Mendoza flushed and bit her lip. 'There is nothing to be afraid of. But you, señor, will you be strong enough to play your part?'

'Excitement will carry me through anything,' responded Brunswick.

'They will not be here until after sunset. We have a little time to spare yet, so I am going to make you eat. I have told the servants to prepare a meal.'

'You are more than kind,' said Brunswick.

'And you,' answered the señorita with a smile, 'are more than absurd. Come; I expect it is ready now.'

She led the way into another and smaller room, where a table was laid for two.

Throughout the meal she kept up a sparkling conversation, which spoke much for her courage.

'I have ordered some coffee for you,' she said, as a servant brought it in. 'It will soothe your nerves.'

'The coffee will be delicious; but for nerves, I have none.'

'Then you will not be shocked.' She took from her dress a gold cigarette-case and lighted a cigarette.

Presently she threw it away. 'I had better go and take up my position,' she said. 'I feel like one of the ancient martyrs about to be led to the stake.'

Brunswick rose. 'How singularly English you are—in your speech—your manners!'

'And you have not noticed it before! I spent some years in England, and I could pay your country no greater compliment, could I?'

Brunswick was a few steps in front of the señorita. He turned and faced her. 'Yes,' he replied in a low voice, 'one; and a day will come when I shall ask you to pay that compliment.'

The señorita blushed. 'It is past sunset,' she said.

They entered the *sala*, and Brunswick advanced to a heavy curtain which hung at the side of the long window leading on to the piazza. 'I shall hide myself here,' he said; 'no one will be able to see me. And you will sit on the couch with your back to the window—so.'

Brunswick ensconced himself behind the long folds of tapestry. 'I cannot be seen?' he said.

'No,' replied the señorita. 'The curtain holds its secret as well as—as the house upon the Maltinedo road would have done had you not come to save me.'

And so, together, they waited.

During the earlier part of the vigil a desultory conversation was carried on between them; but gradually, as the moments passed by and the suspense deepened, it flagged.

The dusk had fallen, long shadows lay in the gardens, and the road to Monte Video alone stood out clear and distinct, when there came to them the sound of whispering voices. Then a light step on the piazza, soft as any cat's. Garcia was eminently suited for the work for which the Señor Lopez had chosen him.

Brunswick saw him enter the room and creep

towards the señorita, who sat only a few feet from him. There was a smile upon the man's lips, and in his hand he held the drugged handkerchief.

Then Brunswick sprang from behind the curtain, a drawn revolver in his hand. 'Stop!' he cried. Garcia turned sharply round, a look of deep fear upon his face, which had gone deadly white. For a second he hesitated, then rushed towards the Englishman.

Brunswick met the charge with a blow upon the head with the butt-end of his revolver. A revolver is a good weapon even if a man does not fire, and Garcia fell to the floor without a sound, save one faint moan.

The señorita had risen, and stood watching the scene. Love, admiration, and fear were blended on her face. Her breath came in short, quick gasps.

'You must not do that!' she cried as she saw Brunswick step on to the piazza.

Señor Lopez was standing in the shadow of some bushes. He saw the Englishman at the same second, and realised what had happened. Raising his revolver, he fired, and missed.

The spurt of flame told where he was hidden, and there was an answering shot. He leapt into the air with a cry, and then fell face downward on to the ground.

Brunswick was absent for a few moments. Then he came back into the *sala*. 'Señorita,' he said slowly, 'there is now only one candidate for the presidency of Uruguay. It was your life or his.'

The señorita shuddered. Then she looked at Brunswick with a strange light in her eyes. 'There will be no candidate until some one else comes forward. I have learned my lesson. A woman's place is in her home; her hands should not be soiled as mine have been in the last few weeks.'

For a moment Brunswick stood silent. Then he came to her side. 'Señorita,' he said, 'I must leave Uruguay. After to-night my life will not be worth an hour's purchase, and I have no wish to die—as I should die here—with a knife-wound in the back.' He paused. 'An hour ago I said I should ask you to pay England another, greater compliment than you have yet paid her. I ask you now. Will you come with me?'

The señorita took a step forward; the next second she was in his arms. She looked up into his face; in her eyes there was that light 'which is neither on the land nor on the sea.' 'Señor—Jack,' she said, 'I have found my place—where I shall always stay.'

THE END.

SOME HUMOURS OF OXFORD'S STATUTES.

By CYRIL LOCKHART HARE, M.A., Oxon.

IT may, or it may not, be true that to give a dog a bad name is equivalent to hanging it; but it would certainly seem that no one would bestow on a book the uninspiring title of *Statuta et Decreta Universitatis Oxoniensis* had he the wish to attract to the work readers desiring amusement rather than instruction. A book bearing this title is handed to each undergraduate on matriculating at the University of Oxford, and it is more than probable that from that day until his last he never again opens it. If, however, he or any one else would take some little pains over the volume, he would not miss his reward in the perusal of the quaint regulations that are to be found, enshrined in the Latin tongue, within its covers.

The Oxford which all who know love would not and could not be its own self without the innumerable relics of bygone days that meet one here, there, and everywhere; and these exist not merely among the ancient quadrangles, but also in the perhaps less romantic shape of statutes and decrees.

If the modern undergraduate were able by a process of magic to be suddenly transferred back some centuries of time, and were to see the university as it then was, his surprise would be great indeed; and yet it would not, probably, be greater than that which would be felt by one of the pious and reverend founders, or even by one removed from the present by decades rather than centuries, were he to be brought back to life, and suddenly placed, for example, on the tow-path during 'Eights Week.' Many undergraduates would be surprised to learn that they are directed by statute to clothe themselves as becomes grave and studious men (*'ut viros graves et studiosos decet'*); whilst it is further enacted that, if any new and unwonted article of dress appear, the Vice-Chancellor and the Heads of Colleges are to sit in judgment and decide whether it shall be allowed. One cannot help wondering what the framers of this statute would say on the subject of the waistcoats, yellow as saffron or red as the sunset, which may sometimes be seen in 'the High,' and whether under the designation of *'novos et insolitos habitus in vestitu'* they would include the attire of the rowing man as he makes his way to the river.

The mutual antipathy between Town and Gown is one of immemorial antiquity; and though the ancient feuds and battles that once took place are now matters of history, still the university is by its statutes shown to be an entity very distinct from the town, and various

rules are laid down as to the dealings of its members with the *oppidani*—or, as they are called in undergraduate parlance, the 'Townees.' Students are forbidden to visit their houses 'without reasonable cause.' Heads of Colleges have the right to enter any house in search of one of their *alumni*, and the luckless tenant who does not open to them without delay is subject to a fine. It is decreed, moreover, that all students shall refrain from entering any house within the university where is sold wine or any other drink, or—and how many undergraduates are aware of this?—'*herba nicotiana* (*sive tobacco*).' Mercifully, however, the statute goes on to say 'except for a necessary and urgent reason, to be approved by the Vice-Chancellor or the Proctors.'

The idea prevalent in some places that Oxford is an abode as much of pleasure as of study may perhaps be not quite as wide of the mark as some might wish; but regulations at least are not wanting which aim at extracting from undergraduates a fair amount of reading. They are not to 'walk idly about the city or its suburbs, or be seen standing or loitering in the streets or the public "forum;"' and in a rule with the pretentious heading, '*De nocturna vagatione reprimenda*,' it is laid down that, upon the closing of the college doors at 9 P.M., after the great bell of Christ Church has sounded its last note, the Heads of Colleges shall, if occasion demand, make a tour of the rooms to learn whether any of their occupants are abroad. This is described as being '*ex præscripto serenissimi regis Jacobi*.' Houses licensed for the use of students, better known as 'digs.,' are to be bolted and barred at 10 P.M., '*nec ante horam sextam ante meridiem reserendas*'—which some might think an unnecessary addition.

Noteworthy, too, is the control exercised by the Vice-Chancellor over public entertainments given within the sacred precincts of the university. Special regulations are laid down for such exhibitions as those of 'rope-dancers' and 'gladiators,' and undergraduates are forbidden to be present at contests between fighting-cocks (*gallorum pugnacium commissionibus*.) Furthermore, no member of the university may by day or night bear either offensive or defensive arms, with the curious exception of those who 'for the sake of honourable recreation' carry a bow and arrows. In a subsequent passage it is stated that this prohibition may be rescinded by the Vice-Chancellor or Proctors if the good of the state so demand.

In a statute headed '*De vehiculis*,' riding in a carriage driven by one's self is forbidden; but an exception is made in the case, amongst others, of those who have obtained special permission to do so on account of weak health. Stringent rules are enacted for the repression of expenditure on non-academical matters; and 'in order that junior members of the university may, as is fitting, have the more time for their studies, and that extravagance and pride may be repelled from these habitations,' it is enacted, amongst other things, that no one 'before he has attained to the degree of Master of Arts or Bachelor of Civil Law or Medicine shall buy or possess a dog or dogs of any kind whatsoever, under any pretext whatsoever.'

It has already been remarked that the modern undergraduate would find a very striking difference were he transplanted back some centuries, and this statement is further borne out by the original statutes of individual colleges. The particular room on a certain floor, which through all his life will be redolent with memories of some of his happiest days, and which probably contains the most luxurious easy-chair he will ever possess, would not wear the cosy, inviting look with which it now greets its occupant as he returns from an afternoon's punting. A more Spartan discipline was the prevailing custom, and rigorous study the order of the day; indeed it was not without thought that a certain distinguished foundation was compared by its founder to a beehive. It was once the custom in this particular college—the reference to bees may have already disclosed its name to some—to exercise control over its junior members by an arrangement in accordance with which each junior shared rooms with a Fellow, whose duty it was to superintend his studies and generally watch his career. At night the senior slept on a high bed and his companion on a truckle-bed. This system may be taken as representative of the much greater supervision then exercised over undergraduates.

Such practices, which seem so curious to-day, may be partly ascribed to the difference in age between the students of the past and the present. Then they were really boys, and had of necessity to be treated as such. Now matriculation takes place about the age of nineteen; and the man at the beginning of his second year, when the marks of the freshman have vanished, is in his own estimation a particularly important individual, and would greatly resent being told, for example, that while in Oxford no form of recreation was permitted him except games at ball in the college garden, a restriction which was placed on his more youthful predecessor.

Times have indeed changed, and universities with them. It is a far cry from modern Leeds or Birmingham to medieval Oxford, and there is still a wide difference between these newer institutions and modern Oxford, though some would make the difference less and less. Oxford, however, whatever changes it may make, must ever retain its links with the past, and certainly this connection will not be weakened by the preservation on the statute-book of regulations as to bows and arrows and fighting-cocks.

THE DEATH OF GOVERNOR VAN NOODT.

By H. S. Byrne.

CAREFULLY preserved in the library of Capetown is an old German book, its covers dog-eared and leaves discoloured with age. All Europe has been ransacked to find another copy, but so far as can be ascertained up to the present there is not one in existence. The words on the title-page run as follows, when translated: *Biography of Mr Siegfried Allemann, formerly Captain of Militia, Chief of the Garrison and Commandant of the Castle, as also Chief Merchant in rank, President of the Senate of Justice and Assessor of the Council of Police in the service of the Dutch East India Company at the Cape of Good Hope. With an Accurate Description of that Promontory. Written and published at Glogau in Germany by O. T. Muntzel.*

The bearer of the above imposing list of titles held office in Capetown in the early part of the eighteenth century, and engaged Muntzel, who was a German, as his secretary and tutor to his three children. On the whole, it seems to have been a pleasant position; and in his employer's biography Muntzel writes in a Pepys-like style of the everyday life, gossip, and doings of the then flourishing Dutch colony. The book itself would be well worth the labour of translation, the chapter dealing with the brutal tyranny and subsequent tragic death of the universally detested Governor Van Noodt being most impressive in its simple directness.

Muntzel went to the Cape only a year or so after Van Noodt's death, and thus had every opportunity of verifying the story and separating the truth from the many versions which would be current among the soldiers and natives; one of his chief informants, in fact, being a man named Winkelmann, who was a prisoner in the castle at the time. Even now, it is said, strange voices are heard in and ghostly forms flit about the old building, where the tormented spirit of the wicked Governor still seeks the rest which is denied to it.

It was in February 1727 that Pieter Gysbert Van Noodt arrived in Table Bay, with his wife and two sons, to take over the governorship of the Cape for the Dutch East India Company. From the first he seems to have behaved in a most extraordinary fashion, and nowadays any one who acted as he did would probably be said to be slightly demented. Before landing he called the ship's surgeon and ordered a black-silk plaster, which he placed over his right eye, thus causing people to believe he was partially blind. After three days he transferred the plaster to the left eye, where he wore it for another three days; and then, discarding it altogether, announced that his sight was restored. The object of this manœuvre is not very clear, unless he thought that by appearing to be partially blind he could keep a sharper watch on his subordinates than they suspected.

During his first few weeks in office he seems to have endeavoured to make himself popular, but this state of affairs did not last long. Day by day he became more and more tyrannical, his savage outbursts of rage more frequent, till every one trembled before him in dread of punishment, the Governors of those days having almost unlimited power in the small colony, though nominally held in check by the Senate. His ferocity increased to a fiendish intensity, while he took a diabolical delight in witnessing the sufferings and tortures inflicted by his orders, and daily some awful tragedy was expected; but it was not until he had governed two years and two months that the event occurred which terminated his vicious career.

At that time the soldiers who garrisoned the Cape were allowed in their spare time to take up any employment by which they might earn additional money, the pay for their military duties being absurdly inadequate, and often insufficient even to supply them with food. Van Noodt, who added avarice to his other sins, ordered that the men should provide themselves with shoes, socks, and other necessaries out of the money they earned, in order that he could pocket the balance; and, in spite of remonstrances from soldiers and officers alike, the edict was put into force. The men who rebelled were merely beaten and thrown into the dungeons with which the castle is honeycombed. Before this several desertions had taken place; but if not captured, the unfortunate men had invariably been either starved to death on the veldt or killed by natives or wild beasts. But in spite of this well-known fact, forty men of Van Noodt's garrison determined to make a bid for freedom, preferring to die of starvation in the desert rather than live in a state of hunger and hard work in Cape Castle. Their plan was to steal as much powder and shot as they could lay hands on, and then, dropping over the castle walls the first dark night, endeavour to reach a Portuguese settlement by keeping to the seashore. But one of them, more chicken-hearted than the rest, betrayed the scheme to headquarters, and eight of his comrades were arrested and thrown into *der donckel gatt* ('the black-hole'), only used for prisoners condemned to death. Among them were two theological candidates, supposed to be the ringleaders, and a German 'cavalier' of very good family. The latter, by pleading ill-health, was allowed to go into hospital, from whence he managed to escape and get on board a ship just sailing for the Netherlands.

The other seven, however, were left in the

dungeon on bread and water till the 21st of April, when they were tried by the Senate of Justice and condemned to 'run the gauntlet' ten times, and then to be sent to Batavia as sailors. This sentence was severe enough, in all conscience; but it did not satisfy the Governor, who, when he heard of it, was seized with a paroxysm of rage, and shouted, 'They shall hang, the brutes! They shall all hang!' In vain the Senate protested, arguing that, as the prisoners had only conspired to desert, and had not carried out their plan, they could not be sentenced to death. The Governor was obdurate, merely reiterating, 'I take the responsibility;' and in fear and trembling the Senate left him, the sentence was altered, and the Governor contentedly affixed his signature, with '*Fiat Executio*' in the margin.

Early next day it was read to the prisoners with the usual Dutch formalities, and they were told that they would be executed the following morning at nine o'clock, the second clergyman of the Dutch Reformed Church being sent to prepare them for death. But his ministrations were dispensed with, the theological candidates stating that they belonged to the Evangelical Lutheran Church, and would prepare themselves and their companions. Early next morning the whole garrison was paraded in the castle-yard, and at nine o'clock marched past the Governor's quarters, where the prisoners were brought by the guard, and from the top of the steps which led up to the entrance the notice of their crime and sentence was again read to them. Then the garrison marched to the gallows, round which they formed a circle, opening only to admit the condemned men.

A large tent had been erected close by, from which the Senate of Justice were to see that the execution was properly carried out. Towards this marched the sergeant of the guard with six grenadiers, followed by the Messenger of Justice, a long thorn wand mounted in silver in his hand, and carrying his hat under his arm. Behind him, two and two, came the members of the Senate, the corporal of the guard with six more grenadiers bringing up the rear. At the foot of the gallows the prisoners knelt down to pray, and one by one were led away to execution. Soldiers and spectators alike were moved to tears by the affectionate and impressive farewells, and there was not a dry eye in the tent occupied by the Senate. Last of all came the turn of one of the two theological candidates. As the rope was being placed round his neck he exclaimed to the hangman, 'Pardon me a moment, I have something to say;' then, turning towards the Governor's window beyond the gate, he cried with a loud voice, 'Governor Van Noodt, I summon you in this very hour before the judgment-seat of the Omniscient God, there to give account of the souls of myself and my companions!' Then, turning again to the executioner, 'Now, in God's name!' he said. The rope was adjusted. With steady and unfaltering steps he mounted the ladder, a second rope was placed round his neck, and both being made fast to the cross-beam, he was pushed off, and hung dead without a struggle—a very unusual circumstance, as the drop was not long.

It only remained now for the Senate to report the execution of the sentence to the Governor; and, glad enough that the sickening spectacle was over, they proceeded, in the same order as before, to the audience-hall, where Van Noodt was awaiting them in an arm-chair at the head of the table. Gravely the members bowed to him, but he made no sign of recognition. Accustomed to his churlish conduct, they advanced to address him, when from the foremost arose a cry of horror: 'The Governor is dead!' Stiff and rigid he sat, his features frozen into an expression of the utmost terror and despair. At once the cry was caught up: 'The Governor is dead!' Every one in the castle crowded to the hall; but the Senate, recovering from the first shock, locked the doors, set a guard, and gave orders that nobody was to be admitted, and forthwith proceeded to the house of the Acting Governor, La Fontaine, to discuss what was to be done. The whole castle was in an uproar. The prisoner Winkelmann started the cry, '*Noodt es todt; nur es er geen nood*' ('Noodt is dead; now there is no need'); and the cry was echoed by the other prisoners, the servants, workmen, soldiers, even the little children, every one being overcome, not with horror, but joy and relief that the awful reign of tyranny was over.

After calmly weighing the matter, the Senate ordered a plain coffin, in which the Governor's body was placed, just as it was, by his slaves. At midnight these same slaves were commanded to take the coffin out of the castle by a seldom-used gateway and bury it at the spot pointed out to them, being forbidden to speak of the matter on pain of death. To this day the place where the wretched man was buried is not known to a certainty, though it is generally supposed to be a little island in Table Bay called Paarden Island.

The next day orders were given for a magnificent coffin of Indian teak, and on this being completed the elaborate funeral ceremonies were carried out with an empty coffin. In a flood of brilliant sunshine the procession to the church was formed. First came two trumpeters with their trumpets muffled with black cloth; and six hautboy-players, their instruments draped, were led by an ensign with his pike reversed and also draped in black. Next came the commandant and officers with the whole garrison, their arms reversed, spontoons draped, and banners enveloped in a black covering. Each drum was muffled with three ells of black cloth, and the sergeants' halberds were draped with crape. The adjutant, 'apparently in deep mourning, but inwardly rejoicing,' carried on a pole the late Governor's coat of arms painted on a square board, this too

being enveloped in black cloth and bearing streamers of crape. Then came the magnificent but empty coffin, carried by Van Noodt's secretaries and surrounded by his private guard, the corners of the pall being held by the four chief merchants. Behind followed the Acting Governor, the Fiscal Independent, and many well-known people, including clergy and merchants. Timed by the constable's watch, a gun was fired every minute from the bastion of the castle and answered by all the ships lying in the bay, and at each shot all their flags, as well as that flying from the castle, were dipped.

After the coffin had been borne into the church and there interred in the vault reserved for the Governors of the colony, three rounds were fired and answered by the castle guns, and then the soldiers marched back to their quarters to the strains of the band. 'Never,' writes Muntzel, 'was the well-known march, "Praise God that he is dead! praise God that he is dead!" played more gaily than it was played by the drummers on this occasion. Even in my time—and I did not arrive at the Cape till three years after the event—it often formed the subject of conversation in public companies.'

So ends Muntzel's grim narrative. Nowadays we should say that the wicked Governor probably died of a fit of apoplexy, brought on by an outburst of rage at being defied even by a man at the point of death; but in those superstitious times the people looked on his death as a direct visitation of God, and perhaps they were not so far wrong. Some few have doubted the authenticity of Muntzel's information; but he says that when relating the events the ex-prisoner Winkelmann always became wildly enthusiastic in recalling the joy which possessed the whole colony at the news of Van Noodt's death.

Of course it soon leaked out that the funeral ceremonies had been conducted with an empty coffin, and equally of course it was at once believed that the devil had made away with the late Governor's body. For years the memory of the 'wicked Governor' served to keep naughty children in awe; and the writer's father well remembers, as a refractory small boy, being threatened with a possible glimpse of his 'spook,' which threat never failed to scare him into the most placid obedience. With the recent extensive alterations made on Cape Castle, it is probable that many of the stories and legends which cluster round this fascinating old pile will gradually fall into oblivion; but of these it is safe to predict that the weird tale of the death of Governor Van Noodt will be the longest remembered, the more so as the chair in which he breathed his last has a prominent position in Capetown Museum.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

COMING OF THE PETROL ELECTRIC-OMNIBUS.

WHEN, in the early days of petrol-traction, far-seeing engineers maintained that the success of the new motive-power would not be associated with its simple form, but in combination with the electric-motor, their contentions were ridiculed. It was argued that the introduction of the electric element would complicate the apparatus, and introduce complex troubles which the simple mechanical system did not possess. Experience, however, has served to prove that the pure mechanical installation is far from being satisfactory. The wear and tear is tremendous, the vibration destructive, while the noise emitted has brought anathema upon the motor-bus from all sides. On the other hand, electric drive is quiet, smooth, and steady, the control being exceedingly simple. But the battery-driven car was uncommercial. Accordingly, certain interests concentrated their efforts towards the evolution of a propelling system wherein the petrol-motor is retained; but, instead of the engine-power being transmitted to the road-wheels through sliding gears, it is converted into electric energy, and the drive transmitted through electric-motors. Considerable ingenuity has been expended upon this problem, which bristled with difficulties of a technical character. Recently the Daimler Company announced the culmination of its experiments in the perfection of a new omnibus working upon this principle; but undoubtedly the greatest progress in this field has been effected by Messrs Tilling, the well-known omnibus proprietors of London. When petrol-traction made its appearance this firm was one of the first to abandon the horse-bus in favour of mechanical propulsion, and similarly they have now decided to adopt the mixed petrol and electric system, both for their omnibus service and their extensive business in connection with the transport of mails. The electrical transmission system which they have adopted is that evolved by Messrs W. A. Stevens, Limited, and between the two firms an alliance has been formed. Messrs W. A. Stevens submitted their idea to the omnibus company some five years ago, and the latter firm decided to acquire an experimental vehicle to test the practicability of the system under the most severe traffic conditions, such as exist in the city of London. The vehicle has been in constant service during the past four years, and has covered one hundred and twenty thousand miles. The result of the experiments made with the petrol-electric drive as represented by the Tilling-Stevens system demonstrates that this new method of propulsion is as great an advance upon the ordinary motor-bus as the

motor-bus was upon the horse-drawn vehicle. The outstanding features are smooth running, flexibility, simplicity of control, and, from the proprietors' point of view, lower cost of upkeep, while the general public will appreciate its introduction because of its silence. There is no doubt but that the new system will serve to overcome one of the greatest objections which have been raised by the public, and which are completely justified. Moreover, the vehicle should do away with another objection—the waste of grease and oil upon the highway, which is becoming a veritable nuisance in cities and towns.

HEATING THE HOUSE IN WINTER.

The approach of the winter season draws attention once more to the economical and efficient means of heating the dwelling-house. Until hot air or steam-heating comes into extensive vogue in Britain, this question will always remain one of complexity; but it need not occasion much anxiety at the present day. The anthracite stove has brought an ideal heating-system within reach of the ordinary householder. These stoves are a modification or improvement of the slow-combustion stove which is extensively used for heating outhouses and other buildings. The Carron Company has devoted especial attention to this latest development, and its stoves, as the result of the firm's experience in this particular field, represent a distinct advance. The stove resembles the ordinary fire-grate in design, with the exception that it is made absolutely airtight; though, in order to impart that glimpse of a fire which the Briton appreciates so much, it is glazed with mica, which reveals the bright-red glow of the burning fuel within. Undoubtedly these stoves are the most hygienic that have yet been placed on the market, there being an absence of dust and dirt, while the heat radiated can be adjusted according to requirements. As they are completely enclosed, there is also an absence of danger from fire. They are economical as regards the consumption of fuel, save labour (as they only require recharging at long intervals), and the combustion is absolutely complete. There is one point which should be borne in mind: facilities must be provided for the escape of the products of combustion, for if the fumes escape into the house there is a danger of asphyxiation. It appears somewhat unnecessary to emphasise such a precaution; but unfortunately a certain number of fatalities from suffocation have attended the installation of these anthracite stoves merely because they were not properly set up, and the only vent provided for the escape of the gases of combustion was into the building. These stoves have been adopted in many offices, owing to their greater efficiency as compared with other forms of heating; and we have seen buildings where a stove which had been fully charged on Saturday at midday, just before the staff left, was found burning brightly upon their arrival on the following Monday morning, and the air of the building comfortable and warm. There remains one thing to be desired, and that is in regard to price. At present these stoves are somewhat beyond the ordinary householder. What is required is a stove comparing in cost with the average grate. When this want is met the new development will meet with far wider appreciation than is the case at present, for it will make a wider appeal.

AN INTERESTING LOCH-PURIFYING EXPERIMENT.

The discoloration and contamination of fresh water by weed-growths is a serious defect in many public water-supplies. It does not affect these islands extensively; but in Canada, the United States, Germany, Switzerland, and other countries it is a frequent source of trouble. The growth is a microscopic floating water-weed, and in summer, when it is floating upon the surface, it gives the liquid a pronounced brownish colour. In winter the water regains its natural colour, because the weed sinks to the bottom. Haining Loch, on the Haining estate of Professor A. S. Pringle-Pattison, in Selkirk, is affected in this manner. That stretch of water has been infested in this way for about a century; but recently an interesting experiment was made to determine whether it was possible to eliminate the evil. The expedient adopted was very simple, consisting of merely half a ton of sulphate of copper, which was dissolved in the expanse of water, spreading over twenty-three acres, the proportion being calculated very minutely, so that the requisite result might be obtained with the minimum quantity of chemical. The effect was somewhat interesting. The chemical apparently exercised an exterminating effect upon the weed, since, whereas before the application the water was very brown, after the copper sulphate had been added the liquid became distinctly clearer, and the brownish tinge changed to gray, though the water remained somewhat turbid. Some apprehensions were entertained as to the effect of the chemical upon the fin and feather life frequenting this loch. The waterfowl do not appear to have suffered any ill-effects therefrom, while the sulphate of copper has not influenced the pike and eels adversely; but the perch seem to have suffered very severely, several hundreds succumbing from poisoning. It will be interesting to follow the results of the experiment, and to ascertain if the dead weed is precipitated to the bottom during the winter, never to arise again, or whether a new growth will spring up next year.

FRUSTRATING THE LETTER-BOX THIEF.

The purloining of correspondence from the letter-box is one of the greatest afflictions from which the community suffers. The thief devotes his energies to abstracting letters from the letter-boxes of both private and business houses

indiscriminately, and the losses resulting are enormous—far greater than the average person supposes. Various efforts to defeat these nefarious practices have been made from time to time, but so far they appear to have been attended with indifferent success. An ingenious safeguard has been recently devised which appears to meet the case very successfully. On the inner side of the door, just below the letter-box aperture, and within the box (if such is provided), a horizontal rod is fixed to the woodwork. This rod carries a number of projecting pieces of stiff wire of equal length and so stout as not to be easily damaged. One end of each rib is coiled round the support, thereby forming a kind of spring. Each wire is loose and free to move up and down. Normally these wires hang down at an angle of about forty-five degrees. When a letter is slipped through the aperture it falls on to these wires, which bend down under its weight to allow the missive to drop to the bottom of the box or on to the mat. The practice of the thief is to use a plummet of metal attached to a piece of string, the bottom of the metal being covered with bird-lime or some other powerful adhesive. This is lowered into the box, and as it sticks to the missives below the thief is enabled to draw them up to the aperture with ease. When the safety-guard described above is introduced, as the weight and letters are drawn up they come into contact with the movable ribs of the guard, which are pushed upward, forming a barrier across the mouth of the letter-box opening, so that the missives cannot be extracted. The guard also prevents the use of another device by letter-box thieves —namely, the net-bag, which is generally inserted into the opening before the postman arrives, and into which the delivered letters fall, to be withdrawn in bulk when he has passed. Owing to this guard the net-bag cannot be inserted; it merely becomes tangled up with the moving wire-ribs, and cannot be withdrawn except in pieces. The guard is extremely simple, and, being stoutly made, is not damaged very easily, while the principle of its operation renders it one of the most efficacious protective devices to the letter-box that have yet been evolved.

TELEGRAPHING ROUND THE WORLD.

The telegraph-wire has become such a familiar feature that very few members of the public pause to think of the influence that it has exerted upon the world at large, and the illimitable possibilities that it possesses. Recently an ingenious test was carried out to determine how quickly a message could be sent round the world. The *New York Times* wrote a message of nine words, addressed to itself, and despatched it eastwards. The message completely girdled the northern hemisphere, travelling through Honolulu to Manilla, thence to Hong-Kong, Singapore, and Bombay, from which point it sped onwards to Suez, thence to Gibraltar, touched Fayal, and finally rearrived at New York, a distance of twenty-eight thousand six hundred and thirteen miles. No attempt was made to clear the line for its transmission in the hope of establishing a record, but the message was sent under ordinary commercial conditions. The message passed through sixteen relay stations, and sixteen and a half minutes after it left New York it re-entered that city, thus travelling at an average speed exceeding seventeen hundred miles per minute. This, of course, is not a record; the quickest time in which a message has been despatched round the world was in celebration of the opening of the Pacific cable, when the globe was telegraphically encircled in nine and a half minutes. In that case, however, the line was cleared specially for the passage of the message. The former achievement, under purely conventional conditions, however, serves to demonstrate very strikingly the potency of this means of communication.

A NOVEL DEVICE TO PREVENT OVERWINDING.

Experiments have been carried out recently at the pit of the Lochgelly Iron and Coal Company with a new device to prevent overwinding which has been invented by the company's chief engineer. In the course of the tests it was shown that a cage could be stopped when travelling at a very high rate of speed without the possibility of accident happening to the men within the cage or to the machinery itself. Another noticeable point is that if overwinding occurs, although readjustment can be quickly and easily effected, the operation cannot be done by the engineman himself; the chief engineer or other authority has to be notified of the carelessness or mistake, and thus can fix the responsibility beyond dispute. The apparatus, after installation, was subjected to many exacting tests, from which it emerged with complete success. It is as simple as it is effective, and is automatic in its action. If the cage in its ascent is travelling too rapidly, and the engineman fails to observe the fact, and neglects to act accordingly, when the cage passes beyond a certain point it sets a warning bell ringing violently. Should this intimation be disregarded, it automatically applies the brake, shuts off the steam, and centres the reversing-gear.

THE MILLIONTH PATENT.

If patents offer any means of gauging the wealth of nations, as is generally supposed, then the reason for the greatness of the United States is mirrored in its Patent-Office. Within three-quarters of a century no less than one million patents have been granted. This does not, of course, imply that all have been filed by American brains, because inventors in all parts of the world have protected their ingenuity in the

United States. However, the fact that such a total has been issued speaks volumes for the activity of the Patent-Office, the widespread appreciation of the American patent laws, and the wealthy field that the country is considered to present for development. The series of which this millionth number has been issued was commenced in 1838, the first patent issued in connection therewith being granted to John Ruggles for a locomotive engine. At first some haphazard methods appear to have been practised, but since the granting of the one hundred and tenth patent method and sequence in numbering have been adopted.

THE RÜPING TIMBER-CREOSOTING PROCESS.

The enormous depletion of the timber-forests of the world and the rise in price of lumber have rendered it necessary that wood should be submitted to some preservative process to impart to it a longer lease of life. This is a great desideratum so far as constructional work is concerned. In those phases of industry which demand a large quantity of lumber in a special form, such as sleepers, telegraph and telephone poles to carry the overhead wires, &c., this fact is recognised only too well, and accordingly any practical process of treating the timber so as to preserve it against its natural enemies attracts attention. But unfortunately, although innumerable preservative processes have been evolved, few have found commercial favour. Creosoting has stood the test of time, and accordingly is practised most generally; but here again there is an ample field for improvement, as the thorough impregnation of the pores of the wood with the oil appears difficult. Great success has attended what is known as the Rüping process of creosoting, and it has come into extensive vogue on the Continent. Through the enterprise of a British firm the system has been introduced into this country, and recently an interesting demonstration of the process and its possibilities was given with convincing results. The main feature of the process is that the preserving operation is carried out more thoroughly than by other creosoting methods, the oil being driven into the heart of the wood, with less consumption of creosote, and the wood so treated is much cleaner to handle. The wood is inserted in a chamber or retort, where it is subjected to a heavy atmospheric pressure. Then the cylinder is filled with creosote, the air-pressure being maintained, and the oil is thus forced well into the wood. The pressure is raised finally to eighty pounds per square inch, and this serves to drive the oil almost, if not quite, to the centre of the balk or pole under treatment. By this process penetration is carried to a far greater extent and at less cost than is possible by other existing creosoting processes. The efficacy of the Rüping process may be best gauged by the fact that whitewood can be treated therewith just as efficiently as other woods, whereas under ordinary circumstances whitewood almost resists the penetration of the oil, or at least only admits of its entrance to a very slight depth.

WORK AND CLIMATE IN PATAGONIA.

A correspondent writes from San Julian, South America: 'In reading the article in your very estimable *Journal* on "Progress in the Argentine" (May 1911), I quite agree with all that is written there, but with one or two exceptions. An ordinary British workman can hardly leave his home comforts and come out here and work as an ordinary workman with his hands. The Italians, Spaniards, and coloured labourers do work at a less rate of wages, and are content with their surroundings, no matter what these may be. Not so a native of Great Britain, who expects more comfort. Carpenters' and blacksmiths' wages amount to about ten pounds of English money a month. With regard to the remark on Southern Patagonia that the climate is cold and inclement all the year round, so far as this part where I am at present is concerned, I have never come across a finer climate in all my travels. The curse of the place is the strong winds and want of rainfall. The winter season seems to be the best, and the depth of winter is June and July. In my room where I write it has been as high as seventy degrees; with one or two exceptional days it is beautiful and mild. San Julian is on the coastline, but I do not think there is much difference a hundred miles inland. There is little or no verdure here, owing to the winds and the lack of rain. The farmers consider one thousand sheep to the league as the limit. On some farms there are one hundred thousand sheep.'

A TEN MILLION DOLLAR AERIAL NAVY FOR ONE DREADNOUGHT.

Not infrequently the argument has been made, both from the platform and in the Press, says the *Scientific American*, that the vast sum of money that is expended on creating a single Dreadnought might better be devoted to creating a whole fleet of dirigibles and aeroplanes. That the money-cost of one Dreadnought would be sufficient to build a fleet which would have the same practical usefulness as the one mighty ship is an altogether different proposition. At the present time the consensus of opinion among naval and military authorities indicates that they believe the immediate sphere of usefulness of air-craft will lie in the work of scouting. Now there is probably no country to which the introduction of aeronautics into the domain of naval warfare is fraught with such serious possibilities as it is to Great Britain, whose very existence as a first-class Power depends in the last analysis upon the maintenance of her naval supremacy. Hence we attach particular importance to a recent discussion of

the subject by leading officials of the British navy, in which it was agreed that the advent of the aerial scout would have but little effect upon the design of future battleships. It was declared that airship must fight with airship, aeroplane with aeroplane; and that just as the security of the island was maintained by keeping a navy of overwhelming force, so Great Britain will be driven to the necessity of building fleets of dirigibles and aeroplanes which will show a similar preponderance over any probable combination of the aerial fleets of other Powers. It is interesting to note that for ten million dollars which is expended on a Dreadnought it would be possible to construct thirty Zeppelins, fourteen Parsevals, five Lebaudys, one Deutsch, and two small scout airships, making a total of fifty-two dirigibles, at a cost of eight million seven hundred and sixty thousand dollars. The remaining one million two hundred and forty thousand dollars would suffice for the construction of one hundred and eighteen Curtiss biplanes, seventy-five Wright biplanes, twenty-nine Blériot monoplanes, eight Antoinettes, four high-speed all-metal machines, and one Farman biplane. Thus for the cost of a single Dreadnought it would be possible to put in the air no less than two hundred and eighty-seven air-craft.

WATERPROOF CEMENT.

We have already referred to a waterproofing cement (page 702). Mr Logan W. Page, director of the United States Office of Good Roads, Department of Agriculture, is the inventor of another new waterproof cement. This cement, says the *Scientific American*, is made by mixing oil with the ordinary cements. The principle also applies to mortars and concretes. It produces a cement that, in the first place, will hold water and may be used for such structures as water-tanks. Concretes that are otherwise easily penetrated by water become waterproof. A lining of waterproof cement or concrete will make an otherwise porous structure watertight. Last May streets were constructed of oil-mixed concrete, one in New York city, one in Washington, and two bridge surfaces in Ridgewood, N.J. A few months ago a vault one hundred and five feet long by eighteen feet wide was constructed of this material in the Treasury Department. The top was a flat reinforced concrete arch, and as sufficient tests in bond had not been made, ordinary concrete was used to surround the reinforcement. After it had set, three inches of a 10 per cent. oil-mixture was placed above. The vault has been perfectly waterproof under very trying conditions. A large water-tank constructed in the Good Roads Laboratory with a 10 per cent. oil-mixture is absolutely waterproof. Extensive experiments made with oil-concrete in basement floors have given excellent results up to the present time. No moisture enters the walls of houses built of this waterproof. Water poured on a basement floor made of it will roll up in globules instead of entering the cement. Colonel Goethals, of Panamá Canal fame, is experimenting with it as a material for building locks. It promises to find extensive use in the building trades. As a new method of roadmaking is urgently wanted in the United Kingdom, now that the motor has come to stay, the results of this oil-mixed concrete will be watched with interest by all concerned.

TURF AS A FILTER.

Recent experiments in France have shown that natural turf is an excellent material from which to form beds for the filtering of sewage. A volume of between three and four cubic metres of sewage can be purified every day for every square metre of the surface of the turf. A turf-filter that has been in use for some time shows no diminution of efficiency. If a larger proportion of sewage than that mentioned is employed the filter proves less effective, but it recovers its power when the amount of sewage is reduced to the proper proportion. Chemical analysis and the effects upon fish put into the filtered water unite in testifying to the efficacy of the process.

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

A PRAYER TO FATE.

SOME crave that o'er life's ocean-waste
Perpetual peace prevail;
Grant me, O Fate, sometimes to taste
The glory of the gale!

Grant me sometimes a wrathful sky,
With cloudage grim and black;
Grant me a fight to fight, that I
May glow with proud attack.

What knows he of the rapturous dawn
Who ne'er kept watch by night?
What of the shore who ne'er was drawn
With surging sea to fight?

And what shall be life's eventide,
And what the day beyond,
To him who, ne'er by tempest tried,
Has sailed a placid pond?

GILBERT THOMAS.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.
4*th*. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

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THE SERPENTINE CANDLESTICKS.

By ALFRED COLBECK, Author of *The Dyserth Diamond*, &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'WHEN will it be Christmas, muvver?'

'In five or six weeks, my son.'

'Five or six weeks!' The child's eyes grew rounder as he tried to measure the time. Failing to accomplish it, he continued, 'How many days, muvver?' and he held both hands above the coverlet, and spread out his fingers in readiness for an elaborate calculation.

'Let me see!' and she drew her brows together, for the answer involved a slight calculation on her part. In an undertone, she said,

'Thirty days hath September,
April, June, and November——

Thirty, and it's now the sixteenth; then there are twenty-five to add.' Raising her voice, she replied, 'Thirty-nine, John—more than you can count before you go to sleep.'

'Yes!' he assented, looking ruefully at his outspread fingers. Suddenly he doubled them up and thrust them back beneath the coverlet. The roundness had gone from his eyes, and the lids were drooping. 'Kiss me, muvver!' And when she had satisfied him, he said 'Good-night!' sleepily, and snuggled his curly head closer into the pillow. She lowered the light, and, with another glance at him, softly opened the door and went downstairs.

Five years before, when John was little more than a baby, she had been widowed unexpectedly, and barely provided for. John was her solace as well as her care. Her husband, a young physician, had contracted diphtheria in the attempt to save the life of a child—successful in the child's case, but fatal in his; and, with scanty means, realised mainly from an insurance policy, she had been left to do the best she could for her son and for herself. But for John, her training as a nurse would have helped her. He had the first claim, however, and she declined to entertain the idea, more than once suggested to her, to entrust him to the care of strangers. Since her mother's death (not long before her marriage), and then her husband's in the pursuit of his calling, John, as baby and boy, was the one being she clung to, and would not consent to part with on any pretext whatever. So far she had managed with comparative ease. Her wants were few. A modest dwelling satisfied her. But the time was coming, and quickly, when John's education must be seriously thought of, and afterwards his equipment for a serviceable life; and these, she feared, would drain her lamentably slender resources quite dry.

She drew her chair to the fire, pulled her work-basket nearer, and began to stitch industriously at a new garment for the child. He was a sturdy little fellow, with outdoor proclivities, and hard upon his clothes. The hooting of a motor sounded in the distance, followed presently by the whir of the wheels, and she listened, half-unconsciously, for its passing. It slowed up, however, and came to a halt at her own gate. If it had passed she would have stitched on, relapsed into her reverie, and forgotten it; but with its stoppage she was fully roused, and, thrusting her needle into the garment and putting it aside, she waited expectantly for the approaching footsteps and the knock at the door.

The footsteps were not familiar. There was an insistence in the knock, sharp and decided, which indicated that her visitor was accustomed to be obeyed. It was a man's knock, not a woman's, and a man with a will of his own. She hastened to the door and opened it. He loomed before her in the dim light which fell through the doorway. She knew him at once. His stature, tall beyond the ordinary; his slimness, spare to a degree; the long ulster wrapped about him from his throat to his ankles; and the crowning silk hat, which, motor or no motor, he was never known to discard, were sufficient to reveal him.

'Dr Marriott!' she exclaimed instantly, and held out her hand in a ready welcome. 'I am very glad to see you!'

'I hope your gladness will last,' he replied somewhat grimly, as he stepped within and followed her into the small room. 'I have come to ask a favour;' and, with a sharp glance about him, noting how spotlessly clean everything was, and the neatness and taste, apparent rather than displayed, in all the arrangements, he brought a pair of unusually steady and penetrating gray eyes to bear upon her face.

'You can ask it better at your ease,' said she,

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in no way disconcerted by his look, and nodding, with a smile, toward a chair on the other side of the hearth; 'unless you are in a hurry?' she queried, as an afterthought.

'You are very cosy here,' he remarked, sinking into the proffered chair, and again glancing about him. The query was ignored. And yet he was a busy man. The motor, with the chauffeur in position ready to start immediately upon his master's reappearance, was purring outside like a huge cat. He threw back the folds of his ulster, and comfortably settled himself, as if he intended to stay for an hour or two. 'Is the boy in bed?' he asked, bringing his eyes back to her face.

'Of course, and asleep long ago.'

'Very sensible of him, and of you too, Mrs Lockerbie, for getting him off so early, and giving him the chance of an excellent beauty-sleep. It interferes with the immediate granting of the favour, but I must not complain about that. I brought the motor down for both of you.'

'Indeed! For an evening ride?' She spoke quietly, aware, nevertheless, that this was only a cover for a more important disclosure.

'We cannot disturb Master John. It will have to be a morning ride now—there, Mrs Lockerbie, but not back. I will call for you at eleven o'clock.'

'But—but—what do you mean?' she asked, in hesitating surprise.

'Exactly what I say—that I will call for you at eleven o'clock, and I hope you will both be ready.'

'There, and not back, you say. It must be back as well as there, or John and I cannot go.'

'That is decisive, Mrs Lockerbie—quite decisive; and, therefore, it must be back, but not to-morrow. When your services are no longer needed—in a few weeks perhaps—I will call for you again, and bring you home—you and John; for I know it is only wasted breath to ask you to go without him.'

'You want a nurse?'

'I want *the* nurse—you. Others are available, but they could not manage him—they would not stay with him—and so I have come for you. He is a peculiar patient—old, eccentric, irritable—an impatient patient, suffering, as the result of a fall, from a fractured thigh. In a younger man, of a quieter spirit, it would be a simple enough case, and all straightforward; but in a man of years, with a complication beyond me—a fractious spirit as well as a fractured thigh—it isn't simple, and will be far from straightforward, unless I can secure for him a proper nurse, a nurse both firm and gentle. Beneath the velvet glove he must feel a hand of steel. And so,' he repeated, 'I have come for you.'

'You flatter me, Dr Marriott, but certainly you do not tempt me. Who is he?'

'John Kaye.'

'Oh!' The exclamation was involuntary and in a tone of dismay.

'I am not surprised. I thought you would feel like that. But there is no one else.'

'Yes—yes'—and she spread out her hands as if to ward off the last statement—'there must be!'

'No one else as suitable as you,' he added, meeting her objection.

'Think how he treated my mother!' she protested.

'I have thought, and also how he has treated you,' the doctor went on persuasively; 'but, fortunately, he does not know you. You are nothing more than a name to him, and maybe not even that. He will address you as nurse, or at the most as Nurse Agnes, and your real name need not be mentioned. It will be a help to him if you will go, and a favour to me. I shall take it as a great kindness. I cannot disguise the fact from you that, at his age, the shock of a fractured thigh may be very serious. If he were twenty years younger he would grumble and recover; now he may grumble and die. You, *incognito*, with your manner and skill, would act upon him as a sedative—to his spirit, I mean—and give him a chance of recovery.'

'How did it happen?' she asked in a whisper; and he was glad, for the question showed concern. He regarded it as an indication that the defences were giving way. Her womanly pity, her nurse's instinct to help, and the real danger the old man, who attracted as well as repelled her, was in, would conquer her dislike and bring her to his side.

'By a fall last night,' said Dr Marriott. 'He was returning in a bad mood from a meeting at the Guildhall, slipped on the icy surface of his own door-step, and came down heavily with his thigh doubled under him. The bone was brittle, and snapped like matchwood. The breakage is well up, only a couple of inches or so from the hip-joint, and it will not knit easily. I was at the meeting with him. He was particularly cantankerous. Few will be sorry to hear of his mishap, and whatever he may suffer, they will think that he deserves it.'

'What was the meeting about?'

'Christmas. It was called to solicit personal contributions in addition to the customary Christmas gifts. Unless the doles for the town charities are substantially supplemented, many who have had a trying time will find the season anything but festive. Business has been slack, and work difficult to obtain; consequently the distress this year is wider spread and deeper.'

'He wouldn't give?'

'No; and on the very ground which has caused the poverty. It has been a bad year for him, so he says. And if he had been contented with saying it, and cleared out when he had said it,

he would not have been more than usually objectionable. But—to salve his conscience, I suppose—he impugned the generosity of others, railed at the people for their thriftlessness, and tried to prove that the burden of the bad times should be borne equally by the workers and those who employ them, independent altogether of their comparative resources. To relieve the burden was to multiply paupers. And so on. And when he had talked himself out, he turned, with a face like a turkey, and ten times as fierce, and indignantly strode away.'

'And yet you want me to go and nurse him?'

'Certainly.'

'The inducement is small.'

'Duty should be the inducement.'

'Pardon me, Dr Marriott;' and a slight flush suffused her face at this outspoken reminder. She was thrown back upon a motive which only emerged with the pronouncement of the word 'duty,' that appealed to her with a quite irresistible force. She was silent for a moment, and then said, in a low and somewhat humbled tone, 'I will go.'

'Thank you!' he answered simply, and immediately rose from his chair.

'And John?' she interposed. 'I was forgetting John.'

'I have spoken to Mrs Ryle about him. He can have his own room in a part of the house away from the invalid's, where, however much he may romp and shout, the patient will not hear him. To repress the child's natural activities would be unfair. Mrs Ryle is expecting you; so are the maids. To enlist their sympathies I made a secret of it, and, being women'—and here his gray eyes glinted, and the curves of his mouth suggested a smile—'it worked like a charm. The room will be turned into a nursery *pro tem.*, and yours will be near it. Mr Kaye needn't know that there is a child in the house at all. The broken limb will chain him, dragon that he is, to his own cage, and your dainty morsel of a boy will not be devoured. No; every precaution will be taken, and you may dismiss your fears on his account at any rate.'

'I am very much averse to the practice of any deception,' she demurred, 'especially in a man's own house.'

'It will be an innocent deception for the man's own good. Such deceptions are common, Mrs Lockerbie, and, under the circumstances, allowable. I practise them, as a surgeon, every week. You have practised them, as a nurse, many a time, and will again. We cannot be overscrupulous in these matters. A conscience like yours, ultra-sensitive, if you will excuse my saying so, might even demand deception when it is a question of life and death. And John Kaye's case is critical.'

'I will risk it. And—thank you,' said she, with a pause between the words, as if she found it rather difficult to express her feelings, 'for your forethought in mentioning John to Mrs Ryle, and arranging for his reception as well as mine. We will be ready at eleven to-morrow.'

She accompanied him to the door, watched him down the path, caught the fleeting smile upon his face as he raised his hat in the motor, and saw the machine swing round, and vanish, amid the rapid whir of wheels, smoothly and swiftly into the darkness.

When she had closed the door and regained her little room, she did not resume her sewing, but sat for quite a long time—much longer than she thought—lost in meditation. And, as people will sometimes do when they are solitary, if only for the companionship of their own voices, she began to speak aloud, and to a person invisible, with a semi-consciousness that her words would be understood.

'He treated you very badly, mother—very badly. It was cruel to leave you alone all those years, never to inquire about you, never to assist you, utterly careless of how you fared, as if you were the veriest stranger in all the world; and you so needy, and he so rich. It mattered nothing to me. I could do without him. Except by name, and occasional glimpses of him at a distance, in the streets or at public gatherings, he was quite unknown to me. For any notice he ever took of me, he might not have been aware of my existence. But it was different with you, mother—altogether different. I have promised to go and nurse him. My word is given; I must go. I wonder, mother, whether you would like me to go? It would make it easier if I knew you would. Dr Marriott said it was my duty.'

Silence supervened. She seemed to be waiting for some reply. After a while she spoke again.

'Yes, mother, it is written in the Book you loved, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." That is clear enough. And if you were here, in my place, you would go, and gladly, and do your best for him, I know. Duty would weigh with you. And the happiness of your heart at the opportunity to go would help you in the doing of your duty. I cannot go gladly. There is no happiness for me in a task like this. But, for your sake, mother, and duty's, I will keep my word.'

With her will steeled to that resolve, she retired, and slept peacefully in the same room with her child.

(To be continued.)

THE SCOTS GUARD IN THE FRENCH SERVICE (1419-1830).

By BERNARD W. KELLY, Author of *A Short History of the English Bar*, *The Conqueror of Culloden*, *The Fighting Frasers of the Forty-five and Quebec*, &c.

WHEN France was struggling with her hereditary foes, and suffering all the unspeakable miseries which marked the last phase of the Hundred Years' War, the Dauphin, afterwards Charles the Seventh, turned in his distress to the Regent Albany of Scotland, and besought his aid against the invaders of the 'sacred soil.' Albany, flushed with his recent victory over Donald, Lord of the Isles, at the Red Harlaw, responded to the call, and ere many months had elapsed, his son, James Stuart, the Earl of Buchan, and a host of rugged Scots—Borderers and Highlanders—were doing battle for France, notably at Beaugé, where an English army under the Duke of Clarence was all but annihilated. The prowess of the Scots here and elsewhere greatly contributed to the final expulsion of the enemy from France; and so delighted was Charles with his northern allies that he forthwith raised a bodyguard from among them, to be henceforward an integral part of the household troops of France.

At the outset the Scots Guard was composed of two companies—that is, Archers and Gendarmes, under the command of Christin Chambre (? Chambers), described as a Chevalier Ecossais; but in 1445 the Guard was reorganised, and henceforth was known as Les Gendarmes Ecossais and La Compagnie de la Garde du Corps du Roi. It was the bows and broadswords of these Scots which so largely contributed to support the tyranny of Louis the Eleventh; and if the Nero of France escaped the fury of the Burgundians at Montlhéry, it was mainly owing to the prowess of the same gallant mercenaries. Nor did the devotion of the Scots to the throne of France lessen with time. When Charles the Eighth entered Florence in triumph in 1495, his Scots Guard was close beside his royal person; and at the sanguinary battle of Marignano (1515), Francis the First would in all probability have met with defeat had not these same Scots burst like an avalanche on the Swiss allies of the Duke of Milan, and driven them in headlong rout from the field.

Later on in the century, the Scots Guard, or rather its captain, Jacques de Lorge, Comte de Montgomery, was instrumental in causing the death of Henry the Second, who was killed by a splinter of the lance of his Scottish adversary in a tournament at Paris. The same year (1559), Robert Stuart, Seigneur de Veziers, and captain of the Scots, was accused of conspiring with some Huguenots to set fire to Paris; and, although the charge fell to the ground, Stuart left the royal service in disgust and allied himself openly with the Protestants, then under the command of the Prince of Condé.

Till the reign of Henry the Fourth (1589-1610), the Garde Ecossaise appears to have undergone very little change. The last-named king, however, greatly increased its privileges, giving to the captain of the Scots precedence over all the other captains of the Maison du Roi. To the same officer was also assigned the honour of standing next to the king at his coronation, of bearing on that occasion the robes of state, and guarding the keys of the town where His Majesty might be staying. It was likewise the peculiar privilege of the Scots Guard to accompany the royal family into the choir at Mass and Vespers; and when the body of the dead king was borne in state to St Denis, a company of the corps always attended as a guard of honour over the royal remains.

These privileges, it need scarcely be said, caused no little umbrage to the haughty French *noblesse*, and at the coronation of Louis the Fourteenth an unseemly altercation on the subject took place in the very sanctuary of the Cathedral of Rheims between the Scots Guard and some of the more jealous of the courtiers. Louis, however, promptly ended the matter by deciding on the spot in favour of the precedence of the Scots, whose privileges henceforth appear to have been no more called in question.

As far back as 1676, the Scots Guard—though its strength had long been increased to four hundred men—was described as being only Scottish in name, and it is probable that but for the Revolution in England it would have become ere the close of the seventeenth century almost entirely French. The abdication of James the Second and the consequent rise of the Jacobite party caused thousands of Scotsmen to emigrate to France, and of course the Guard quickly regained its national character. So vast, indeed, was the influx from North Britain that the French Government, anxious to turn to account the martial courage of a people which had come to be regarded as their natural allies, raised at different times during this period such purely Scottish regiments as those of Hamilton, Campbell, Ogilvy, Douglas, Albany, &c. The insurrection of 1715, and still more that of 1745, served to swell the tide of recruits to these latter corps, which, however, were but temporary auxiliaries of the army of France. The penal laws, which did so much to make the contemporary Irish Brigade in the French service a permanent establishment, were, as far

as the bulk of Scotsmen were concerned, non-existent, while the decay of Jacobitism as a political force, and the raising of the Highland regiments at home (1756–57), quickly led to the extinction of these Franco-Scottish troops. But the Scots Guard, being a chosen corps of noblemen and gentlemen, remained, as its fortunes were not in any way dependent on the cause of the exiled Stuarts.

From the reign of Louis the Fourteenth till 1791 the uniform of the Scots Guard remained practically the same; like that of our Yeomen of the Guard, it became traditional, consisting principally—at least for occasions of state—of a steel corselet over an ample-skirted coat of white and gold. The arms were a partisan and long sword, the latter suspended by a shoulder-belt of white and silver. The other company, that of the Gendarmes Ecossais, wore red coats laced with silver and ornamented with silver buttons; the hats were likewise silver-laced and adorned with the emblem common to both Bourbon and Stuart royalty—the white cockade. On active service this costly equipment appears to have been exchanged for a uniform resembling that of most heavy cavalry corps of the period; but the predominating colours, white and silver and red and silver, were retained.

When William the Third met with defeat at Landen in 1693, his discomfiture was in no small degree owing to the Gendarmes Ecossais, who charged with the rest of the superb household cavalry of France under the Prince de Condé, and scattered the allied horse opposed to them. At Malplaquet, in 1709, the Scots Guard rode into action headed by no less a personage than Prince James Francis Stuart, 'the Old Pretender,' who led the attack on nine separate occasions during the day, and was severely wounded towards the close of that appalling conflict. After this the Scottish section of the Maison du Roi saw no active service till 1747, the year after Culloden, when, with the Ecossais Royal and the Regiment of Ogilvy, it had the satisfaction of contributing to the total defeat of the 'Butcher' Duke of Cumberland at Lawfeldt. Twelve years later the Gendarmes Ecossais crossed swords with the English and Prussian foe at Minden, a service which brought to a close, in a manner most becoming, the long list of battles and feats of arms in which Scotsmen and Frenchmen had fought side by side beneath the banner of the old monarchy of France.

Though it had become almost entirely French and was sadly fallen from its former high estate, the Scots Guard still maintained during the last decades of the eighteenth century its title and time-honoured privileges. Its personnel was remarkable for fine physique and martial bearing, and not a few of the officers and gentlemen-privates were at least of Scottish descent. When the storm of the great Revolution swept across France, and the militant section of the *noblesse* began its famous emigration to Coblentz in 1791, not the least important part of the fighting aristocracy was made up of the Scots Guard, amongst whom appear such names as De Ros, Sant Clar (Sinclair), Vernor, Clamorgan (*sic*), and De Spens. Who these Frenchified Scots were history sayeth not. The record of their names alone has come down to bear witness that this devoted band of courtier-soldiers was faithful throughout the dark hour of adversity to the throne which it had so long been its proud privilege to safeguard and defend.

With the restoration of Louis the Eighteenth in 1814, the Scots Guard again for a brief period appears on the official lists of the French army. When the remains of Louis the Sixteenth and of Marie Antoinette were solemnly transferred from their temporary burial-place to St Denis, the coffins were escorted to the royal mausoleum by twelve of the Garde Ecossaise, who in 1824 performed the same last service at the obsequies of Louis the Eighteenth. At the coronation of Charles the Tenth, Marshal Macdonald and Count Law de Lauriston attended the person of the king as officers of the Scots Guard, which courtly office was destined to be the last of the long series of brilliant services rendered by the corps to the reigning House of France. The Revolution of 1830, which caused the downfall of the elder branch of the Bourbons, witnessed also the passing away of the Scots Guard with the other institutions of ancient royalty, after an existence of more than four centuries. With the suppression of these historic household troops was sundered one of the links which joined the third decade of the nineteenth century to the last period of the Middle Ages, but the renowned Scots Bodyguard had achieved enough to permanently establish its fame. In the course of four centuries it had displayed its heroism and devotion on many a battlefield and in many a circumstance of domestic danger under no less than sixteen successive kings of France, so that it was in every way fitting that the inevitable end should come, as it did, with that of the dynasty it had so long and so splendidly served.

THE POET AND THE GROCER.

By R. S. Warren Bell.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

THE train was half-way through the tunnel when it drew up with disconcerting suddenness, thus unceremoniously introducing passengers who had been glaring at one another for the last hour and a half, by flinging them into each other's arms. Shouts sounded thickly through the sulphur-laden atmosphere; lights flashed past and disappeared; anxious faces peered from every window into the murky gloom.

'Keep your seats, please!' cried the guard, swinging himself along the footboard. 'There's nothing to be anxious about. Something on the line; we sha'n't be here long.'

Thus reassured, the passengers settled themselves down to wait, and tongues wagged freely. The general subject of discussion was railway accidents; but two individuals who had a third-class smoking-compartment to themselves soon branched off into an entirely different theme of conversation.

One was a short, homely-looking man with 'small tradesman' writ large upon his countenance and person; the other was tall and dark, with a clean-shaven, intelligent face, and a slightly longer growth of hair than is usually met with. For both life held many possibilities, neither seemingly having accomplished half his allotted span.

'Yes,' the former remarked when the guard had passed on, 'we're all right, it seems; but it might have been very different. We two, sir, had Fate willed otherwise, might now be lying, mangled corpses, beneath a pile of daybree.' Quite undisturbed by the thought, however, he felt for his pipe and tobacco-pouch. 'It's the same Fate,' he went on, 'that made me a grocer, and you'—— He coughed apologetically.

'A poet,' said the other.

The Grocer looked at his companion with interest. 'Really! is that so?' he exclaimed. 'Excuse me, sir, but I've never met a poet in my life before. Well, as we've got so far, I may as well tell you that I live at Lullhampton, and that my name is Muckleston—Henry Muckleston.'

'And I am going to live *near* Lullhampton,' said the Poet. 'My name is Farquhar—George Keith Farquhar.'

'If you'll pardon my inquiring,' said the Grocer, warming to his new acquaintance, 'what may be bringing you to Lullhampton? It's a dullish sort of place. Nothing much there to write poetry about.'

'An aunt of my wife's who died recently left us her house. I was getting rather tired of London, and so we have decided to try the country for a time. My wife preceded me yesterday.'

'Well, sir, I hope you'll like the place,' said Mr Muckleston, 'and I only hope it'll serve you better as a poet than it does me as a grocer. There's one thing, sir; you'll have no rival. I have several, and there's hardly a living for all of us. Ah, we're going on! We shall be at Lullhampton in a few minutes now. Well, sir,' he added, as the train rumbled out into the daylight, 'if I can be of service to you, please command me. "Henry Muckleston,"' as he handed his travelling companion a card, '"Grocer and Provision Dealer, The Old Corner Shop, Lullhampton."'

'Certainly,' said the Poet politely. 'I am very pleased to have met you, Mr Muckleston.'

. . . . . .

The Poet's house was situated a good two miles out of the town of Lullhampton, so but little was seen of Mr Farquhar and his wife in the small country town. When he had been in the neighbourhood six months, the majority of Lullhamptonians were only vaguely aware of the Poet's existence. A village distant but a mile or so from his residence supplied most of his wants, but he took his groceries faithfully from Mr Muckleston; and when Mr Muckleston pulled up his cart outside the Poet's house, Mr Farquhar never failed to go out and exchange the time of day with his friend of the tunnel.

There was a wayside alehouse a short after-supper walk out of Lullhampton, to which Mr Muckleston did sometimes repair to smoke an evening pipe, and here he occasionally encountered the Poet, who found even alehouse society a relief to the monotony of his lonely home and (be it confessed) the snappish utterances of his shrew-wife. And so it came about that with the passing of the months a friendship of some depth grew up between these two men. Though following such widely different callings, they were, in a fashion, kindred souls, and neither found aught but entertainment and solace in the other's society.

'It must have been a sort of Fate that threw you and me together,' observed Mr Muckleston one warm summer evening as they sat smoking in the sanded tap-room of the 'Three Tuns,' 'asking your pardon for the familiarity, sir. I've never had talks with any one as I've had with you, Mr Farquhar. Ah, I wish Fate was always in that mood!' And he pulled reflectively at his pipe. 'I can't say, sir, I admire the way Fate goes about her work. Here am I a grocer, and I might have done better in almost any other

line. Ah, she does deal differently with people! Look at *us!* You get your living without dirtying your hands—except with ink—writing poems and ballads. Where is the work in that? It's pleasure. You've told me before this that you don't write well unless what you write gives you pleasure while you're writing it. Pleasure is joy, and joy is delight. How would it be with me if I only did jobs that gave me delight? I shouldn't sell anybody any lard or cut them any bacon, I wouldn't measure out pounds of sugar in my odd time; and as for oil, I wouldn't keep it in the shop. You see the difference, Mr Farquhar?'

'Writing poetry may give one pleasure,' allowed the Poet, smiling dryly; 'but what really matters is selling it. The delight of literary creation is somewhat discounted by the editorial rejection-form. No one returns your lard "with compliments and thanks," do they?'

'They'd get it at their heads if they did,' said Mr Muckleston roughly.

'Precisely,' said the Poet. 'What you produce, as the saying is, *goes*. You wouldn't care to send out your goods on approval all over the town? Everything is ordered. If I waited for orders I should starve.'

Rising, Mr Muckleston tapped on the counter with a thick finger-nail, and with a gesture indicated to mine host that the glasses were to be replenished.

'How,' he then demanded of the Poet—'how would you like to get up at seven o'clock on a freezing morning? How, sir, would you like to fag about selling treacle and candles on a hot August afternoon, with a shop full of wasps? How would you like to drive out into the country on a pouring wet day, wearing out your horse's shoes, down narrow lanes, taking ha'p'orths of sugar to Old-Age Pensioners?'

'The prospect is certainly not an inviting one,' said the Poet, laughing. 'Nevertheless I should be only too glad to have a grocer's shop. When I am ill I cannot write poetry, but when you are ill your shop goes on. You have your assistant, and your wife, and your daughter, and your shop-boy to carry on your business.'

'Yes,' said the Grocer, 'I have my assistant, *and* my wife, *and* my daughter, *and* my shop-boy. *And*,' he added, fishing the piece of lemon out of his glass with a work-stained forefinger, 'I have to keep them all, whatever the shop's doing. Ah, I'd willingly swop jobs with you!'

'Then we will swop,' said the Poet briskly. 'Name your day.'

'Mean it? You mean it, Mr Farquhar, sir?' cried the Grocer, staring at him in amazement.

'Of course.'

'Well, if you're in earnest,' said the Grocer, 'to-morrow is the day. There's an excursion to the seaside. Two saloon trains from Lullhampton. Everybody's going, including my assistant, my wife, my daughter, *and* my shop-boy. They start at four in the morning. I'm to mind the shop single-handed.'

'My wife and my servant are also going,' said the Poet. 'Very well. It is agreed that you come and do my work and I'll do yours. I'll leave my letters unopened. You open them and answer them, and do your best at the poem I'm writing. I will conduct your business. I'll ask you to take down the shutters and open the shop, and I'll be along at nine.'

'You can't be in earnest, sir!' cried Mr Muckleston. 'You'll be recognised.'

'I sha'n't,' said the Poet. 'And if I am, I don't care. It'll be a holiday for me.'

They discussed the plan a little further, and each went home enthusiastic at the prospect of enjoying a day's entire change of employment.

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

The mountain sheep were sweeter,
But the Lowland sheep were fatter;
And so we deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.

WITHOUT questioning the taste of the Border thief who preferred fat mutton to lean, it may be suggested that another reason for carrying off the Lowland sheep lay in the circumstance that they were much easier to catch. If there be one quality for which the mountain sheep is more remarkable than another, that quality is amazing activity; he can get over rough ground at a speed which would leave a Leicestershire sheep standing still, and his jumping powers are comparable with those of the deer. From the shepherd's point of view these talents have their drawbacks. In former days in Monmouthshire, when the little hill sheep had to be collected for washing or shearing, the whole countryside used to turn out to 'gather the mountains,' as it was called. They had no dogs to help, and the business afforded the young men a capital opportunity to display their running powers. They usually turned out in a costume, or want of costume, much like that worn by an athlete on the cinder-path to-day, and he who could run down and catch a four-year-old wether was a man of mark. The introduction of dogs, which were originally brought from Westmorland, made an end of 'gathering the mountains;' and it must be admitted that dogs are better fitted for such

work than the most active of Welsh mountain youths.

The hill sheep's jumping powers elevated wall-building to a science. In Monmouthshire and elsewhere the wall approved is one six feet high, with a coping-stone that projects at least six inches; but even this does not always defeat the sheep on wandering intent; and when the pasture on his own side of the wall is scanty or little to his taste, he always is on wandering intent. If he cannot fairly jump the wall, he runs up it like a squirrel, and, by some feat of gymnastics entirely his own, surmounts the coping-stone credulous humanity put on top to baffle him. The 'Galloway dike' was strongly recommended by old authorities for containing hill sheep. This species of wall was designed by some shrewd flockmaster who had made a study of ovine idiosyncrasies.

Hill sheep, like other half-wild creatures whose safety depends on their wits as well as their limbs, are vastly more intelligent than others; they distrust loose stones, fearing broken legs, and the man who invented the Galloway dike used his knowledge of this distrust in carrying out his idea. He built his wall 'as open as possible to let the sheep see through,' and thus gave it a 'tottery appearance' which deterred the wary beast, fearful of falling stones, from attempts to climb. The Galloway dike-builder, however, did not omit the projecting coping-stone for the further discouragement of more reckless or more athletic sheep who might try to jump it fairly.

Jumping ability is of no particular use to a sheep from man's point of view, and a curious story is told (*Philosophical Transactions*, 1813) of the way in which this gift was eradicated by a Massachusetts breeder named Seth Wright. In 1791 a ewe on Wright's farm gave birth to an abnormally shaped ram lamb with body much longer and legs much shorter than they ought to have been. Wright did not admire this lamb; but he left it with its mother to see how it would grow up, with doubts, for its short fore-legs were crooked. Ere long he discovered that this oddly formed lamb could not follow the rest when they jumped the fences, as they were only too fond of doing. Wright naturally wished he had more sheep like this one, and regarded the lamb with a favourable eye. In due time he bred from it, and all the children had the same short legs prohibitive of jumping. Thus was laid the foundation of a variety called the 'otter breed' of sheep.

Hill sheep—other than Herdwicks, which show peculiar attachment for one locality if the feed is to their liking—are of vagrant habit, which is an outcome of the conditions under which they live. Lowland sheep grazing on rich pastures keep together in a flock; hill sheep scatter in search of food, for were they to remain in a flock on mountains which are calculated to carry

to know they are not wanted in the corn, and they raid the fields in strength during the dark hours, taking care to be well out of reach up the mountain-sides by daylight.

But it is in self-preservation that the hill sheep displays his greatest intelligence. Life on the mountains for long generations has made him weather-wise, and taught him how to order his conduct when threatened by the snowstorm which might prove his undoing. When snow-clouds gather, the hill sheep gather also, and take their way in a flock to some exposed hill-shoulder. Sheep unversed in mountain craft would seek shelter under rock or wall, and be duly snowed up; the mountaineer knows better. Drifts do not lie on the wind-swept slopes, and if these are cold they are safe. So there the hill sheep collect, and moving slowly but continuously about on one spot, tread down the snow as it falls and keep a space comparatively clear. This manœuvre answers two purposes; it obviates danger of burial—for if there is little wind the most exposed place has no particular advantage—and it makes the task of getting food easier. All hill sheep are adepts at scraping away the snow, even frozen snow, to get at the herbage beneath—the Cheviot so excels in this work that he has earned the name of 'snow-breaker'—and thus they manage to keep themselves alive through weather whose rigours would speedily kill sheep less fitted for such hardships. By the way, the Grampian shepherds, whose flocks apparently do not understand the importance of keeping on the move under such conditions, take a leaf out of the hill sheep's book of lore; they drive their animals to the top of some hill and keep them in slow motion, round and round, to tread down the snow. In some parts may be seen circular folds of loose stones which have been built to facilitate this process.

Despite their weather wisdom, hill sheep sometimes do get buried in snow-drifts, and then they show the hardiness for which they are famous. In 1876 a flock of one hundred were lost, and the shepherd only found them on the seventeenth day after the snowstorm, buried under a drift of from eight to ten feet deep. In the winter of 1887–88 a Welsh farmer of Ystrad Mynach missed a number of his flock after a storm on 26th December, and found them on 4th January, no whit the worse for nine days' burial. Sheep have remained buried under snow for much longer periods. A number of Herdwicks on the Cumberland hills were discovered after three weeks' burial; most of them were alive, but not one had a shred of wool left on him, for each had been gnawed bare by his starving comrades. It is not quite correct to write 'burial' in these circumstances. When sheep are overpowered by drift they keep moving restlessly, and so work out a sort of cave under the snow; their bodily heat—the sheep's normal temperature, be it noted, is 104 degrees, or about 5·5 degrees higher than man's—helps to this end, and also serves to keep open a hole or two above, which saves them from suffocation. This hole is very often the means whereby they are discovered and rescued, as the smell of sheep is strong, and the shepherd's dog, scenting them, calls his master to dig.

Clever as are sheep-dogs, not all are gifted as sheep-finders. It is averred that a dog has never been known to acquire the art of sheep-finding in snow except in early youth; and as heavy snowstorms are obviously essential to make opportunity for revelation of the gift, and heavy snowstorms do not occur every winter, most dogs grow up without having a chance to show what they could do in this direction. Mr Dickinson, who wrote on farming in Cumberland nearly a century ago, gives an account of the circumstances under which a young collie scarce out of puppyhood revealed himself a sheep-finder. It was after the Martinmas snowfall of 1807, the heaviest known in the Border country for years. A flock of four hundred Herdwicks had disappeared; and, their fate being certain, the owner and his friends set out armed with the usual long poles to probe likely drifts. Among the dogs they took with them was the young collie, who at first regarded the whole business as a joke, and enjoyed himself immensely, as young dogs will, racing and tumbling in the snow. After a time, however, he stopped playing and began to take a serious interest in the proceedings. He watched the men probing the deep snow, smelt at the poles, and sniffed at the holes they left. His master left him alone, knowing that if they did chance to find the sheep's place of burial the dog would tell them of it. After some time the young collie clearly realised what was wanted. He began to range for himself, and coming upon a ventilation-hole through which the smell of sheep rose strong to his nostrils, he began to scratch, eagerly whimpering with excitement, while the older dogs stood aloof, no doubt scorning the youngster's enthusiasm. But the young dog was a sheep-finder; and when the first lot of buried Herdwicks had been rescued he continued his search, barking with delight every time more were dug out.

The shepherds of the Faroes in former days used a precaution of their own to guard against burial of their sheep, which, being very small, were easily overcome. With each lot they used to run one or two wethers of superior size and strength, which, unless the snow was very deep, could break their way out of a drift and give the others a lead. Those old Faroe sheep were extraordinarily hardy; it was said of them that they would 'remain alive as long as they had any marrow in their bones.' They ate each other bare of wool when buried in the snow, but that was expected; and they were not peculiar in that

respect. The original Faroe breed came to a melancholy end. Hardy they were, and sweet of mutton; but their wool was of the poorest, resembling hair, and that was a fatal objection in the days when the wool-crop was the farmers' stand-by, and throughout Britain men were seeking to improve their sheep as wool-producers. The desire for improvement spread to the islands; and the people, having imported a better stamp of sheep from the mainland, set to work to kill down their old stock. This was not easy, for the Faroe sheep were wilder than most hill-breeds, and were unapproachable; so the shepherds began to shoot them, as if they had been true wild game, and of course made them wilder than ever. Something had to be done; the pasture, scanty enough at the best of times, was wanted for the new sheep, and the almost useless old breed were devouring it. Heroic measures were adopted at last. The islanders assembled in strength, surrounded the wild sheep on the hills they affected, closed in upon them, and drove them into the sea. Such was the end of the old Faroe sheep.

Lycidas was a lowland shepherd. Had that gentleman ever herded on lands where immemorial custom prescribed 'common without stint' —which meant that any one who enjoyed grazing rights on common land might turn out as many sheep as he pleased—he would have insisted less upon the 'gentleness' of the shepherd's art. The grazing on the hills varies in excellence, or perhaps it were better to say 'poverty,' and there used to be great rivalry among the shepherds to obtain possession of the best tracts. Some hill-breeds (notably the Herdwicks) lack the vagrant habit, and if put on tolerably good ground will remain there, even finding their way back if removed; but on 'common without stint' such ground had to be held by strength, and the shepherds had a curious method not only of finding suitable grazing, but of keeping it for their own sheep. They made a practice of buying horned wethers of a breed raised in Cardiganshire which were famed alike for their pugnacity, for their perseverance in seeking out the best grass in the parish, and for the jealousy with which they repelled intruders. With a few of these sheep to 'keep the walk' for themselves and the rest of the flock, the shepherd had only to guard against human rivals and their dogs. He could depend upon his Cardigan wethers to drive off any strange sheep that might attempt to establish himself on the ground, while he reserved his own energies to prevent 'dogging'—that is, endeavours by unscrupulous rivals to stampede his flock with the help of their dogs. Fights were frequent in Monmouthshire in the days of 'common without stint,' providing surgeon and lawyer with plenty of work.

Some sheep possess special talent for finding the best grazing, and among the experts the lonks are conspicuous. The lonk is believed to have come originally from the Yorkshire hills, and it has all the acuteness and tenacity of purpose we associate with men from that shire, as well as the agility of other hill sheep. The lonks are now most common in Cumberland, where they enjoy a great reputation for their ability to find, and their determination to retain possession of, the best grass. They are quite impartial as to situation provided the herbage be rich, and display explicable preference for a churchyard. Once lonks take possession of a churchyard it is hopeless to try to keep them out; no wall stops them, and they return again and again as often as they are expelled. They are most enterprising in spring-time when the new grass is growing. At that season the only thing the owner of lonks can do—other than erect the five-foot wire fence which alone among fences beats a lonk—is to hobble them 'fore and aft,' right forefoot to right hind; thus handicapped they cannot jump, and perforce stay at home.

For an intelligent animal, the mountain sheep sometimes displays a deplorable want of common-sense, feeding blindly into places whence he cannot escape, or blundering headlong over rocks. Foule Crag, in Cumberland, is notorious locally as a death-trap to the Herdwicks. The formation of the hills there is peculiar, abounding, as at Foule Crag, with narrow ledges which run out invitingly from safe ground along the face of the sheer walls of rock, narrowing till they disappear. The sheep wanders along, cropping the herbage as he goes, till he can neither advance nor turn round. A goat would back out unconcernedly; the Herdwick loses his head and stays there, *baaing* until he either dies from starvation, is blown over the ledge, or, good fortune serving, is discovered and drawn up into safety by the shepherd. A precipice on the sheep-walks is always a danger; the sheep graze along the edge, and a sudden gust of wind may blow them over, to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. There is a dangerous precipice of this nature between Loch Long and Loch Goil, and a farmer who held the walk, having lost sheep every year, devised a clever method of keeping his flock out of danger. He procured a number of goats and turned them loose; the goats, as their nature bade, took up their quarters on and about the rocks, and by degrees ate the 'danger zone' so bare that no sheep cared to seek a bite there, preferring to feed on the safe ground where the farmer desired they should stay.

THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS.

By G. J. M'Cormac, F.G.S.A., I.P.S.

WISHING to have the cobwebs driven out of my brain and the chalk-dust out of my coat, I decided to make peace for a time with the 'ologies' and 'isms,' and instead battle with the storm-tossed Gulf of St Lawrence, my Mecca being the centre of its fury, the 'kingdom of fish' and the sea-birds' paradise—the Magdalen Islands.

A dull Monday evening found me at Souris, Prince Edward Island, taking passage in the trim little mail-steamship *Amelia* for the sixty-two mile voyage across the seldom peaceful Gulf. There was a gentle swell on the sea, two or three 'swells' on the boat, and a stiff breeze from the south-east. After we had got well past the east point of Prince Edward Island, towards midnight the breeze stiffened up to a gale, and the storm came upon us in all its fury. The wind had shifted to a nor'-easter, the seas washed our deck from stem to stern, and the best our engines could do, with much creaking and groaning, was to make four knots an hour.

About noon, after battling with Neptune and all his forces for over eighteen hours, we were able to descry through the haze the rocky outlines of Deadman's Island, the most westerly of the group of thirteen that make up this interesting island-colony. Here before us loomed a mile of rock, rising sharply to a height of nearly two hundred feet, quite bare of vegetation, and devoid of habitation. Seen at a distance, it resembles a giant body shrouded and laid out for burial; hence its name. And distance, in this case at least, certainly lends enchantment to the view, for destruction is the fate of any craft which happens to make too close an inspection of those iron-bound, unsentinelled cliffs. Nor is a very close inspection necessary as a means to destruction; for Deadman's Island, like its sister-islands to the west, is guarded by nature with sunken reefs, the terror of all navigators.

'Hard about!' comes the order from the wheelhouse, and soon we are facing the living gale, and leave in our wake the sculptured Deadman, the most appropriate tombstone in the graveyard of the St Lawrence. Seas break over us; rain, sleet, and snow in turn beat upon us; the sailors crawl cautiously along the life-lines. Our gallant ship, exerting all her force of steam, stood still, then shivered, then rolled, every rib in her body creaking as the Cave of the Winds bellowed forth its forces upon her. We are now rounding South-west Cape, and if there is one place in the world where you can get the hair blown out of your head, it is surely here. Any person who has ever experienced a gale in this part of the St Lawrence will not need to tax his memory much to remember it. The German professor who accompanied us declared that the ship was rolling three ways at once. On and on we struggled, making a record of about two knots an hour, for both tide and wind combined to dispute every inch of our course. However, in the mists of evening we descry, gray and ghostly on our port bow, Entry Island, the massive sentinel of rock that guards the eastern entrance of Pleasant Bay. It is the most picturesque of the Magdalens, with its hills rising to a height of nearly six hundred feet, and its cliffs ranging from three hundred to four hundred feet above the water. It consists of a succession of hills and valleys, and contains many small lakes, some of which are of unknown depth. This island affords good pasturage, and large flocks of sheep may be seen grazing on its hills. Being harbourless, it has only a few inhabitants.

Soon we are ploughing through the waters of Pleasant Bay, and just as the lights begin to sparkle in the windows of the fishers' huts along the shore we drop anchor in front of the village of Havre Aubert, the capital of Amherst Island and metropolis of the Magdalens.

The Magdalen group is usually described as consisting of thirteen islands, but in this computation are included some rocks which never have been and never will be inhabited. Then, again, several islands which are so joined by sand-bars as to be actually one are counted separately. In fact, a number of the larger islands are all joined together in this fashion. Sometimes two sand-bars join one island to another, forming a lagoon between the two bars. The chief islands of the group are Amherst, Entry, Grindstone, Alright, Goose Isle (with Coffin Island, East Island, and North Cape), Bryan Island, Bird Rock, and Deadman's Island. They assume the form of a horseshoe about fifty-three nautical miles long, while the width where the islands are united at the south is about fourteen miles. The general direction of the group is north-east and south-west. The islands are fifty miles north of Prince Edward Island, about one hundred and fifty east of New Brunswick, sixty west of Cape Breton, and ninety from 'ye ancient colony'—Newfoundland. They form a part of the county of Gaspe, Quebec, but send a member of their own to the provincial legislature. The population is now about six thousand, 85 per cent. of whom are French.

The history of the Magdalens is an interesting one. On 22nd July 1534 they were discovered by Jacques Cartier. In 1663 the

Company of New France granted them to Sieur Doublet, a mariner of Harfleur. Doublet named the group the Magdalens in honour of his wife. In 1664 Sieur Doublet associated himself with François Don de Quimpe and Claude de Laudermar in a fishing speculation. In the summer fishermen came from France and used the islands as a base for their fishing operations; but in the autumn they all returned to their homes, leaving the islands the undisputed realms of the walrus, gannet, and seal for the winter. In 1719 we find the French king ceding this territory to Le Compte de St Pierre, at the instance of the Duchess of Orleans. The first people to reside permanently on the islands were four Acadian families who came from St Peter's Bay, Prince Edward Island, in 1757, and found employment under a retired English officer of the name of Gridley, who opened an establishment to trade in walrus and seal oil. They were the sole inhabitants when the islands, after having been the subject of dispute between France and Britain, were finally ceded to Britain, and in 1763 annexed to Newfoundland, a connection which remained until, under the Quebec Act, they were joined to Canada as a part of the province of Quebec. In this same year (1763) the first extensive settlement was made in the Annapolis Valley by a number of the exiled Acadians.

In 1798 Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, while cruising in the Gulf, espied the Magdalen group, and thought it would be very nice to own a Canadian archipelago. As he deserved well of the Crown for his long service to king and country, he made application, through his friend Lord Dorchester, to King George the Third for a grant of the islands, which he easily obtained, being legally designated 'Sir Isaac Coffin, Baronet, Admiral of the Red in His Majesty's Fleet, proprietor of the Magdalen Islands.' And down to this day, with one or two exceptions, the Magdalens are still owned by the Coffin family, the present representative of which lives in France. The family has always had a resident agent on the islands, and the occupants of the land pay a rental of one franc per acre annually. Under recent legislation the proprietors of the estate are now obliged to sell when a tenant makes a cash tender of a sum based upon the capitalisation of the rental; but most of the tenants are not in a position to purchase. In a financial sense the Magdalens have not been a very good paying investment, for, while the area of the islands is about one hundred thousand acres, much of the land still owned by the Coffin family yields no rental; but, then, is there not much in the glory of owning an archipelago?

So much for the history of this interesting group of islands. Now we return to the capital city, in front of which we had cast anchor after safely weathering a gale which, as we afterwards learned, sent a number of poor sailors to Davy Jones's locker. Soon we see the shore-boats, manned by the hardy Magdalen fishermen, six oarsmen to a boat, steadily but surely making their way toward us. All freight, baggage, and passengers are presently lowered into the boats, and ere long we are landed on the sandy beach skirting the narrow isthmus on which is situated the long, straggling village of Havre Aubert. There is no wharf here, nor are there more than one or two in the whole of the islands, and these are small structures at which only fishing-boats lie. No wharf extending to deep water could be built strong enough to withstand the force of the sea at certain seasons. Besides being almost devoid of wharves, it may be said with equal truth that the islands are without harbours, for what may be a harbour with the wind in one direction becomes a death-trap with the wind in a different direction. Thus it was in the memorable gale of August 1873, when the Gloucester fishing-fleet lay in Pleasant Bay, snugly sheltered from the north-east gale; but when the wind shifted to due east forty-two of the vessels were driven ashore at Amherst. So close did they lie on the beach that one could walk over the decks of twelve of them, stepping from one to the other without the need of a plank to serve as a gangway. One vessel was landed high and dry in a field. This is the storm described in Steadman's poem, 'The Lord's-Day Gale':

> On reef and bar our schooners drove
> Before the wind, before the swell;
> By the steep sand-cliff their ribs were stove—
> Long, long their crews the tale shall tell.
> Of the Gloucester fleet are wrecks threescore;
> Of the Province sail two hundred more
> Were stranded in that tempest fell.

Havre Aubert is a village of about sixty houses. It boasts of a courthouse, the lower story of which is intended to be used as a jail in case of necessity. So rare are prisoners, however, that the cells are seldom in use, for the Magdaleners are the most law-abiding people in the world, and the few petty offences that constitute the criminal history of the islands are committed by visiting sailors or other strangers. During the autumn previous to my visit a stranger attempted to peddle liquor, and as a consequence was sentenced to three months in jail. Before the expiration of the sentence the time drew near for the last trip of the steamer for the season. If he served out his term he would have to remain on the island for four or five months after his release, until the arrival of the first boat in spring, and he might insist that the authorities should defray his expenses. Confronted with this problem, the authorities made application to the Minister of Justice for Canada, and the sentence was remitted in time to enable the stranger to get back to his home by the last boat. West of the village is Demoiselle Hill, so called because its outline resembles the figure of a recumbent woman.

The cliffs here rise five hundred and fifty feet, and are the highest on the island. From the top of Demoiselle Hill is to be had one of the prettiest views imaginable, a combination of land and water that could not but fill an artist's soul with ecstasy. For a dozen miles stretches the island east and west, here and there dotted with barachois and shallow lakes. Pleasant Bay is at our feet, and we count upwards of a hundred fishing-boats, of all sizes and designs, upon its bosom. The beach is curtained over with fishing-nets drying in the sun, while farther back from the water's edge are piles of lobster-traps, fish-flakes, and seal-oil vats. A group of women are digging clams, and close by a herd of swine are equally intent in rooting for the tasty molluscs. Close inspection shows that the Magdalen Islands pig has an enormous nasal projection, and no doubt it serves him in good stead, for 'Root hog, or die,' is certainly their rule of life, and as sure as absence makes the heart grow fonder, rooting makes the snout grow longer. It is said with some truth that when the Magdalener wishes to know if his hog is fit for the butcher's knife, he holds the pig up by the two ears, and if the snout does not balance down the body he is prime meat, and his requiem is forthwith sung.

From Amherst to Grindstone we go along the connecting sands, a distance of ten miles. This can be accomplished only at low water, and even then one must know how to ford the intervening inlets in order to be safe. We hire a charette, a sort of diminutive cart without springs, and equally devoid of paint; and as dangerous quicksands abound, and every change of tide changes the way to be traversed, we think it expedient to take a guide. Grindstone is circular in shape, with a radius of two and a half miles. At the western side is Etang du Nord, the largest and most important village in the Magdalens. It boasts of a very fine church, the pastor of which at the time of my visit was a man of noble birth, the son of a French count. Near this village is a large, shallow lagoon in which fine sea-trout are caught. Grindstone has about three hundred and fifty families, and is the chief centre of the fishing industry. Like Amherst, Grindstone is a succession of hills and valleys, and contains six hills with an altitude of five hundred feet or more.

Between Grindstone and Alright Island is a boat-harbour known as Havre de Maison, or House Harbour. Here is situated a large convent in which many of the young ladies of the islands are educated, and in which have graduated most of the school-teachers who are engaged in the nineteen public schools which dot the islands. Alright is nearly four miles long, between one and two miles wide, and has about two hundred and fifty families. Much of the island consists of sand-dunes covered with coarse grass, which furnishes fodder for the winter months. Cape Alright has a height of five hundred feet.

Extending north from Grindstone and Alright are the long stretches of sand, of which the North Beach is one, with a shallow, narrow passage between them. The North Beach has been the scene of more shipwrecks than any other part of the Gulf of St Lawrence. Here half a century ago the emigrant-ship *Miracle* was wrecked, with the loss of three hundred and fifty lives out of six hundred and seventy-eight. Mr Fontana, agent of the Coffin Estate, with a few others, buried more than two hundred bodies in the sand. One of Mr Fontana's most interesting stories is that of the weird coming ashore of the English ship *Joseph*. In broad daylight, with all sails set, the vessel came steadily on until she struck on North Beach. Not a sign of life was to be seen on the decks. Mr Fontana went on board, entered the cabin, and there found five men lying dead, with their throats cut. The brig's papers were not to be found, and the ship's name was partly obliterated; but the identity of the vessel was afterwards disclosed through correspondence with Lloyd's, and it was learned also that some sailors had landed on the west coast of Newfoundland, and had disappeared. They were undoubtedly the mutineers, who, having murdered the others, had made for the land, leaving the corpse-laden vessel to her fate.

Augustin Le Bourdais, weather-observer and telegraph-operator at Grindstone, is the survivor of a terrible experience on the North Beach. He was mate of the brig *Wasp* of Quebec, which went to pieces in a blinding snowstorm in November 1871. He was the only survivor of a crew of eleven, and having gained the shore, he wandered around the beach from Tuesday until Saturday, eating snow, and finally taking shelter in an old hut, where he fell into a deep sleep, from which he did not awake until he was discovered. His feet were so frozen that they subsequently came off at the ankles. There was then no doctor on the islands; but Le Bourdais had a strong constitution, and in the spring got to Quebec, where both legs were amputated below the knee. He was appointed to his present position by the Government, and returned to the Magdalens, married, and settled down within a few miles of the scene of his terrible experience.

Between Goose Isle and Coffin Islands is Grand Entry Harbour, the entrance of the Great Lagoon which lies between the stretches of sand-dunes north of Grindstone. The Great Lagoon is twenty-five miles long and from half a fathom to five or six fathoms deep. At Grand Entry it attains its greatest width, about six miles, while in some places it is very narrow—scarcely a quarter of a mile. The western entrance to it is at House Harbour.

Nine nautical miles from Goose Isle, and completely separated from the islands already mentioned, is Bryon Island, five miles long, and less

than a mile at its widest part. It was named by Jacques Cartier in honour of his patron, Admiral Brion, under whose auspices he made his first voyage across the Atlantic. It is the property of Mr William Dingwell, and there are only half-a-dozen families living on it. During the fishing season, however, the population is much larger, as it is one of the best fishing-stations in the Magdalens. Black and inhospitable, its cliffs rise upwards of two hundred feet from the water. It has no harbour, and in rough weather it is very difficult to effect a landing.

Eleven miles east of Bryon, and twenty north-east of Goose Isle, is the most remote and inaccessible part of the Magdalens, the ever-famous Bird Rocks. They are two in number, about a mile apart, with a sunken reef between them, and a reef continuing for another mile beyond the Little or North Bird. The smaller island is gradually being broken up by the action of the sea. The Great Bird is a rock rising abruptly to a height of one hundred and forty feet, and having an area of about three acres. So perpendicular are the sides of this rock that the visitor and supplies are alike landed by means of a box which is lowered to the water's edge and hoisted by means of a windlass. In 1872 a lighthouse and fog-alarm station were built upon it, and the keeper with his family and two assistants constitute the population. The light is a very powerful one, and can be seen for a distance of thirty miles. For some years after the lighthouse was built a little steamer came every spring and autumn with supplies for the lighthouse and provisions for the keeper. One bright September morning the little ship arrived. The crew landed, and were drawn up one by one to the top of the cliff by the light-house-keeper, then the sole occupant of the rock. All reached the top without mishap; but as the first man was being lowered the chain cable which fastened the bucket to the winch broke, and the ill-fated sailor was dashed to death on the rocky shore below. There, on the rocky sky-table, were his companions, with no means of descent. In the latter part of November a vessel arrived from Quebec in search of the missing steamer, and the sailors were released from their lofty prison. Since then a series of iron ladders have been constructed up the face of the cliff, to be used in case of accident to the hoisting-gear. One can well imagine that these rocks, before the time of lighthouses and fog-signals, were the scene of innumerable wrecks, with no survivors to tell the grim tale of destruction.

Bird Rocks take their name from the countless millions of gulls, gannets, and other sea-birds which have made it their home from time immemorial, and which still inhabit it despite the presence of the lighthouse and fog-alarm. It would seem that Bird Rocks are the convention grounds for all the aquatic portion of the feathery race, for at times sea, sky, and rocks are virtually screened by a mass of sea-fowl. On the rocks their nests are found everywhere. Cartier, while passing here in 1534, noted their presence, and in his chronicle says that 'the rocks were covered with more birds than a meadow with grass.' Thirty years later Champlain records 'that vessels sailing by the islands send their boats ashore in calm weather, and a great number of birds are killed with sticks. They are as large as geese. Their beaks are very dangerous. They are perfectly white, with the exception of the tips of their wings, which are black. They are very expert at catching fish, which they carry in their wings to the top of the islands, where they eat them.' Such were the birds of Bird Rocks centuries ago; such are they to-day, their presence perhaps being a little more in evidence, especially to the sense of smell, for after centuries of occupation by gannets, gulls, and kindred birds, it need not be supposed that the islands are laden 'with spicy odours from Araby the blest.'

The Magdalens are indeed very picturesque. In many places gray and red sandstone cliffs rise sheer from the sea, while in other parts they appear overhanging where the force of the waves is wearing away their base. At other places the hills slope gradually to the water. Much of the soil is very fertile; but as fishing is the business of the people, little attention is given to agriculture beyond the growing of hay and potatoes. There is on some of the islands quite an extent of barachois or marsh-land, on which grow immense quantities of cranberries and fox-berries, for which a ready market is found in the neighbouring provinces. There is an impression abroad that sealing is a great industry in the Magdalens. It was so years ago, when twenty-five thousand seals would be captured in a season. Of late years, however, seals have diminished in number and value. Once the Magdalens were a great resort of the walrus, but all traces of them have disappeared. 'About these islands,' writes Cartier in 1534, 'there are several large animals resembling an elephant, which live as well in the sea as on the land.' There were formerly forests on the islands, but they have been cut away, and only a few clumps of dwarf spruce are to be seen. Foxes and rabbits are sometimes found, but no large game. There are, however, over one hundred and twenty varieties of birds to be seen.

For four or five months every year the Magdalens are shut off from the rest of the world by ice, during which time the people get neither letters nor newspapers. There is a cable from Amherst to Cape Breton Island, but it is seldom used for the sending of news. When, in the spring, the first steamer arrives, it brings the mail for the islands which has accumulated at the Souris (Prince Edward Island) post-office during the winter months. The letters are eagerly read, and the newspapers carefully stored away, to be

perused the following winter, for the spring and summer is the busy season, when the inhabitants must earn their yearly sustenance, and therefore have no time for reading. When the fishing season has been good, and the larder as a consequence is well filled, the people enjoy a period of ease and contentment during the winter. A field of solid ice, extending for two or three miles from the shore, surrounds the main group of islands. Beyond this are miles and miles of floating ice, shifting backward and forward by wind and current. The solid ice between the islands makes a fine highway for sleighing, skating, and ice-boating. This is the season for visiting neighbours and friends, and the sound of the fiddle is heard from Sandy Hook to East Point as the descendants of old Acadia trip the 'light fantastic.'

The people of the Magdalen Islands are simple in their habits and lead good lives. The stranger who visits this rugged, picturesque archipelago will find much to interest him in both the place and the people. Those who wish to breathe absolutely pure air from the ocean, those who are fond of boating, fishing, and shooting, the botanist and the ornithologist, will all find a trip to the Magdalens a time of real enjoyment and pleasure.

THE CALL OF THE COLONIES TO EDUCATED WOMEN.

SUCCESSIVE generations of educated men have found the land of the British Isles too strait for them, and by crossing the ocean have founded homes and carved out competences in the dominions beyond the seas. Boys who have been on the playing-fields at Eton, youths who have breathed the atmosphere of Oxford and Cambridge, have not hesitated to become pioneers on prairie soil or in the depths of the backwoods. Hundreds of young men of the well-educated middle-class, either from an adventurous spirit or from failure to find the right footing in the Old Country, have willingly shouldered the axe, guided the plough, watered the cattle, built up the homestead, and done the thousand and one things that are the work of the settler in remote parts of the world. Of such mettle has our Colonial Empire been built.

One cry has ever come back across the water —a sense of loneliness from the lack of a woman's hand in the home, and the soothing comfort of her presence and help. Wives are at a premium in the outlying portions of the great new districts opening up to settlers, and many girls go out from England each year to take up the cares and duties of married life under conditions far different from those that prevail at home. But with the exodus of young men that has now been going on for a long while, it has naturally followed that the proportion of women left behind has increased, and also that these home-bound women must in many cases have to support themselves. The posts that women now fill in taking the places of the brothers or possible husbands on the other side of the world are badly paid in most instances, and numerous well-educated girls and young women find difficulty in obtaining work that gives a fair return for the labour exacted, and the fatigue of mind and body that it entails, while not a few experience a sad drop in the social scale from the necessity of accepting what is offered in the way of a situation rather than getting nothing to do in the overcrowded market of women-workers in the homeland.

A movement has been started in England—long talked over and thought about by able minds—with the object of making it known that the proper means of supplying an outlet for the surplus educated women-workers of these countries is that which was adopted by men long ago —namely, to go to the Colonies. Women of the domestic servant class have, of course, for a long time gone to the New World to seek their fortunes, and isolated instances are plentiful where governesses and teachers and nurses have succeeded well abroad; but until now no concentrated plan has existed whereby young women of the educated section of the community could go out to one of the colonies under proper protection, find suitable employment, have a home in a settlement when out of work, and also be instructed in those branches of the work she would be called on to perform in which she might be deficient.

Several ladies of high rank, together with others connected with large educational institutions, have long seen the necessity of providing for the future of those young girls whose excellent qualities could find no scope at home, but who were possessed of all the necessary gifts that make good housewives or competent members of a rural community. The Colonial Intelligence League for Educated Women has been founded under the presidency of H.R.H. the Princess Christian, and has among its vice-presidents a number of well-known ladies and gentlemen, such as Lord Curzon of Kedleston, the Head-Master of Eton, Sir Edward Grey, the Archbishop of York, Lady Knightley, the Countess of Selborne, Lady Mount-Stephen, and several others. The committee has for chairman the Hon. Mrs W. Grosvenor, and for vice-chairman Mrs John Buchan, while the twelve members of which it is composed comprise six members of the original committee formed for the same

purpose, together with an equal number of representatives of the Incorporated Associations of Head-Mistresses of Public Secondary Schools for Girls. Its object, simply stated, is to train women and girls of the educated classes for colonial life, and then to find for them suitable openings in the dominions overseas. The Intelligence Office (36 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.) is maintained for the purpose of estimating the demand for women's work in the Colonies, and to bring it into touch with the supply at home. Expert agents who will investigate and report on local openings are to be established in the Colonies. The third great purpose of the league is the formation in each colony of settlements for women where they can be trained for colonial conditions.

The sending out of young girls or women to a far-distant country is, of course, a very different matter from sending out young men. Many a mother who tearfully sees her boy sail away knows it is for his good, and realises that he will come to less harm abroad than he would among the perils of a great city; but she would naturally refuse to let her daughter go on such a venture alone. Under the auspices of the Colonial Intelligence League, educated women who desire to go to one or other of our colonies will be advised as to the nature of the work they may expect to get, and be put in the way of getting it. It is plainly put forward that while the purposes of the league are to find employment for women who have received a good education, the duties they may be called on to undertake might perhaps in the first instance be those of a 'house-help,' a willing and useful worker in some homestead where the wife and mother has toiled single-handed for many a long year, and would hail with delight the companionship and assistance of an intelligent girl, her equal in the social scale, and yet ready to meet the difficulties of domestic housekeeping in a district where no tradesmen call for orders, and no hot and cold water taps are to be found in kitchen or bathroom. Other posts may be had in connection with hotels and schools; while fruit, flower, and poultry farming are all occupations that women even here take to kindly, and in the Colonies can be carried on with much success and profit. Life in these distant homesteads is not altogether work, for there is held out the prospect, when the day's toil is over, of riding, driving, lawn-tennis, and dancing, in which latter amusement partners are assured, for in some places there are eighteen men to each young lady. At the settlements, when they are established, women will be instructed in horticulture and domestic work, while it is hoped that laundresses, needlewomen, and nurses will after a time be found there, ready when the application comes to go to the home of some tired mistress of a homestead who will gladly welcome this addition to the household.

THE FOLLOWING OF THE GLEAM.

It glints with vivid emerald fires upon the valleys low,
Then golden on the upland corn its fairy radiance plays;
And o'er the wide, far-spreading Down, with opalescent glow,
It shines at hour of sunset, after sunny summer days.
Its magic tints lie far afield on wood, and mead, and stream,
And I follow, follow, follow, wherever shines the Gleam.

It crowns the mountain's snow-capped peak with wreaths of rosy light,
Or dies into the distant dale in shades of amethyst;
It spreads a silver radiance over all the land at night,
And flashes rays of ruby on the early morning mist.
I see it here—I see it there—though others say I dream;
And I follow, follow, follow, wherever shines the Gleam.

It is azure on the ocean, with a silver path athwart,
And I think that I might reach it if I could but pass that way.
Then after rain, at evening, when the cloud-rack breaks apart,
All the glory of the rainbow seems to bend to me, and say,
'You will find it where I'm springing. Come and climb my glowing beam!'
And I follow, follow, follow, at the beckoning of the Gleam.

Over marsh and over moorland, over mountain, dale, and sea,
Travel-worn and oft despairing, still I seek that light of lights;
Whilst the faces that have known me are but things that used to be,
And the voices that caressed me are now stilled behind the heights.
Yet it ever shines before me, ever fairer does it seem,
And I follow, follow, follow, wherever shines the Gleam.

Still it flees, and still I follow, and the years are flitting fast,
And I never yet have caught it though it beckons onward still;
And I think I ne'er shall find it till, at the very last,
I pass the gates of sunset o'er the rosy western hill,
And reach the land beyond the dusk, the land of which I dream
As I follow, follow, follow, wherever shines the Gleam.

G. E. MERRICK.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE MURDERED AMBASSADOR.

AN INCIDENT OF THE NAPOLEONIC WARS.

AMONGST all the strange mysteries which have at various times attracted public attention, few perhaps have made a greater sensation than the disappearance of the young Englishman, Lord Bathurst, who at the time was currently supposed to have been made away with by Napoleon the First. He is commonly known as Lord Bathurst, and he certainly was a near relation of the Bathurst family; but he probably had no right to the title itself. He was actually Sir Benjamin Bathurst. The first Earl Bathurst died in 1775, and was a distinguished Tory statesman, the friend of Pope, Swift, Congreve, Prior, and Sterne. His son Henry, who died in 1794, held the position of Lord Chancellor from 1771 to 1778. Another Henry Bathurst, who died in 1837, was closely related to the family of the Earl, and held the position of Bishop of Norwich. It was his son Benjamin who mysteriously disappeared between Berlin and Hamburg when on his way home, charged with important despatches for the Foreign Office. There can be no doubt that the information contained in these despatches would have been valuable at the time to Napoleon and his advisers. It would quite naturally, therefore, be suspected that Napoleon was responsible for his death.

It was immediately after the signing of the Treaty of Vienna, in 1809, that young Bathurst, who at the time was only twenty-five years of age, set out for London, attended by his secretary and a single man-servant. Knowing quite well the value of the documents he carried, he was extremely anxious regarding his safety. The armies of the Emperor covered most of Europe at the time, and held almost complete possession of every part of Germany. The young man seems, therefore, to have been greatly disturbed lest he should be waylaid and captured. The consequence was that he decided to travel under an assumed name. He gave out that he was a Berlin merchant, Herr Koch, travelling on business.

He started on the 25th of November 1809, about six o'clock in the evening, when it was already quite dark. He reached a wayside inn and post-horse station at Perleberg, the capital of West Prignitz. The town is about fifty-five miles north-west of Brandenburg, and seven and a half miles north-east of Wittenberg. It has to-day a population of about eight thousand. At that time it was quite a small village.

Unfortunately for his own safety, the youthful diplomat made a display of wealth and style that was not at all in keeping with the assumed modesty of his position. He had a splendid carriage, drawn by four handsome horses. He wore a magnificent sable overcoat or cloak, and had a specially large and fine diamond shining conspicuously in his shirt-front. Moreover, he made a somewhat lavish and ostentatious display of his money, which he spent rather freely. All these facts betoken a considerable lack of judgment and prudence on the part of one engaged in such an important task as had been committed to him. It was a lonely, out-of-the-way place, and in the neighbourhood of the village there was a large forest where dangerous characters could readily find concealment.

Alive to this fact, the young man seems to have become increasingly uneasy as to his safety. He had a constant terror lest he should be caught by some scouts of the French army. Accordingly he made inquiry as to the nearest garrison, to which he betook himself, and asked the commander whether he could have an escort, at the same time informing him as to who he really was, and the object and importance of his mission. The officer readily agreed to send two mounted riders to escort him. After thinking the matter over, however, Sir Benjamin came to the conclusion that this would only draw attention upon him, and would certainly be no protection against the French, whom he specially dreaded. The commandant of the garrison appears to have succeeded to some extent in reassuring him. Consequently, after an interview that lasted about an hour, he set out on foot to go back to the inn, which was quite near. His secretary and his man-servant were awaiting him with impatience, as it had been arranged that they should set out immediately. Nine o'clock came, however, and their master did not appear. Hour after hour went by, but he never came. As soon as morning dawned inquiries were set on foot. Two young girls declared that they had seen him the evening before, about eight o'clock, near the post-house. Repeated inquiries elicited nothing definite beyond this.

Next day, however, an important discovery

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was made. The sable cloak of the missing man was found hidden under a pile of firewood in a shed belonging to the post-house; and the following week some women, who were out in the forest gathering dry sticks for firewood, came across the trousers of the missing man in the middle of a thicket in the forest of Perleberg.

On the face of it, therefore, it was a clear case of murder and robbery. Here was a young man, a stranger and an Englishman—and all Englishmen in those days were supposed to be rolling in wealth, a tradition that is not quite dead on the Continent yet—who wore a very valuable sable cloak, a diamond worth hundreds of pounds, and manifestly carried plenty of money with him. A hundred years ago a very common form of murder, indeed, was that of travellers in outlying inns. All things considered, therefore, it seems more than probable either that the innkeeper himself, or his son, or some one in collusion with them, murdered the young man simply for the sake of his money and his valuables. Nevertheless, in Britain the idea was that this was some diabolical game of Napoleon's. In those days nothing was too bad to ascribe to the Little Corsican. It was readily asserted and credited, therefore, that Napoleon had seized him and thrown him into some dungeon in order to hide the unpardonable crime of the robbery and murder of a State messenger. The young man's widow was naturally inclined to adopt the optimistic view that her husband was still alive, and she even went and obtained an interview with the Emperor, when she flung herself at his feet and implored him to give her back her husband. Napoleon assured her, on his honour as a soldier and an Emperor, that he knew nothing about her husband, but promised that he would make due inquiries. Of course his protests were simply looked upon as so much Machiavellian cunning to hide a shameful and disgraceful crime. At any rate, nothing came of the inquiry, and public opinion gradually grew calm on the subject.

It is pretty certain that Napoleon was absolutely innocent in this particular instance, and that it was simply a case of murder with a view to robbery. At all events, the mystery remained unsolved till a few months ago, when some fresh light was thrown on the subject by the discovery of a human skeleton in the heart of the forest of Perleberg. It bore the appearance of having been buried for a century or so, and was found at no great distance from the post-house, which was the place where the young man was last seen alive. It is, therefore, in the highest degree probable that he was followed when he went to visit the commandant of the garrison, that his intending assassins lay in wait for him, and, as he was returning to the inn, murdered him, and then robbed him. The fact that the sable cloak was found in an outhouse belonging to the inn would certainly indicate that some one connected with that place had a hand in the murder, or had a guilty knowledge concerning it. It might, therefore, have been the innkeeper himself, or his son, or several persons acting together, with whom the culpability rested. The family of the young man offered a very large reward to any one who would give information of his fate or tell of his whereabouts, dead or alive; but at last the thing passed into the long list of insoluble mysteries, like the Man in the Iron Mask and many another forgotten incident.

Of course, what lifted the crime out of the rut of ordinary affairs was the fact that this young man was the accredited messenger of the British Government, and that, therefore, there might be some political motive in getting rid of him in order to seize his papers. The ascribing of his disappearance to Napoleon would, however, appear to be an injustice to that extraordinary man; and the skeleton that has now been brought to light after the lapse of fully a hundred years certainly suggests as a true solution that the young Englishman, whose conduct was unquestionably the reverse of prudent, paid for his folly by being foully done to death in the neighbourhood of that little inn in the heart of a Prussian forest on the evening of Saturday, 25th November 1809.

THE SERPENTINE CANDLESTICKS.

CHAPTER II.

'HERE is the nurse I promised you, Mr Kaye,' said Dr Marriott, as he opened the door for Mrs Lockerbie and followed her into the bedroom. He preceded her to the bedside, and keenly scanned the drawn and sour countenance of his unpromising patient.

'Humph!' replied the invalid, turning his sunken and weary eyes upon her. 'Mrs Ryle would have done for me. I don't see why you should have worried me into engaging a stranger. What 's she called?'

'Nurse.'

'Nurse what? She wasn't christened Nurse, was she?'

'Nurse Agnes,' said Mrs Lockerbie. 'I hope you will make a good recovery.'

The soothing tone and the winsome smile which accompanied it almost disarmed him, and caused him to look with greater interest into her gentle face. If by his ungracious reception he could have offended her and driven her away, he would have regarded it, with

an ugly sense of satisfaction, as a victory over Dr Marriott.

'Nurse Agnes, eh?' he repeated, hiding the favourable impression she had made upon him. 'It's a sensible name, and easy to remember—nothing newfangled about it. And you're not so young as some. There's a tidy bit of experience at the back of you, I'll warrant;' and he glanced at her again. 'I told Marriott here'—and he indicated the surgeon by a faint movement of the head—'that I wouldn't have a slip of a lass dancing about me. I couldn't have stood it. Oh!' he broke off, with a groan, as the knitting bone reminded him that he was taking too much liberty with it. The slight muscular effort involved in the conversation had brought on a severe twinge that jarred painfully through every nerve in his body. 'I don't know whether my leg is on or off.'

'It's on; you may be sure of that,' said Dr Marriott, suppressing a smile. 'The splints and bandages are too tightly'——

'Yes, confound 'em!' he interrupted, and, seized once more by the pain, he groaned again.

'You are talking too much,' returned the doctor. 'You must keep calmer, and lie perfectly still. Now that the nurse has come, I can leave you with greater confidence. Only, you must obey her. No trickery, mind; and, above all, no interference with the splints and bandages, or I will not answer for the consequences. You are not seventeen, Mr Kaye, but seventy.'

'Worse luck!' he grumbled. 'Oh!' And, admonished more by the pain than by the doctor's remonstrance, he closed his eyes and attempted to compose himself to a stillness against which his murmuring spirit rebelled.

Stepping softly aside—for, in the patient's irritable mood, so soon after the breakage, with the fractured bone beginning to knit, the vibration of a footfall was sufficient to induce a spasm of pain—the doctor whispered to the nurse his final instructions, and quietly quitted the room.

Mrs Lockerbie had leisure now to look about her. John had been safely introduced to his new nursery. He was charmed with the novelty of it. Under the charge of one of the maids, who was delighted with so refreshing a change from her ordinary work, he was making shy inquiries, and pursuing unusually silent investigations into the mysteries of the playthings the nursery contained. Had he shouted, however, he would not have been heard by the invalid. His quarters, both nursery and bedroom, were separated from the sufferer's by a long corridor with a bend in it, and by very thick division-walls. Absorbed in the treasures around him, he had had neither time nor opportunity to miss his mother. She, with an absorption not so complete as his, and alert to any sign of want by the patient, was inspecting the bedroom, and glancing, by way of variety, through the small, closed windows into the garden below.

It was an old house, large and rambling, with deep window-seats and low ceilings; but here in the bedroom, as everywhere else, the lowness of the ceiling, relieved with plaster-cast decorative panels, was amply compensated for by the wide dimensions of the room itself. There was plenty of breathing-space. John Kaye was deservedly known as a cantankerous curmudgeon, but he was not niggardly. In certain moods, and to objects which appealed to his eccentric tastes, he had given liberally; and the furnishings of the room in which he lay was a proof that he could spend on occasion with a lavish hand. Thanks to the thickness of the carpets, he was spared during this time of suffering from many an extra pang. It was possible to move about the room noiselessly. The heaviness and solidity of the furnishings were in harmony with the early Georgian architecture of the whole building. The huge bed, a four-poster, with a canopy, and draped in faded green rep, was matched by a cabinet and a set of ponderous drawers. The paintings, indistinct and mellowed by age, were framed in broad gilt mouldings. In the centre of the mantel was an antique bronze timepiece; the mechanism had been allowed to run down, for since his accident he had not been able to bear its insistent ticking and the regular chiming of its set of gongs every fifteen minutes. It was flanked by enamelled oriental vases, and farther out, at the extremity of the mantel, by massive serpentine candlesticks. From the glossy surface of the candlesticks the light was reflected in a long silvery line, which, with the colour of the serpentine, attracted Mrs Lockerbie's attention.

The candlesticks were beautifully matched. Not only were they of the same shape and size, but down to their minutest details of the same colour, fashioned, doubtless, in their corresponding parts from the same rocks. The prevailing hue of the spirally fluted shafts was a seaweed-green, soft as when the seaweed is immersed and floating; but this prevailing hue was flecked with purple and dotted with glittering mica. In the moulded bases and the curving, flower-like cups the colouring was reversed. Purple predominated in these—a very dark purple, mounting in places almost to a blood-red, with the mica glittering in it, and the seaweed-green in tiny splashes. The contrast in the colouring between the shafts and their cups and bases greatly enhanced the loveliness of the candlesticks. Mrs Lockerbie touched them with her finger-tips to assure herself that they were really as smooth as they appeared to be, and scrutinised the wonderful colouring with a delighted artistic eye.

'Do you like them?'

The query came from the bed. She started, and turned half-guiltily and a little confused. In her admiration of the serpentine candlesticks she had allowed her charge to slip into the background of her mind. It was only for a

moment; but, as if he had known it and taken advantage of it, he had watched her, and spoken.

'Very much,' she replied simply, stepping swiftly and silently to the bedside. 'They are lovely. You must excuse my curiosity, and—and—my forgetfulness.'

'They were put there to be looked at,' said he. 'I never use them. They are too heavy. What have you forgotten?'

'You.'

'Nay, I needed nothing.'

'Is the pain easier?'

'It doesn't jump. That's what bothers me—the jumping. I can bear the other;' and he closed his eyes again.

She busied herself with sundry duties about the bedroom, altering its appointments a little, and placing the few appliances of her calling conveniently to her hand. So quiet was she that, but for the faint rustle of her skirts, he might have been alone. Furtively, and unsuspected by the nurse, he frequently opened his eyes, or half-opened them, and watched her. When, without risk of detection, the mirror allowed of it, he openly dwelt upon the reflection of her face. As Dr Marriott expected, its almost perfect composure, along with the ease of her movements, graceful and silent and sure, soothed him. Less than an hour after the doctor's departure he was more than reconciled to her presence; he was secretly glad that she had come.

As the weeks went by and Christmas drew near he improved considerably. The severe pain left him, and he became impatient for the removal of the splints and bandages. Thrice he set his stubborn will in opposition to hers, insisting, if their removal were impracticable, that at least the bandages should be slackened and the pressure of the splints relieved; and when she firmly declined to humour him, he grumbled and protested and threatened, all to no purpose, and eventually gave in. The nurse told him plainly that she would only accept instructions from Dr Marriott—when he ordered it, and not before, she would comply with the request—and that his useless irritation would only retard his recovery. He discovered that the nurse had a stronger will than his own. He felt, as Dr Marriott intended him to feel, the decisive, steel-like grip beneath the soft velvet of her skilful touch. He submitted reluctantly, while he secretly admired her, and confessed to himself that she was a very courageous woman to oppose and thwart him for his own good. For, upon reflection, he knew that she was right, and the third attempt was the last.

She became aware that his eyes frequently followed her as she moved about the room. Sometimes, seated by the bed, she surprised him scrutinising her face. Then he would turn his eyes away and make a commonplace remark, covering his scrutiny by a retreat into an assumed indifference. She was not deceived by the subterfuge, but wondered now and again whether she reminded him of her mother. If so, he was carefully reticent about it, and gave no sign.

Since the day when Dr Marriott introduced her he had never asked her name; nor, indeed, if he had, would the name Lockerbie have revealed her relationship. He was contented, apparently, to address her as 'nurse,' or, rarely, as Nurse Agnes. When he could avoid it, he did not use the word nurse even, but spoke directly. Bluntness of manner and raspiness in speech had become second nature to him; he prided himself upon the roughness of his exterior, and miscalled it straightness—honesty; but his bark was worse than his bite. Mrs Lockerbie discovered gentler qualities within him. They were almost atrophied by long neglect, and when they moved at all, and were inclined to show themselves, they were often sternly repressed. Occasionally, however, she drew them out; and she began to pity him, and to hope for a double recovery—the healing of the broken limb and the healing of a bruised heart.

During his visits—which, as his patient progressed under the nurse's assiduous care, grew less and less frequent—Dr Marriott noted with inward satisfaction her change of attitude toward the grumpy old man, who was not so obstreperous as he had been at the beginning. His strength, too, was coming back, and the damaged leg was in a fair way for moderate use again; not so supple as before it was broken, but likely to be serviceable nevertheless, and equal to the short and slow perambulations with which hence forth he would have to content himself. Dr Marriott's choice of a nurse had been justified so far by the partial recovery of the patient. But he had another end in view, an ulterior end, about which he had been scrupulously silent, and which he now patiently waited for. Mrs Lockerbie's increasing favour with the patient, the words of praise, scanty yet significant, spoken by him when she was out of earshot, and her altered, and still altering, attitude, were signs of its possible attainment. It was far from Dr Marriott's intention that Mrs Lockerbie should remain *incognito*. Such a result would have disappointed him greatly. He had brought these two together with a view to the very revelation which she was anxious to hide, for her own good, and for Mr Kaye's, so that a reconciliation, if a tardy one, might be effected, and an opportunity given to remedy a blundering injustice of his patient's earlier days. Not a word did he speak to precipitate the revelation, not a hint did he give, for he felt that he might easily make a mistake and spoil the purpose of his plot even by the most delicate interference. So he waited patiently until the revelation should come about by natural means.

In the preparation of his plot he had failed to forecast correctly the rôle of one of the actors

—little John. A place in it had to be found for him simply because his mother could not be induced to act the part he had designed for her without him. An obscure part was little John's. Until the play was nearly over and the curtain rose upon the briefest of final scenes, he was not to appear at all. There could be no rehearsals. Dr Marriott was attempting to manipulate realities. No imaginary events were these; and when realities step upon the boards originality displays itself, especially among the young. People like little John cannot be safely reckoned upon. They have a knack of turning up when they are least expected, and speaking words and doing deeds entirely unforeseen, and therefore completely unprovided for.

John missed his mother. The fictitious reasons for her absences invented by the maid who had charge of him did not always satisfy his inquisitive mind. Mother came and went, of course; he saw her every day, and she put him to bed, and tucked him in, and gave him the good-night kiss; but there were long, mysterious intervals when she could not be found. In their own home she was always there. The ingenuity of the maid, with the other maid to help her, and Mrs Ryle into the bargain, was sometimes taxed to the uttermost to prevent him from exploring other parts of the house, and penetrating to the patient's quarters in search of his missing mother. He wanted her. It was not enough to be assured that she was coming soon; he wanted her then. The toys had lost their fascination. He had become familiar with them. Occasionally nothing would pacify him but the instant production of his mother; and when that was the case she came and quieted him, but disappeared again. It was a new experience for John. He could not readily adapt himself to it, and there were times when he required tactful handling and vigilant care.

The most difficult days were the rainy ones. He was easier to control when the weather was fine and he could be taken out. Once, however, when the December sun was shining, he caused a flutter of excitement, and came perilously near a betrayal of his presence to the recovering patient and his relationship to the assiduous nurse. After breakfast, tempted by the brightness of the morning, he ran into the garden, and tossed his ball before him, chasing it, until he came directly beneath the open windows of the old man's room. There the ball rolled under the bushes, and he searched for it, shouting in his glee.

'Who is that?' sharply asked the patient, turning his head and listening. Mrs Lockerbie, pretending not to notice, made no reply, but went on quietly with her duties. 'There's a child in the garden,' said Mr Kaye. 'How in the world has a child got there? Is the gate open? Send it away.'

Without thinking of the consequences, she looked through the window, and was hailed at once by a gladsome cry—'Muvver!'

To little John's amazement, the cry brought no response. Nay, it caused the face he loved to vanish instantly. Here was an unprecedented experience. He could not understand it, and cried again, in passionate protest, 'Muvver!'

'Who is it?' asked Mr Kaye.

'A little boy,' answered the nurse, hiding her face, while she tried strenuously to control herself; for that second cry was quivering in her heart like an arrow. 'He seems to have lost something.'

'Where is his mother?' he asked testily. 'Why doesn't she take him away?'

'I will go and see,' she replied, glad to escape, and relieved to think that he had not connected the gladsome hail and the passionate protest with herself.

She slipped through the door and hurried down the stairs. John was brought in. He had many questions to ask about the unexpected appearance and the sudden evanishment of his mother's face. The questions were evaded, and his mind was drawn away by the promise of a walk. Only for a time, however, for while the walk was being taken he returned to the attack, and the fencing of the maid was not so clever as his mother's. She set his childish brain at work, and made him more inquisitive. He remembered the position of the window, and concluded that the room behind it was the place where his mother could be found.

'Did you see his mother?' asked Mr Kaye when the nurse returned.

'Mrs Ryle saw her,' she replied cautiously.

'And told her, I hope, not to let him come into the garden again. If she does,' he continued, receiving no reply, 'I will prosecute her for trespassing. She 's answerable for the child.'

'He did no harm,' she ventured timidly.

'Because you checked him,' said he, and then, in an undertone, began to grumble about the possible damage to the shrubs, and the turning of the garden, unless he was watchful, into a common playground.

The incident passed, and was forgotten by the curmudgeon.

On Christmas Eve John was put to bed as usual by his mother. He was excited at the prospect of what the morning would bring. The excitement disturbed his customary quiet rest, and between the hours of ten and eleven he awoke. The night-light was burning. He wondered where his mother was. He recalled her face at the window; and, wishing to know whether Christmas had really come, and to be the very first to greet her, he slipped out of bed and into the narrow, deserted corridor. With bare feet, and clad in his long white night-dress, he made his way to the bend, turned it, and found himself in another corridor, wider, more spacious. At the far end a light fell brightly through a

door ajar. Doubting not that this was the entrance to the room his mother visited, the room of the window, he went silently forward, pushed back the door another few inches, and stepped in. The largeness and strangeness and stillness of the room, with its massive Tudor bed, canopied and curtained, surprised him. The bed was the centre of attraction. Over the deep-pile carpet he stepped noiselessly until he stood by the bedside. There, with eyes rounded to the marvel of it, he gazed upon the old man's face.

The patient had neither heard nor seen him. He was not asleep, but his eyes were closed. Conscious of the presence of some one beside him, he lifted the lids and turned his face. He thought he was dreaming. The white figure, the rumpled curls, the wonder-struck eyes, the almost ethereal beauty of the child's countenance, strangely affected him, and brought vividly to his mind another and similar child who, long years before, had departed into the invisible, and left his heart empty indeed. Dreaming? Yes, he must be. And this was a vision of his long-lost son. He met the child's gaze steadily; nor would he have been surprised if, under that steady look, the vision had slowly melted away. It remained, however; and gradually his thought came round to the idea that it was not a vision but a reality. With that he found his voice. 'What do they call you?' he asked gently.

'John Kaye,' replied the child, still staring at him.

The name, pronounced so simply and readily, came upon him like a shock. It was his name, the name of his father, the name of his son—a family name of many generations; only, the last to bear it, his son—who at one time was the hope of his life—had been snatched from him. He returned the child's stare incredulously. 'John Kaye!' he repeated, and his unbelief was in his tone, and touched the child's quick brain.

'Yes, John Kaye. Didn't I say so?' he returned reproachfully.

'But—but'—— And, notwithstanding his assurance that the child was real, partly because of that perhaps, his wrinkled face grew white and the perspiration began to gather upon his brow.

'It 's true,' said little John, nodding his curly head at him—'quite true. And I want muvver. Where is she? Wh—wh—where is she?' he panted, the situation becoming strained and dangerous, when, with a cry, the nurse rushed in and relieved it. In an instant she was down on her knees, with her arms about him, and his face was buried on her breast.

Puzzled though he was, the old man breathed freely again. For here was the answer to the question. It was not his dead wife the child had asked for, but the nurse who was attending him; and the nurse—yes, there was no doubt about it—the nurse was his mother.

(To be continued.)

INDIA AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

By Bahadur.

'PRINCES are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest.' These words of Bacon are recalled by King George's announcement that he proposes to hold a Coronation Durbar at Delhi at the end of this year. The King has travelled widely, and has already seen much of the British Empire. It is not yet five years since he returned from India, and change is not so rapid in the East that he should need to pay a second visit to bring his impressions up to date. And the fact that the Duke of Connaught was deputed to represent him in United South Africa seemed to indicate that he had reconciled himself to a spell, not of rest, but of movement in a smaller orbit. At any rate, this was the view that was taken in India; though the words 'for the present' in the message to South Africa pointed to the possibility that some day the King would visit his great Eastern dependency.

There was a time when many in India hoped against hope for a visit from Queen Victoria; and the reasons for King Edward's inability to visit them were never fully appreciated by the masses. Could not the King of kings, the modern 'world-seizer,' go anywhere and do anything? Nevertheless, India had regretfully come to the conclusion that for some reason or other, though the country might be the brightest jewel in Britain's crown, it must not expect to see its King-Emperor face to face; the most it could expect was a visit from the heir-apparent. The people might see a king in the making; they might not hope to see the finished article.

The aged Queen-Empress had issued proclamations and sent loving messages to her Indian peoples, but it must be frankly acknowledged that the effect of such communications is curiously small in the East. 'The impersonal power of an administrative abstraction' does not appeal to the Oriental imagination. It was true that Queen Victoria had welcomed Indian princes to England, that she had Indian attendants, that she had even studied the Hindustani language, and that she had bestowed honours upon Indian soldiers and benefactors. But what most surely touched the heart of the Indian peasant was the

fact that the Queen-Mother had at different times sent three of her sons to see her Eastern empire, and it was through them that the people first acquired their notions of personal loyalty to the reigning family.

In 1869–70 the Duke of Edinburgh spent about five months in India. The great Lord Lawrence had retired, and it fell to Lord Mayo to receive the Prince. It is instructive to recall that the time was one of much legislative activity, and that changes were then being made affecting the powers of the Secretary of State and of the councils in their relation to the Crown. Changes of this kind have been going on more or less continuously ever since. But at that date they were necessitated by the requirements of a Crown, as distinct from a company's, government; not until fifteen years later did the Indians themselves, or any section of them, press for legislative change. When the Prince reached India a fanatical war had just been waged on the north-west frontier, the north of India had been swept by famine, and the country was in great financial straits. During his visit the railway from Calcutta to Bombay was completed, a fact which reminds us how much greater are the travelling facilities of the visitor of to-day.

In 1875–76 the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) made a tour through India and Ceylon. He went, as Mr Disraeli was extremely careful to explain, not as the representative of the sovereign, but as the heir to the throne and 'the guest of the Viceroy.' This was to the Indian people a distinction without a difference; to them the Prince was the son of their Queen, just as in 1905 the present King was 'the Great Queen's little grandson.' It is somewhat humiliating at this date to recall the discussions in Parliament over the probable cost of the tour. 'The Prince,' said Mr Disraeli, 'would have to exchange the presents of Europe for the presents of Ormus and of Ind.' A stinted allowance was finally sanctioned; the Prince managed to keep within it, and everybody was satisfied. But it is clear, as pointed out by Sir W. Howard Russell in his account of the royal tour, that the imperial idea had as yet hardly touched the imagination of the English nation at a time when the Eastern mind was already prepared to adopt it.

It fell to Lord Northbrook, almost at the close of his viceroyalty, to receive the royal visitor, who spent about five months in the country. He did not visit Burma, and much of his journey was along the Indian coast. He did not, accordingly, see so much of the interior of the country as King George has seen. Nevertheless, his tour embraced the great centres of Indian life, and the visits to Goa and Nepal were of peculiar interest. When the present King visits Nepal he will find many things to remind him of his father's experiences there. Everywhere the Prince's presence called forth a passionate outburst of loyalty, and, as the official account puts it, 'the feudatory chiefs and ruling houses felt for the first time that they were incorporated into the empire of an ancient and a splendid dynasty.' The Prince sailed from Bombay in March 1876, and on January 1, 1877, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India at a great Durbar held by Lord Lytton at Delhi.

From December 1886 to March 1890 the Duke of Connaught was Commander-in-Chief and a Member of Council in Bombay; he had previously commanded the Meerut Division, and had toured through a great part of the country. Of all the royal house he is the one who is best known in India, and his return to the Durbar of 1903 as the representative of the royal family gave widespread satisfaction. The Duke was, in fact if not in name, the central figure of that Durbar. It is impossible to forget the warmth of his reception by the whole populace, and the delighted recognition he received from the chiefs. Many of the latter showed some degree of embarrassment when saluting the Viceroy, but, as one spectator has said, 'one and all lost their shyness when they reached the Duke of Connaught.' It was touching to see how the aged Begum of Bhopal clung to the hand of the Duke, and refused to move on until she had had a friendly chat with the son of her Empress. To her the Viceroy was a figurehead; the Duke was of the royal stock, and in the East the claims of pedigree count for more than those of office. The Duke and Duchess are affectionately remembered as having actually had a home in India. In 1907 they revisited Calcutta in the course of the Duke's official tour as inspector-general of the forces.

In 1887 the jubilee of the Queen-Empress was celebrated with universal enthusiasm throughout India; this event and the succeeding jubilee of 1897 have left India studded from end to end with memorials in the shape of arches, schools, halls, bridges, and other public works. The significance of this is pointed out by Mr Mackinder in his recent *Lectures on India*. Referring to the triumphal gateway erected at Trichinopoly in honour of the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales (now Emperor and Empress), he says: 'With us the gateway would have been demolished when it had served its immediate purpose. Here it remains, as does the memory of the visit. Ceremony rises in India to the rank of an historical event.'

In 1889 Prince Albert Victor, afterwards Duke of Clarence, arrived in Bombay, and was received by the Duke of Connaught and Lord Reay. He spent five months in the country, travelling from Mysore in the south to the Khyber Pass in the north, and also visiting Burma. It was during his visit that the National Congress met for the fifth time, Mr Bradlaugh being present. In 1892 the Prince

died, and there was general mourning throughout India, where he had been welcomed as the future King-Emperor.

Long years, some of them very doleful, elapsed before the present King visited India. In the interval the country had been three times devastated by famine, plague had begun its ravages, a great frontier war had been carried on, and financial difficulties had reached a climax. The nineteenth century closed in gloom and depression, intensified soon after by the death of the Queen-Empress. Then followed more visits of Indian princes to England, the proclamation of King Edward, remissions of taxation, and a period of unusual activity and reorganisation. Strangely enough, after 1901 the cycle of bad harvests came to an end, and the country entered upon a spell of recovery and progress, which helped to quicken political aspirations and inspire new longings. King Edward's proclamation read at the Coronation Durbar in 1903 held out no hopes of a visit in person, but it clearly pointed to an early visit from the Prince and Princess of Wales, and less than three years afterwards these royal representatives arrived at Bombay. Lord Curzon had resigned, and the fateful partition of Bengal had been announced, but nothing occurred to dim the splendour and success of their Indian tour.

Once more the people saw the heir-apparent to the throne of India, and, startling innovation, accompanied by the queen that was to be. Of her it has been said that, though her presence at first gave rise to some misgivings, 'her sympathy, her untiring interest, her determination to understand, woke an unexpected attention and won a quite surprised regard.' It may be thought unfortunate that, nearly thirty years before, the Princess Alexandra had not visited India, but it needed the long and benign rule of the first Queen-Empress to pave the way for the welcome presence of an English Princess claiming a people's devotion alongside her husband.

The Prince and Princess on this occasion saw more of India than any of their royal predecessors. It may be regarded as their good fortune that they missed the Durbar of 1903; one of the things that now give the liveliest gratification to the Indian princes and peoples is that they still have in store for their King and Queen a real surprise and a revelation. It has been too readily assumed that the Coronation Durbar of 1911 will be more or less of a repetition of that of 1903, and some of the forecasts show a strange incapacity to realise how the actual presence of the King-Emperor and his consort will transform the whole ceremonial in character and extent.

The assemblage of 1877 was almost exclusively an official gathering; that of 1903 was a celebration, not of officials, but of the public. Yet the public to which it appealed most was a sight-seeing public from all the ends of the earth; it was a magnificent spectacle for the globe-trotter. It was also intended to impress the princes and people of India. But the chiefs and the masses are not waiting to be impressed; their one thought now is simply that they should see their King and Queen face to face, and render their loving homage, if not worship. There is no longer the need that the whole life and work of the empire should be disorganised by an overwhelming effort to resuscitate the barbaric splendours of the India of the Mughals. In the absence of the King-Emperor the Durbar of 1903 was a spectacle with a vast amount of make-believe; what India wants now is to come into living contact with 'the Power and Presence' that commands her homage and gratitude.

It is, of course, impossible for a Durbar, however great and splendid, to satisfy the wishes of the people. In 1903 the congestion at Delhi was appalling, and yet, to put it bluntly, in a sense the people of India were not there. In 1877 there was even less room for them. As 'Ali Baba' said: 'I missed two people at the Delhi Assemblage of 1877. All the gram-fed secretaries and most of the alcoholic chiefs were there; but the famine-haunted villager and the delirium-shattered, opium-eating Chinaman, who had to pay the bill, were not present.' Happily, the latter need not now disturb our jubilations, but the former still demands more than a passing thought. For him there will be no Durbar, but how eagerly he will long to know whether by any chance the great King and Queen will pass his way!

It is clear that time will not permit of the holding of a series of provincial Durbars, but there will be many opportunities for the King and Queen to be seen by the people. Ample time has been allowed for the most careful organisation, and the frantic haste which so often marks Durbar preparations will be obviated. The arrangements are being made after anxious consultation with the representatives of Indian ideas and wishes. There will not be, it is presumed, an actual coronation, though even on this point speculation is rife in the country. But there will, nevertheless, be a place for much of the ceremonial associated in the native mind with the accession of a king; such ceremonial was absent in 1903. Much of this ritual survives to the present day, and its observance will be looked for. Something of the nature of a 'royal progress' will also be expected; the masses do not understand how even a King-Emperor may be pressed for time.

The Durbar of 1903 left a wilderness of debts behind it. Not that the Durbar itself cost very much—only some two hundred thousand pounds in all. But the cost to many of the nobles and to Indian visitors of all grades was enormous, and almost all that was of special interest to them was over in a few hours. At the coming Durbar

the sunshine of the King's presence will sustain their interest from first to last, and give the occasion a splendour that mere lavish display alone could not give.

In 1910 King Edward died. The new King's message to India on his accession gave no hint of a visit; his language seemed rather to point the other way. Later on a new Viceroy sailed for India with no message to say that the King might soon follow him. Then unexpectedly came the announcement that was at first received with scepticism; the news was too good to be true. And already every corner of the Indian Empire is filled with pleasurable excitement and bright anticipation. Domestic and state budgets are being overhauled, commercial agents are everywhere on the alert, advertising-sheets are swelling in size and number, stocks are being replenished, and the speculator and contractor are abroad in the land.

It is not easy to foresee what effect the royal visit will ultimately have upon the attitude of the Indian politician towards the administration; for the present it is sufficient to know that India is now given over whole-heartedly to preparations for the coming of the Kaisar-i-Hind. It may, however, be safely assumed that King George will say and do nothing that will not intensify the devotion of the people to his throne and family, and that his consort will as Queen-Empress enhance the triumph she won as Princess of Wales. It may be noted, in passing, that on the death of her brother, Prince Francis of Teck, the fact that he had served for a time in India was recalled with special interest, and that the recent visit of the German Crown-Prince has everywhere been regarded as a visit from 'one of the family.' All Indian eyes are now turned longingly to the King and Queen over the water.

THE POET AND THE GROCER.

CHAPTER II.

WE will follow the Grocer.

When the Poet arrived at the old corner shop the next morning there was hardly a soul to be seen in the streets. It really looked as if every able-bodied person in the place had gone to the seaside by the excursion. Having given him a few instructions as to the conduct of a grocer's shop, and shown him where the articles most generally in demand were kept, and also where he might obtain refreshment during the day, the Grocer put on his hat and walked through the deserted streets into the country. Outside the town he took a deep breath. It was delightful to be free of work even for one day. Poetry! What was poetry? Rhyming. He had always been fond of writing rhymes, and promised himself that he would experience little difficulty in doing his day's work.

He covered the two miles to the Poet's house at a brisk pace. Opening the door, he went in. There was no one about; he had the whole place to himself. It was a small, square, white house, standing on the top of a slight eminence and girt about by a wind-blown garden. For want of a better title it was known as the White House. It had not a nice history. No one had ever seemed to succeed in it. Years ago a woman and a baby sitting by the fireside had been struck dead by lightning. Queer tales were told about it. No one knew who built it, or why it was built.

Mr Muckleston did not like the feel of the place, but he had got to do a day's work there; and, being a man of considerable character, he was determined to do it. He went into the Poet's study. On the desk lay a pile of unopened letters. Mr Muckleston sat down at the desk, whence one had a view of the garden, a view consisting largely of unhappy-looking cabbages and barren apple-trees. It seemed to him that it was a very uninspiring outlook for a poet.

He opened the first letter, and a cheque for two guineas fell out of it. This was beginning too well, and Mr Muckleston shook his head. He liked to commence slowly and work up. This was beginning at the top, and only slipping down to the bottom remained. He was to have whatever the day might produce. He had arranged that the Poet was to have whatever the shop produced. Mr Muckleston put the cheque in his pocket-book. The Poet could endorse it later. A very good beginning!

He opened the next letter. It proved to be from the Editor of the *Palladium*. 'Dear Mr Farquhar,' it ran, 'I do not altogether like the fourth line of the opening stanza in your poem, "A Reverie in Rhonda." "My thoughts of old times tore my heart asunder" strikes me as being a little too—well, what shall we say?—commonplace. The rest of the poem is very good, and I shall be glad to pay you three guineas for it. Please do your best, and reply by next post.—Yours faithfully,' &c.

Mr Muckleston studied the opening lines of the poem steadily:

A REVERIE IN RHONDA.

The sun's rays shone athwart the gleaming road,
And all was silent in the Vale of Rhonda;
As through the chalk-white dust I lonely strode
My thoughts of old times tore my heart asunder.

'Now,' thought Mr Muckleston, 'what can I put instead of that fourth line? Rhonda—

where was that? Sussex? No; wasn't it where there had been a strike of Welsh miners once?' Ah, he had it! And without more ado he supplied the following amended fourth line: 'I thought those London bobbies coming was a blunder.'

The Editor had considerately enclosed a stamped envelope. Mr Muckleston promptly put the poem into it and stuck it up.

'And the next?'

Tackling the letters again, he found that the third was a request from a missionary society for a subscription. Without the slightest hesitation he dropped this into the waste-paper basket.

The fourth letter was a receipt for money sent to a big firm of London bootmakers. 'So *that's* where she gets her shoes!' soliloquised Mr Muckleston. 'No wonder she's not to be seen much about in Lullhampton.'

The next was from a friend of the Poet's who had just arrived home from India and hoped he might run down and spend a week-end with the Farquhars. 'Glad to see you on Saturday, old man,' scribbled the Grocer on a post-card.

An invitingly worded circular from a money-lender who was willing to lend anything from five to fifty thousand pounds, on, of course, no security whatever, followed the missionary appeal into the waste-paper basket.

The next letter tickled Mr Muckleston's curiosity immensely. The envelope was addressed in a business hand, and looked as uninteresting as you could well imagine. Opening it casually, Mr Muckleston gave a gasp, for it contained a letter written in calligraphy that was distinctly feminine, bearing a dainty monogram, and having about it a subtle fragrance that stirred the Grocer's pulse. Mr Muckleston had only read the opening words, 'DARLING KEITH,—Your dear letter '—— when he crammed it back into the envelope. 'Not meant for me,' he muttered. 'Oh these poets!'

Then he got up and stretched himself. Blundering across something which Mr Farquhar had never intended him to see had given the Grocer a shock, and he thought he would go out and have a look at the unhappy cabbages.

The Poet was no gardener, and the garden proved an ill-kept and forlorn place. Mr Muckleston came in from the garden by way of the kitchen, and paused for a moment to take in his surroundings. His survey left him full of sympathy for the Poet, for there was no evidence of a really housekeeping mind in the arrangement of the utensils and in what might be called the disorderly order of a kitchen in the morning.

'I *thought* she was like that,' muttered Mr Muckleston, as he went back to the study. His fingers itched to take that alluring epistle out of the business-like envelope, but he put the temptation away from him and took up the next communication.

This was a long envelope which had apparently been addressed to Mr Farquhar by the office-boy of some paper or magazine. Opening it, Mr Muckleston discovered that its contents consisted of a poem entitled 'The Brook's Message,' and a printed slip saying that the Editor of *Table-Talk* regretted that the poem was unsuitable for his requirements.

The Grocer couldn't help feeling a little disappointed in Mr Farquhar. However, it occurred to him that editors were not infallible, so he read the poem, and was bound to admit that it was a very pretty piece of work. He therefore snatched up one of the long envelopes which lay handy, addressed it to the Editor of *Table-Talk*, and putting the poem in the envelope, wrote upon the printed slip, 'It's quite suitable. Read it again, you kite!' rammed this in with the poem, and stuck the whole of it up.

'He tells me,' muttered Mr Muckleston, 'that I have to do his work in my own way, and that is my way of doing it. I say the poem's quite good enough for a paper that's all talk.'

Now he had reached the last letter of the pile. This proved to be a letter from the Editor of a new paper called *Brains*, and ran as follows:

'MY DEAR FARQUHAR,—I met Couchman to-day, and he told me you had taken to a country life. As I expect you find it inspiring, why not let me have something simple and rural? If you make a hit with our readers, we shall have you in as often as possible, and we intend to be one of the few papers that pay poets properly.—Yours faithfully,' &c.

Mr Muckleston sat back and ran his hands through his hair. Now he had come to the real work of the day with a vengeance! He had got to write a poem for a new paper, and a good deal depended on it. It would mean a regular job for Mr Farquhar if the poem was good, and, from what he had seen of the house, the Grocer felt sure that the Poet could do with a regular job. What could he write about? He paced the room, went out into the garden, walked up and down the road, and one o'clock arrived without a single idea coming into his head. He was beginning to realise what it was to be a poet.

Mr Farquhar had told him that his (the Poet's) lunch would be found laid on a tray in the kitchen. Mr Muckleston went into the kitchen and looked for the tray. He soon found it. Its contents were covered with a cloth. Taking the cloth off, the Grocer discovered that the Poet's lunch consisted of a very hard-looking piece of corned beef, two cold potatoes, a piece of bread, and some pickled onions which a glance told the expert were only

half-pickled. There was also a glass of ale which had been drawn in the small hours of the morning and left to flatten.

'I suppose the old girl keeps the key of the barrel,' thought Mr Muckleston, and he sighed as he sat down to this extremely homely repast. He was hungry, and finished up every morsel of it. He even drank the flat ale, as there did not seem to be anything else about, making a wry face as he took the glass from his lips.

A pipe and another walk up and down the road (so far he had not seen a single soul go by), and he went back to the study to tackle the real work of the day.

A simple, rural poem! For half-an-hour he sat gazing blankly out of the window. Such subjects as 'How Not to Grow Cabbages,' 'The Wayside Weed,' 'Summer Solitude,' 'Tell me, Little Sparrow,' fluttered through his mind, and were in turn dismissed as either not poetical or not original enough.

Something rural and simple. And to think that Mr Farquhar had to pay the rent of the house and the girl's wages, and buy groceries and meat and boot-leather and pots and pans, with work of this sort! It was terrible! How different it must be sitting in this silent room, gazing on this unlovely garden, from working in a shop! One hadn't much time to think there, with people in and out all day. Here it was so quiet—so quiet. He shivered a little. The tales that were told about the house occurred to him. He thought of the woman and the baby. Perhaps it was in this very room——

He was getting creepy. Jumping up, he threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and lit his pipe furiously. Then he sat down to his desk again. Write something he would. He wasn't going to let the Poet down. Ay, something rural and simple. And by six o'clock he had accomplished the task. He had written a poem which was both rural and simple. He had written something for *Brains*. Good or bad, he had done it, and it ran as follows:

THE CONTENTED WORKING-MAN.

It ain't no use a-envying
The folk that ride in cars,
The folk 'o buy their soap in bits,
While we get ours in bars!
We can't have champagne when we dine,
It's right beyond our measure;
Let's be content with Nature's wine,
Champagne is but sham pleasure!

'Very neat,' muttered the Grocer with pride.

Don't let your missis sigh for silk,
Or velvet for the boy;
When he goes out to fetch the milk
He's best in corduroy!
Not mine to smoke the big cigar
And blow a bob away,
It's shag in my tobacco-jar,
My meerschaum is of clay!

It ain't no good a-speaking ill
Of them in higher groove;
It don't put money in the till,
Nor custom yet improve!
I might have been an ox in stall
For dinner-tables fed;
I'm thankful I'm alive at all
With such a many dead!

This unctuous and hypocritical effusion Mr Muckleston read off with much satisfaction. He felt it was not altogether in Mr Farquhar's usual line; but there was no getting away from the fact that it was rural and simple!

Putting it in an envelope, he addressed the packet to the Editor of *Brains*. He stamped all the letters, stole one last look at the business-like envelope with the very unbusiness-like contents, and then, putting the 'post' in his pocket, started back to Lullhampton, feeling that there was much to be said for a grocer's life in comparison with a poet's.

He had gone but a few paces down the road when the desolate look of the kitchen and garden occurred to him. Going back, he took the cheque from his note-book and placed it on the desk. Finally, as the result of another happy inspiration, he scribbled across the business-like envelope with the unbusiness-like contents: 'I haven't read it. But go steady, old man! It don't pay!'

(To be continued.)

TRAVELLING BY THE SIDE-RAILS OF SPAIN.

By Ethel Stanley.

TRAVELLING in Spain by the main railroads is very often a lengthy performance, and not always as pleasant as it is lengthy; but when it comes to journeying by the narrow-gauge railways, or those branching off the main lines, the experience should only be attempted by those whose time is their own and unlimited. The delay is to be put down, first of all, to the antiquated and erratic engines used—engines that have a knack of stopping short when least expected, and only proceeding on their way after much gentle persuasion on the part of the driver. However, in this land of 'no hurry,' a few accidental stops by the way are of no account, and are regarded with a placid and stolid indifference characteristic of the Spanish peasant—which, after all, is the best spirit to show in the face of a catastrophe of that sort. The peasants and the labourers suffer most from these little interruptions when travelling, since they are the chief

patrons of the small side-lines running from the villages to the towns.

The carriages admirably match the engines in appearance, being equally ancient-looking. As a rule there are two classes; but, if possible, the superior class is just a shade more stuffy than the other. The passengers by the latter, at least, do not suffer from closed windows during the summer, there being no windows to close; while, for those who are especially daring and relish a little fresh air, some of the carriages are provided with seats on the roof outside, reached by means of a narrow stair at each end of the compartment. On a hot day these carriages, inside or out, are by no means desirable conveyances. To begin with, they are dirty. Everything is covered with dust, which remains day after day undisturbed by anybody save passengers. The passengers themselves are generally packed closely together, many carrying protruding and odoriferous parcels whose scent frequently becomes stronger as time goes on, and hint of dried cod or some fishy mixture dear to the heart of the peasant.

The passengers one and all persist in talking, and 'balmy garlic scents the air,' mixed with clouds of strong cigarette-smoke. Certainly those travelling on the roof have chosen the best place; for, although they are exposed on all sides to the clouds of dust that rise as the train rattles on, the winds of heaven have free access to them, while they are at the same time protected from the fierce rays of the sun by a light wooden roof. These winds, though not possessing the quality of coolness, are laden with the intoxicating smell of orange-blossom perhaps wafted from groves miles away, or coming from the mountains, barren save for the sweet-smelling dried herbs and lavender that also add their scent to the wind as it passes them by.

Each village along the line is honoured by a stoppage of the train, a horn being blown to give notice of its arrival by the man who keeps the cross-roads. Now more passengers force their way into the already crowded carriages, while the two Civil Guards who travel with each train descend and walk up and down the little platform, fully armed and prepared for any emergencies. It is the same at every station. Bareheaded women carrying either parcels or a baby, brown-faced men with feet and legs bare save for sandals, warm, unshaven, grubby-looking priests, and perhaps a couple of nuns bent on some errand of mercy—all these are mixed together indiscriminately, and are the usual burden of those side-line trains. Then comes a stop, and they must wait, for the engine has broken down. Well, all the longer for their money! A delay of an hour, perhaps two, follows. Rolls of bread are brought out and munched, accompanied by grapes; while the more fortunate among the passengers have salted sardines or unsavoury-looking sausages thrust between the bread, making a sandwich of gigantic proportions. Sometimes, luckily enough, the breakdown may occur near a station where some enterprising lady has set up a stall in view of such emergencies. There the belated travellers can while away the time by watching her fry chops and omelets over a charcoal fire, which she offers temptingly at fairly cheap rates, accompanied by plenty of good country wine and bread. Truly hers is a brilliant idea, and she reaps a considerable harvest from the results of the eccentricities of the engines on that line.

Once more the train is coaxed to move, and the passengers climb to their seats and continue slowly on their way. If luck is on their side they reach the end of the journey only a few hours late. However, all are satisfied; they really have reached their destination, which is the chief thing. Some of them have had time to enjoy an unusually long nap; many of them have enjoyed the also unusual privilege of sitting down to their meal; while all rejoice in having spent more time in the train than the railway officials reckoned upon when issuing the tickets, thus satisfying slightly the perpetual and inexplicable grudge that all the world seems to feel against railway companies generally.

With these little disadvantages in view, those who desire speed and comfort above all things in travelling would do well to avoid the side-rails in Spain; though in so doing they probably miss seeing the most interesting parts of the country, and certainly they have not so much chance of admiring the philosophical calm with which the Spaniard can endure one of the most tiresome of occurrences—namely, a breakdown on the line.

BERLIN.

By Richard Thirsk.

WHEN the articles of the German Empire were drawn up at the close of the war with France in 1871, it was agreed that Berlin should become the capital and seat of government. But for this agreement, Berlin would in all probability have continued in the comparatively obscure position it occupied as the capital of Prussia. Some of the older towns felt that their history and tradition gave them at least some title to the Imperial distinction, yet they had to submit to the new order brought about by the conquering sword of Prussia; and, though they still retain some show of their former dignity, according to the treaty they are consigned to the position of provincial towns. This has given rise to petty jealousies, which occasionally find

expression when the south boasts that it is the real Germany, taunting Prussia that it is an upstart state and Berlin a parvenu capital. As though conscious of some justice in the taunt, Berlin is doing its best to make good any shortcomings in its traditions by its size, and to rise to the dignity of its new position. It has not, however, succeeded in making itself the pleasantest German town in which to live. Its streets do not echo with the romance of centuries or suggest any story of a bygone age such as one feels at every turning in the fascinating old capital of Frankfort-on-the-Main; its life has nothing of the easy-going comfort of artistic Munich or the liveliness of Cologne; the quiet dignity of Dresden is a thing which Berlin fails to understand; and the quaintness of old Nuremberg is a sentiment which age alone can produce.

When speaking of Germany it is these old-world towns, whose history is the history of the Middle Ages, which naturally come to mind, recalling all the valorous romance and bloody struggles of the period; and one is sometimes apt to forget that Germany has ever cast aside her old guise. Her modernity is surprising to us in its suddenness, and not the least surprising feature which the revolution has brought about is the transferring of the capital from the fruitful south to the barren north.

Although Berlin is a capital of forty years' standing, it has in one sense already justified the wisdom of those statesmen responsible for it. In the course of this time the number of its inhabitants has increased from a few thousands to three millions, and its rapid growth still continues. It ranks among the most important towns of Europe; and as in all probability a larger percentage of the traffic between East and West will in the near future pass through Berlin, it is not altogether improbable that the ambitious Prussian dream may ultimately be realised, and Berlin become one of the most important towns in the world.

Confidently as it anticipates this dream of future greatness, against which time it is preparing, Berlin does not commit the mistake of neglecting the present. It is doing all it can to make itself attractive and interesting, and proudly styles itself 'the most beautiful town in the world,' thus inviting comparisons which fortunately depend entirely upon the point of view. In Berlin the point of view is the ultra-modern. Its aim is to show what an ideal modern town ought to be. Nothing that smacks of the ancient or of the provincial is tolerated in Berlin.

To this enterprising spirit may be ascribed the 'new architecture,' or 'Berlin style,' for which it would be difficult to suggest any more suitable designation. It is a splendid instance of the prevailing passion to produce at any cost something original and striking without regard to the rules and conventions of architecture. Thin brick walls are covered with stucco, which is worked into a variety of fantastic shapes which the South Germans call grotesque and ugly, but which the Berliners term imposing.

Whatever the merits or the demerits of the 'Berlin architecture' may be, it certainly is a proof that brick and stucco are not suitable materials with which to build an abiding city. Within a very few years the jerry-built tenements begin to crumble to decay, looking dilapidated and broken-down in spite of much patching and painting. Therefore the Berliners are constantly changing their dwellings, moving ever westward with the new houses.

One very agreeable feature of this new architecture is the balconies overlooking the streets, in which the people take a justifiable pride, decorating them tastefully with flowering plants. Many of these are miniature gardens, and on sultry summer evenings one may see the family having supper in the open or reading by the aid of an electric lamp.

Until the authorities took the situation in hand, Berlin ran serious risks of turning out a flashy town, built to appeal to the eye, and, contrary to the German love of thoroughness and solidity, suggestive of cheap tawdriness. It was only natural that its sudden growth out of the sandy waste should attract all manner of men whose weird ideas threatened for a time to convert the town into a national curiosity, built haphazard according to the whims of the builders. But the measures adopted recently by the building commissioners happily put an end to this.

It is to the wise precautions taken by these commissioners that Berlin owes its wide streets and spacious squares. A commendable attempt has been made to prevent the necessities of a manufacturing town from destroying entirely all the pleasures of the country. Most of the new streets are lined on either side by beautiful trees, while in some instances the tram-rails in the centre are almost hidden between grass-plots; in the open places are gay flower-beds, and tall shrubs shelter the benches on which mothers sit knitting while their children amuse themselves on the broad pathways.

In this respect Berlin is admittedly a beautiful town, and it has succeeded in hiding much of the sordidness of industry behind trees and flowers. The large sums of money spent annually on street decoration and street cleaning are well invested. Nowhere is it possible to find a cleaner town than Berlin. Nearly all its streets are asphalted, and during the hot, dusty weather they are thoroughly washed several times a day by motor water-carts, which trail behind them a rubber squeegee for scraping aside the mud, leaving the streets perfectly dry and clean.

Serious objections have been raised to the cult for statues which Berlin has developed. Already it has outdone the traditions of ancient Greece and Rome in erecting numerous creations in white

marble which are not altogether suited to the rigorous climate of the north.

Though the prospect of royal favour has attracted a large army of sculptors to Berlin, where art is enthusiastically encouraged, few of them have yet learned how to make marble look otherwise than cold and stiff. Their work is careful and painfully minute, yet all their attempts to suggest life and action remain crude and unconvincing. It must, however, be admitted that the effect of the grouping of the statues is not altogether unpleasant. However heavy and tiresome they may be when taken singly, there is at least the charm of novelty in the picture of so many white marbles standing out from their setting of green. This is especially pleasing in the spring-time, when the shrubs framing the newly washed statues put on their fresh leaves; and on hot summer days they break up the long lines with their refreshing coolness. Even those critics whose sneer is that the statues are reminiscent of an antiquary's back-yard must admit that they make an impression on the visitor seeing them for the first time.

This is equally true of the town itself—its newness, its cleanness, and its glitter generally create a favourable impression upon new-comers; but for numerous reasons this effect is not always lasting. Berlin is not a town that grows on one. It reveals all its secrets at once, and its surprises pass away with the first blush. There is nothing cosmopolitan about its life. Its fashionable streets do not afford the varied interest of many-coloured life. They are dull with the monotony of the dead level of the standard by which the crowd measures itself.

Happily, the officers swaggering along with dangling sword and monocle afford a welcome relief to the sombre gray of the streets. There are also the policemen in blue, who look stern under their squat helmets, and whose scabbards peep out from under their greatcoats; the sleepy-looking cabbies, in blue coats with red cuffs and collars, and black painted top-hats; the drivers of the yellow mail-vans, looking as though they had stepped out of a picture of old Germany, their shining black billycocks adorned with a black shaving-brush, and a brass bugle-horn attached to a cord pleated in the Imperial colours slung over their shoulders; the busmen, the tramway-men, the porters—all men, in fact, who serve the public in any capacity are clothed according to the dignity of their office, and their uniforms bring a pleasing splash of colour into the streets.

The majority of the street crowds are peasants who have left the fields and ploughs for the more exhilarating excitements of Berlin, bringing with them to the capital their country manners. They have not yet had time to erect any standard of behaviour.

It is not until after dark, however, when the streets glitter under their myriads of electric lamps, that the real life of Berlin can be said to begin. As soon as the shops and offices close the Berliner gives himself over to pleasure; and as this is one of the things he cannot imagine it possible to find at home, he sallies forth to swell the crowds at the theatre, the music-hall, the restaurant, or the café. There is more life, high and low, in and around the neighbourhood of Friedrich Strasse at one o'clock in the morning than at the same hour in the afternoon. Within this region everything belongs to the night—the night cafés (which only open their doors an hour before midnight), the night dancing-saloons, and the night cabarets, in which high revels are held. This is what is called the *Lebewelt*, for attracting those with money in their pockets. Below-stairs may be seen the *Unterwelt*, the *Nachtasyl*—the last resort of the wrecks who no longer have the money to go upstairs. Above is wine and laughter, and the presumption of glorious life; below is stale beer and the silence of abject misery. The sensuality of the florid faces above afford a terrible contrast to the lean hunger and hopelessness staring out of the outcast faces below. Above they yell for the dance and the excitement to continue; below they crave the sleep of forgetfulness, which is only permitted them as long as a few flat dregs remain at the bottom of their glasses.

Its night-life is a feature of Berlin of which the inhabitants are proud, though it is causing some alarm to the authorities, and was some time ago discussed in the Prussian Chamber, when some extraordinary revelations were made. The otherwise all-powerful police admitted their impotence to deal with the subject, though they agreed that this night-life and the mad hunt after excitement was largely to blame for the spread of disease and crime. Proposals to close some of the more notorious places, or at least to exercise a stricter police control over them, were dismissed as unwarranted interference with the liberty of the subject.

Therefore Berlin continues to be the city of sleepless night. It has its night omnibuses and its night trams, and one may see the *Bummlers* returning from their revels with the early morning market-carts. Later on they reverse the order, turning day into night, and the city of sleepless night becomes a very sleepy place by day. Berliners have cultivated the habit of making up for their lost sleep by sleeping in the trains and public conveyances plying to and from the town. Nearly all the passengers in them begin to nod as soon as they have paid their fares, and it is no uncommon thing to see them wake at the terminus, having travelled far beyond their destination. Drivers, too, may be seen sleeping on their boxes, adding to the risks of a dangerous town.

As a rule people begin the day with coffee and a roll, on which, with a snack at eleven o'clock, they exist until dinner. This is looked upon as

a break in the day, lasting from two o'clock until after four. Dinner is the only warm meal partaken of, and after it they usually lie down until the coffee comes to wake them to make their calls or to return to business. The 'five o'clock tea' is becoming a popular institution between dinner and the cold-sausage supper at eight o'clock.

A very large proportion of the inhabitants dine at the restaurants, and in these the stranger is afforded an opportunity of learning something of Berlin manners and customs. Little tables for accommodating four persons are mostly favoured; and when a new-comer arrives he announces his intention of sitting at your table by making a profound bow, at the same time greeting you with '*Mahlzeit*,' or 'Meal-time.' Then he flourishes his handkerchief, trims his nails with his napkin, examines himself in a pocket-mirror carried by all gentlemen of fashion, and brushes his hair, his eyebrows, and his moustache. Having satisfied himself regarding his personal cleanliness, he tucks his napkin away under his chin, suggestive of shaving, and by this time the waiter has brought him his order. In the better-class places, especially in those known as *Wein* restaurants, one who has mastered the intricacies of a German bill of fare may dine fairly well at a moderate price. A liking for German culinary art, which serves up beef, mutton, and fowl with the same sauce, is an acquired taste; yet the only things that need specially be avoided are sausages. All sorts of queer things go into them, as is revealed every now and then when some of the more daring manufacturers appear before the court for contravening the Food and Drugs Act.

As soon as the signs of spring come upon the town the restaurant-owners erect awnings in the streets before their doors, after the fashion of the Boulevard cafés in Paris, and then one may dine out of doors in the midst of the busy streets when the weather is favourable. But the Berlin climate is subject to sudden and extreme changes of temperature. Either it is so stiflingly hot that one can scarcely breathe and people fall down in the streets, or it is so cold that one goes about shivering. The various changes marking the course of the seasons are not very clearly defined. Winter is a succession of raw, muddy days, when damp mists lie over the town, and leaden skies pour down sleet upon it; spring comes late, bringing with it more cold and rain; and autumn is a sort of nether season, when one may expect anything. However, when June comes, with its warm sunshine and clear, scintillating dry air, the miseries of all the other seasons are forgotten. The sweet-smelling lime-trees in the streets, and the rich foliage in the Tiergarten, where wild ducks have made their habitation on the beautiful lakes, are joys which the Berliners know how to appreciate thoroughly. Then when the July and August sun bakes the town, and tropical torrents flood it, they go farther afield to the attractive environs.

In its situation Berlin is exceedingly fortunate, being surrounded by rivers, lakes, and woods which may be easily reached from the town. On the broad waterways there is always life and interest, while the beauty of their wooded banks is often idyllic. Then, too, there is Potsdam within half-an-hour's distance, with its palaces and its varied historical traditions, and with its beautiful gardens open to the public.

On Sundays the workers flock in their thousands by rail and road to the shady beer-gardens and dancing-halls in the neighbourhood of the town, and the shopkeepers follow them as soon as their shutters are pulled down at two o'clock in the afternoon. This is essentially the people's day, and those who can travel on week-days are well advised to avoid the impatient mob which turns the stations into pandemonium and packs itself away like herrings in the choking compartments. A homeward-bound Berlin Sunday crowd is something to be feared. Doubtless the authorities are partly to blame for the untoward scenes which take place. Conveniences for getting about have not grown in anything like proportion to the growth of the town, and when the traffic is unusually heavy hopeless muddle ensues. The tramway system is good as far as it goes, but often so many changes are necessary and the detours are so great that it is quicker to walk. Until the extensions of the underground railway have been completed this means of travel will not be of practical value to the whole of the population. In order to get quickly from place to place it is necessary to use the motor-cabs, which are rapidly replacing the horse-cabs, and career along at a speed of fifteen miles an hour or more, causing frequent accidents and rousing the indignation of the populace, which for its own safety demands a stricter police control over the scorchers.

The police have to look after everything in Berlin. Though the people generally regard them as enemies, they do not scruple to call them in to settle even their trifling domestic differences. The extraordinary powers which they exercise are little more than official humbug calculated to annoy honest citizens, who are obliged to fill in forms instructing the police all about their private and personal affairs. Because of this searching police supervision it has often been said that slums have been prevented in Berlin. But this is not true. In fact, the police have not even been able to prevent overcrowding. The majority of the barrack-like tenements are inhabited by families much too large for the rooms they occupy, and if by any chance they should have a spare room they take in lodgers. The difference between Berlin slums and those of other towns is that the former are spread over a larger area. Hidden away behind the palatial fronts of some of the

most fashionable houses are slums and slum-dwellers. When they pass to and from their wretched hovels they rub shoulders with the fashionable world living in the same street with them as it steps out of its motor-car. Many of the houses are like rabbit-warrens. In one instance no less than two thousand men, women, and children spend the greater part of their existence under a common roof. A great many of these people are in a somewhat elementary stage of civilisation, knowing little of the laws of hygiene, and still less of the virtue of cleanliness. They emulate the worst habits of the town, hiding their rusticity under a thin veneer of vulgarity which transforms them into unlovable neighbours.

The latest report of the *Ortskrankenkasse* affords insight into the miserable conditions under which the poor live, and incidentally reveals a state of slumming in all quarters of the town which certainly is not surpassed in any other capital, and at the same time admits that Berlin is not the worst town in Germany in this respect. According to this report, much of the prevalent illness and infant mortality is due to overcrowding. Sometimes this is so bad that even good-class families living in the high-priced front houses spend their days and nights in rooms in which each person has not as much as four cubic mètres of air-space. In the back houses the air-space is still less. Conditions are worst in the older parts of the town, lying to the east and to the north. These hotbeds of crime are infested by the worst characters in Germany, who shrink at nothing. Citizens are afraid to venture near these districts even in the daytime, and policemen go in pairs, armed with sword and revolver. Murders of the most revolting nature are of frequent occurrence, and the record of knifing and brutality is worse than that of a shipping town.

What the police do with the slums is to try to hide them as much as possible. Poverty dare not show its rags and tatters in the streets. If it does it is hounded back whence it came or incarcerated in prison-like places, to which it objects, and does all in its power to avoid. Herein lies the secret of Berlin's respectability. There must be uniformity among the poor as well as among the rich, and just as one seldom sees any particularly well-dressed people, so one seldom meets remarkably ragged beggars. All must conform to the police standards, which demand an air of respectability even in poverty. Hence Berlin has no street-cries, no paper-boys shouting the latest news, no street-hawkers vending their wares. Piano-organ grinders and all itinerant musicians are banished from the streets and courtyards into the cafés and restaurants. This is not done altogether out of regard for the comfort of the citizens. It is merely because street-hawkers compete with the shopkeepers, and as they pay no taxes, they naturally reduce the revenue which the town draws from the more legitimate traders. These town and State taxes have gone up by leaps and bounds within recent years, increasing very considerably the cost of living in Berlin. The tendency of these is to make life more difficult for the poor and the middle-classes. Rents continue to rise, most of the necessaries of life are rising proportionately, and in the last few years the price of food-stuffs has been nearly doubled.

Regarding amusements, Berlin is well catered for by its score of theatres, in which Shakespeare holds a more honoured place than he does on the stage of any other town either in England or on the Continent, since his plays may be seen nightly in one or other of the theatres, often as many as three of them being given on the same evening. The Berlin stage is the most cosmopolitan in the world; in fact, it is somewhat inclined to neglect native dramatists in favour of those of other countries. But it is principally on its musical performances that the town prides itself. The opera company is not the best in Germany; but one has an opportunity of hearing it nightly during nine months of the year, and at frequent intervals excellent orchestral concerts are given at the various halls. It may be well to warn those who are uninitiated to be wary of piano and vocal concerts, as the majority of these are given by musical students whose abilities are only in embryo.

As for the intellectual life of Berlin, it is confined almost entirely to the university. Fast living has given the death-blow to high thinking, and what intellectuality there may be in the university finds little or no reflection in the life of the people. They have neither time nor patience for more than a smattering of what is called culture. They seldom wax enthusiastic over books or politics; and as for the problem how Berlin is to assimilate and digest the various elements composing it, and the equally important questions which will decide finally the place which Berlin is in future to hold among the other European capitals, the Berliners prefer to leave the solution entirely to those whom they pay for that purpose.

ALL IN ALL.

SONG.

I HOLD you still, the dearest thing on earth,
In hours of sadness as in hours of mirth;
Tender, compassionate, and true,
My heart a shrine is, sacred, love, to you.

I hold you still, unchanged through changing years,
On sun-kiss'd hill, as in the vale of tears;
In storm my shelter, and in calm my joy,
My cup of sweetness that can never cloy.

Love's miracle has worked its sov'reign will,
I hold the world because I hold you still.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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OSMAN DIGNA.*

By PERCY CROSS STANDING.

IN the ordinary course of nature, the notorious Sheik Osman Digna (Osman with the Beard) cannot expect to live much longer, for he was born as far back as when George the Fourth was king. In a recent communication from the Sirdar, Sir Francis Wingate kindly furnishes me with some interesting details of Osman's career in captivity since his arrest by an Egyptian patrol in the desert some eleven years ago. His birth at Suakim took place when that port was little more than a collection of mud-huts on the Red Sea shore.

Osman Abu Bakr Digna is said to be of Kurdish descent. His ancestors were soldiers of Sultan Selim the Conqueror, who immigrated and settled in Suakim. They intermarried with the Hadendoa—hence the origin of the Dignai tribe. Osman was, prior to Mahdism, a slave-trader between the Sûdan and the Arabian coast; but owing to his persecution (?) by the Egyptian Government for carrying on this trade, he seized the opportunity afforded by the dervish rebellion to join the Mahdi after the conquest of El Obeid in 1883, and proved to be one of his most zealous adherents. He was entrusted with the propagation of Mahdism in the Eastern Sûdan; and, being possessed of great ability and zeal, he rapidly won over that region to his master's cause.

He was present at the battle of Omdurman and in the Khalifa's battle of Gedid in 1899, but escaped after the latter conflict; and after a long march on foot was captured by Captain F. Burges with a police patrol, in January 1900, in the Warriba Hills, nearly a hundred miles south-west from Suakim. Sheik Ali Omar Or, of the Gamilab tribe (Red Sea province), had given the patrol certain information which led to the capture of the Emir. He was sent to Rosetta, in Egypt, to join the other dervish prisoners, and remained there up to the end of 1902, when he was transferred to the Damietta prison. In December 1908, eight months after the removal of all the dervish prisoners to Wady Halfa, Osman also was transferred to that place, where he now is.

Osman Digna was assuredly the most remarkable personality produced by the Mahdist movement. He graduated in that appalling school of slave-trading which the beneficent rule of Britain has since utterly swept away, and it was only when his monstrous traffic in human bodies and souls became endangered by the Khedivial edict that he vowed vengeance and prepared to fight. In 1883, the Mahdi having succeeded in destroying the Egyptian contingent of General Hicks Pasha, Osman received instructions from his master to prepare, with all the armed force at his disposal, for the utter extinction of the Khedivial enemy.

The Sûdan was still at that date the scene of unheard-of and unthinkable horrors perpetrated upon the wretched inhabitants by the slave-traders, of whom Osman Digna was the protagonist and chief. He had for years dyed Suakim in the blood of countless victims of his infamous calling, when the Khedive's edict practically ruined him. Vowing vengeance is one thing and carrying it out is another; but in Osman's case both were easy. The Sûdani tribe over whom he exercised the strongest authority were the warlike and ferocious Hadendoa, and when he took the field they were about the most potent factor at his back. With Osman to think was to act. He resolved to sweep the Eastern Sûdan free from Anglo-Egyptian foes. His methods as a guerilla leader differed from those of any other type of the Eastern partisan. They were methods to be reckoned with by the bravest and most strenuous of foes, for no mercy was ever given or even dreamed of.

Having mobilised his tribesmen to the number of several thousands, the great slave-dealer's first big blow was struck at a detachment of five hundred Egyptian troops moving from Suakim to Tokar, led by Commander Moncrieff, R.N., who was H.B.M. Consul at the port. This force was completely decimated, while a similar fate befell another contingent of seven hundred native troops in the vicinity of Tamai. Encouraged by these easy successes, Osman Digna proceeded to lay siege to the Egyptian garrisons in Tokar and Sinkat.

Realising that something must be done at once for the relief of these beleaguered garrisons, the Government at Cairo despatched a brigade of about three thousand six hundred Egyptian

*The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to H.E. the Sirdar of the Egyptian Army.

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troops under Baker Pasha, on whose staff was Colonel Fred Burnaby. The story of the summary fate that befell Baker's Egyptians at the hands of Osman's wild spearmen is not a pretty or inspiring one. The 'Gyppy' soldier is a very different man to-day, as we all know, thanks to British training and example, but Baker's men behaved like poltroons. One of the English officers who escaped, thanks to the fleetness of their horses, wrote: 'The conduct of the Egyptians was simply disgraceful. Armed with rifle and bayonet, they allowed themselves to be slaughtered, without an attempt at self-defence, by savages inferior in numbers and armed only with spear and sword.' As a fact, at Tokar twelve hundred Sûdani warriors overwhelmed almost three times that number of drilled and disciplined (?) troops.

Tokar and Sinkat immediately fell. On February 8, 1884—only four days after the annihilation of Baker's command—a terrible butchery was perpetrated at the latter place. The commandant knew well what fate awaited him if he should capitulate, and in the sequel his devoted little band of four hundred were destroyed to a man in a heroic attempt to cut their way out. This, again, was in contrast to the behaviour of the garrison of Tokar, who surrendered to Osman Digna, and whose black gunners were seen in the dervish ranks serving the guns taken from Baker's brigade!

The late General Sir Gerald Graham, V.C., was now despatched to teach the Hadendoa ex-slave merchant a lesson. Sir Gerald took with him a mixed force of infantry, cavalry, and blue-jackets, including such famous regiments as the Black Watch, the Gordons, and the Tenth and Nineteenth Hussars. He found himself too late to save Tokar, but not too late to inflict two signal defeats upon Osman's army at El-Teb and Tamai (February 29 and March 13, 1884). The killed in Baker's defeat had never been interred, the result being a sickening stench as Graham's little army moved out. Before offering battle, the General despatched a written ultimatum (in Arabic) to the dervish leaders, bidding them disperse their fighting-men before morning or take the consequences. No notice was taken. A conspicuous feature of the hand-to-hand fighting that followed was the ham-stringing of numbers of our cavalry horses by the savage tribesmen, who lay on the ground as the Hussars swept over them. After Tamai, where Osman Digna lost two thousand killed, the British put a price on that chieftain's head; but the wily Osman escaped to the mountains, alleging in excuse for his defeat that he had employed the wrong 'fetich.'

His resistance was, however, 'scotched, not killed,' and for the next twelvemonth he remained undisturbed by our arms. After the fall of Khartûm early in 1885, it was decided by Lord Wolseley that a railway must be built to connect Suakim with Berber on the Nile. Sir Gerald Graham was again selected for the enterprise of destroying the power of Osman Digna, and on reaching Suakim in March he found himself in command of some thirteen thousand splendid troops, including a brigade of Guards under General Lyon-Fremantle, an infantry brigade under Sir John M'Neill, and a native Indian contingent. There was also a capital little Colonial (Australian) contingent, for the death of Gordon had aroused so martial a spirit in the dominions of the Queen-Empress that offers of help in reconquering the Sûdan flowed in. A remarkably rapid concentration was effected, the railway was begun, and Osman Digna was 'warned off.' This, of course, was British bluff, for the dervish chief was known to have a large force around Tamai, Hasheen, and Handûb. There were extensive wells at Hasheen, and Graham, with his whole available force save the Shropshires, who were left to garrison Suakim, marched out to seize these wells (March 20, 1885), and thus deprive Osman of his water-supply. Moving in three sides of a square formation, the little army went on its way, pausing to construct zarebas of thorn-bush for its protection. Presently the troops came under a heavy rifle-fire, for the amount of 'gun-running' that had been going on along the Red Sea was amazing, *plus* the many weapons taken from the Egyptians in Hicks' and Baker's defeats. A tremendous rush of spearmen against the square formation (which our troops rapidly completed) was beaten off with heavy loss, and then the Fifth Lancers and Bengal Lancers joined in a dashing charge. The enemy sullenly withdrew towards Tamai, having squandered about a thousand of the three thousand men with whom they had entered the fight.

So far good, but it was of the first importance that Osman Digna should be taught a smart lesson ere the business of building the line to Berber could be properly proceeded with. This time the command of a powerful mixed force—Berkshires, Royal Marines, blue-jackets, Indian infantry, &c.—was entrusted to General Sir John M'Neill. The terrible mêlée that ensued is alternatively known as the battle of Tofrik or 'M'Neill's Zareba.' It was on Sunday, 22nd March, that the force was in the act of 'forming zareba,' some six miles out of Suakim, when like a surging torrent the dervishes descended upon our unready troops. Adequate precautions had not been taken, and only the superb courage of the men preserved Sir J. M'Neill's brigade from annihilation.

The following vivid picture of the scene was penned by Mr Wentworth Huyshe, the *Times* correspondent: 'Mr Walter Paget of the *Illustrated London News* was calmly making an admirable sketch of a single combat between a Hadendoa swordsman and a poor little Tommy Atkins. "Tommy" was doing his best with the

regulation sword—made in Germany (?)—against the tremendous two-handed sidelong sweeps dealt out by the swordsman; but it occurred to him to deliver cut No. 7, which, much to the surprise probably of both combatants, cut the Arab's head down through the skull. Next moment poor Tommy himself fell dead at our feet, shot through the lungs by our own fire—I think, from the rallying-square of a detachment of the Berkshires which had been caught outside, and was being desperately and incessantly charged by the enemy. Meanwhile the Berkshires and we in the Marines' zareba were firing terrific volleys *into our own transport animals*, behind and among which the enemy was in great force. A sight it was to see those poor beasts, stung by the deadly hail, rear their great bodies into the air. In the Berkshire zareba, at the diagonally opposite end of the position, the hand-to-hand fight was in full swing. The Gatling-gun redoubt had been rushed by the enemy, all our poor fellows near it slain, and the Berkshire working-parties, who had run towards their stacked rifles, which were between them and the charging enemy (a notable deed!), were fighting hard, bayonet and bullet *v.* spear and sword. Not a man of the enemy got out of the zareba alive; they died there, a hundred brave men and more, under the shadow of the sacred banner which they had planted in the redoubt.'

About sixty more dervishes fought their desperate way into the unready zareba manned by the Royal Marines, and were there shot or bayoneted. There were many isolated acts of self-devotion, notably that of the Roman Catholic chaplain, Father Collins. Taking his life in his hands, the reverend gentleman crossed the shot-torn area with an order for one of the Indian regiments to 'cease fire,' as they were firing wildly and to the common danger. In *twenty minutes*—that was the period of time covered by the action—some fifteen hundred out of five thousand dervishes had been accounted for. Our own butcher's bill was fairly heavy, and, thanks to the inevitable firing at and through the baggage-animals, no fewer than five hundred poor camels and mules were killed. But it was the aftermath that proved the most trying ordeal; for until General Graham's advent with the Guards Brigade next morning, a night of horror was passed by our spent troops bivouacking on the blood-stained ground.

Osman Digna claimed to have defeated the infidel dogs at Tofrik, but it was one of his last effective boasts, though he remained at large and participated in many another battle during the next dozen years. The decision of the Government of the day to abandon the Sûdan came as a heavy blow to the cause of civilisation and progress. Although the dervish armies were well beaten by Grenfell and Stephenson at the close of 1885, and again when, in their audacity, they attempted the invasion of Upper Egypt in 1889, it was not until the welcome decision to re-enter the Sûdan in the spring of 1896 that anything really effective was achieved. Lord Kitchener led forth his gallant army to write successively 'Firket,' 'Atbara,' and 'Omdurman' on their victorious standards; to be supplemented by Lord Kitchener's talented successor, General Sir F. R. Wingate, with his final defeat of the Khalifa at Gedid and his capture of Osman Digna.

THE SERPENTINE CANDLESTICKS.

CHAPTER III.

MRS LOCKERBIE had stolen into John's bedroom to fill his stockings with Christmas gifts, and, to her dismay she had found it empty. Hastening in the direction of the invalid's quarters, she heard the child say, 'I want muvver. Where is she?' and also Mr Kaye's amazed and halting repetition of the question, and the quick indrawing of his breath, as if he were afraid.

Only for a moment did she press the child to her breast. Rising from her knees, she took him by the hand, and, without a word of explanation, was about to lead him from the room.

'Stop!' came the commanding voice of the invalid. He had evidently recovered from his fear, and was himself again.

'I will be back presently,' responded the nurse, stopping, nevertheless, as she was commanded, and glancing apprehensively at the bed.

'Bring him here!' and the tone was so peremptory that she obeyed. Holding the child by the hand, she stood in the gleaming firelight by the side of the bed. He fixed his eyes upon her face, then dropped them to the face of the child, not for confirmation of the relationship—that he was assured of—but for confirmation of a suspicion which had leapt swiftly into his mind. 'Is he called John Kaye?' he asked, with a harshness which he did not feel.

'Yes.'

'Why did you give him that name?'

'It was the name of my mother's father.'

'And you are'——

'Mrs Lockerbie.'

'Lockerbie! Lockerbie! Let me see!' And

he began to think. 'Lockerbie—yes, that was the name. A doctor, wasn't he?'

'My husband was.'

'And you were Agnes Graham, the daughter of Agnes Kaye?'

'Agnes Kaye was my mother's maiden name.'

'And this was the child who ran into the garden? And you were the woman I threatened to prosecute? Humph! The trespass is worse than I thought—an invasion of the house as well as of the garden—and the damages, if I prosecute, are likely to be heavier. What do you say to that?' and, although his face was grim, almost sardonic, his eyes sparkled with a mischievous light.

'Dr Marriott is in it,' she replied, 'and Mrs Ryle, and the two maids. We are all in it.'

'Ah, a conspiracy?'

'Not to bring about this;' and she folded her arm about the neck of the child, and drew his head lovingly in against her skirts. He was silent, but watching the old man with an inquisitive and critical interest. 'I wouldn't come without him. We have purposely kept him apart from you. We never intended that you should see him. Waking up, and seeking me, he has wandered here by accident. Otherwise, I should have gone, when my time came, and taken him with me, and you would have been none the wiser.'

'But very much the poorer,' he added gravely, with a softened face. A suspicion of moisture displaced the mischievous sparkle in his eyes. 'Man proposes—ay, man proposes—but God disposes, and uses as His instrument a little child. We are all foolish, and I have been hard and bitter as well.'

'I like him now, muvver,' said little John, smiling his approval at the change on the old man's face.

'Why, dear?' she queried, with a trembling lip.

'Because he isn't cross,' confessed the child.

'He wasn't before, only on the outside, John. Inside he wasn't cross at all.'

'Like a bear, muvver—a Teddie-bear!' responded John, explaining the anomaly by an idea of his own; and, flying off at a tangent at the thought of a bear, he exclaimed suddenly, 'Shall I have one, muvver?'

'We shall see, dear, in the morning. I must take you back to bed;' and she began to move away.

'John Kaye!'

Her footsteps were arrested. Immediately a neighbouring clock began to chime the four quarters; twelve struck slowly; and, while the mother and child stood listening and hesitant, a clamorous peal of bells rang out their Christmas message of peace and goodwill. With the rapturous music pulsing in the air, and weaving itself about them, as if they too were part of the Christmas message, they turned and advanced again into the gleaming firelight.

'It is Christmas morning?' said the old man.

'Yes,' replied Mrs Lockerbie, waiting.

'I'm a bear, cross, with a sore ear,' he said, reverting to the child's explanation, 'and a very sore heart, Agnes;' and the hint of a sob accompanied the name. 'If John Kaye would kiss me—it *is* Christmas morning—it might help to heal the soreness.'

The tears were in her eyes as she lifted the little white-robed figure and placed him on the bed. She could not speak. But John understood, and obediently he bent his lips to the lips of the old man, and kissed him.

'There!' said the invalid huskily and with a sigh of satisfaction, 'you may take him now.'

But before she took him she bent also and lightly touched the old man's brow with her lips, whispering, 'Yes, uncle, it is Christmas morning.' The sob came now, and with it a rain of tears. Snatching up the child, she almost ran from the room.

When Dr Marriott called in the afternoon he found that events had progressed far beyond his most sanguine anticipations. John was in the room, and, before he could speak to the patient, insisted upon displaying his Christmas treasures, among which was the coveted Teddie-bear.

The old man pretended to frown at Dr Marriott, and wanted to know how long he intended to keep his limb tied up. 'It must be better,' he grumbled. 'The last time it jumped was three weeks ago yesterday. And the joints are now so stiff that I fear I shall never bend them again.'

'You've made a discovery,' returned Dr Marriott, ignoring the plea for the release of his leg, and glancing at the nurse and John.

'A discovery? What—that my joints are stiff?'

'No; that you are richer in relatives than you thought—that the nurse is your niece, and John Kaye your grand-nephew. I congratulate you. We'll have a look at the leg on New Year's Day.'

With the doctor's appearance, the nurse's radiant smile, which had illumined the room like summer sunshine in the heart of winter, grew brighter still. She longed to tell him all that had happened. For during the morning—when little John was with the maids and Mrs Ryle, entertaining them with the antics of his Teddie-bear, and, lest they should receive a mistaken impression from the grimness of its looks, assuring them that inside it was soft and nice and tendery, like his new-found uncle upstairs—she and the uncle had had a long explanatory talk, and he had shown her a portrait of another John Kaye and a mother as young as herself, who had both been taken from him, and under the loss his nature had hardened into flint. Sparks had flown when her mother had

married. Her decision to join her life with that of Michael Graham had struck upon the flint like steel. He found no fault with Michael Graham; but, seeing that his sister was housekeeper for him, and stood in this respect in place of his wife, he regarded her marriage as a heartless desertion. She went, and the sparks died out, and the flint remained—flint, cold, hard, unresponsive. He never acknowledged her again. It was wrong. And, that very Christmas morning, with a humble and contrite heart, he had said it was wrong. They had spoken together about it, in words at times too sacred to repeat to Dr Marriott, but she longed to tell him all that could be told.

The opportunity came afterwards.

When her face brightened vividly at the doctor's entrance the patient was watching her, and on every subsequent visit he was quick to notice the same sign. Other signs, too, were apparent, unconsciously shown, for she had no idea that the patient was so alert, or wishful, without direct questioning—a questioning which, with its brusqueness, and as matters then were, would have been an impertinence—to arrive at a safe conclusion. He watched the doctor also, and sought, if not for similar signs, for signs of a similar import; but the doctor was a cautious man, cool, steady, and self-controlled—qualities which had served him admirably as a surgeon—extremely reserved where his feelings were concerned, said to be emotionless by the medical fraternity, and had never been known to betray himself. It was unlikely, therefore, that old John Kaye's closest scrutiny would detect these signs in the doctor; but he knew that the latter was an honourable man, and that his interest in the nurse's welfare was beyond the ordinary. Of this interest he had quite sufficient proof in the fact that the doctor had secured her services for him. Though he said nothing, now that the revelation had come he was not blind to the doctor's ulterior intention. Without the signs he resolved to trust him, not entirely, but in the main, and with ingenious safeguards carefully thought out, and secretly acted upon, during his prolonged convalescence.

It was the end of March before Dr Marriott handed Mrs Lockerbie into the automobile, lifted John in beside her with the numerous treasures he had accumulated during his stay, and ran them back, according to promise, a dozen miles or so to their cottage home. The sling in which the patient's leg had been carried was discarded at last, and one of the crutches exchanged for a stout stick; and, with the assistance of an elderly valet—a new kind of servant against whose engagement he had crossly protested until he was overruled cavalierly by Dr Marriott—he had begun to hobble about the house and garden, and to pretend to attend again to the details of his business life. Fortunately for him, the business was well organised; the heads of the various departments, tested by long service, were efficient and trustworthy; and, whether he attended to the details or not, the whole concern worked with the ease and precision of a carefully lubricated machine. During his enforced absence the departmental superintendents had proved that they could manage as well, if not better, without him than with him; quite contented would they have been for him to remain permanently at home. His vexatious interference hindered development rather than helped it, and restricted his profits instead of increasing them. He was losing control, without knowing it, of the business he had created.

Frequently, during the summer months, Mrs Lockerbie and little John, at his express request, visited the old man. Indeed, he would have had them to live with him altogether; but, against the wish of Dr Marriott, as well as her uncle's, fearing lest their constant presence might strain the now happy relationship, Mrs Lockerbie would not consent. Wisely so, perhaps, for his manner was still cantankerous; he could not throw off the deliberately formed habit of the greater part of his life. It was a case of the skin of the Ethiopian and the leopard's spots. His irritation increased, because, beyond a certain stage, he made little or no progress. His sense of dependence fretted him; and, in September, an evening came when the motor again stopped at the cottage, and Mrs Lockerbie ran out to find Dr Marriott at the door.

'What is it?' she asked breathlessly.

'He 's gone,' gravely responded the doctor as he stepped inside.

'When did it happen?' and she beckoned him forward into the room, and placed a chair for him beside the fire.

'About six o'clock. He sank quietly into his chair after a turn round the garden, put his hand to his forehead, and passed painlessly and without a moment's warning. Mrs Ryle was not aware of it until she touched him and there was no response.'

'It was better so,' said she after a pause.

'Yes, but in its suddenness startling to Mrs Ryle and the maids and the valet. I was summoned at once; but it was useless—heart failure, the after-effect of the accident. It would have come sooner or later, and the accident, with its consequent shock and strain, has hastened it. The motor was waiting, so I ran over to tell you.'

'His fretful spirit has found quietness at last,' she remarked meditatively.

Dr Marriott waited for her to say something more. A request was in his heart, but he kept it there, hoping that she would answer it without the necessity of utterance. Nor was he disappointed. She rose, with a simple 'Excuse me,' left the room, and returned presently with John, dressed and prepared for the journey.

'You are going back with me?' said he, with a swift smile.

'Of course,' she replied. 'John and I are the only relatives.'

Three days later, when the old man's remains had been laid to rest, Mrs Lockerbie and Mrs Ryle, Dr Marriott and the manager of the business—these four only—at the lawyer's request stepped into the library to listen to the reading of the will. As he drew it from the envelope he remarked that it was a recent will, made but a few weeks before, quite different in its provisions from a previous will, eccentric, and difficult to carry out, he feared, unless Dr Marriott were agreeable. He ran through the preamble, and came to the bequests. Certain charities were mentioned, then Mrs Ryle and the manager, both of whom were gratified at a substantial recognition of their services. No eccentricity was apparent so far; but, with a preparatory cough, and a glance almost apologetic at Mrs Lockerbie, he continued: '"And to my niece, Agnes Lockerbie, I bequeath, as a memento, my two serpentine candlesticks."' He paused in a dead silence. Dr Marriott held his breath in eager expectation of what was to follow. Surely, surely, thought he, that is not all? The old man must have made some provision for Mrs Lockerbie. What were two serpentine candlesticks? A memento, forsooth! He had planned to little purpose in bringing them together if she were to be solaced by two serpentine candlesticks! His gorge rose in that momentary pause at the paltriness of such a bequest. It was more than a slight; it was a cruel mockery, the sardonic echo of his bitter spirit now that he had passed into the invisible.

Mrs Lockerbie herself betrayed no disappointment. She was quite calm. Mrs Ryle and the manager listened, expectant also, but not eager, for the further mention of the name of his niece. But no. The lawyer went on, in lower tones, and yet in tones clear and incisive: '"And all my other property, real and personal, including the control or disposal of my business, in trust to my friend Edward Marriott, Esquire, Surgeon, to deal with absolutely and without restriction in any way that he may choose; and, having the utmost confidence in his fairness, I appoint the said Edward Marriott, Esquire, Surgeon, my sole executor." Will you accept the trust?' asked the lawyer, reading the signatures, and turning to Dr Marriott.

'I must think about it,' he replied gloomily. He had not yet grasped what the trust might mean. It was a big thing. And the business! He was no business man, nor did he want to be hampered with uncongenial details. The wrath still smouldered in his breast at what he considered to be the exceedingly shameful treatment of the niece. And yet—and yet—— And, as the result of his rapid reflections, he repeated his reply, 'I must think about it.'

'Certainly he will accept it,' Mrs Lockerbie struck in, as if deciding for him. He turned swiftly and scanned her face. It was set proudly, and her eyes glowed with satisfaction.

Later, when they were alone, he said, 'Why were you so confident that I should accept it?'

'He has done you a great honour,' she replied, 'a very great honour, by placing everything, except those few bequests, unreservedly in your hands.'

'And you?'

'I am contented.'

'With your two serpentine candlesticks?'

'Yes.'

(To be continued.)

LIGHT AND ITS EFFECT ON SOME PHASES OF LIFE.

By Waldemar Kaempffert.

ONCE upon a time a section-gang, headed by a wonderfully vituperative foreman, began to grade a road-bed and lay rails in South Africa with an amount of energy and a degree of accuracy that the wisest of breech-clouted Hottentots could not comprehend. When the road-bed was graded and the rails were laid a steam locomotive came crawling along, belching black smoke and panting fearfully. The few Hottentots who did not drop to the ground and curl up in amazement ran off into the jungle to watch the phenomenon and to determine what it was. The oldest among them, after much cogitation, finally decided that the thing must be alive to move in that fashion, and that there must be a horse in its round, black body to make it move so fast. Thus enlightened, they all sat down and contemplated the queer creature with much amusement.

These ideas of locomotive engineering were no more absurd than the theories once formulated by scientific men to account for the facts of animal and plant existence. The world was at one time taught to believe by its learned men that frogs and toads arose from the slimy bottoms of ponds under the influence of the sun, that insects originated in dew, and that maggots were spontaneously bred in decaying meat. It needed an intellectual revolution to bring about the acceptance of Darwin's view that plants and animals were not originally created just as we see them, but that they are the products of age-long evolution.

Any moderately intelligent section-gang fore-

man could have told the Hottentots that the proper way to study a locomotive is to pick it apart; but not even scientific men have broken us off the habit of regarding animals and plants with something akin to savage wonder. Even men whose lives are devoted to the discovery of new facts in natural science find it hard not to marvel at the mere existence of waving grass and murmuring insects, instead of considering them as animated machines—the only attitude of mind that can lead to any definite results.

In the eyes of the modern biologist—who combines in himself the functions of chemist, zoologist, and botanist—a protoplasmic cell, a plant, a worm, a fish, a bird, even man himself, is regarded as a machine, a chemical machine endowed with the miraculous power of growing, of preserving itself, and of reproducing its own kind automatically. How miraculous this power really is we may judge if we imagine that locomotive which surprised the Hottentots to be similarly endowed, carrying on a process of self-repair in order to compensate for wear, growing and increasing in size, throwing off fragments of steel capable of developing step by step into other locomotives which devour fuel and run on steel tracks, and which produce other locomotives in turn.

This extraordinary chemical machine that we call a cell, a plant, a worm, a fish, a bird, a man, is now studied as if it were a combination of wheels, connecting-rods, pistons, and valves. It is picked apart and studied piece by piece. Here a wheel is removed, and the perturbations in the mechanism noted; there a valve is altered in form, and the resultant vagaries set down. Some day, when the chemical machines of nature have been dismembered to the last pulsating molecule, and the exact manner in which the operative parts are interrelated has been fully revealed, we may learn how to put the parts together again, perhaps in new ways, with startling results. When that day dawns we shall have a real science of biology, and later still a real science of psychology, which will enable us to diagnose and cure individual and even national ethical diseases.

At present the biologist's task is confined to a study of the apparatus of life and the way in which that apparatus uses up energy. From the chemical machines of nature and from the locomotives of man energy is set free by some kind of releasing device. There are many ways of moving the throttle-valve of an engine in order to make the axles and wheels turn, and there are many ways of shifting the hidden throttle-valve which causes a plant to lift its blossoms toward the sun or an animal to wriggle in search of food. Although the discovery of the many ways in which the throttle-valve is moved in living things is not the work of one man, it has remained for Professor Jacques Loeb, of the Rockefeller Institute at New York, to reveal a method of controlling life-phenomena, and of finding the agencies that determine unequivocally the direction of animal locomotion—in other words, the true relation of the mechanism that responds to the touch of external forces and brings about actions that have hitherto been explained by instinct—an explanation that is no more scientific than the Hottentot's notion of a locomotive. Professor Loeb has discovered that what we have long regarded as the effect of will or instinct is in reality the effect of light, of gravity, of friction, of chemical forces, and of electric currents; and that certain animals subjected to these external forces can no more control their actions than a locomotive can prevent its wheels from spinning when steam is admitted into the cylinders. We have been incorrectly taught to regard it as instinct when a fly lays its eggs on meat, so that the young larvæ may feed on it; when eyeless earthworms writhe away from a strong light; when numberless insects, after passing the winter in their nests, crawl out, when the warm weather comes, to the outermost tips of tree-branches, where food may be found.

Like the inanimate locomotives built in our machine-shops, most freely moving animals are symmetrically constructed. They have a middle line, and an equal number of legs, wings, or flippers on either side, just as a locomotive has an equal number of wheels, cylinders, and pistons on either side of its boiler. If the engineer were to fill only one set of cylinders with steam, then only the pistons on that side would be directly acted upon, and were there no rails and no connections between the two sets of cylinders the entire engine would travel in a rather wide circle. The living chemical machines of nature, the myriad butterflies, moths, beetles, worms, crabs, and gnats, are as sensitive to the natural forces that act upon them as is a locomotive piston to the pressure of steam. If one side of a spineless animal is acted upon by light, electricity, gravitation, or chemicals more than the other, certain chemical reactions occur more rapidly on that side, with the result that the creature's legs or wings are no longer moved in unison.

The apparently senseless flight of a moth into a flame—an immolation that has long served the poet for an apt metaphor and has in many a book of children's stories pointed a moral of wicked curiosity fittingly punished—is the most conspicuous instance of a living chemical machine which has become the plaything of light-rays. Symmetrical points on the moth's body are chemically alike. If the rays of light modify the chemical condition of one side more than the other, the moth's power of movement is affected. There is a stronger muscular tension on the one side than on the other, a tension that causes the moth's body to bend so that the symmetrical points are again struck equally by the rays, and the moth is compelled to move toward the source of light.

More than one experiment has been performed

by Professor Loeb to prove that some animals are helpless in the grip of light. The symmetrical points that are affected in moths are the eyes. If an antenna be amputated or an eye removed the insect's chemical symmetry is destroyed, and only motion in a circle is possible. When a snail is placed between a white wall and a black wall, the mollusc is so unequally illuminated that it can crawl only in a circle.

At one period of its life an animal may be forced to move toward light, at another away from light. Many a young caterpillar is thus made to search for food at a critical time in its development; for light causes it to creep toward the outer ends of tree-branches where the first green of spring is to be found.

Indeed, of all the agencies that pull the throttle-valves of living machines, light is perhaps the most potent. Every green leaf and blade of grass bears witness to this; for it is light that causes each stem to stand more or less erect. In a room illuminated only from one side, a plant will grow toward the window through which the light streams. If all sides of the plant are equally illuminated, which occurs only when light pours in from above, the stem grows straight up.

Almost everywhere has Professor Loeb encountered this involuntary movement toward light. A marine worm known as *Spirographis* lives in a tube, one end of which is attached to a fixed support. Only the gills of the worm project from the tube. Turn the aquarium in which this fixed worm—this creature which is half-plant, half-animal—lives away from the light, and the tube will bend until struck by the rays. When the light falls from above, these tubes are as vertical as the stems of so many plants. If this animal were able to move freely, who can doubt that it would make like a moth toward the light?

Just as there are many animals that move toward the light, so there are many that are driven from light in the direction of the rays. Among such organisms are some crustaceans and the larvæ of many insects. The simple expedient of pouring rays of light upon them serves to direct the larvæ of the common house-fly as surely as if a path had been made for them, flanked by high walls. If the shadow of a pencil be cast in front of them, they will move parallel with the shadow, away from the source of light.

If any further proof be required that light affects the sensitive surfaces of many animals chemically, we should find it in the circumstance that animals which are ordinarily forced to crawl or fly *away from* light can be made to move *toward* light by chemicals. The fresh-water crustacean *Gammarus* crawls or swims away from light when it moves at all. If chemicals known as esters are added to the water of an aquarium in which *Gammarus* is confined, the animal at once begins to move toward the light. The addition of acids, carbon dioxide, soda-water, beer, alcohol, paraldehyde, ammonium salts, and potassium salts has a similar orienting effect. A mere fall in the temperature of the sea-water in which they live or a change in the water's concentration causes the larvæ of a marine worm (*Polygordius*) to move toward instead of away from light.

An electric current causes many animals to move toward or from a source of light, but always in the direction of the galvanic stream. It has been found that the minute *Paramecium*, an infusorian, when placed in a trough through which a current is flowing, invariably swims toward the cathode. Loeb has discovered that a certain shrimp, known as *Palæmonetes*, is so influenced by an electric current that the relative position of its legs or swimmerets is changed, with the result that the creature can swim only in one direction. Even a human being, despite his highly developed brain and his self-control, is curiously affected. When a current is sent through the head from side to side, the subject falls toward one electric pole when the current is turned on, and toward the other when it is turned off.

The nature of the influence of gravitation (mere weight) is known with less certainty. Fixed marine animals when placed in oblique positions assume their normal vertical attitude after a short time. *Cucumaria cucunus*, a holothurian, is endowed by nature with five rows of feet, which it uses for crawling on vertical surfaces. If that surface, whatever it may be, is very slowly turned in a vertical plane, the animal remains motionless. When the surface is brought to a stop, the holothurian crawls upward again.

Professor Loeb believes that gravitation causes many animals to keep their eyes in as normal a position as possible, whatever may be the position of the body. If a lobster is turned on its side, the eye-stalks return to their natural plane. In lizards, birds, and rabbits similar effects have been noted when the animals have been placed on horizontally whirled plates.

An organism's geotropism, as this strange sway of gravitation is called, can be artificially changed. Professor Loeb has demonstrated that in a low temperature the larvæ of *Polygordius* move upward, in a high temperature downward. Are the seasonal migrations of some marine animals thus to be accounted for?

The effect of diffuse chemicals is more amenable to experimental observation. A fly always lays its eggs on decaying meat, cheese, and the like—substances on which the larvæ to be eventually hatched must feed. When pieces of fat and lean meat from the same animal are placed side by side, the fly unerringly lays its eggs on the lean meat. The molecules ascending from the meat have the property of modifying the chemical constitution of the fly's skin and of influencing the tension of

the muscles. At that critical period of its life the fly is chemically compelled to wing its way toward decaying organic matter such as meat. Neither experience nor volition plays any part in the process.

Memory, enmity, friendship, even reasoning, have all been invoked to account for an ant's recognition of its nest-companions and its hostility to strangers. Professor Bethe, in the course of his experiments, dipped an ant in the liquid squeezed from its nest-companions, and restored it to its nest. It was not attacked. When dipped in the juice of hostile ants and returned to its own nest it was promptly killed. Clearly, chemical stimuli excite ants, and account for actions which seem as if they were the result of something like memory.

Countless animals hide in crevices. It was long thought that they thus sought refuge from their enemies. Experiments conducted by Professor Loeb prove that it is not a hypothetical instinct of self-preservation that governs this concealment, but the circumstance that some animals are compelled to put their bodies as much as possible in contact with solid bodies, while other organisms are constrained to avoid them. The former are 'positively stereotropic,' the latter 'negatively stereotropic.' *Amphipyra* is a butterfly which has a tendency to hide in cracks. When imprisoned in a box provided with a false bottom of glass of such size that a space is left between the edges of the glass bottom and the sides of the box, *Amphipyra* will crawl under the glass. If it is prevented from creeping into crevices it runs about restlessly. Mature ants, when kept in boxes containing pieces of folded paper or cloth, crawl into the folds. Earthworms possess the same irritability. As soon as they reach an angle in a receptacle they remain there. When cut into several pieces, they still seek crevices with undiminished vigour. Eels are similarly forced to bring every part of their bodies into contact with solid objects. If the tail of a decapitated eel be rubbed gently it presses itself against the finger; if touched with a burning match it turns away. Much evidence has been gathered to show that certain substances, developed at critical periods of an animal's life, influence its character just as certain poisons (alcohol, tobacco, morphine) change the reactions of a human being. Hence the study of the conditions which produce tropisms may be of immense practical importance in building up a real science of ethics.

In a paper which he read before the sixth International Psychological Congress held at Geneva in 1909, Professor Loeb drew this conclusion as to the ethical value of his researches: 'The highest manifestation of ethics—namely, the circumstance that men are ready to sacrifice their lives for an idea—is incomprehensible from a utilitarian standpoint. . . . Here, again, it is possible that under the influence of certain ideas chemical changes, such as internal secretions of the body, are brought about, changes which result in an increased sensitivity to certain stimuli, so that such men become slaves to certain stimuli, just as *Copepods* become slaves of light. That the thing which the philosopher calls an "idea" is a process which can produce chemical effects in the body has ceased to be strange to us since Pawlow and his pupils have succeeded in causing dogs to secrete saliva merely by optical and acoustical signals.'

THE POET AND THE GROCER.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Mr Muckleston had disappeared, the Poet took off his coat and put on the Grocer's apron. He sniffed the smell of the shop, and it gave him pleasure. It was wholesome and homely.

As the minutes went by and no one came in, he thought he would take a look at the exterior of the shop; so he went out and studied the appearance of the windows. His examination left him with no favourable opinion of Mr Muckleston as an artist, for the windows were full of dead wasps and flies, and looked as if they hadn't been 'dressed' for a week. One window looked north and the other east. Taking the north window first, the Poet cleared out the various tins, bottles, boxes of sugar, preserved apricots, &c., and went to work with broom and duster. He found the exercise exhilarating, for manual labour is the very best tonic a brain-worker can have. Soon there was not a wasp or dead fly left. Getting a pail and a mop, he then proceeded to mop down the inside and, the outside of the window, and finished up by giving it a grand polish on both sides.

'Ah!' said a wheezy voice behind him as he was putting a final shine on the glass, 'that's what it wants, young man. That's what the whole of Lullhampton wants. Mr Muckleston gone to the seaside, I presoom?'

'He is taking a day off,' allowed the Poet. 'And what can I do for you, sir?'

'I sell eggs,' said the old man, giving the new assistant a shrewd, long look.

'Oh, do you?' said the Poet. 'Well, bring them in.'

'The lot?' inquired the old countryman. 'There's a gross of 'em.'

'Yes, the lot,' said the Poet, who imagined that a grocer could do with any amount of fresh eggs.

Trembling with joy, the henkeeper unloaded his cart of its entire contents.

'That's the last box,' he said at length. 'Going to pay for 'em?'

'Mr Muckleston will pay for them the next time you are along,' the Poet replied. 'That 'll be all right.'

The old henkeeper rubbed his chin. He was not so sure that it *would* be all right, for Mr Muckleston rarely took more than a dozen eggs from him. However, he had been told to bring all the eggs in, and it wasn't *his* fault if a new assistant ordered more than were wanted.

The Poet had re-dressed the north window to the best of his ability, and was beginning to think that a grocer's life was not without its advantages—the aroma of the shop, for instance, was distinctly pleasant—when a lady came in. She was tall and thin, and looked a little severe.

The Poet leaned forward with both hands on the counter.

'Good-morning, madam,' he said. 'What can I do for you?'

'I want these things sent at once,' said the customer, handing the Poet a list.

Mr Farquhar took the list and read it. He read it again. And as he read it a third time, the lady frowning impatiently, he felt that he would give a sovereign—nay, five sovereigns—to be back at his desk at that moment. Muckleston had told him that no one would come to the shop to-day except an odd customer or two wanting a pound of sugar or a lemon, and here was a lady requiring spice, nutmegs, almonds, currants, raisins, and several other articles of which he had never even *heard!* Good gracious! was the woman going to make a Christmas-pudding in midsummer?

He looked up from the paper, to find the lady's eye—and it happened to be a cold and fishy eye—fixed searchingly upon him, and in desperation he gasped out, 'The fact is, madam, we have not got these articles in stock.'

'Not in stock!' repeated the customer. 'But every grocer in the kingdom has them.'

'Except Mr Muckleston,' rejoined the Poet lightly. 'There has been a great run upon all these goods lately. We are expecting a fresh consignment this evening. You shall have them the first thing in the morning. Perhaps some other shop'——

'Every other grocer's shop in the town is *shut!*' wailed the lady.

The Poet's heart sank. Muckleston had not suggested this possibility. Upon *him*, then—upon *him* were to be concentrated the domestic demands of the whole of Lullhampton!

'But we have some dates, madam,' he said pleasantly, remembering that it was the duty of a good shopman to push his master's goods, 'and self-raising flour, figs, preserved apricots, whisky'—the lady shuddered; she was the president of the local Band of Hope—'brandy, and gin. And may I call your attention to our brooms? We have some very fine brooms of all sizes.'

The lady almost hit him. 'I want to make a pudding,' she said bitterly, 'and you ask me to buy a broom!'

'To sweep up the fragments that fall to the floor,' explained the Poet airily.

'*Where* is Mr Muckleston?' demanded the lady sternly.

'Writing poetry,' replied Mr Farquhar.

'Writing *poetry!* Where?'

'I sha'n't tell you,' said the Poet, nettled by her manner. 'He doesn't want to be disturbed.'

'I don't *want* to disturb him,' snarled the customer. 'I only want to tell him not to delegate his duties to a fool. A *broom*, indeed!' And, with curling nostrils, she swept out of the shop.

The Poet wiped the perspiration from his brow.

'I wonder if there are many more women like that in Lullhampton!' he muttered. 'Well, well, I 'll get on with that other window.'

He had taken down but one tin of corned beef from the barricade before him when a wasp on outpost duty stung him on the nose. The main body following, the Poet dashed into the street and stood waving a duster round his head.

'Penn'orth of treacle, please,' piped a voice.

He looked down. An exceedingly small, dirty boy was standing before him with a jam-pot in his hands.

'Go and help yourself,' snapped the Poet.

'All right, sir;' and the urchin disappeared into the shop.

'Seems to know all about where the barrel is,' thought the Poet, rubbing his injured nose.

Evidently the urchin did, for a few moments later a shrill call of alarm caused the Poet to brave the wasps and rush into the shop, to find that the boy, whilst endeavouring to scoop out a jam-potful of treacle, had fallen head first into the barrel's sticky contents.

Dragging him out, the Poet swabbed him down with a cloth, then filled his pot and sent him home, sobbing bitterly.

'And he forgot to give me the penny!' growled the Bard, flicking wildly at a wasp.

He had just dodged behind a barrier of biscuit-tins to avoid a swoop of the enemy, when a short, pale-faced, unhealthy-looking man in a black suit entered the shop.

'Mr Muckleston?' inquired the customer.

The Poet bowed. He was not going to explain to everybody that Mr Muckleston was away writing poetry.

'Oh, Mr Muckleston,' continued the unhealthy-looking man, producing a book with red leather

covers, 'I have called about the sugar. I am the *chef* at the 'All.'

'Oh yes,' said the Poet encouragingly.

'The brown sugar with which you supply us,' proceeded the *chef* at the 'All, 'is, I believe, the twopenny quality?'

'Quite so,' said the Poet, to Mr Muckleston's sad undoing.

The *chef* slapped the book down on the counter. 'I thought so,' he exclaimed, 'and ever since I have been at the 'All, Mr Muckleston, you have been charging us twopence-ha'penny! You will be so good as to reconsider your account, sir, and you may look for no further orders from the 'All!'

With which sentence the *chef* at the 'All flung out. It was not often that he honoured a tradesman with a visit, and this was the very first occasion on which he had deigned to enter Mr Muckleston's shop.

The Poet rubbed his nose, now growing very painful.

'And so, Henry Muckleston,' he said, 'the man of many virtues is caught in a vice!'

He took up a stump of pencil and wrote on a piece of sugar-paper:

Dear Mr M.,
Sad to relate,
Chef at the 'All
Called in a bate.
Ha'penny on
The Demerare—
Chef at the 'All
Shops elsewhere.
G. K. F.

In such gay fashion did he announce to the subsequently distressed Grocer that he had lost his best customer. He put the slip of paper in the red-covered book, and taking the summary and effectual precaution against disturbance of closing the shop-door on all possible customers, retired to the back premises for lunch.

Mr Muckleston had not forgotten that, though absent, he would in spirit be entertaining a man of letters. The Poet found the table in the living-room fairly groaning beneath a ham-and-veal pie, cold chicken, lobster mayonnaise, cherry-tart, Gruyère cheese, radishes, and lettuce. Drinkables were present in the shape of bottled ale, Burgundy, and a decanter of sherry.

'Coffee in a small saucepan on the gas-stove,' was scribbled on a piece of paper. 'Hope you won't mind hotting it, sir.'

The Poet had not had such a lunch for ages, and he ate hugely of it. He had something of everything. 'I must admit that this part of a grocer's life,' he said as he went into the kitchen to heat the coffee, 'is to my liking. The other part I am doubtful about. Perhaps poetry, though not so remunerative, is, after all, less exacting.'

In spite of the coffee, so enormous a meal had he made that he felt sleepy. 'I'll just have a little nap,' he thought, lying down on the Grocer's comfortable sofa. 'Then I shall feel more like work.'

To him in his dreams came thumps on the street door, but he slept on. When an hour had elapsed, he awoke, yawned, stretched, and composed himself for slumber again. After all, he would not enjoy another lunch like that for many a day, perhaps never again in his life. A poet, his table would ever be sparsely spread. But he would not allow himself to think. He dozed and woke, dozed and woke. Excellent sherry that.

At length a regular volley of thumps thoroughly roused him. He stumbled into the shop and unbolted the door. 'Hallo!' he said, rubbing his eyes—'hallo! *You*, Muckleston!'

'Yes,' said the Grocer grimly, 'it's me, Mr Farquhar. 'I've done your day's work. Have you done mine?'

CHAPTER IV.

FOR quite three weeks after this memorable exchange of duties the Poet and the Grocer held no conversation. And this was no accident, for one night, catching sight of the Grocer through the bar-window of the 'Three Tuns,' the Poet turned abruptly away; while on another occasion the Grocer, descrying the familiar outlines of the Poet's figure from the seat of his cart, sulkily turned off up a side-road which did not even lead to the residence of an old-age pensioner.

They were, however, bound to meet in time, and of course it was in the bar-parlour of the 'Three Tuns' that this at length happened.

'Howdy-do?' said Mr Muckleston a trifle shortly. 'A fine evening.'

'Very fine,' said the Poet without warmth.

The Grocer ordered some refreshment, and sat down near the window. The Poet was reading a paper; the Grocer took up another portion of it.

Five minutes passed in silence, and then, looking over the top of his paper, the Grocer remarked, 'Begging your pardon, that Demerara *was* two-and-a-half. It wasn't me puttin' a ha'penny on, but the *chef* at the 'All tryin' to do me.'

'Oh!' said the Poet.

'And them eggs,' added the Grocer, rising to his feet and taking a step towards the high-backed settle in which the Poet was sitting.

'What of them?' asked Mr Farquhar, without looking up from his paper.

'Went bad,' said the Grocer. 'No one wanted 'em. My word, I turned faint when I saw 'em!'

The Poet merely turned over a leaf.

'And you lost me Mrs Grant, the Wesleyan minister's wife. She wrote and told me that in future she'd deal with a grocer who keeps groceries. Never been near me since.'

'Anything else to complain of?' asked the Poet casually.

'Ladling out some treacle for a customer next day,' said Mr Muckleston, 'I ladled her out a boy's cap. She said she wouldn't have the treacle. Said treacle oughtn't to have caps in it. How did it get there?'

'The boy fell in while helping himself,' said the Poet quietly.

The Grocer, though upset, couldn't restrain a chuckle. 'Bet he got a licking when he got home,' he observed.

'He got one on the way,' said the Poet dryly. 'I saw several boy-friends helping him to get the treacle off his clothes.'

'You've got an eye for dressing a window,' allowed the Grocer grudgingly, as he filled his pipe. 'I don't say as how you wouldn't have done well in our business if you'd been started young, but it's too late now;' and lighting his pipe, he puffed hard at it.

The Poet laid down his newspaper. 'I suppose,' he said icily, 'that it didn't occur to you that the Editor of a high-class London paper doesn't like being called a "kite"?'

The Grocer threw back his head. 'Ha! ha!' he laughed—'ha! ha! It touched him up, then, did it?'

'He touched *me* up when I called on him a few days later,' said the Poet.

'Well, he *was* a kite,' insisted the Grocer. 'He's no judge of poetry, anyhow.'

'No,' said the Poet; 'but he likes to be considered one. Why I went up to town at all,' he added, 'was to explain your line about the "bobbies" to the Editor of the *Palladium*. He thought I was having a joke with him.'

'Instead of which, *I* was,' observed the Grocer, much amused. 'Still, sir, we were both out for an adventure, and we had to take the risk of things going wrong. What about *Brains?*' he concluded, flushing like a girl.

'You made a hit,' said the Poet. 'They were delighted. They thought it a capital satire.'

'Satire!' said the Grocer slowly. 'Satire, do you call it? Well, if that's a satire, I can write them satires until the world comes to an end. Well, sir, what you have lost on the swings you're making up on the roundabouts. If *Table-Talk's* turned nasty, *Brains* will take something else simple and rural. So where's the harm done? Did that gentleman friend from India come to see you, sir? Hope it was all right my saying he might.'

'Yes, he came,' said the Poet slowly. 'It was a little awkward, as I found that India had affected his head somewhat; but, then, he was always strange in his manner.'

'Walked in his sleep, I suppose?' said the Grocer sympathetically.

'He might have done so had he *gone* to sleep. By Monday,' continued the Poet, 'his keepers had traced him to our house; but up till that time he took a good deal of entertaining. However, you were not to know that.'

'Well,' said Mr Muckleston, 'it was just one of the risks. No great harm done on either side after all. Perhaps after this we shall be more contented with our lots.'

'No doubt,' said the Poet; 'but there's just one point I should like to clear up. You evidently misunderstood the nature of a certain letter, written in a lady's hand, and enclosed in an envelope addressed in a different kind of handwriting. You presumed that the person who wrote the letter had her reasons for not addressing it *herself*. Hence the good advice you were kind enough to give me on the subject.'

The Grocer looked embarrassed. 'I must say that's how it struck me, sir,' was his blunt admission. 'I didn't like the look of it at all, if you want to know.'

'It was quite a natural supposition,' said the Poet. 'As it happens, however, the letter was from a sister of mine with whom I am on very affectionate terms. She wrote to me during her honeymoon tour, and desired me to forward the letter to a brother of ours who is a merchant in the City. Having read it, he returned it to me.'

The Grocer looked doubtfully at his friend. The explanation was worthy of a man of imagination, he told himself.

'Members of large families,' went on the Poet, noticing the expression on the Grocer's face, '*do* pass letters on in that way. However, you are quite at liberty to adhere to the conclusions you drew.'

The Grocer jumped up and stretched out his hand. 'I ask your pardon, sir, for misdoubting you.'

The Poet shook hands cordially. 'And I owe you an apology, Muckleston,' he said, 'for questioning your integrity in the matter of the Demerara sugar.'

'*That's* all right!' exclaimed the Grocer cheerfully. 'As long as the world lasts, Mr Farquhar, it will suspect poets of being in love where they oughtn't to be, and grocers of putting a ha'penny on the Demerara. And between you and me, sir,' he added, as he went to the bar and rapped upon it with a thick finger-nail, 'the world won't be very far wrong.'

Whereat the Poet smiled priggishly.

THE END.

A PAGE OF MEMORIES.

By J. R. Clynes, M.P.

ALL manner of opposite and varied experiences occur to one in beginning to set down matter for 'a page of memories' during a not inactive participation in parliamentary and political warfare. An early recollection which I still retain of a political experience which was not without its lessons dates about twenty-four years back, when, impelled by political curiosity, I journeyed to Manchester to be present at a great gathering of Conservatives at Belle Vue. The present leader of the Conservative party—the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P.—was then actively presenting to the country, in speeches of great ability and power, the point of view of his party on the question of Home Rule and Irish administration. I was totally opposed to nearly everything he said. The resolution put to this meeting was in absolute conflict with such views or convictions as I then had, and when the chairman asked those in the meeting who were opposed to the resolution to raise their hands, I was indiscreet enough to put up my hand as being against the united opinion of thousands of hardened politicians. So menacing and serious were the conditions which were immediately created for me by the resentment of the audience that I felt lucky to have the protecting presence of a cordon of stalwart police, who helped me to steal safely away and think quietly over the risks of publicly opposing any large gathering of partisans who have been inspired with the justice and reason of their own views by some convincing speech of a party leader.

I remember a somewhat different experience, also at a Conservative meeting, in my native town of Oldham. One of the local members was delivering his annual address to his constituents, and made some reference to a communication which I had sent him, though I forget now what the subject of it was. I remember, however, that when the time for questions arrived I had the temerity to stand up on a chair in the meeting, arrayed in workman's corduroys, scarf, and clogs, and make an attempt to harangue the member for the division on my particular views of the question. Whatever the member thought of the matter, I have no doubt the audience derived its due share of amusement from the effort I made, and must at least have thought that I was losing no time in beginning a life of political activity.

So far as I can judge by comparing observation and experience, I should say that parliamentary contests of recent years have become much more strenuous, and involve candidates and their leading supporters in greatly increased sacrifices and duties. Very often in former years it was almost sufficient for a candidate to issue an address, call round on a few leading citizens, and touch upon the main subjects of public importance at two or three meetings. Now a candidate finds that he has to deliver more speeches in one day in the heat of an election than was formerly demanded during the whole of a campaign. Perhaps the change in the character of our politics has had something to do with it. In these days, when, rightly or wrongly, particular businesses and property interests are affected by legislative proposals, organisations to defend these interests have been established, and take more or less active part in our parliamentary campaigns. The number of leagues, associations, and bodies of various kinds that come into a constituency—especially during a by-election—is simply bewildering, and their activity, whether it affects the result or not, greatly intensifies the conditions under which parliamentary campaigning is carried on. The increased pressure falls heaviest upon the candidate himself, for it is during the time that the fight is going on that the people decline to put up with a substitute if the candidate is at all available. He is the principal figure and banner-bearer of his side, and must perform a task which cannot be delegated to other people, but must be carried out exactly in the manner which the electorate requires.

A noticeable thing about political feeling is that however frenzied it may be during the heat of a contest, it usually very soon subsides when the fight has been concluded and all the elements for continued warfare have disappeared. Indeed, political fervour is seen to be peculiarly short-lived. In some cases, where a fight lasts but a few days, party passion can be suddenly aroused and worked up to a high pitch of intensity; whilst in cases where the fight is long drawn out and the polling day deferred, the very length of the contest seems to prevent the stirring up of much political heat amongst the electors.

The serious politician sometimes feels himself embarrassed, or perhaps is driven into a state of momentary disgust, by finding that all his solemn sentiment and principles are viewed with the greatest unconcern or perhaps amusement by some of those who attend his meetings. After making the bravest efforts to fix attention upon high and serious subjects of home or foreign politics, the candidate finds himself called upon at question-time to unfold a paper asking whether he can name the winner of some pending horse-race or coming football match!

Of course one sees at times cases of youths who have gone to meetings for the mere play

or entertainment of the visit, but who have become curiously serious on account of finding their minds stirred perhaps for the first time by either the points or the performance of a speaker who has talked in a manner altogether unlike anything they have previously heard.

Those of us who are connected with the Labour Party find that most of our supporters who complain of our efforts not being militant or revolutionary enough are young men and youths who revel in a state of irresponsibility, and who are unconscious of either the nature or the difficulties of the courses they suggest. The impatience they display is no doubt the expression of their earnestness and of their sincere desire for results which they conceive to be good for the nation at large. Candidates of other parties are seldom faced with any such trouble from their supporters. These render to them enthusiastic service without finding fault or asking questions, whilst the Labour Party finds that in the ranks of labour there is a large percentage of totally inexperienced persons willing to act as political generals and to undertake the directorship of any parliamentary action in which they are interested.

It is perhaps after the poll is declared and a candidate finds himself successful that he wishes most for a long interval between that date and the next dissolution of Parliament. This feeling has no doubt been borne in upon candidates of all parties because of the frequency of elections in recent years. Whatever our views or principles may be, it is, from the standpoint of finances, health, and energy, a serious matter for the leading figures in a campaign to have to fight parliamentary battles with little interval and under conditions of ever-increasing pressure. A successful candidate has memories of the tears of devoted friends so overjoyed at success that laughter or cheers would not serve to express their feelings; and, as all the phases of the fortunes of war must be taken into account, the shouts of the victor do not always drown the groans and jeers of dejected and disappointed opponents who have been beaten in the struggle, and who sometimes have to pay for unused fireworks and other apparatus procured in readiness for their expected demonstrations of victory.

In a page of memories dealing in any way with political contests there should at least be a line testifying to the uniformly fair and good-humoured rules according to which most of our fighting is carried on.

FESTIVITIES OF PORT OF SPAIN.

By S. DURAN.

THEY are a gay and festive lot these Trinidadians! From the wild riot of music and colour and noise and dancing that goes to make up their brilliant Carnival season, to the festivities that mark the close of one year and begin the course of another, it is one incessant round of amusement and diversion. Block in the high lights—Carnival, Easter, race-day in June or July, all the many public holidays that fill in the space to Christmas and New Year—and there still remain shadows caused by gaps between. Cricket, athletics, fairs, and 'down the island' trips throw a gleam of light over these gaps; and the creole's 'coterie' system, with its daily and nightly reunions of large parties of friends, with their card-parties, impromptu dances, and country picnics, make the picture an unforgettable memory.

Carnival! Who can paint in mere words such a picture? The tropic skies arching over the city of Port of Spain, the cool winds laden with the fragrance of orchids and bridal roses, frangipani, mignonette, myrtle, tuberose, and lilies whipping softly through the streets that are barely lightening to the rays of the February morning sun; streets that are nevertheless already aring to the skirl of clarionet and fife, the tinkle of guitar and mandoline, the rattle of shac-shac and *cuatro*. Later, these same streets will be crowded by motley-coloured bands of maskers—devils grotesque and fearsome; imps in yellow and red and green and black; clowns, bands of them, armed with painted bladders, somersaulting and capering and tooting on penny horns; vivandières in quasi-military costumes; volunteers; monks; archbishops; knights, cavalcades of them; kings and queens; emperors and empresses; schoolgirls; sailors; and soldiers—all in bands of flashing coloured silks and satins and velvets, all with masked musicians to lead them, and big painted banners and splendid standards of silk and satin shimmering in the February sun.

Dancing and singing, they move through the streets to the shuffle of flying feet, the silvery tones of the creole women and girls blending with the resonant bass of the men; fighting 'Neg Jardens,' armed with sticks and chanting their war-cry, stalk triumphantly or menacingly through the throngs; pierrots challenge each other to 'cross this Sofieri river and I will draw blood,' the while they brandish their long raw-hide whips; obeah-men make magic for the ignorant crowds of blacks; bull-fighters divert the groaning galleries of 'fair women and brave men;' police and thieves play a noisy, merry game of tag on the side-walks; troubadours steal softly under galleries and offer their hearts to their lady-loves.

Galleries and windows and doorways and gateways of houses are all crammed to the limit of their capacity with parties of friends, creole girls and young men, gathered to spend the two days of Carnival. Fair-haired, blue-eyed, white-skinned creole daisies, and the darker-skinned, brown-haired, brown-eyed, full-blown passion-flowers, mingle freely, flushed with excitement, and chattering and laughing, with the stalwart familiars of the cricket and athletic fields, the boats, and the bats, clad in flannel and drill, and some in the jockey's silken cap.

Frolicsome, excitement-seeking parties are made up from these groups, and sally forth on adventurous tours of the mask-crowded city; within the big halls the remainder hold high revel of dancing as band after band of maskers pass on their rounds of visiting and merry-making. Toward afternoon the fun grows fast and furious. There are contests for the best-dressed bands, and for the most original; there are bicycle parades and a parade of ornamented coaches and floats, along with the flinging of powder and perfume. Masked balls fill up the evening, and to-morrow is a repetition of to-day. Then the dreary dullness of Lent!

But the creoles, at least the Trinidad creoles, are not a race lightly to submit for long to the wearing of sackcloth and the heaping of ashes. The coteries gather at their headquarters, and plan for quiet little picnics down on some friend's plantation at Four Roads or Cocorite or Maraval, where they pass the days in wandering over the mountain-sides, eating guavas and sapodillas and soursops, testing the cacao-pods, and perhaps helping in the gathering of the crop, which means days spent under the shade of the cacao-trees, gathering and cutting open the purple-red pods, and slyly sucking the milk-white, pulp-covered seeds. Or perhaps they help in the setting out of the young nurseries of cacao-plants; perchance they wander with the old Hindu grass-cutter over the unplanted parts of the plantation, watching him gather with his scythe huge bundles of para-grass and guinea-grass for the stock. Mornings and afternoons find them trooping, towel around neck, mangoes and sapodillas and mamesapotes in hand, down the mountain-shaded roads to the seashore, there to wallow and splash and shriek with laughter, and disport themselves like a school of young porpoises at play. The evenings are given over to the wiles of puss in the corner, blind-man's buff, postman, forfeits, and other childhood-games, in which girls and young men alike join in free-hearted frolic. If the moon illuminates the scene, then moonlight strolls over the lonely country roads are the order of the night.

Bathing-trips to Blue Basin, bicycling-trips over the 'saddle' of the Maraval Mountains, picnics in Rosehill, the Savannah, the Governor's gardens—these while away the Lenten season till Easter and the races come round. But these are pony-races, little attended, and few are the sweepstakes got up in honour of these events.

The 'coteries,' a little demoralised since Carnival by the backsliding of some religious-minded members, now regain their full strength and blossom into activity. The 'boys' drop back into their accustomed habit of 'fiddling' with the mandolines and guitars and *cuatros* of the house, tuning up till a propitious moment offers, when one of the girls opens the old grand piano in the corner and picks out a *paseo;* then instantly the stringed instruments are in full swing, and the floor is quickly cleared by eager hands, and the house resounds and trembles to the impact of dancing feet.

These impromptu dances, how quickly and spontaneously and naturally they materialise! They are the most characteristic phases of social life among the Trinidad middle-class creoles—these and the 'down the island' trips.

Some fine night, possibly while the 'coterie' are strolling over the broad, moon-lighted sweep of the Queen's Park Savannah, or wandering, linked together arm-in-arm, down the romantic Circular Road, the green stretch of the Savannah dimly visible on the left, the Governor's gardens and palace, bathed in the effulgence of the tropical moon, beckoning entrancingly on the right, some one exclaims, 'How pretty the moon must be at Monos to-night!'

Instantly comes a babel of approbation. It is a choice between Rock Island and the other islands, with the odds generally in favour of Rock Island. The islet decided upon, they contract for a week or a fortnight's lease of it, with its furnished house, boats, and fishing-tackle, and indisputable possession of the spot is thus assured. In the case of one of the larger islands, with more than one guest-house, the contract gives the right to roam freely over all the island so long as the boundaries of other houses are respected.

Supplies laid in, and daily additions of meat and ice and bread arranged for, with some groceries, at four o'clock on the morning of the day after to-morrow the whole party gathers at the rendezvous. Such fun in dancing on the deck of a big paddle-wheel steamer that glides smoothly over the becalmed waters of the Bocas, refreshed by the cooling sea-breeze, and soothed by the soft glitter of the moonlight upon the little, oily wavelets.

Many such moonlight excursions are made up by these frolic-disposed, dance-loving creole girls and young men. The steamboat is chartered for the night, tickets are sold at a price that will cover expenses, a store of good things—sandwiches, ice-cream, biscuits, cakes, fruits, and preserves—are laid in, together with gingerale, lemonade, beer, liqueurs, and the wherewithal for punch. The young men provide themselves with guitar and mandoline and *cuatro*, fife and flute and clarionet; the girls wear light summer-

dresses and dancing-pumps; and the watchword is, 'We won't go home till morning!'

Of course parties of this sort have their chaperons, elderly matrons who attend to the proprieties; but their presence casts no shadow over the innocent familiarity and fun.

Cricket-matches, college athletics, public holidays—they slip past one by one, bringing nearer and ever nearer the wide world's magic day—Christmas!

In parties of half-a-dozen or more the creoles trip gaily through the stores and grocery establishments during this last week, doing their Christmas buying, laying in stocks of groceries, wines, and preserves; trying on new dresses and suits at dressmakers' and tailors'; pausing before shop-window displays to admire, not the silks and satins and velvets, nor the new hats and fine old laces, but the pictures and fans and handkerchiefs to be given away to customers.

But Christmas Eve is the time to see them! The streets of the business section are crowded. Cool white dresses and dainty ribbons set off the fair, laughing faces of their owners—dainty, silver-voiced creole girls; groups of young men clad in flannel and drill pass from store to store; Hindus, white-bloused and 'jumper'-clad, stalk past, quiet and serious, their veiled and mantled women shuffling behind; yellow-skinned Martiniquans, black Barbadians, mulatto half-breeds; Frenchmen and Spaniards, tawny, lithe, and supple; haughty and supercilious Dons from the Venezuelan Main across the bay—quite a cosmopolitan throng! Shops, stores, stalls, and grocery warehouses—all are decorated, the doors arched with green cocoa-nut branches, the interiors strung with criss-cross lines of streamers, paper ribbons, toy balloons, pictures, brightly coloured *foulards*, and bunches of green bay-leaves, amongst which are scattered the red of torpedoes and squibs and cannon-crackers. And through these throngs and through these stores and shops and stalls the 'coteries' go, sampling, investigating, poking their noses into every pot; laughing and chatting about the presents to be given and expected, of the race-days—real horse-races this time—of the Christmas Eve supper to-night, and the after-supper dance at this or that house.

Christmas Eve shuts down early, calm and peaceful, and bright lights twinkle in every mansion upon gathered groups of friends, and music and dancing holds full sway; trays pass from time to time among the dancers—trays laden with little glasses of sherry and sweet wines, but most loved when their burden is liqueur—aniseed, curaçoa, falernum, 'D.O.M.' (Benedictine), and chartreuse, yellow and green. Cakes, too, and prunes, dates, figs, walnuts and hickory-nuts, not to mention big bunches of raisins. Trips to the dining-room result in glasses of ice-cream or tumblers of granadilla, pineapple, or strawberry punch based on 'old Jamaica' and a-tinkle with glittering ice, with big hunches of sponge-cake or fruit-cake. And ever the house resounds to the impact of flying feet, and the shrill of fife or thrill of violin rings on the cool night-air. The wind, sweeping in through the open windows, brings flower-scented message from the gardens outside. Rockets are soaring upward into the blue, star-sprinkled vault; squibs are crackling in the streets; and small boys are bursting torpedoes and tooting on horns and balloon-whistles. Midnight is near!

Half-past eleven! Coffee and sandwiches, then out into the glorious calm and cool of the night-mantled tropical streets. The 'coteries' go down to the old Sacred Heart or Rosary Cathedral, there to push their way through the crowded doors, and enter, hushed and awed by the solemn notes of the big organ booming through the lofty aisles, to kneel reverently during the solemn ceremony that tells of joy and hope returned to earth again.

Then back to the brilliant lights of the house, where awe and reverence alike fall away from the party at the tinkle of mandoline and piano, and Terpsichore comes into her own.

Then the Christmas breakfast to which the 'coterie' sit down next day—the big stuffed turkey; the twelve-pound ham, its fat adorned with cloves and sprigs of bay-leaf; the roast, backed with a pair of pigeons or a couple of pullets; the platters of stewed red beans, and the salads of lettuce and 'mutton' cucumbers, potatoes, yams, taniers, cabbage, rice. These good things give the 'coterie' the wherewithal to occupy their attention. Cakes, preserves, liqueurs, coffee, follow in succession; then off to the Savannah, to see the last practice-gallops of the horses that will be racing the day after to-morrow.

To-morrow brings repetition of to-day; and, the races past, there still remains Old Year's Night, a night of witchery watching the dying year depart and making plans for the enlivening of the coming New Year—plans that, bridging New Year and its aquatic and athletic sports, its fireworks and dances, leap lightly ahead to the glory of Carnival and the Easter repetition of 'down the islands' trips.

A FANTASY.

A ROSY sun-kissed cloud had lost its way,
And wandered lonely o'er the fields of heaven;
Its radiant brightness turned to pearly gray,
And with chill grief its golden heart was riven.
Without the sun it could not choose but weep,
And raindrops fell and mingled with the deep.

And you had lost your way in life's long maze;
Lonely you wandered, silent, and forlorn,
Until your eyes met mine, and in that gaze
Was all the sun and all the joy of morn.
Since then together we have climbed life's steep—
The sun has drawn the raindrops from the deep.

M. P.

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THE HEART OF THINGS.

By HENRY LEACH.

LONDON, *Yesterday.*

WINTER—time of more mental sharpness, of deeper thought and study, than when days are long and the sun shines warm—is about us, and people of towns are concerning themselves with the things that are of towns. They are content with the change in life; they are joyous in it. The settling down to the winter way and all the splendid enthusiasms associated with it is a most excellent thing. This time men and women have returned to the greatest of towns with a deep and special sense of satisfaction and a keener anticipation than has been usual with them. There was a languorous, enervating summer, when the faculties were dulled, and when nearly every movement in London was impeded by certain high ceremonies and celebrations associated with the throne. London was not itself, and the people who were in it were not of London; hence its rightful possessors were disposed in many thousands to steal out from it, a little more wearily than at other times, and brood through many days in lonely, restful places. Some who fled may have been harassed with sorrows and disappointments; with others it may have been the mere strain of hard life and work that was telling. So, to the hills, and across the moors, and by the edge of the sea. But when October and November are upon them they can feel, as it were, in the mind the shining of the lights of London, and they are glad when the good friend comes and says that it is time that they went back to the life of the town. Hope and energy have returned, and the pulse beats as it should. Then with a cry of delight they run swiftly down the bleak hillsides around which pearly mists are now constantly gathered, and plunge themselves into the seething, babbling mass of human beings as the strong swimmer might leap with hands forward from a high ledge into a foaming, rushing stream. It is *la joie de vivre.* A man must have that, must be strong and keen, when he goes back to the town in the autumn and the winter, and no regrets must be left behind. For a little while there may seem to come some soft crooning and sighing of the mountains in his ears, the singing of little rosy-cheeked lassies in deep green lanes of Devon, the creaming of summer wavelets on a pebbly beach, or a short vision of the blue night, bespangled with brilliant stars, that is wrapped around a still moorland across which there is the sighing and the moaning of the evening wind. It is such remembrances of glorious loneliness, and not the chatterings of people met, that linger longest and last with us when we fall again into the rush of the town; but soon they too have gone, and the senses are intoxicated with the whirl and the passion of the new life. There is no season of the year when the town makes such a strong appeal to those who have concern with its best affairs as this season of autumn and early winter. True, we have all been disposed in recent times to urge that the quality of life therein has been much weakened; that the rush and the noise of it are too deafening, nerve-killing; and that the mechanical, scientific, and commercial spirits of the time have wrought too much change and removed the opportunities for contemplation and repose that were once even in London, and maybe better in London than in many other places. Still, for these three months the people are in fettle for any ordeal, and perhaps are a little keener than ever before, knowing that the pace that is to be set is to be as fast as can be. Three months, just three months of the quickest, keenest life, full of modernities, still brightened with fine æsthetics, and then they will for the most part be tired out, and those who can will limp away from the racking scene and rest again by the Mediterranean, or on the sands of Egypt, or among the snows of the high Alps. It is probably true that perhaps six times more people of the big British towns, meaning especially that in which these words are written, pass the winter in foreign places than used to be the case, and that is not because it has become a matter of fashion, or that it is easier and cheaper for it to be done than it once was, or that people in these days have more money for the gratification of such desires than their fathers. It may indeed be partly due to the fact that we are more wandering, less settled in our ways and habitations, than was once the case; but one may be certain that what is taken as pleasure and admitted to be so is after all to some extent a necessity. Fine natures cannot now bear up against the strain of life in great centres as they

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could have done and did in former days for periods of long continuance.

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If it has taken new forms and strange ones, and they are not to the liking of some old stagers, headquarters has been splendid in its display of intellectual vigour during the autumn season. Those who have been in the way of observing decadence all around them must have felt that this was so, and must have been grateful for the warmth of the welcome and the mental comfort that the town gave to the wanderers on their return. It has rarely been more different from its old self, and it has rarely been better. The intervention of those regal affairs and the long rests that people had been giving to themselves, causing fresh starts to be made from all points, may be the cause. It is in our higher forms of entertainment that we notice most this change; and if some one is inclined to say that what is of London is of chief and almost sole concern to London, let it be denied, for London sets time and fashion in many matters; it exerts tendencies and determines the special interests and studies of other places. Is there one to tell us that a great and elaborate production of a Shakespearian play in London—a production on a scale that is not to be attempted elsewhere, with all thought and study, learning, and money lavished on it as they never had been done before nor could have been—is merely a metropolitan affair, when, apart from the thousands in the country who travel far for a performance, it becomes a theme of discussion because of the publicity given to it in the newspapers everywhere, and arguments arise upon the meaning of this play, the readings that may be given to different passages and characters, and the innumerable points that make such pretty material for the exercise of logic and discernment in all the works of Shakespeare? In short, because of the fashion that is set at the centre, this one play becomes emphatically the Shakespearian play of the season, not merely in London, or even in England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, but even abroad over the continent of Europe and far away in colonies and other lands; for Shakespeare is the genius not only of England but of the world, and, whatever language they may be done in, any responsible work upon his work, creations upon his creations, are matters of world importance. It is much the same, though not always to such a far extent, with other affairs of art and artistic entertainment. If the subject were to be considered upon its lowest plane, what has more to do with the future entertainment of tens of thousands of people all over the country than the newest productions of light, fantastic musical comedies in London? But town has better schemes and realities to suggest. It gives people in the country new and more serious plays, and it turns their tastes in musical matters. It is the heart of production, and its influence radiates all round and is experienced everywhere. But the intelligent managers in the country must feel some sense of embarrassment when they come to consider the features of this season, and what good use they may make of them.

* * *

Such a medley of exotics has there been in town these autumn months as never was there or at any other place before! For years past we have all complained about the quality of our British drama. We have been dissatisfied with it, and for good reason. We have been inclined to say that really there is no such thing as the British drama in these days. Let us not argue about whose is the fault; there is difference of opinion upon that point. We have complained also about nearly everything associated with our higher entertainment, that which is for our soul's good. So! Now kind and potent spirits have listened, and such a change has swept over the quarter where æsthetic pleasures for the eye and ear are made for us as never before. We are melancholy, we complain, we go up to hills where breezes blow, and ponder there upon a subtle point as to whether it be that our tastes are jaded, have gone blasé, or whether the dramatic, musical, and artistic goods that are being delivered to us are of the proper quality. We go down again to see, and *voilà!* there is nothing that is British left! If there is a morsel of British production it is a very little one, it is got out in a new way, and it does not press itself forward as British. We have been stocking our mental food-stuffs for autumn and winter consumption from France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Persia, America, and a number of other countries. The variety that was submitted at one and the same time was most wonderful, amazing. Let me indicate it that you may understand these are no ordinary times in which we live, and what are the resources and attractions of the capital. Let us say that after the toil and trouble of a day one feels some ennui. Now the problem. Were it to better good that one should mount up bedwards, and, after some reflective gazing from an upper window across the gardens and the Thames, the City with St Paul's to the left, the clock-tower at Westminster with the light on top denoting that the faithful and salaried Commons are working for their wages, and away in front, first those noisy, rattling trams that have spoilt the most peaceful walk in London, and then on beyond the water a new improvement on an illuminated whisky advertisement which is quite a gorgeous sign—would it be better after gazing upon these things for a little while, and sinking to a reverie, to draw curtains and go to sleep; or would it profit more to amble through the big square and sit for a while in a most brilliant hall to witness Bernhardt at a little below her best; or, across the way, to study for a little while the fine technique of Réjane in

a good comedy, and—without being troubled to move from that same seat—to observe Signor Leoncavallo conduct his own *Pagliacci*? You might say that, still sitting in the same place—temptation has won, and lit-up London has claimed the man—one could listen to some very passable playing of the piano, with the orchestra assisting, by an Italian lady, and consider a little dancing by a daughter of Denmark; but the main point is that the exacting Londoner watches for half-an-hour, or a trifle more, Madame Réjane and her excellent company of Parisian actors and actresses in the chief scene of M. Daris Nicodemi's *L'Alerte*, which really tells us as much of the story as we desire to know, and for half-an-hour afterwards he has before him Leoncavallo with his own Italian company doing *Pagliacci* in such a clever condensation that what is omitted is scarcely missed, and something good arises from the quickness of the action. Having done this, and troubled to look at some living, moving pictures of great events that happened in Italy only a few hours before, one goes out into the street, and, being now well awake, wonders how an hour may be occupied to good advantage without feebly making recourse to a favourite club. At such a moment a miser for time and crowded experience might realise that, had he thought it agreeable to him, he might have brought Bernhardt into his evening's programme as well as the others. It would but have meant a walk across a way and a step across a pavement for a hundred yards or so. At that place, then, he might have studied also the mimicry of Miss Cissie Loftus and the most thoroughly, exquisitely feminine dancing by Saharet that has been done in London for many seasons. And much besides. But, now, had the careful tastes of this man rebelled somewhat against such luscious mixtures, while leaning lightly towards the exotic entertainment, he might have wandered along to one of the most comfortable of our theatres and watched and listened to the presentation of a good French play by a very good French company, all complete and all *à la Paris*. He might very nearly have had the alternative of witnessing a part of the Wagner cycle of the Ring done in German at Covent Garden as it has not been for long enough. Really he might have smiled at a dainty musical comedy brought in from the German, or another cadged from Austria. Or there was quite a good little play from New York; and then—observe some curious dualities—there were two comedies by representative British playwrights, Pinero and Sutro (both pottering about with ideas taken from the circumstances of the times, suggesting that husbands are finding their lives and tasks somewhat difficult while women and wives advance as they do, and that said husbands yearn somewhat for the re-establishment of the *status quo ante*); there were two odorous, beautiful picture-plays with scenes of Persia, the like of which for Eastern flavour and artistic beauty have not been seen in London at any previous time; there were two plays presented by Mr George Bernard Shaw, with very fair justice done to each of them; and it might even be mentioned that two plays of Shakespeare were being given under excellent auspices. In these days people like to make strange records. It is fame to have done more of something or done it oftener than any other man, even though that thing be foolish and purposeless. Those who covet these distinctions have missed an opportunity this autumn, for all these things—or all with but a single exception, for the *Nibelungen Ring* just failed to synchronise with Leoncavallo and Bernhardt and Réjane—could in part have been witnessed in a single evening, and so could that fearful problem of what to do have been solved by doing all that there was to do.

* * *

Passing, let one say that Mr Shaw goes well, better upon the stage this time, better than before, and the mass of Shavianites have been weltering nightly in his literary refinements and exquisite humour. Whatever may be the faults or extravagances—or anything at all in the way of criticism—that may be urged against G. B. S., he has his public, and it is his very own, one that he possesses for himself, excluding all other masters from any allegiance or even passing attention. The essence of being a true Shavianite is to have small catholicity of taste or study, to be bigoted and absurd in the ardour of your admiration. Having become a disciple of this school, you reject all other masters, and, perhaps subconsciously, pledge yourself to a single enthusiasm. This school is self-established, and one may be sure that Mr Shaw would have nothing to do with any rules for such narrow devotion; but there it is very definitely, and a result of its narrowness is that the name of poor Shaw is sometimes tacked on to quotations from specimens of his earlier humour that he might prefer to be forgotten. Thus I have been reading the reminiscences of Mr James Glover, the eminent conductor of Drury Lane, who has had a wealth of the most interesting experience, particularly of a bright kind of Bohemian London of two or three decades back which has now largely passed away; and who, having determined to make for himself a book, has made one that is most uncommonly interesting, especially to the reader who himself knows a little about what he is reading of, and can fill in the blanks here and there. There are far more good stories told in this book than in most others of its kind, and 'Jimmy' Glover has no need to tell any that are untrue, nor does. His book is by far the most delightful of its kind that I have ever read. What odd memories and circumstances he does recall, things but of yesterday,

but seeming thousands of years away! There is poor Dan Leno, who, among his strange and sad delusions, held firmly to the belief that he was cut out for Shakespearian tragedy, and once both surprised and much disgusted Henry Irving by taking the stage at a benefit performance at Drury Lane in proper costume and make-up of Richard III.; Irving on this occasion being present to do a kindly turn for the beneficiaries himself, and having gone to the wings in expectation of witnessing some drollery from poor Dan, who was quite serious with his Richard, doing his gestures and soliloquies and declamations with an earnestness that could not have been more real in its way. The Shavianites will catch upon these entertaining pages what some may call a characteristic story of their man, concerning the time of his first meeting with Sir Augustus Harris. This was on the occasion of a production of the *Valkyrie*, when Herr Lohse was conducting for the first time in England. 'Gus' was very and quite properly proud of his band, and coming upon G. B. S. in the theatre, and being curious and doubtful as to his point of view, inquired of him what he thought of the opera that evening, to the which Mr Shaw answered, 'Very good! very good!' and then, in the terms of the story, there was a lull. There was even a long, deadly pause. 'And,' continued Harris, 'what do you think of the band—yes, the band? Isn't it splendid?' There was another long pause, and then Shaw, pushed into a corner, said, 'Yes, they're not bad—not bad; but I think they've wonderfully deteriorated since I heard them last on the Sunday boat going to Hampton Court.'

THE SERPENTINE CANDLESTICKS.

CHAPTER IV.

IT was a foregone conclusion, after Mrs Lockerbie's swift and emphatic decision, that Dr Marriott would accept the trust, and administer the worldly wealth of his departed patient with a fairness which the testator had been thoroughly convinced of, and therefore mentioned in the will.

'I have brought you the serpentine candlesticks,' said he, striding into the cottage one afternoon of the following week. They were not wrapped up. He had simply placed them on the seat beside him. When the motor stopped he gripped them by the shafts, one in each hand, and—except for the mood he was in, which was anything but sacred—advanced to the door like an acolyte. She could scarcely forbear a smile. He turned into the room, and put them upon the table. 'There!' he went on frowning at them, as if they were an offence to him, 'had they been gold, solid, instead of serpentine, there would have been some sense in the memento;' and he flung out the final word scornfully.

'You disparage them,' she answered sweetly, the smile still lingering in her eyes. 'They are a really handsome pair. I have rarely seen serpentine with a colouring so exquisite. I shall prize them very much.'

'As a cold, hard, heavy memento—stones for bread,' he murmured, 'and bequeathed in mockery.'

'Nay, not so. He had a purpose in the gift, and did not mean to mock me. We shall see. And I am grateful to you.'

'Why?'

'For bringing them instead of sending them. It was kind of you, and, I take it, the first item in the discharge of your trusteeship.'

'That is what I came to speak about—the trusteeship; and, in the distribution of the bequests, I determined to begin with these blessed candlesticks. Will you sign for them?' and he produced a scrap of paper.

'Gladly,' she replied, much amused.

'It's a bit previous, for the will isn't proved yet, and I haven't sent word to the lawyer that I am willing to act.'

'But you are?'

'You said so, and I must; but only with your assistance.'

'How can I help you?'

'In many ways, and first by advice concerning the business. I could manage the rest, I think, but the business bothers me.'

'It needn't.'

'Explain, please!'

'The business, under its present management, when the hand of old John Kaye was withdrawn for a while by the accident'——

'The leg, you mean,' he interposed, with a rueful smile.

'As you like,' said she; then, picking up the unfinished sentence, 'worked well; and your safest plan, and your easiest, is to do nothing, or, in other words, to let well alone.'

'At present—but afterwards?'

'Oh, leave that. It may settle itself. There is always the possibility of bringing into the business the men who have managed it, and helped to make it what it is. That would be fair, wouldn't it? And in the meanwhile it will work on, and it will work satisfactorily without any active interposition on your part. Stock will be taken, the audited balance-sheet will be submitted to you, and you can then decide whether to dispose of it or to run it on new lines.'

'I wish he had made you a co-executor!' and

his surprise was touched with admiration. 'You know more about the business than I do.'

'I was with him, you see, for four months, and heard what was said when the manager came.'

'And the house—what about the house?'

'Mrs Ryle and the two maids will look after it until'——

'It's the until that troubles me.'

'Never cross a bridge before you reach it.'

'Well, I came to you for advice,' he said deliberately, and with his face in a muse, 'and I am getting it. Then there are the papers—heaps of them.'

'You can read them at your leisure. There's no hurry. Lawyers, as a rule, are not noted for the quickness of their despatch, especially in complicated matters of this kind. Go through the papers quietly. If I am not mistaken, you will find them all in perfect order; and until you know exactly how the estate will turn out, leave everything *in statu quo*—that's the correct term, I believe.'

'Yes, until it becomes *in transitu*. But, bless me, he's made a mistake!'

'How?'

'By appointing me. He ought to have appointed you.'

'I have my candlesticks.'

'You have,' he asseverated grimly, 'and they're not serviceable even, only ornamental. If it were not for you I wouldn't act.'

'But you will—for me.'

He took the advice, allowed everything to remain as it was, and spent his leisure in the examination of the papers. The surmise of Mrs Lockerbie was verified. Exceedingly numerous were the papers, the accumulation of many years. Averse to their destruction, the old man had tied them in bundles and docketed them, private and personal as well as business; and among the former were some that illuminated pathetically his earlier years. He had grown into a crabbed old age. But there was sap within him once, and generous life blossoming into domestic love, and a great delight in the son who should succeed him. Stripped by the biting blast, he had shrunk and become gnarled and knotty and dry—a curmudgeon; but there was reason for it, if not excuse. As Dr Marriott read these faded letters he pitied him.

In going through the more recent finances for the purposes of probate, he came across a transaction of the preceding June which greatly perplexed him. Certain profitable investments had been realised, and the money paid to the old man's bankers, after which, as the duplicate showed, a cheque had been drawn in his own favour for fifteen thousand pounds. It was a large amount, and, so far as Dr Marriott could find, had not been reinvested. Indeed, if he had intended it for a reinvestment he would never have withdrawn it, but would have allowed it to remain to his credit, and paid from it by cheque in the ordinary way. Why did he want so much ready-money? And, more important still, where was it? Dr Marriott could not come across a single trace of it. There was no entry of it in his cash-book. The safe contained only a moderate supply of notes and gold for purely household expenses. It was a mystery. He brooded over it without result, and searched, and searched again, in a vain attempt to discover what the old man had wanted it for, and where it had gone.

A private interview with the cashier at the bank revealed the fact that his valet had brought the cheque, duly endorsed, with a written request that payment be made in Bank of England notes, consecutively numbered, each for a thousand pounds. The notes could not be supplied at once. A couple of days were required to obtain them, and they had been sent to him by special messenger in a large sealed envelope. Yes, they had the numbers; and, to satisfy the executor, the book was produced and the entries shown.

It was evident that this large sum in thousand-pound notes had been obtained for some particular purpose; but what the purpose was Dr Marriott, with all his reflections and researches and guesses, was unable to discover. He had to leave the problem, perforce, in the hope that he would hit upon the solution within the next few months by some happy chance. It was impossible, under the circumstances, to include the amount in the preparation of a statement for probate, simply because it was not there. John Kaye had made away with it somehow; it had vanished; and, for a while, it remained a secret between the doctor and the bankers that such a sum had been withdrawn so recently from the estate. Steps were taken by the bankers, but without immediate result, to ascertain when and where and by whom the notes were presented for payment, and in this way to trace how and why their owner had disposed of them.

Another matter began to exercise the mind of Dr Marriott. The residue of the wealth, after the payment of the bequests, had not been left to him personally, but only in trust to be used by him, fairly and without restriction, as he might determine. Who had the premier right to this wealth, or, at any rate, to the greater part of it? Mrs Lockerbie and her son, without the shadow of a doubt. Perhaps the old man meant him to act as executor in their behalf. Then why had he not said so? That would have greatly simplified his task, and removed entirely any hesitation on his part to accept the trust. He was eccentric to the last.

Would Mrs Lockerbie object to benefit by her uncle's wealth? It was quite within the range of possibility, considering her independent spirit, and the fact that the wealth, or the major portion of it, had not been directly willed to her. She might persist in her ridiculous contentment with the serpentine candlesticks. He (Dr Marriott) would have the utmost difficulty to overcome her opposition if she set herself against the acceptance

of an income such as he could easily provide for her out of these ample resources. He must use little John as a lever, and in any case see to it that some substantial benefit accrued to him. He must be suitably educated. If he happened to develop business proclivities, why should he not succeed to the chief partnership in time, and reap a due proportion of the profits which by right belonged to him? He was another John Kaye, if his surname were Lockerbie.

So, as the months went by and another Christmas drew near, Dr Marriott began to wonder how he could best meet the almost certain opposition of the woman he cared for above every other. And the wonder grew as it gradually dawned upon him that there was one way to do it, if indeed she would respond; and of that he was by no means sure. He resolved, however, to put it to the test.

On the 20th Mrs Lockerbie received a letter in the small, cramped handwriting of the doctor, and read: 'If you have no better company, and if I shall not be intruding, and if you will pardon my presumption in inviting myself, I will dine with you on Christmas Day;' to which she replied: 'The three "ifs" are cancelled. Come. Dinner at six. John and I will be glad to see you.' He arrived at five, and spent the preliminary hour with John, first unwrapping and then explaining the mechanism of a toy motor brought as a Christmas gift. It was a busy hour for Mrs Lockerbie. With cheeks flushed at the pleasure of his visit, and eyes shining in anticipation of the evening's enjoyment, she was superintending the finishing touches of the daintiest dinner she could compass. An occasion so auspicious warranted a little extravagance—at least she thought so, and indulged in it. A competent cook had been called in, and a waiter requisitioned in all the glories of an ample shirt-front and long swallow-tails—a paragon of a waiter, clean-shaven, discreet, deferential, elderly; but the final preparations could not be left with these two. She must see to them herself. It was a pure delight to do it for the self-invited guest.

When he took his seat at the dinner-table his eyes fell immediately upon the serpentine candlesticks. As if to disprove his contemptuous statement that they were simply ornamental, candles, probably for the first time, were burning in them, and over them were little orange-coloured shades casting a mellow glow over the table, and bringing out by contrast the soft seaweed greens and the variegated purples of the polished serpentine. They were very beautiful, but he would not confess it. He admired them, and yet he said nothing about them. It was impossible to dismiss them from his mind, for there they were, whenever he lifted his eyes, the most conspicuous objects in the decoration of the table; and several times, in the pauses of the dinner, he found himself wondering why she had put them there.

It was a merry dinner. John was hilarious. His mother and her guest grew young again as they listened to him, and laughed with him, and looked at each other, and anticipated what was coming—for it was surely coming. Of that they were both blissfully conscious. It lurked in their eyes and it sang in their hearts.

The evening deepened. The waiter had gone. John was in bed. The slow conversation ended at last in a long silence. The doctor was the first to break it.

'Why did he leave you the serpentine candlesticks?'

'My name is Agnes.'

'For light—yes; but that he would never think of. Agnes!' He dwelt upon the name dreamily, as if he desired to draw out its meaning to the full; then, suddenly, and addressing her, 'Agnes, I want you to become my co-executor.'

'Of the will?'

'Of everything, dear—of my whole life, or what remains of it, if you can. I am not so young as I once was, and I cannot woo like a lover of twenty; but my heart is calling for you, calling strongly, and refuses to be stilled until you answer it. What do you say?'

'You want me for myself alone?'

'For yourself alone, dear, if you will come to me.'

'And John?'

'He shall be as my own son.'

'We are yours, then, both of us.'

He crossed the hearth and kissed her, then receded, and seated himself again, with a face transfigured by a love-light lately kindled, but intense and pure. The happiness of his countenance was reflected in hers.

'As co-executor,' he said, after another long silence, 'I ought to tell you of something which has mystified me;' and he mentioned the disappearance of the notes.

'And you can find no trace of them?'

'None whatever.'

'Did it never strike you that the serpentine candlesticks might light you in your search?'

'How could they? Ah, you know something about them!'

'Yes, they are here;' and, opening a drawer of the desk beside her, she lifted from it a small parcel, and placed it in his hands. Nervously he slipped back the elastic band, and there were the whole fifteen, crisp and clean, and consecutively numbered as the cashier had said. 'Woman's wit, you see;' and she smiled, for his face was a picture of astonishment.

'Where did you find them?'

'In the serpentine candlesticks. My uncle knew—of course he knew—that a legacy so peculiar would excite my curiosity. I placed the candlesticks before me, turned them round and round, scrutinised them minutely, questioned

them and cross-questioned them in imagination, until the suggestion came to me that, if hollow, the shafts were excellent hiding-places. Try as I would, however, I failed to move them, for they are fixed upon solid bases. So I turned my attention to the cups, and found that they were simply screwed on. They yielded quite easily. From one shaft I drew five notes, with a letter saying that these were for John, to provide for his education, and to give him a suitable start in life; and from the other I drew ten, also with a letter saying that these were for me, to—to'——

'Yes?'

'To provide for me in case that I needed them, and—and'——

'Yes?'

'As a marriage-portion if the executor summoned up courage enough to ask me to help him in the fair fulfilment of what might prove to be a difficult task.'

THE END.

ABOUT ANIMALS.

By Mrs GORGES.

WHAT a lovely world this would be if fear were banished from it, if the wild things that inhabit wood and field had not learned through a world-age experience to hold man in mortal terror! And what a mine of pleasure they miss who habitually disdain animals, and think it pastime to frighten, hurt, or kill them!

I have often thought this. Just now it was brought home to me when a young thrush came flying gaily through an open window into a room where several people were sitting. He had evidently been exploring his little world of greenery outside, and from the leafy branches of a sycamore-tree developed an explorer's curiosity to know what was inside the dwelling-place. Having arrived, he perched on a high press, and looked calmly and curiously around for some minutes, during which the cat on the hearth seemed too paralysed by his audacity to make any movement.

Then a girl came to the rescue. The bird, strong and fully fledged, was by no means a baby. As her hand closed gently round him he screamed angrily, but, finding he was not hurt, stared steadily into her face during his transit to an adjoining room. On his being transferred there to another hand, his fine full eyes gazed steadily into those of his fresh captor. There was something so thoughtful and inquiring in the look that I felt that could I but penetrate behind and read what was passing in that little brain I should have gone nearer than the wisest to solving a great problem. Mrs Meynell's 'Lines to a Daisy' flashed on my mind:

> Slight as thou art, thou art enough to hide,
> Like all created things, secrets from me,
> And stand a barrier to eternity . . .
> Thou little veil for so great mystery.

As with the flower, so here was another of God's created things concerning the conditions of whose being we are profoundly ignorant. I am not sure but that birds and beasts understand us far better than we do them. There was a challenge and a question in the eyes of that little thrush as he gazed upon his captors—one which he answered for himself, for he was not afraid. Long after the young thrush had rejoined his friends on the sycamore-tree I sat listening to the mother-bird's song of joy, and wondering—wondering; but such wonder cannot express itself in mortal words; it is but the groping of the finite after the infinite, and on this side we shall never find the clue.

In that entrancing book of essays, *Dreamthorp*, Alexander Smith expresses the same strange feeling of 'puzzlement.' He describes himself as sitting in a railway carriage five minutes or so before starting, and having 'time to contemplate certain wagons filled with cattle drawn up on a parallel line and quite close to the window at which he sat. The cattle wore a much-enduring aspect; and as he looked into their large, patient, melancholy eyes, the feeling of puzzlement arose in his mind. And it consisted in an attempt to solve the existence before him, to enter into it, to understand it, and his inability to accomplish it, or indeed to make any way toward the accomplishment of it. The much-enduring animals in the trucks opposite had unquestionably some rude twilight of a notion of a world; but he could not get behind the melancholy eye within a yard of him and look through it. How from that window the world shaped itself he could not discover, could not even fancy; and yet, staring on the animals, he was conscious of a certain fascination, in which there lurked an element of terror. Those wild, unkempt brutes, penned together, lived, could choose between this thing and the other, could be frightened, could be enraged, could even love or hate; and, gazing into a placid, heavy countenance and the depths of a patient eye not a yard away, he was conscious of an obscure and shuddering recognition of a life akin so far with his own. But to enter into that life imaginatively and to conceive it he found impossible. Eye looked upon eye, but the one could not flash recognition on the other.'

True; and yet how much can a look from a dumb animal convey of love, joy, fear, gratitude, appeal—of all our feelings except perhaps the spiritual! And even in the spiritual world the signs are not wanting of a comprehension akin

to and even surpassing ours. Old legends say that the beasts of the field knew of the birth of the Divine Babe while the world slumbered; that all created things stirred at His coming save the aspen, which now must always shiver.

In Mrs Oliphant's *Life of St Francis d'Assisi* we find his beautiful thoughts concerning animals —thoughts which go deeper than all speculations of to-day, for St Francis saw, as little children do, the truths of the kingdom of heaven. His heart overflowed with love and sympathy for man and beast, for God's creatures of whatever sort or degree. 'He was the friend of everything that suffered or rejoiced; his heart rose to see the gladness of nature, and melted over the distresses of the smallest and meanest creature on the face of the earth.' And they divined it; everything trusted him. The hare out of the wood sought refuge with him; the wolf lay down before him; the birds obeyed him. Others have shared this power of attraction over animals, though none perhaps have possessed it in so marvellous a degree, for the dumb creature trusts absolutely the rare friend it finds and worships. But with St Francis there was a yet deeper sentiment than pity or even love which swayed his feelings and acts towards animals. 'His was the noble conception of a redeemed world, a universe all-pervaded by the sense of the Creator's presence and the Saviour's love. St Francis and men of like mind could not doubt that where God had put life He had also put the consciousness of Himself. They spoke another tongue, those inarticulate races whose life was hidden in Christ; but what was there to hinder that in simple speech of man, who was their natural head, they should recognise the great Name?'

And therefore there was nothing strange or miraculous to St Francis, as he moved about the world, in addressing bird and beast, and being answered by the obedience he expected. On one of these occasions, 'travelling through the marshes of Venice,' says an ancient chronicler, 'the blessed Francis heard a vast multitude of birds singing among the bushes, and said to his companions, "Our sisters the birds are praising their Maker. Let us then go into their midst and sing to the Lord the canonical hours." But as, on account of their continued singing, the brethren were not able to hear each other, the holy man turned to the birds and said, "Sisters, cease your song until we have rendered our bounden praise to God." And at once they were silent, and when the praises were finished resumed their song.'

And not the birds only submitted to him. Marvellous are the stories told of his power over the fishes of the sea and the beasts of the field—how the timid leveret and the wild rabbit fled to him for refuge, how the fierce wolf yielded to the spell of love, the recognition of the tie of brotherhood which bound St Francis to every living creature.

Of the Master whom he loved so ardently, and so earnestly tried to follow, it is recorded that as He fasted in the desert, He 'was with the wild beasts.' In *Minute Sermons*, by the Rev. Sir W. Robertson Nicoll, I have met a very striking thought on the subject: 'Was not the presence of the wild beasts an element in our Lord's temptation? Did He not see in their eyes an appeal from their misery? Was He not quick to behold the earnest expectation of the creature waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God? Even yet some men exercise strange powers over them; and when He, the Creating Word, the second Adam, the Lord from heaven, beheld them in His agony, did they not cease one moment to groan and travail, as if they saw their hope in His grief?'

These words contain a recognition of that spiritual consciousness which St Francis discerned in animals, but of which we in later ages have so much lost sight.

What were Darwin's feelings respecting the infliction of needless pain may be gathered from the following; it is contained in a letter written by an old college-friend, Mr Herbert, and addressed to his son, Mr Francis Darwin, in whose *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin* (vol. i. p. 166) it is found: 'Before he left Cambridge he told me that he had made up his mind not to shoot any more; that he had had two days' shooting at his friend's, Mr Owen of Woodhouse; and that on the second day, when going over some of the ground they had beaten the day before, he picked up a bird not quite dead, but lingering from a shot it had received on the previous day; and that it had made and left such a painful impression on his mind that he could not reconcile it to his conscience to derive pleasure from a sport which inflicted such cruel suffering.'

No one can have observed animals closely without perceiving that when the shadow of death falls upon them they have a knowledge and dread of what is coming. To see one of our dumb associates die is a most pitiful thing—the fear and appeal in the patient eyes, the clinging to the hand and sympathy of the friend who, perhaps, may save them still. One wonders, what do they fear, what do they understand? For it is by no means physical pain which causes this terror; suffering they bear bravely, grateful for any attempt to alleviate it, even if the attempt cause more pain. And, oh, so patient! But as to man, so to the world over which man has dominion, death is the King of Terrors.

M. Garnier has described the death of two monkeys he had grown attached to during his wanderings in Africa. They died of consumption within a few days of each other, and he used to sit up with them at night, trying to soothe their sufferings and painfully conscious that, beside these, there was a great fear, a fear of the shadow of death, which hung over them,

a yearning to be able to tell him of their dread. It was in the forest; he was alone with them, all the problems of existence stirring in his heart by that vain appeal from the dumb creatures who could only thus express their misery and their terror. And we have brought death upon them. Speculation fails to discover what is the unuttered thought, the dumb foreboding, which the silent creatures around us carry with them into—what? —the land of forgetfulness? Perhaps; but I doubt it.

Science has revealed that their powers of sight and hearing far transcend ours. The popular belief goes farther, and asserts that animals—the higher organisations at least—can see the spirits, good and evil, that come to and fro on the earth, as Balaam's ass beheld the angel standing in the way. And indeed there are few people but can remember at some time or other seeing a horse, a dog—ay, or even a cat—exhibit every sign of startled recognition of some object invisible to every one but itself; the frightened snort, the low growl, or the bristling fur each telling how real the perception. Here again the thought of spiritual consciousness comes in. Why should they fear these visitants or understand their portents save for a mysterious sympathy with man—a touch of the same nature?

It is a good many years ago now since a profound impression of the supernatural in this connection was made by a circumstance connected with the drowning of an officer quartered in a garrison town in Ireland. It was situated near one of the best fishing lakes in the country, and on this the officer was in the habit of fishing, accompanied always by his dog, until one memorable day when the animal drew back and steadfastly refused to enter the boat. Much surprised, the officer at first thought it only a whim; but when it became apparent that, except by main force, the dog could not be induced to leave the shore, he decided to go without him. When the animal perceived this he showed the greatest distress, whining, running backward and forward, and crying so piteously as he saw the boat being pushed off that the bystanders were greatly impressed, and several begged the captain to be warned and not go fishing that day. But he went. The day was fine, with little wind stirring and not too much sun, an ideal day for the fisherman, and one of the last upon which to expect disaster. That the dog's cries portended something the men felt sure, though there appeared to be no possible danger. The officer knew how to handle a boat as well as the best of them, yet they watched uneasily. The dog howled fearfully as the boat got farther and farther away, seeming to implore his master's return; then he stopped and stood silently looking after him. A few minutes, and suddenly the boat sank from sight, disappearing under the water, where the dog's master found his grave.

No cause for the foundering of the boat could be found, and for years this was spoken of as the most unaccountable fatality that had ever occurred on the lake. But how did the foreknowledge and the fear of it come to the poor dog as he stood on the shore, striving, with breaking heart, to save his master? I never heard what became of that dog; but I feel sure that he fretted away his little life erelong if from some kind heart he did not receive love and pity.

I have read some noble words lately preached in Harrow School by Dr Welldon on 'The Animal World.' He reminds the boys of the pleasure the companionship of these brings to man, of how many a life has been saved from desolation by the voiceless sympathy of these loving souls, of 'how the poetry of this world began with the story of one who was a wanderer over many lands and seas, and when at last he came to his home there was none that knew him but only the faithful hound, who wagged his tail and drooped his ears, but had not the strength to draw nearer to his master.'

And through the ages since what intensity of love has been showered on man by his subject race! 'Faithful unto death' might well be the motto inscribed over many a lowly grave among them. Many a heart has been stirred by acts of devotion similar to that which touched Sir Walter Scott so deeply, the spectacle of a little terrier keeping watch over the remains of his master, who three months before had perished by losing his way on Helvellyn:

Not yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For faithful in death his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of his master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thine heart?

Is such love unrecognised by the Creator? Assuredly it is not. I have read lately that the literal rendering of our Lord's words, 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father,' means something deeper far than 'without your Father's knowledge,' the general interpretation. It means simply without your Father. He not only watches from afar the sparrow's fall, but He holds it dying. The frailest bird dying in summer heat or winter cold is not alone. He dies in the company of God.

It is not mere sentimentality to appeal for more thought concerning the world of animals. They have passed under the common doom of mortality—death and pain. They must fain yield their lives in the service of man; only, why should we take pleasure in inflicting death and pain? Why make that a pastime which can

result in such an incident—the brutal cruelty of which makes it painful reading—as Lady Randolph Churchill tells of in her *Reminiscences?* A lady whose object in life seemed to be that of posing as a crack shot was, with Lady Randolph, a guest at an English country house. One beautiful morning she had already distinguished herself by dealing death among the antlered herd, when she espied another group. 'Surrounded by the hinds, and apparently trusting to their vigilance, a stag lay in the bracken enjoying the brilliant sunshine, till, suddenly realising that all was not well, he bounded up, making a magnificent picture as he stood gazing round, his head thrown back in defiance. *Crash! bang!* and this glorious animal became a maimed and tortured thing. Shot through both forelegs, he attempted to gallop down the hill, his poor broken limbs tumbling about him, while the affrighted hinds stood riveted to the spot with horror. I shall never forget the sight, or that of the dogs set on him, and the final scene, over which I draw a veil.'

That a reaction has set in there are many signs, and a very significant one is the fine poem in a recent *Punch*—that organ of English ideas and sympathies—by the Editor. In this he describes the beautiful stag, its haunts and environments, and adjures him to accommodate the sportsman by so presenting himself that no unsightly mark might be left by the shot. On this an English paper comments: 'Here is one man, at least, who sees no sport in killing, whose soul revolts at making pain a pastime.'

There is so much to be said on the subject of animals that the difficulty is to choose what to say, certainly regarding the furred and feathered portion of creation. The insect world is, strictly speaking, outside the scope of the present article; but as it is peculiarly at the mercy of the smallest child, I will not close without reference to the subject. In another part of his sermon Dr Welldon speaks of the wonders of insect formation and the lessons to be learned in observing them. Gibbon, he remarks, describes the Church of St Sophia at Constantinople as a building of such beauty that one entering it might well regard it as the residence, or even the workmanship, of the Deity. 'Yet,' adds the great historian, 'how dull is the artifice, how insignificant is the labour, if it be compared with the formation of the vilest insect that crawls on the surface of the temple!' A wonderful thought; and yet I have turned from the perusal of a little tale, 'Aunt Randy,' with thoughts still more elevated and impressed. For here I find, conveyed with exquisite delicacy, the spiritual meanings and teachings and comfort which one broken heart found in the insect world, because God's hand has framed it, His thoughts are revealed therein. They have passed on into my mind, leaving me with a heart infinitely softened, not to animals alone, but to men and women, my fellow-travellers on life's road.

'Aunt Randy' is one of seven stories in *Seven Dreamers* (Harper Brothers) by Annie Trumbull Slosson, a noted American entomologist, and a writer with a peculiarly sympathetic pen on the subject of animals; author, also, of *Dumb Foxglove*, where I found 'Anna Malann,' referred to in *Chambers's Journal* for August 1910. In view of many inquiries which have reached me, I may mention that *Anna Malann* is also published in booklet form, price 10 cents, by the Connecticut Humane Society, Hartford, Connecticut, U.S.A.

FORTUNES IN STAMPS.

By JOHN D. LECKIE.

THE number of stamp-collectors appears to increase from year to year, and everything seems to point to the fact that we are on the verge of a regular 'boom' in the pursuit of this hobby. The fact that the present King is an ardent stamp-collector is of itself sufficient to set the fashion; besides, the advent of a new King means an issue of new stamps bearing his effigy, not only for the United Kingdom, but for the numerous British colonies, and this is generally found to be a fresh incentive to the stamp-collector.

The stamps most prized by collectors are the first issue of Mauritius, a penny and twopence, of 1847. It is difficult to affix a definite value to these stamps, but to-day they are probably worth £1500 to £2000 each, though they are not the scarcest stamps known. It is not many years since they could have been obtained for £20 each, and by many persons that price was thought at the time to be ridiculously high. This will give some idea of how scarce stamps increase in value.

In the year 1904 a specimen of the twopenny blue Mauritius of 1847 was put up for auction. It was by no means perfect, for, though it was unused, the gum was wanting, which is reckoned a defect by collectors. Nevertheless it was sold for £1450, the actual purchaser being the Prince of Wales, now King of England.

Both the penny and the twopenny Mauritius were contained in the collection of stamps belonging to the late Sir William Avery, of the Birmingham weighing-machine making company. His collection was sold by his executors for £24,500. Compiled throughout a long life, from the age of eight, it is considered to be the largest collection of postage-stamps in the world next to

that contained in the British Museum. It comprises nearly one hundred thousand stamps, and represents almost completely the postal systems of every country in the world.

The tendency of stamp-collectors nowadays is to specialise—that is, to confine their attention to the postal issues of only a few countries, or even of only one. For example, many collectors confine themselves entirely to the stamps of Great Britain and the British colonies. Complete collections of any single country are much sought after. Recently, in Paris, a collection comprising only Swiss stamps was sold for approximately £8000 by M. Paul Mirabaud, the millionaire banker; but in the Avery collection there are several unique pieces which are absent from the Mirabaud one. Unused copies of the double Geneva stamp fetch £75 each.

The £24,500 obtained for the Avery collection is by no means a record. The following are the prices recently realised at the sales of notable stamp collections: Ayre collection, £45,000; Mann collection, £30,000,; Paul collection, £11,400; Thompson collection, £7000.

Among other rarities a blue two-cent missionary stamp of Hawaii, dating from 1851, is now worth at least £1000. The twelve pence black (1851) of Canada is valued at £100. This stamp was also in the Avery collection, as was the four cents on blue paper of British Guiana, valued at £200.

Even comparatively common stamps sometimes increase greatly in value. We remember the time when a triangular Cape of Good Hope could be bought for a halfpenny. The cheapest three-cornered Cape costs to-day about half-a-crown, while some of the rarer varieties run up to £85.

The two cents rose (1851) of British Guiana is another philatelic gem. A pair of these were sold for £400 each. The collector who possesses a complete series of British Guiana is a rich man, for there are many stamps of great price among the numerous issues of the colony. The same price as that last mentioned (£400) was paid for a fourpenny blue of Western Australia (first issue). The high price was solely due to the fact that the centre had been accidentally inverted; the ordinary stamp without this error of impression is only worth 12s. 6d.

The five cents brown (1860) of New Brunswick is worth about £30 in the unused state; at least that is the price put on it in the catalogue of a leading stamp-dealer, although it is very doubtful if it was ever issued for postal use. This stamp, like many others, has a history that is worth relating. It is known as the 'Connell' stamp, from the Colonial Postmaster-General of that name, whose effigy it bears. About the end of 1859, when the currency of the colony was changed from pence to cents, the Postmaster-General was ordered by the Government to print new stamps with the altered values. The new stamps were to be of the value of one, five, ten, and twelve cents. No special instructions were given about colour or design, and Connell took the ill-advised course of embellishing the five-cent stamp with his own portrait. The stamps were to have been issued for sale on May 1, 1860; but on the Government receiving notice at the last moment that one of the stamps bore the portrait of the Postmaster-General, that official was instructed to delay the issue, and afterwards he was ordered to withdraw the stamps which bore his effigy and to replace them by a different design with the portrait of the Queen. Connell considered himself aggrieved by this resolution, and sent in his resignation, which was accepted. Although an order was given for the destruction of all the Connell stamps, some of them escaped, and these are much prized by collectors. As they are known in the used state, it is presumed that some were actually used for postage; used specimens are still more valuable than the unused, being worth as much as £75.

It has already been mentioned (in the case of the fourpenny blue of Western Australia) that an error of impression may greatly increase the value of a stamp; the value in such a case depends mainly on the scarcity of such misprint or error. The error may be produced in various ways. Some of the earliest stamps were printed in black on coloured paper, different colours being used to represent the various values. This is the case with the first stamps issued by the Grand Duchy of Baden. The six kreuzer value is printed in black on green paper, and the nine kreuzer in black on rose. By a printer's error, probably caused by the resemblance of the inverted nine to a six, some of the nine kreuzer stamps were printed on green paper. When the first specimen of a nine kreuzer black on green stamp was shown to a prominent dealer he pronounced it to be a 'fake;' but two specimens of the same stamp were afterwards produced on the original envelopes, in the state in which they had passed through the post, which left no doubt of the genuineness of the error. Since then no other specimens of this error have been found, and the three referred to are believed to be the only ones in existence. One of the envelopes with the stamp affixed was sold for £100 to a well-known collector.

Perhaps the commonest of all errors are those of surcharge; at present stamps with an inverted or defective surcharge are all the rage among collectors. Among the stamps issued by the German colony of Kiautschou is one which is surcharged '5 Pf.' On a few of the stamps, owing to a misprint, the surcharge appears '5fP.' The original or postal value of this stamp is only a halfpenny. A ship captain addressed from Kiautschou to his son in Europe an envelope to which one of these rarities was affixed. His son was a collector, and did not throw the envelope into the waste-paper basket, as doubtless many others did,

in ignorance of the value of the treasure. Only about ten specimens of this error are known, and they are valued at £75 each.

Owing to the ease with which errors of this kind can be imitated, it might be imagined that the manufacture of forged errors would be easy, but such forgeries can generally be detected by experts by microscopic tests. Besides, where only a few specimens of a certain stamp or error are known to exist, they can easily be identified and their genuineness certified, especially if they are affixed to the original envelope with clearly defined post-marks.

The writer of this article, when in Paraguay, acquired a small block of the stamps of that country, five cents surcharged on two cents vermilion, the surcharge being accidentally inverted. For these he only paid face-value (less than a farthing each), but they are now valued at £1 each in the catalogue of a leading dealer. Even such a small matter as the accidental omission of a period or a comma may greatly increase the value of a stamp, if it is a genuine error and scarce. Frequently such an error will appear only once in each entire sheet of stamps. Minor errors of this kind are much sought after by advanced collectors.

A recent publication (*Lehrbuch der Briefmarkenkunde*, Leipzig) gives a list of the hundred scarcest stamps in the world. Of these it may be sufficient to mention the first ten, in order of rarity: British Guiana (1856), one cent black on magenta; do. (1851), two cents rose; Hawaii (1851), two cents blue; Mauritius (1847), Post Office, twopenny blue; do. (1847), do., penny red; Roumania (Moldavia, 1858), eighty-one para blue on bluish paper; British Guiana (1856), four cents black on blue; Hawaii (1851), thirteen cents blue; do. (1851), five cents blue; Canada (1851), twelve pence black.

It will be noticed that the so-called 'Post-Office' Mauritius do not head the list. Although the dearest, they are not the scarcest stamps known; thirteen of the penny and eleven of the twopenny are known to exist, while the known number of some other stamps is still smaller. The special interest which attaches to the 'Post-Office' Mauritius is perhaps due to the fact that they were among the first stamps to be issued. It may be noticed that of the foregoing ten stamps, six belong to British colonies; nor is this classification due to any partiality on the part of British collectors, as the list is taken from a German publication.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A NOVEL LOCK WITHOUT SPRINGS.

THE disadvantages of the average cheap locks which are generally used upon tills and furniture are only too well known. The lock works satisfactorily for a short time, and then trouble is encountered in both locking and unlocking operations; the bolt either will not shoot properly, it catches up half-way, or refuses to move. An efficient substitute, cheap and durable, has been demanded for some time past, and at last it has been introduced in the form of the Chubb patent springless lock, devised and patented by the well-known firm of safemakers. This lock is designed upon an entirely new principle. It not only is devoid of springs, but has no substitutes therefor, such as weights. The main object of springs in a lock is to press the tumblers or their equivalents in one direction so that they may be in contact with the key while it is being used, and return to rest when the key is removed. Without a spring a tumbler in the ordinary lock is liable to get into what is known as the overlifted position, and to remain there. The result is that the proper key fails to open the lock. In this new springless lock the detainers are not tumblers, levers, pins, or discs, as in other locks, but pieces shaped somewhat like the letter U, with arms at right angles to the sides of the U. These pieces slide in a channel fixed to the bolt, and when locked one arm of each piece is in front of the end of the rim to prevent the inward movement of the bolt. The key also is of different shape, being quite flat, and made from nickel. It is stepped on both edges, and the distance across any pair of opposite steps is equal to the distance between the parallel sides of the U. The key enters between the sides of the U, and as it is turned the longer steps move the U-pieces the required distances, one way or the other, from the centre of the key; while the step opposite to each of those causing the action checks overmovement liable from momentum or gravity. When the key is at right angles to the sides of the U-pieces all the steps on either side of the key are in contact with the sides of the U, and all the ends of the U-pieces are just clear of the ends of the rim, so that they now form no obstacle to the inward movement of the bolt. At this moment if the key be turned farther the bolt begins to move by the action of the carrier, which is taken round by the key. Just before the movement of the key is completed, when the bolt is in and the key-steps are leaving the U-pieces, the scatterer begins to act. This scatterer is a part of the carrier, and is so shaped as to move the U-pieces in both directions into positions very different from those at which the lock will open. When locking, the movements are in the reverse direction, but otherwise the same as when unlocking. This lock constitutes an important

development, for it fulfils every requirement of the cheap lock. It is well made, and, being produced by special machinery ensuring great accuracy and finish, cheapness in manufacture has been secured. It is made throughout of brass, and, as in the ordinary lock, the mechanism is accessible, the cover or cap fastening with a snap similar to that in the case of a watch, which can be removed, but is purposely made so as not to be easy of detachment. Simplicity of action, however, does not sacrifice security in the slightest, and consequently the lock is admirable for the especial purposes for which it has been evolved. The character of its mechanism, moreover, ensures durability, with a welcome relief from aggravating breakdown at a critical moment. Underlifting and overlifting are possible, as in all good locks, and take place when an attempt is made to pick the lock or when a wrong key is used. If underlifted a U-piece catches at one end of the rim, and if overlifted it catches on the other end. The stepping of the key, moreover, enables great variations to be secured, whereas with the ordinary type of cheap spring lock the proper key is not indispensable to manipulate it.

A SIMPLE AND IMPROVED WATER-STRAINING APPARATUS.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of pure water for drinking purposes. In the vicinity of the great cities, where the supply is drawn from unimpeachable sources, perhaps the necessity of making doubly sure that this commodity is free from organic contamination does not exist; but there are countless sources of supply to villages and isolated communities where the water scarcely bears investigation. Under these circumstances the water should be strained, and a new and novel apparatus for this purpose, which possesses the salient characteristics of being simple and inexpensive, has been perfected by Mr F. W. Alexander, the Medical Officer of Health for the Metropolitan Borough of Poplar, London. Briefly described, the device consists of four wooden uprights attached at the upper end to form a stand or pyramidal frame. Attached to each upright member is a number of hooks or rings placed one above the other. To each of these an inverted cone-shaped straining-bag fashioned from canvas, filtering felt, flannel, or some other suitable material is attached to form, as it were, a pile of pierrot caps slipped one into the other. Each bag, though inserted within the other, is hung in such a way that their surfaces do not touch, and the water which is poured into the uppermost bag filters through from one to the other to the bottom receptacle, where it escapes into a pail or some other suitable vessel. In this manner all organic impurities impregnating the water can be arrested very effectively, and when the bags become choked with sediment they can be washed and boiled as desired. Any bag may be withdrawn with ease without disturbing the remainder in the series, as each bag is slung independently upon its respective hooks or rings. The device constitutes a handy, efficient, and portable apparatus for exploring and military expeditions, where recourse must necessarily be made at times to any available water-supply, such as stagnant pools, swamps, and sluggish streams. The apparatus, it must be pointed out, does not displace filtering, but rather acts as an important adjunct thereto, for if dirty water is filtered straight away the filter in a short time becomes choked by the mud and dirt suspended in the liquid. On the other hand, if such water is first strained the work of the filter is not impaired. But this straining device can displace the filter in this wise. The water may be otherwise good though contaminated with removable dirt. These foreign substances, even if not liable to set up an epidemic, cause maladies such as gastro-intestinal inflammation, because the grit constitutes an intestinal irritant, and diarrhœa often ensues. Under these circumstances the Alexander water-strainer will be found to fill a particular gap in the requirements of hygiene and health which has not in the past received the attention that it deserves.

WANTED, A THIRD HAND.

How often has one heard or uttered the lament that Nature has only presented us with two hands! At all times of the day little incidents occur which defy mastery with the two limbs, but which could be met easily with a third member. An ingenious inventor has endeavoured to meet this deficiency by the contrivance of novel little conveniences which certainly take the place of a third hand. There is, for instance, a natty little drawer-hook and vice. It consists of a flat piece of steel about four inches in length, and another flat piece of the same metal forming a spring. At one end the two are connected rigidly, and have a small projection; at the other end they are movable, and on the under side is a hook, while the upper side is fitted with a wing-nut and screw whereby the two ends can be drawn apart to form a handy and powerful little vice. The uses to which this composite little implement may be applied are various. For instance, a razor requires to be stropped. There is no convenient attachment for the strop. All that one need do is to pull out the drawer of the dressing-table, lay the flat end of the hook upon the edge of the drawer, and push the latter home. The end of the attachment is held firmly in position, and can be subjected to considerable strain without damaging the furniture. The ring-end of the strop is slipped over the hook, and the leather and razor can be manipulated as easily as if the strop were attached to a permanent and special device. When the operation is completed one has only to open the drawer and withdraw the

attachment. Similarly, it can be utilised for holding ladies' hair-switches while being combed and brushed, and points of hair-pins for curls; while in the simple little vice arrangement motorists, cyclists, and fishermen will find a trusty friend for a number of little odd jobs. Even the photographer will find it serviceable for holding prints and films while drying; and 'my lady' will find it useful as a hook for hanging up clothes, holding the end of netting in the making, thread for threading beads, and so forth. The device is so small and compact that it can be slipped into the pocket, and certainly should form an indispensable acquisition to the dressing-bag. Another little device is the third hand thumb-magnifier, comprising a small magnifying-glass attached to a spring clip. The latter is slipped upon the thumb, and the device is so small that it leaves the two hands free for working operations without causing the slightest inconvenience. It is invaluable to engineers and mechanics, as it offers them a ready means of reading minute scales with ease, and to artists and lithographers, and for general scientific purposes—in short, for any operation where the services of a magnifying-glass are required from time to time; and, being attached to the thumb, it is always ready for use and to hand the instant it is required. The housewife will find it handy to enable her to thread a needle, the two hands being free for work while the glass is magnifying the eye of the needle; and it is equally as suited to reading purposes as the ordinary hand magnifying-glass. Possibly the most novel example of this ingenuity in supplying a third limb, however, is the umbrella-clip. Those bent on a journey and hampered with hand-baggage know from experience how much an umbrella gets in the way, especially when purchasing tickets and so forth. But the umbrella can be placed out of the way and yet be within immediate reach when required. The clip is arranged to slip over the edge of the waistcoat-pocket like the clip of a fountain-pen, and the lower end of the attachment, which is expanded and closes by the action of a spring, grips the handle of the umbrella, which is thus held flat against the body under the coat. This latest device certainly provides the best means yet produced for thwarting the straying propensities of the rain-protector, for carried in this manner it cannot possibly be lost, mislaid, or stolen without the owner's immediate cognisance. An eminent American once expressed to the writer his opinion that no invention possessed any possibility of popular success unless it slipped into the waistcoat-pocket. The third hand devices certainly comply with this dictum, and for that reason should command widespread interest.

A NEW CHEMICAL FIRE-EXTINGUISHER.

Attention has centred recently in a new chemical fire-extinguisher which possesses many striking features, and in which the defects of the general type of fire-fighter of this description are eliminated. The latter type depends for its efficiency upon the combination, when required, of sulphuric acid and certain chemicals which are carried in the case, the fire-extinguishing medium being prepared at the moment it is required by turning the cylinder upside-down so as to break the vessel containing the sulphuric acid, or to release the stopper thereof, so that the vitriol can combine with the other ingredients. The main disadvantage of such a system is that it often fails to work at the critical moment, especially if the extinguisher has been standing for a long time. In the new type of implement known as the citex these defects are obviated in a simple manner. The outer case comprises a cylinder of solid drawn steel made in a single piece. This is filled with water, and the fire-extinguishing ingredients are contained in a hermetically sealed cartridge in such a manner that they cannot fail to mix in scientifically arranged proportions. By this means a sudden pressure of gas and consequent strain upon the container is avoided, while the gradual dissolution of the component chemicals cannot fail to produce a solution with very powerful fire-extinguishing properties. A comprehensive demonstration with this apparatus was carried out recently before the Association of Professional Fire-Brigade Officers, when the citex system emphasised its qualities in a very convincing manner. A huge pile of laths and shavings was placed in a demonstration-hut measuring ten feet in height by twelve feet in width and three feet in depth, was saturated with paraffin and other combustibles, and then ignited. When this was well alight the extinguisher was brought into use, and it quelled the flames so quickly that a further test was demanded. The preliminaries were repeated, and when the conflagration was well under way, with the flames leaping forty feet into the air, the extinguisher was again used. Within ten seconds the fire was put out, the quantity of material used being only two gallons. A further feature is the celerity with which the apparatus can be brought into service again after being used. It was recharged at the hydrant two hundred feet away, and within thirty seconds was ready for service. Many experts in fire-fighting who witnessed the tests expressed their satisfaction with the success of the demonstrations, and the citex extinguisher has been widely adopted.

SALT FOR LAYING DUST.

The constant efforts of the authorities responsible for the upkeep of our roads to cope with the dust-fiend are well known. A variety of expedients have been tested, of which, taken on the whole, tar has been found the most satisfactory palliative. But there are conditions where the application of tar is impossible, such as, for in-

stance, on cobble-stones. The French authorities, who have devoted considerable attention to this problem, are watching the results of an experiment which is being conducted at Havre to meet the situation in regard to this paving. The municipal engineer, realising the hygroscopical properties of common salt, decided to test its qualities as a dust-laying medium. A section of stone-paved road measuring sixty feet in length was sprinkled copiously with this mineral, and afterwards drenched thoroughly with water. Should the results prove satisfactory it is intended that the whole of the streets within the jurisdiction of the municipality will be treated in this manner, as the paving is for the most part stone blocks. As there are numerous towns in England where similar conditions exist, the experiment at Havre should be watched closely, and inasmuch as the material used is in this country inexpensive, its adoption should be rendered possible if the experiment in Havre is attended with success.

A NOVEL MOTOR-CAR SIGNALLING DEVICE.

Motorists who travel at night realise to an acute degree the danger in passing a car which is travelling ahead in the same direction. The following car cannot tell whether or when the preceding vehicle is going to turn to the right or left. Collisions from this cause are by no means infrequent. It is useless for the driver of the foremost car to signal his intentions by hand as in daylight, for the simple reason that such a signal would not be seen. An inventor has now solved this problem in a novel and complete manner. It comprises the attachment of a special signalling device to the tail-light of the vehicle, and it can be applied to any type of lamp, including electric, with equal facility. It demands but little alteration from existing practice, and the wick or electric light which at present suffices for illuminating the identification-plate and the projection of a warning red light is used. Briefly described, the patent comprises the fitting of a third light beside the red, preferably green, which may be exposed and eclipsed at will by the driver. In the tube which carries the white light to illumine the number-plate an orifice is made, and fitted with a lens or glass, the arrangement being such that the third light is brought alongside the warning red glass. In this tube is a revolving sleeve also provided with an aperture. When this inner sleeve is moved the two apertures are brought into juxtaposition, allowing the green light to be seen, to indicate to the driver of the following car that he is free to pass in safety. When the car has passed the driver releases the control of the sleeve, and it flies back under the action of a spring into the eclipsed position, when only the red light is shown. The light is projected through the green lamp by means of a coloured reflector set at an angle of forty-five degrees in the lamp behind the orifice, so that the rays from the existing wick or electrical lamp may be used for the third light without interfering with the illumination of the identification-plate, while the red light shows constantly throughout. The movement of the inner sleeve in the lamp-tube which constitutes the shutter is controlled from the steering-wheel by means of a lever and Bowden wire connection, the spring turning the inner sleeve round to cut off the green light when the following car has passed. The device is very simple, and by the addition of this warning signal motoring at night can be rendered far safer, as a following car would not attempt to pass a vehicle ahead unless it received the intimation that it was safe to do so. Seeing that several prominent motorists have advocated for a long time past the employment of some such signalling device, this solution of the problem should meet with appreciation.

FUTURE FOOTWEAR.

An amazing invention that will cause a revolution in the manufacture of boots and shoes, and be a boon and a blessing to every individual wearer, has been, after years of toil and expenditure, perfected by one of our younger generation of inventors. A scientific process for treating the leather by which it is made absolutely waterproof and impervious to cold and heat, and its wearing qualities increased 50 to 200 per cent., is a good beginning. The next advantage is the prevention of down-trodden heels, as the heels can be removed and readjusted by the wearer in a few seconds, and are also interchangeable, so that if reversed, say every three weeks, they never wear down on one side. Every one knows the discomfort and ugliness of an uneven heel, which destroys the smartness of shape of the boot and makes it look shabby and worn out before its time; and as for the feeling of the thing, orthopædic surgeons say that uneven heels are the most frequent and least suspected cause of corns. The new sole can be applied without pegging or hand-sewing. These boons are applicable to all classes of foot-gear, from a lady's light shoe to an army or navy boot. It is difficult to realise what 'so simple' an invention as this will mean when in full swing, affecting, as it will, a trade of upwards of forty-five million pounds per annum. The inventor will certainly put us all on a different footing, and has done his best to prevent us from being down at heel.

THE COST OF DISEASE.

Those who are inclined to grudge the expense of a fresh pure-water installation, or that incurred in fighting disease in any form, may change their mind when they reflect on the enormous loss to families and individuals, and the nation as well, through preventable illness and death. Mr Earl Mayo, in a paper, 'The Cost of Disease,' in the New York *Outlook*, gives the case of a community which opposed, and overruled by

a majority, the introduction of a pure water-supply, which was to cost about forty-five thousand pounds. Heavy rains and floods came and contaminated the water-supply, so that in three months there were ten hundred and sixty-seven cases of typhoid-fever, with sixty-nine deaths. In the case of five hundred and twelve wage-earners, the average time lost was four weeks. The cost of cases treated at home and of hospital treatment, wages lost through illness, and funeral expenses made a total of fifty-seven thousand pounds. This was only apparent and tangible loss; the real loss to the community was much greater. There was no difficulty after this in getting a new water installation. Before yellow-fever and malaria were conquered, an epidemic of yellow-fever in 1878 cost the Southern States about twenty millions sterling, a smallpox epidemic in Philadelphia in 1892 over four millions. The losses by the ravages of tuberculosis every year in the United States are set down at fifty million pounds. There are degrees and kinds of waste of time and money, but often most preventable are those in regard to health, upon which all else here depends.

PROTECTING THE PIG INDUSTRY.

Dr Marion Dorset, biochemist of the United States Bureau of Animal Industry, is the young scientist who first found the germ that is responsible for cholera in pigs. 'This germ,' says the *Scientific American*, 'is so small that the most powerful microscopes cannot detect it, nor can the most delicate filters remove it from water. Dr Dorset, having isolated the bacteria, invented a serum with which to combat it. The serum and the processes of manufacturing it were protected by patents. Pig-cholera was causing a loss of three millions sterling a year in the United States. When the disease broke out in any locality it went on and on, with no power to oppose it. But the serum which Dr Dorset patented is an absolute antitoxin. He has repeatedly proved its effects. He has time after time taken a given number of pigs, inoculated half the number, and put them all in a pen with infected pigs. All of those not inoculated always die, and not one that has been treated is affected. It is one of the most absolute antitoxins known to science. When pig-cholera now breaks out in a given locality all the animals thereabout are inoculated. The outbreak soon wears out for lack of material upon which to feed. An application of the cure with a moderate degree of efficiency results in the saving to the nation of three millions sterling a year.'

To Correspondents who wish fuller information regarding new inventions mentioned here, addresses will be furnished, when possible, provided a stamped and addressed envelope or post-card be sent to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

THE WAVES OF CIRCUMSTANCE.

When men were wrapt in sleep I paced the shore;
The moonlight gleamed upon the waters blue,
The restless waves in tremulous cadence threw
The pebbles at my feet with grating roar.
Again they dragged them to their soft embrace,
Then flung them on the cold, white strand again,
Making to me a melancholy strain.
There seemed in it the weeping of the race,
The ebb and flow of man's deep misery;
I thought, where'er I go, the eternal note
Of sadness falls upon mine ear. We dote
Upon the world, on men, and things, yet see
That all are as the stones—the sport of Chance,
Toss'd on the driven waves of Circumstance.

WILLIAM COWAN.

*** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1*st*. All communications should be addressed 'To the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2*nd*. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3*rd*. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, *should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them* IN FULL.

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CHRISTMAS 1911.

THE BERNARDINE.

BY JOHN FOSTER,

AUTHOR OF 'THE FORGOTTEN ROCK,' 'ON OLD SPEYSIDE,' &c.

PROLOGUE.

A DISTANT relative, considerate alike in the disposal of his property and the time of his departure from this vale of tears, had left me what the advertisements term 'a residential and sporting estate' in a north-eastern county of Scotland. Therefore I hurried joyfully home from a parched corner of the Soudan where I was stationed, and ran north to take possession.

The minor troubles of ownership met me on the threshold. A solicitor with a tidy smile explained affairs in pre-Raphaelite and exhausting detail, with a blend of deference, advice, and expectancy best seen in its full flower in the person of a head-waiter. Friendly neighbours had called; some innocuous, or at the most merely inquisitive; others with appraising eyes and marriageable daughters. The Rector wanted money for something. He frequently does, in Scotland as elsewhere. My tenants outwardly appeared to be comfortable, but they soon assured me that this was a superficial and hollow delusion. A more singular unanimity in the matter of hobbies I have never found in any section of mankind. They wanted either new roofs, or new stables, or new drains, or new fences. One of them frankly desired all four, and also tried to sell me a horse! They presented me with an illuminated address of welcome; and had it not been for my solicitor-friend, whose tidy smile suddenly underwent a singular transformation when he heard of their demands, I believe that, in the simplicity of my heart, I would have promised enough to have crippled the place for years, even without the watchful assistance of the death-duties.

However, a fine July in the Old Country, the links at Lossiemouth, the champagne air of the Moray Firth, and the cool veridian of the woods kept my Eastern liver docile, and I bore the crumpled rose-leaves of a man of property like a Spartan.

Then August sailed along on a purple sea of heather, and the pin-prick worries of estate management vanished, for with the royal month came meetings with gamekeepers, interviews at the kennels with slobbering and delighted spaniels and pointers, and pleasant visions of shining days on the hill. My shoot was not a 'thick' one; but to me, fresh from the times when 'tips' were a consideration and days with the gun depended on my more fortunate acquaintances, it spelled Paradise. I wrote to three friends who had no shoots of their own, and received three prompt and joyful telegrams accepting my invitation. Two of them, Travers

and Lee, were Ghoorkas on leave from a far frontier, ordinary and commendable types, men of a groove, but a good one. They were clean, brown, and as hard as nails. They could dance well all night, and shoot well all day.

Unless when abnormally excited, the senior man, Bill Travers, was never known to utter more than six words at a time. He somehow managed to carry on conversation by punctuating the other men's talk with amiable grunts. 'William the Silent' we called him. He had a rare smile and a sterling, good-natured eye, somewhat like a wise collie's.

Jimmy Lee was a subaltern, loquacious as a starling, full of youth and vitality, and the cheerfulness and omniscience of twenty-two years old.

The third man, Bruce, had been christened 'Paddy' at school for the logical and overwhelming reason that his parents had given him a brutal handicap in the Christian name of Hildebrand. He was a Chancery barrister. I have read somewhere that this specimen of the British fauna of the law may be identified by a beard, spectacles, the baggy knees of its trousers, and a stutter. But Paddy had none of these. He was athletic, alert, and an excellent shot. The only suggestion of an indoors life about him was his hobby for ancient manuscripts. Give him one, and he attacked it with the rapt concentration of a dog on a promising bone.

It was on a September evening, and three of us (the two soldiers and myself) sat smoking in silence, listening to the rain and the troubled, far-off call of the sea. We had gone a long way to a neighbour's moor for a day at driven grouse; but the sun, in the simple, touching Saxon of the Stock Exchange, had 'started middling well, slackened, and tailed off badly.' In its deadly persistence, the rain would have done credit to the Flood. To shoot was impossible. The grouse-drive was postponed until next day, and we had returned, drenched and disappointed, to sit round the fire in the smoking-room, our mental pictures of the birds streaming next morning over the butts on the hill being rapidly obscured, for the rain drummed steadily on the windows, a clamorous north-west gale boomed round the house, and the glass was going heartlessly and uncompromisingly down.

We had sought the usual distractions of bored bachelors in a country house. We played billiards. We worked off arrears of correspondence. We dawdled over our meals. We discussed *shikar* at home and in far lands; guns, single trigger, double, repeating-rifles, ·256, ·303, and the old express; big game, salmon-flies, grouse disease, partridges (home, French, and Hungarian), birds over dogs, birds driven, flighting, punting, stalking. We had exhausted reminiscences and bordered on romance, and were nearly at the snorting stage regarding each other's views on Fiscal Reform.

'I can just make out Tarbet Ness winkin'. The wind's fallin', and there's a fog stealin' up,' said Jimmy, wiping the window to peer through the mist at the lighthouse set in the long upper-jaw of the Firth. 'Rotten bad weather!' He yawned cavernously. 'Where's "Paddy"?'

'I gave him the key of the muniment-room, and I should think he's the only contented man in the house. When I last saw him he was fondling a thing that looked like a withered cabbage-leaf. He says it's a sixteenth-century manuscript,' I answered.

'Humph! I wish he would play bridge like a Christian,' said the youth.

I hinted that perhaps 'Paddy' had had few opportunities with us of studying the game as played by the type indicated.

'Well, hang it! you know what I mean. Why moon about in a musty room when the blighter might be useful'——

'To us, I agree; but "Paddy" has other hobbies, and I wish I had. He's a palæographist.'

'What the devil's that?' asked Jimmy. 'A chap who thinks he knows everything? What?'

'No, James; that distinction has been annexed by a British subaltern,' I said.

Travers grinned, and just as Jimmy was subsiding into a very pink newspaper, the door opened and 'Paddy' entered, his blue eyes alight and a smile creasing his legal jowl. He waved a brown parchment triumphantly at us.

'Thought I might find something,' he said. 'I've been grubbing at it for hours.'

'What is it? A legal screed?' I asked.

'No, it's not a Scots deed. There's no notarial verbosity in it. You can make some sense out of it,' said he, somewhat caustically. '*And* there's a yarn in it!'

'Let's hear it, "Paddy," like a good chap!' said Jimmy. 'We have been boring each other to tears.'

'After dinner, then. You can stop me if you think it isn't worth while. There goes the dressing-gong.'

Nine o'clock saw us well dined and again round the fire, each of us crowned by a blue halo of cigar-smoke.

'The yarn's archaic and vernacular and all that; but I've made spoon-meat of it for your feeble Anglicised intellects,' said 'Paddy,' opening the manuscript.

'Go on! Everybody knows that you would offer to sub-edit the book of Isaiah if you had the chance, "Paddy,"' quoth Jimmy.

'Order! order!' I called.

'Paddy' squatted in a corner of the wide

ingle, and from the faded yellow characters on the old vellum gave us the story of 'The Bernardine.' Here it is.

CHAPTER I.

The story, told by word of mouth of Lay-brother Michael, to Brother Philip at the Priory of Pluscardyn in Moray; written out fair by Brother Philip, the month June, the year of the Redemption Fifteen hundred and seventy.

✠ *Jesu Maria.* ✠

I AM Michael Aiken: my age more years than I care to reckon; a lay-brother of the Priory of Pluscardyn in the Vale of the Blessed Saint Andrew within this fair Province of Moray; and I cause to be set down here as best I can the true account (for it came about some sixteen years ago, and there are many foolish whisperings concerning it) of a certain matter in the year of Grace 1554.

Brother Philip of the Priory writeth this for me, I giving him the substance, for I am no clerk, and I have but little skill in the black-lettered learning of the brethren set aside for devotion around me. Yet am I richly content, for be it known that I was chosen above all men by Holy Church to serve as lay-brother on account of my skill in the tending of fruit-trees. This lear I crave no merit for. I gained it, under God, from a certain Master William or Guillaume Lubias. He came from Dyeppe in France to the service of the Abbey of Kinloss. I lived then by the Banks of the Findhorn hard by, and there I chanced upon him.

He had but one foot, this Master Lubias, for in the hot blood of his youth, carrying a sword for King Louis, a slash from a Spaniard at Naples had maimed him sorely. Two failings he had—the flagon and a large view of himself—both things of excellence, but, taken overly, of destruction. He would ofttimes lament in his cups (now the cellarer at the Abbey was a countryman of his) that he would never more see the brave Bayard, never feel the press of the stirrup again. Then would he fall a-swearing strange, unholy oaths at his knave underlings, and on the morrow would groan and fast, sing penitential psalms, and burn tall candles—ay, as many as ten at a time—to Saint Denis.

Anon he might say, after staring at me for long and keeping silence, 'Michael, thou hast a sorry and pudding countenance. The maids in the Laich o' Moray will not set their white necks awry looking round at thee.' Of a truth this was so; yet, as may be seen, an ill-favoured visage may well be a matter for thanksgiving, for even a lay-brother seeth and heareth of the souls lost through the snare in women's eyes. 'Tis a strange thing that in this perilous matter fools and learned men are perplexed alike.

['Hear! hear!' quoth Jimmy sapiently from the pinnacle of his twenty-two years. His room is a firmament ablaze with photographs of musical comedy stars.]

Peradventure I would answer Master Lubias smoothly or with a jest, and thus we might sit, I watching him at the flagon, and he discoursing on many things. Most of all he would speak to me of France—the fair country there, and how Moray was liker to it than any part of Scotland. For the sun shineth many days here in the year, and around the precincts of the Abbey of Kinloss are rich lands, shining flowers, and walled pleasaunces where he loved to tend his fruit-trees.

Men would come from all distances to suck his knowledge; but Master Lubias was of strong humours and plain speech, and suffered not fools gladly, nor indeed at all.

'Mark ye, Michael,' he would say, 'the Reverend Abbot Thomas of Kinloss (whom the Saints save!) setteth great store by me.'

'And indeed, Master Lubias,' quoth I, knowing his failing and speaking him fair, 'all men know that there are no orchards like thine in Kinloss. None.'

'Sooth, Michael! sooth!' he would make answer, nodding his head, well pleased, as he laid down the flagon; 'I have even mulberry-trees there, and in good heart. Come there some to learn the mysteries of planting and grafting, an it please ye, as they would buy a stoup at a change-house. Figure to yourself these dolts! Hark ye, Michael! I but regard them as pests, for the gentle craft cannot be learned by every one, let them labour from matins to compline. It is a gift, a gift of understanding thy trees like children. Naught should enter thy head save their well-being. Wherefore, unharassed by other cares of wife or family, a bachelor condition runs well with the duty. Thee will I teach, Aiken, not only because thou art single (small credit to thee, for no woman will look twice thy way; thou art as gnarled as thy namesake the oak); but I have watched thee, and thou hast the hand and the eye for this matter.'

Truly I conceive that he taught me well, since I had the wit (not to boast of it) to humour his fancies and plain speech. Also, I may honestly set down that in my youth I had a by-ordinary strong head, and could toss the bonny brown bowl with him freely. Howbeit, if he had but one foot, his head and his hands were worth half a score of other men's; wherefore he taught me to plant, to graft, and to use all manner of cunning ways with fruit-trees. When at length he died, to my amaze came a ruddy wench who swore roundly and by the blessed bones of a great

Saint that she was Lubias's widow. She gave me, according to his wish, she said, his books and writings in his own hand concerning devices in forestry and orchardry. These I studied most diligently.

So no more of Master Lubias. Indeed, scarce can I think why he entered this writing. Haply I may have gotten too full of discourse in my old age.

Presently, having heard of my skill, cometh to me at the Findhorn the Reverend Sub-Prior from the Glen of Pluscardyn, giving me a *benedicite* and telling me of his purpose—to wit, that I should become one of the lay-brethren at the Priory.

'For Holy Church is served in many ways,' said he: 'by the prayers and fastings of saintly men and women; by the sword against the blind pagans, and, worse, the foul heretics. A man by heeding our fruit-trees (an he do his best) serveth as acceptably to the saints and fathers as in the scriptorium and by paternosters and Aves and the telling of beads. *Laborare est orare.*'

I had as little Latin as a talking parrot-bird from the Indies, but I knew that this saying was without doubt a great verity. Moreover, it jumped with my mind, which, to my shame, then ran more upon pear-trees than prayers.

'Seest thou also, my son,' the Sub-Prior went on, 'here be the goodly perquisites of the *conservi.* Thou shalt be a *frater barbatus,* one exempt from the rule of the Order counselling shaving.' (Now this is a boon before matins on shrewd winter mornings.) '*Item,* a cow's gang of grass in the meadow of Saint John; *item,* ten marks, each Martin'smas; *item*'—— and so forth, to the same end, the Sub-Prior telling each comfort off on his plump white fingers, and tempting me, as it were.

I was minded to listen to him, wherefore I became, and here I am still, lay-brother in charge of the Priory's orchards; and though I am old now, and my joints stiffening, there is no one—though I say it—more skilled in his work than I, from Kirkwall in the north to the Abbey of Dundrennan on the Solway Shore.

Though I had not full monastic merit, yet would I have changed offices with none in the Chapter, save perhaps Brother Robert the Cellarer, whose exemptions were many, and whose red Pommard still came from the brethren of the Kale Glen—in the French tongue the Val des Choux—in Burgundy, and was a heartening variance from single ale.

I came to love the spot, as all men do. Perchance a vale lieth somewhere as kindly to the sun as this fair one of Saint Andrew, but I cannot conjure it. The hillsides, rich and green with great trees once of the royal forest of Elgin, hold the little glen full kindly in their arms. In their midst towereth the goodly presence of the Priory. Here riseth but little sound; the runnel of a chant betimes through the traceried windows; pigeons starting with a sudden clap of wings in the trees, wheeling in the sun, to settle in white drifts on the warm wall, cooing and cooing in a continual soothing around the precincts. The merle fluteth in the hawthorn; the Black Burn near by murmureth its plain-song; and chimes from the tower, of a silver clarity, fall sweet and softly on the ear and the heart.

As I tell this tale to Brother Philip, in the orchard on this morning of early summer, cometh neighbours' greetings to me from over the wall.

'God rest ye, Brother Michael!' calleth the miller's man's wife, sitting behind him as he rideth to Elgin market. 'God rest ye! A fair day! 'Tis the Glen of Peace we bide in.'

'Even so, gossip! even so!' I do make answer; and truly the traveller, seeing here naught but the fair, still picture, the great white hawthorns, the trim and cared-for lawns, the clear mirrors of the fish-ponds, the stately cedars, the ivy gleaming green, and the robed brethren moving in the cool quiet like shadows wrought by the sun, might well wish to tarry in the little Glen of the Blessed Saint Andrew, and cast off the fruitless dreams and turmoils of this passing life.

Yet no man can. Two things only, Sin and Death, are real in this mirage of a world. A man may, under Holy Church, but strive to do his best, and beware of vain passions and vile heresies. For no human heart is a cloister, beat it under the habit of Benedict, Bernard, or Francis, black, white, or gray; and I myself have seen, to the chilling of the blood, the man hidden in a monk leap out on a sudden, and overwhelm him.

It was on the evening of the day of Saint Columba the Abbot, the year 1554, in the green heart of the woods that neighbour the Priory. Since then I do pass the spot by full day only, in the sun's eye, and—may the Saints forgive me!—not oftener than exactly sorteth with my duty.

CHAPTER II.

I CALL to mind an evening at the fall of the leaf in the year 1553. The harvest had been bounteous, and well garnered under thack and rape. All around the Priory the trees and the bracken, russet and brown, and the heather on the turn, shone curiously and pleasant to the eye.

It was a still evening. I had looked to some winter dressing in the fruit-garden, and, well satisfied of it, turned to go to the refectory, when at the orchard gate I for the first time saw him whose name in religion was Brother Maurice.

He stood looking out to the woods beyond the Priory walls, and spoke not to me, though I came close to him, in my purpose to go towards the refectory. Nor did he see me; for, thinking him to be a guest of the Prior or one come to the vale for a retreat, I saluted him in silence. He passed me without seeing me. Then I did mark his eyes, great and black, glowing like lamps. I have never seen their like. His looks were unlike the most of our brethren at Pluscardyn; his cheeks hollow; his face as of death in paleness, and peaked, yet with a singular power in it. He was of an exceeding tall stature, spare, comely in his build, his face and bearing not of the common people, and he walked erect, with the mien of one who regardeth other men but little. He wore the white habit and black scapular of the Bernardines, even as the brethren of our Priory did long ago, ere they united with Urchard (agreeably to the wish of Holy Church), and became Black Monks of Dunfermline.

I was strangely drawn to him. Most of all the depth and the black, sad lustre of his eyes held me. It fell about that in the time he lived at the Priory I came to know him as well as most men.

On the morrow after I first saw the stranger monk, I and my knave Peter (who was learning his craft under me) were at work in the orchard, my dog Elspeth sitting blinking in the sun and watching me with a great gravity. Now the dog was of but mongrel descent, of no certain colour and no comeliness, yet she had quaint and shortsome humours, and was unhappy out of my presence, and I own no shame that when she died I sorrowed for the poor shrew as one might for a Christian. I had stopped my work for a moment to hold converse, as it were, with her; and while thus simply occupied a shadow fell on me. Looking up, I beheld none less than the Most Reverend Prior himself, Alexander Dunbar of Pluscardyn, a brother in attendance, and with them the tall Bernardine. Here let me draw you the Most Reverend Prior.

A man of great courage, stature, and strength of body. Many stories concerning him ran the countryside—how, riding on his great black horse, and finding the Priory barred by a mistake of the porter, he did leap the high gate, and did then chastise the porter with his own hands. Again, seeing some fellows cruel to a horse, he rescued the poor dumb beast, and led it alongside his own, first having made the rascals to go down on their knees and ask pardon, and then to lift the burden off their horse and carry it themselves. A man given to hospitality, of a sudden temper, with a bull-neck and a shining blue eye. Some there are who say Prior Alexander was but wrongly placed in the Church; that he was more of a man of affairs and soldier than holy friar. This may be so. Yet to me was he ever of a rare courtesy. A man of fine presence and wise and prudent sayings, so that, as I heard the stories of him, the strange certainty of a man having two natures was often borne in upon me. I made obeisance, and was for retiring.

'Stay, Michael,' said the Reverend Prior, 'even though we interrupt thy sage communings with thy comrade the dog. A certain wisdom lies somewhere about thee—to prefer the orchard and thy dog to matrimony and its troubles. I' faith, thou shalt meet few things more honest than the wag of a dog's tail in this world!'

I was in a manner privileged, for he often would have a jest with me, so made answer that my dog differed wholesomely from womankind in that it spoke not, and cost nothing in the way of apparel.

Prior Alexander gave a great laugh, and, swiftly changing the matter under discourse, he began to extol my labours in the orchard mightily, spoke graciously concerning my bodily health and spiritual well-being, and signified his wish that I should accompany them round the fruit-garden. This I did, and the Reverend Prior took note of my diligence.

'Brother Maurice,' he said, addressing the stranger, 'truly Michael hath great skill. Look around! Our orchard holdeth its own with those of France through his cunning grafting and devices.' He paused for a moment in thought. 'We in Scotland have a liking for by-names for our great men in the State. Would that there could arise some one, ere 'tis too late, whom we could christen the Grafter!' I caught his meaning. The New Religion was beckoning men, and the Scots have a way in certain matters of seeing only black or white, liking the pruning-knife in affairs rather than grafting. I have lived to see much sorrowful waste thereby.

When they had once traversed the place, saith the Reverend Prior to me, 'Brother Maurice, who tarrieth with us for a season, shall surely get much benefit i' thy sheltered place and its sweet airs, Michael. Methinks thou hast the best of it, with thy pleasant labour i' the sun. Little fastings or cares for thee!' and giving me a *benedicite*, he departed with the others.

Truly Prior Alexander loved a jest, or he did set me down as blind and deaf, for the stories concerning him reck not of fastings. But this concerneth not the marrow of my tale.

I gathered at the time from certain of the brethren concerning the tall stranger that he was of the brethren of the Val des Choux in Burgundy, the same Order that first exercised Burgundy, the same Order that first exercised holy rule long ago at the Priory; that by an exemption of the Prior-General he had been allowed to leave the Mother House for a season, certain of the rules of the Order being relaxed that he might travel in Scotland. I was

to learn more concerning him from his own lips.

Without doubt I was drawn to him. Many times the wandering religious came to us, for the Priory stood in the road between the Palmer's Ford of the river Lossie, the Great Cathedral of Elgin in the east, and the Abbey of Kinloss in the west, on the way to Inverness and our sister Priory of Beauly in the north. Holy wells and shrines would be visited by these pilgrims, and to such as these, often foot-sore and athirst, the Priory opened its doors. The Guest-Brother held no sinecure office, I warrant, and the porter turned no one away from the Gatehouse save known idlers and sorners. In return for the hospitality of Holy Church, these visitors—and it was the custom so to invite them—would on the morrow preach to the brethren. Many of these wanderers from England or France I have heard say that the Scots have a strange love of preaching, of being admonished and rebuked, and threatened with the Wrath to come, and indeed this is a filling thing. I listened to many such divines, but to no one of the metal of Brother Maurice the Bernardine. Hereby I mean no shadow on the rest of the brethren. They did their best, and the most of them—blessed be their cast!—do sleep now sound under the sod in the Glen. But Brother Maurice towered above them in searching the heart even as he towered above them in stature.

'By the Rood, Michael,' quoth Brother Robert the Cellarer, after we had heard him for the first time, 'this Bernardine stirreth even me—no easy matter! A holy man and true, yet one that knoweth the world. There is that in his eye of one who hath struggled with Apollyon and seeth visions.'

It was even so; and he preached not in droning over offices or tedious thread-splitting, but with a something in his voice that now rang round the roof like a trumpet against heretics and bearers of false witness, and anon soft as the Sanctus Bell the while he spoke concerning the fallen and the contrite. I would that there had been more of his like. Haply the New Religion that folk trifled with might not have taken men's foolish hearts. Yet was he of plain speech, and, as Brother Robert had it, one who knew the world.

Some preaching-friars there are who gloze their words, prating of the 'Lake of Fire,' or the 'Prince of Darkness,' or the 'Evil One,' or such-like mincings. Not so with the Bernardine. He did call the Ill Bit by its right title, and its master the Devil; and, mark ye, I do stoutly believe that he would have so called him to his face.

So he tarried with us. Often he came to my orchard to meditate, so that we became used to each other's presence, I working at the fruit-trees, and he breaking speech with me, so that I did come to look for him and his kindly words every day. Without doubt I was greatly drawn to him.

The year wore on to its end. The bracken and the heather put on their sad, brown habit; the faithful pines kept their dark green among the naked woods; and falling all around the quiet glen came the snow, a kind white doublet for my children the fruit-trees against the fell winter's knife.

CHAPTER III.

UNTIL the impious brawl on New Year's Day 1554 in the Great Cathedral at Elgin between the Dunbars and the Inneses (of which more anon) the tall Bernardine and I spoke concerning ordinary daily affairs only. After that day, however, when I did him a service, he was my friend, and I his, to my vast increase of pleasure, for he was learned and had travelled far, had seen Courts and palaces, and, ere he took monk's vows, had heard the clash of steel and the shock of battle. When I came to know him more my heart opened to him. I think I regarded him before aught else in this world, except perhaps my children the fruit-trees.

He would come, as I have said, to the orchard after the offices, and meditate there, walking to and fro on the path by the great wall. Some melancholy, I thought, abode with him. One day, coming round a bunch of yew-trees, being unseen by him, hearing him speak and imagining him to be at his orisons, I did not show myself. But I could not help hearing a name that he sighed over. It was 'Lucille,' and that is one I have not met with yet in any Saints' Calendar. Yet there doth lie something pleasant, a come-hither, in the sound of it. I remember long ago in my lost youth—— But this is not to my tale.

As I have said, the New Year's Day of 1554 brought me nearer to him. Now, at the outset, concerning the feud between the Dunbars and the Inneses, I say, and let no one conter me, that the cause thereof in the beginning was the avarice and love of worldly gear of the Inneses. Without doubt this was the goad to their bloody designs, for was not my mother sib to the Dunbars, and did not she warn me of this? Further, she did often urge me against the Inneses' treachery, and to smite first and show no quarter in any quarrel. Indeed, they are bloodthirsty and turbulent, a very crop of thorns in this fair Garden of Scotland.*

That New Year's Day was one of stark and biting frost. All around the Priory the land lay white, the trees bare and gaunt, the Black

* *Note by Brother Philip.*—I set down good Brother Michael's tale, but here he speaketh hastily. I say no more, save that I know both sides.

Burn and the fish-ponds frozen hard; the roads wearing thick coats of ice, a danger to man and beast.

Mark me, then, on that morning on the road to Elgin, leading the Almoner's sumpter mule Christina, laden with a seasonable gift of Pommard from Prior Alexander to the Right Reverend Bishop Patrick Hepburn of Moray, intending to rest at the Three Cushions Tavern in Elgin, and to reach there about eleven of the clock.

We went slowly, the beast and I, picking our feet on the slippery road, but at length I saw the smoke of the town rising in straight stalks in the still, frosty air.

Coming in by the West Port, in my purpose to go towards the tavern, I saw certain low fellows of the town, arm-in-arm one with the other and singing base songs. On New Year's Day there are many junketings, and I was minded to heed them not, beyond passing them a neighbour's timely greeting. Presently coming nearer, one calleth aloud, 'Stop the mule, and we'll see what's i' the pack! Here comes a Hoodie Craw.' Thus did these regardless ones speak even then of the sober garb of the holy men and friars.

Then did they jostle me about most violently, so that, had I not clung to Christina's neck, I should surely have fallen to the hard ground.

'Nay, 'tis no gabbling shaveling,' quoth another, looking at me with peering, drunken eyes, 'but Brother Michael.'

'What! Brother Cherry-Beak?' roared another. 'Folk say that the birds in his garden at the Priory do mistake his countenance for the ripe fruit!' (Now, though my face be ruddy, this is, as all men know, common to those who have the good fortune to work in the open air.)

I would not chronicle what these scurvy fellows did say, nor indeed speak of them, had not one of them, further gone in drink than the others, called, 'Let him pass. He is but small quarry. The Dunbars will get their kale through the reek this day.'

I knew him to be a jackman of the Inneses, but heeded him not at the moment; though I called his words to mind afterwards, and also that the others hastily bade him hold his peace.

So they mocked and jostled me for a space, until Christina placed her heels right shrewdly in the pit of the stomach of the ruffian who had miscalled me, and while the others made merry over his blasphemings I made off, much incensed, and they casting foul jests after me. I made my way without further mishap through the town. Coming at length to the Three Cushions Tavern, I gave Christina to a stable-knave to feed well, for she had done me a good service. Then I entered.

There was a great press of people in the house, burghers hearty one with another as the day beseemed, and one of them would pledge me in a stoup of Bordeaux. I consented right willingly, for the frost had pierced to my marrow-bones, and I was still a-shake from the encounter with the toss-pots.

Now, it behoved me in my station to be discreet in conversation and choice of friends, for the New Religion lurked in strange and surprising corners; but I knew this man, a Bailie of the town, of old acquaintance and civil speech, and one well disposed to the Church.

We spoke together concerning the times, and had yet another stoup of Bordeaux. He was on his way to a Head Burrow Court to be holden in the Tolbooth for the fixing of victuals' prices and such like, and he gave me very full discourse concerning the price of nowt's and sheep's tallow, the length of the penny candle, and such-like tedious huckster-talk, so that I became drowsy, and he departed. Mark that yestreen I had attended a midnight service, and was up betimes. Therefore I took me to a corner of a spence, near a good fire; and a comfortable warmth stealing up my legs, I soon fell asleep.

I woke up to the sun streaming in, the place full of the clatter of dishes, the clink of glass and pewter, and the smell of food. A throng of people moved to and fro in the outer rooms. Voices near at hand reached me. I sat yawning, and gave but little heed, till certain words fell on my ear, when I instantly closed my eyes, feigning a continuance of sleep, but listening with all my wits.

'The laird o' Innes will see us right for this night's wark, I'll tak' my oath. 'Tis no' the throats o' a wheen greedy friars he seeks, but the black Prior Sandy himsel'.' Thus the voice.

I could not withhold a gasp, but contrived to divert it into a snore. They had not heard me, for another voice spoke.

''Tis no' canny sword-play to stand up single-handed to the Prior, if all stories be true! He thrawed a man's neck wi' his ain hand; ay, an' but for giving him the lie.'

'Faugh! Ye'll no' be asked to face him, Angus, my man,' said the first voice. 'He wad stap ye in his pouch before your shaking hands could straighten your dirk.'

The others laughed, and the man Angus spake no more.

'Between the jackmen and ye ken wha else we'll count three-score at least. 'Twill be the bonniest vespers and the shortest shrift the Kirk has seen since the Wolf o' Badenoch's ploy langsyne, an' we can be well on the road to the Buck o' the Cabrach ere mornin',' continued the other.

'I'd as lief tak' the Dunbars in the open air an' God's daylicht. Forbye, there's little

luck in bringing steel to the chancel,' quoth another.

'Luck! Chancel! The hale craws' nests will all be harried ere long! What odds if the Inneses hasten the day? They owe the Dunbars a day in hairst, and this night they 'll pay it.'

Then they whispered one to another, more I doubt not concerning the same foul purpose, but I could not hear them, and dared not move nearer. Presently they left, singly or at most by twos, and I opened my eyes to the blackest imaginings.

As I sat there, suddenly cold with anxiety, a jingle of harness came briskly to my ear. I rose, and beheld a cluster of horsemen moving to the courtyard, their steeds' caulkers striking clear on the causeway. Some were strangers, their horses hard ridden and steaming, but some I knew to be jackmen from Leuchars and other Innes lands round about. I counted full two-score men, all armed—corselet and steel, pike, glaive, and broadsword.

No shadow of doubt lingered with me. There was strife brewing. I slipped quietly out, and took the road home with all speed on foot, every shadow a suspect and every bush a bogle.

For the greater haste, the ice on the road being so treacherous, I had left Christina the mule stabled where she was, as she had arrived at the Priory somewhat out of breath, for I am of full habit, and had come hot-foot all the way. Those about the most Reverend Prior did not incline to disturb him, for he had guests at table, but I stoutly importuned them; and, hearing of my urgency, he was graciously pleased to give audience.

'Canst thou choose no other day for thy complaints, Michael?' quoth he testily, his face aglow from the day's good cheer; but at my first words he did change mightily, and when I gave him my full story of what I had overheard in the Three Cushions Tavern, he came to his feet and the look that all men knew grew in his face.

'You have done right well, Michael,' said he, his voice shaking with anger. Then he summoned one of the brethren. This one went out again, returning with the Sub-Prior Newtoun, and also Bennethfield, George Dunbar of Allanton, and others, kinsmen or neighbours of Prior Alexander. He bade me tell my story again. This I did, they all listening wrathfully.

'Now, by St Andrew! these Inneses like the New Religion no better than I do, yet I doubt not they would follow the Evil One if he but added gear and lands in this world to them. 'Tis a marvellous sight, these strikers and mansworn dogs, with no thought of their own black hearts, breathing their pestilences against Holy Church. We should hear less of reforms, I warrant, were our rentals leaner. But to horse! to horse, good kinsmen!'

There was a hurrying to and fro around the Priory; orders sent to trusty friends of the Dunbars; messengers speeding up the glen to summon our jackmen and vassals; horses and weapons brought to the courtyard; a swift and secret making ready.

A son of Bennethfield's and certain others rode off to warn Bishop Hepburn at Elgin, and to meet us there later in the evening.

It was about the falling of the dusk when we started from Pluscardyn. Prior Alexander, on his great black horse, rode at our head, a right potent figure, his countenance unreadable, save for a grim smile as he gave recognition to his retinue, marking its numbers and equipment. Next came the Sub-Prior, beside him some of the landed gentrice, Errachdale from Speyside, Alison the Knight of Westermeed, and others, kinsmen and cadets of the Dunbars. Certain of the brethren of the Prior, among them Brother Maurice, came next, and after these a score or more of jackmen and pikemen, and a swarm of the tacksmen and vassals of the glen. I own that I hesitated, but curiosity as well as love casteth out fear. I determined to see the day out, so buckled on a rusty old 'fox' cast aside by a man-at-arms. It was of ancient pattern and looked full uncouth beside the bright cut-and-thrust weapons around me, yet, as will be seen, it had its occasion.

I brought up the rear, somewhat ill at ease, for I knew more of pruning-knives than sword-play. I hope for my years that I was no coward, yet danger lay ahead, and a quick thought of my children the trees in their quiet orchard caught me at the heart.

Turning to look back at them—for I knew not if I might see them again—I remember the sight of the winter sun dying, great blood-red gouts spilling through the woods' dark lattices in the little glen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE evening had fallen, with a sprinkle of stars in a black sky, when we reached Elgin. At the Palmer's Ford were a score of the Bishop's own bodyguard sent by him to meet us, with some half-dozen of the town's halberdiers, at his secret request and for the protection of the lieges; for, although there was trouble in the air, and the New Religion whispered and whispered, yet the Bailies and the rulers would not—nay, dared not—take open sides against Holy Church. The guard took their places round the Prior, and soon we entered Elgin by the West Port.

There was a great press of people in the streets; flambeaux flared from the Castle high up on our left; heads looked out from the windows; people peered over the fore-stairs of the houses;

but there was no musick, no merrymaking such as we were wont to hear on New Year's Day. Here and there were greenery and holly-branches over the lintels. The crowd met us without open menace, but there were ever and anon hoarse murmurs from the edge of the waves of people. I say waves, for we went but slowly through the growing throng that surged against us, forcing us sometimes almost to a standstill, and then running back like the tide as the guard pressed them. On we went down the High Street. Here a stone from the back of the crowd struck an image of the Blessed Virgin above a door. It clattered to the ground. Haply it was a mischance only, but I marvelled at the crowd, which heeded it not, but swept on in silence strange for such a great concourse. But presently the voices rose louder. One called, 'Wishart!' and another, 'Adam Wallace!' the names of two heretics who had been burned at St Andrews and the Castlehill of Edinburgh, and—a strange thing—had died stubborn and unrepenting. The change-houses emptied and swelled the throng. We were brought to a standstill. Our riders backed their horses; and, afraid of the hoofs, the crowd gave way, though those of us on foot were still like to be in some danger.

There was no word of the Inneses. Thinking us unwarned, I judge that their leaders had contrived to keep the most of their men out of sight, to save suspicion of their black designs and in the hope that those of the New Religion might in some way help them. Now the crowd broke the thread of our ranks, and their deep murmurs broke into cries. A yelping lout close to me threw an oath to his comrades, bidding them press closer. Our men-at-arms forced them back, and one of them struck this fellow with his halberd on the mouth. It was a stout blow, and the man reeled and spat out a tooth. I watched him curiously as he wiped his bloody mouth and looked, cursing, for his tooth in the street, and I knew his jowl when I met him again months afterwards.

Then there came a brisk ring of harness, and the crowd fell back, for the remainder of Bishop Hepburn's bodyguard had been sent out to meet us, and came up at a hand-gallop, scattering the crowd like fowls. All this time Prior Alexander sat horsed, looking down at the mob with his unreadable face. I warrant his reverend fingers tingled for his sword-hilt.

On the coming of the bodyguard, the street clearing somewhat, we kept the crown of the causeway, and soon reached the wall of the Cathedral, with only a few of the rabble skulking with but little heart on our flanks, like ownerless dogs.

It was a full hour before Vespers. The Reverend Prior did counsel us to be in our places, and went with the brethren and his friends to the Palace, there to meet my Lord Bishop, who had come from his seat at the Loch of Spynie. The men-at-arms waited for a time at the Great West Door, and I with them.

After a while I wearied, and went up to the West Tower to watch the people gather. The halberdiers gave no admittance yet, but some three-score or more of the burghers stood waiting. I saw many lanthorns moving like yellow eyes of prowling beasts in the darkness. Then the great bell of the Cathedral rang out on the clear night. The yellow eyes moved quicker, coming nearer and narrowing down from all points to the West Door.

I came down from the tower just as the halberdiers were admitting the first of the growing throng, and went in to Vespers, the thought of the sword under my gown in the holy place dragging at me like lead. True, it had been easy for me and for all of us to have kept away; but the time had not come, nor hath it come yet, when a Dunbar hath louted to an Innes. Placing myself behind a pillar, I watched the flow of the congregation. Our men from the glen were for the most part at the north side, our leaders near the Saint Thomas Becket aisle. But certain of our men, stout fellows, were of set purpose scattered here and there throughout the crowd. Presently, along the inner aisle on the south, cometh Innes of That Ilk, with his kinsmen, some friends, and a press of vassals and retainers, about five-score men in all. These took their places all together, more like a company of soldiers than worshippers.

From behind my pillar, giving heed to them narrowly, I marked one figure from out the others. He was close to the Innes leaders. He wore a pointed, trimmed beard of a fashion new to the north countrie, and was richly clad in costly furs and a French doublet of rare texture. The candle-light drew sparks from the jewels in his belt and in the rings on his fingers, and I could see the heft of a whinger at his side. Folk there are who say a man's life may be seen in his face. I am old now, and take leave to doubt such, for in my duties I have seen many fair but rotten apples, and this stranger was of most comely countenance and stature. Yet Belial hath his soul, and a coward's heart lay under his gallant gear and bearing. As I watched him, his eyes, I thought, looked haughtily everywhere, carelessly, then once across at the Dunbar aisle. His face instantly changed, something smaller and meaner creeping into his look. I followed his eye, and saw Brother Maurice looking straight at him. The man in the French doublet, although the full breadth of the great Cathedral lay between him and the other, plainly shrank from the look in the Bernardine's eyes, and I marked him placing himself behind one who stood near him.

Brother Maurice, I thought, gave a scornful smile, and turned away. Nor did he deign to look at the man again, for, wondering much, I watched him. The great bell ceased, and a silence fell on the people.

Now came a goodly company of brethren of the religious houses to their places, friars, white-robed choristers, acolytes, and others, then certain great Churchmen, the Dean of Moray, with our own Prior, and last of all the Right Reverend Father in God My Lord Bishop Patrick Hepburn. I saw that nearly all, save My Lord Bishop, were armed—a dreadful thing within sight of the altar, but these were clamorous times.

Then came a single note of the organ, like some gentle spirit filling the great Cathedral to the lofty roof, and moving me so that I, too late, would fain have forgotten that I wore a sword. So doth a hesitant carry a double burden, for I had little heart either for fighting or worship. It was marvel to hearken to the voices of the white-robed choristers chanting Vespers, to hear the blessed words, yet all around me to see men armed for strife in the holy place. I heard, as though far off, the antiphon, and strove to attune my heart, most earnestly trying to steady my thoughts to thanksgiving for the year just dead; but my eyes went wandering along with my wits. I saw the man in the French doublet still shrinking behind his neighbour, very different from the Innes leaders, who stared haughtily across at the Becket aisle.

'*Dominus a dextris suis . . . Judicabit in nationibus*,' arose from the clear choiring voices.

Then came, harsh and sudden 'mid the solemn musick, a jarring of steel. It was but a glaive falling from a careless hand to the flagstone, yet a movement like a wind over the barley swept over the people, as a hundred heads turned swiftly towards the sound. Hands were clapped to sword-hilts, and I saw the Reverend Prior's face flush angrily. Truly, men's minds must have been stretched like cross-bows if a sudden clatter of harness had the power to make them half-leap from their places.

But my Lord Bishop moved not on his throne. The chanting rose and fell on its even way. I was fain to think that the Inneses had taken second and wiser counsel, and that the New Year of Grace would be begun without the shedding of neighbours' blood, for all was quiet and seemly. But I saw Prior Alexander look over at the Innes aisle with a something in his face that said plainly, as though he had called aloud, 'Checkmate! Get ye home!' I will say for Innes that he gave him stare for stare, and my heart went a-gallop for a breath or two when I saw them, like two deer-hounds at gaze. Then began the Magnificat. Before the great sound of it arose, the concourse of people was as still as a picture. But there were fierce currents running below the calm. In a second's break in the chanting I heard a sudden malediction. At the words (more in a loud, far-reaching whisper than a cry) the crowd began to surge behind where I stood. The chanting faltered and broke off before the growing mutter of the storm. Hands closed stealthily on sword-hilt and pike. Then I saw my Lord Bishop arise from the throne and come in front of the High Altar. As he faced us there was a stillness on the throng, the moment's stillness of a great wave poised unbroken over a sounding beach. He turned, I think to give an order to some one near him. For a second only his face was away from his people, but in that second the spell of custom and reverence broke, and the wave fell with a great roar and a rasp of steel.

I know not the beginning of it for certain, but was told afterwards that certain Innes louts had jeered at one of gentler blood than they, and that our jackmen had then stepped but a pace forward. Be this as it may, of a sudden high words rang out, weapons flashed in the candle-shine, and a lust for blood ran along the assemblage like a fire set to lint. My Lord Bishop stood for a moment amazed and with outstretched hand, but the outcry was now like a furnace. One called aloud, 'An Innes!' and the answer came, 'A Dunbar! a Dunbar!' readily enough, until the chancel rang with noise and shouting. Now, may I die unshriven if I had any act or part in this most monstrous thing. I can scarce speak of it; the bawling of oaths and war-cries, the dreadful voice of steel, the crunch of armour, and blood spilled under that roof. The most of the candles were put out, the red glow from the tapers from the altar shining over the accursed sight, people tearing and struggling and trampling on such as had fallen, like so many wild beasts. I was carried forward willy-nilly, heaved to and fro like a ball in the crowd. Many of the townsfolk, I do believe, joined in the fight for the love of it, some of them come from the taverns, without caring a plack for either Dunbar or Innes. Such of these who carried no weapons seized what they could; great brass-bound missals, beams torn from the fabric, and the like, the first weapons that came to their hands. There was a novice of the Priory, a very young man and good to look upon, struck down by a thrust from an Innes, and round his body the fight raged hottest. He died in his blood where he lay, there being no time to succour him in soul or body. Brother Maurice, too, I saw for an instant by the Lady Chapel of the Gordons, an Italian rapier in hand.

Hearing a great noise towards the Chancel, I looked that way, and, lo! an armed gang was making an onslaught straight towards Prior Alexander, behind them an Innes driving them forward. Two friars, one with raised crucifix,

sought to step in front; but Prior Alexander brushed them aside like flies, and faced the rabble. They hesitated for a blink before his towering figure. Then one fellow carrying a great brazen candlestick threw it with a malison full at him. I saw it whiz through the air. The Prior caught it as if by magic in his hand as it flew, saving himself a fell blow; then, swinging it by the sconce, brought the heavy end down on the nearest of the Inneses who had run in thinking to have him at an avail and off his guard. The man fell backwards like a log. I heard his head crack on the flagstone. Those following him tumbled headlong over him and each other, and ere they could rise from the tangle certain of our men-at-arms were on them like wolves. I turned my head away from the sight. But I heard certain sounds, and the cold sweat froze my spine.

Then, whether I got me a blow aimed at some other one (for I had never even touched my weapon), or whether it came from a foe, I know not, and it matters little; but next I remember a great singing noise in my ears and blood in my eyes, so that for a space I could see and hear nothing. I felt myself carried along on the flow of the crowd like a child's play-boat. Then I think I fell a-shouting 'A Dunbar! a Dunbar!' along with many others, the sound of fighting rising as if from Bedlam. I must have fallen among friends, pressing towards the doors where our foes were making a last stand. Men said afterward that the Inneses fought right well, but that a certain stranger monk, very tall, in a white habit, armed with a rapier, led the tide for us, showing such mastery of fence and courage that some fools even said that he had the Black Magic. But I knew him to be Brother Maurice, and to have naught of magic save the magic of a knightly heart and hand.

Some had but gotten their deserts had the roof of the holy place fallen in upon them on that New Year's Night. I burn yet with shame to think that I set a foot there. Be sure that I made haste afterward to hear the goodly words '*absolvo te.*'

But was not that night's work—men of gentle birth, as well as the common herd, all at the shedding of blood in presence of the Blessed Sacrament—was it not, I say, a marvel and a black and shameful thing?

CHAPTER V.

I WAS swept out of the Cathedral amid the spate of people, my arms pinned to my sides, my feet sometimes swinging helplessly off the ground. The stream swerved to the right, and I found myself in an eddy. In my haste to clear myself of the tangle I slipped on the icy ground, fell, and lay for a moment half-stunned. I do not doubt but this kept me in life, for some of the Innes jackmen running past would surely have stabbed me where I lay had I but moved. But I stirred not, and met with no mishap other than that a mort of the town reviled me for the corpse of a fat friar, and did kick me once, to my great shame and wrath. She, like the others, thinking me dead, passed on, and I lay still, with my heart drumming against my ribs. Presently the crowd passed. Sore afraid, I crawled a yard or two into a dark corner, and then rose and ran blindly, guided and warned by the cries of 'An Innes! an Innes!' or 'Dunbar! Dunbar!' But these cries died down, and I stopped in the shadow of a tree to gain breath and gather my wits together, for the clout on my head still rang in it, though my bleeding had ceased. There I hid for a time, afraid to stir, when there came a glint of white moving in the open. The figure strode on in no wise concealed, and I saw it was Brother Maurice. He was looking for some one, quartering the place like a questing bloodhound. As he neared my tree I called softly to him, for I feared that his white habit would draw danger to him. He came near to me, and I prayed him for his life to come into the shadow. But he answered me as one possessed.

'I have seen him! I have seen him!' he said. 'Did he pass here?' He caught me like a vice by the wrist. 'Hast thou seen him? Answer, man!—answer!'

It was marvel that this was the same man whose voice had moved me so often in the Priory, for he hissed out the words, his great eyes burning, his voice changed and passionate.

'Tell me quickly,' he said.

I answered him that I had seen no one near, and that I knew not whom he sought.

'I seek him of the French doublet, the man next the laird of Innes within the Cathedral,' he said quickly. His arm dripped with blood, and I made to stanch it; but he waved me off.

''Tis naught! I owe him more than for this;' and I saw that his rapier was naked.

I repeated that I had seen no one near, and again besought him to hide; but he heeded me not, and strode hungrily again into the night.

Now I would not be considered other than a man of peace, and sometimes I think that life in an orchard may unfit one for arms. Yet I was drawn to the Bernardine, and as I lurked there under the great sycamore my thoughts were chill concerning him. So, commending my safety to Our Lady and the Saints—my old sword but a small comfort—I straightway followed him. He had gone out of sight, round the wall skirting the Sub-Chanters' Croft. Coming nearer, I heard voices, and something in my blood tingled when I rounded the corner. The Bernardine stood, his back against the wall, his hood thrown back, his rapier in his hand, his face beautiful,

transfigured with purpose. A little way in front was the man of the French doublet, and with him a jackman of the Inneses and two or three rabble townsmen, one of them bearing a lanthorn.

'Draw,' called Brother Maurice in a great, clear voice, 'first liar and coward of thy blood! Draw!'

The man whom he called a coward pointed to him.

'Have at him, fellows!' he said to the cluster of men round him—'have at him!' and then backed behind them like a mean dog.

I crept nearer, unseen.

The jackman came a step forward. He had but a pike, and I warrant his heart warmed not for the work.

'I ken him not,' quoth he, 'Dunbar or Innes.'

'I am neither!' called the Bernardine, loud above the others. 'This coward knoweth me!' He made a stride forward, and the other man swore a great oath.

'Have at him!' he called again, stamping with rage. 'He is here but to spy for France under cover of the Church.'

This stirred the townsmen a little, for there was a distrust abroad. The Queen was but a bairn, and there were strange mutterings among the people concerning Mary of Lorraine—of plottings to make her Regent in place of my Lord Arran, and to set the Lily Flowers of France over our Scottish Lion Rampant.

The tall white figure budged not an inch.

'Spy!' he called with scorn. 'This from you—lost and excommunicated liar!'

The fellows stopped dead, for even triflers with the New Religion chilled at the thought of the Great Curse of the Church.

'Ten rose nobles to each of you for his blood!' shrieked the other, his face working with evil. Had he known the scurvy ruffians as I did, he would have saved time by offering them his vile money at the beginning.

At the words they came on spread like a fan, and my friend was like to be near his last breath. Their leader urged them on like hounds at a stag at bay, and one came rashly a foot too near. Swift the rapier flashed, and the man doubled up like a knife at the Bernardine's feet. The others, daunted for a moment, hung undecided, but with their weapons at the attack, the Frenchman behind hissing them on with curses. They rushed in, feinting, trying to reach him on the flank. Then one threw a pike. It struck the Bernardine on the head, and I thought his and my last hour had come, for the ruffians saw him reel, and gathered courage. The fellow with the lanthorn was nearest the shadow in the wall where I stood. Whether through fear of being seen, or whether the Saints guided me, I do protest I know not; but as the light swung round near my face I seized my broadsword by the scabbard and gave the lanthorn a mighty blow with the hilt, breaking it into a hundred pieces. At the same moment I bawled (and I had a right lusty voice), more for help than through valour, 'A Dunbar!' The knave with the lanthorn fled incontinent with his fellows. The Bernardine sprang forward; but his enemy had vanished, and he and I were alone but for the dying man in the snow. '*Ciel te bénisse!*' he said, looking at me, then swayed and fell into my arms.

My heart was sore, for I was full sure that I had been too late, and that he had got a mortal wound. He was in a deep swound through the losing of blood. This lasted for long, I holding him, my heart in my mouth, for I feared the return of the man in the French doublet. But no one came our way; and he at length came to himself, his face ghastly pale and his gait stumbling.

It was now, I judged, about nine of the clock. From the town came the hum of the people in the streets. I could hear sudden shouts arise, whether from revellers or men in strife I could but guess. Anon footsteps would come near, then retreat, and return; flying lights moved, skimming all around the walls of the Cathedral; faint groanings somewhere told me of some who had fared badly in the brawl. Ever and anon a crying of 'An Innes!' or 'Dunbar!' broke out, filling me with uneasy and shaking thoughts.

We made shift to return to the shadow of the sycamore-tree. Passing to it right cautiously, I nearly fell over the body of the man at our feet. I say the body, though there was a single last groan left in it. He was but an Innes, and dying, wherefore I scrupled not to take his headpiece and reddened corselet; and even as I did so his head dropped. The blood-stained gear I put on the Bernardine, wrapping his white habit up and hiding it under my own dark one, for it was a danger-mark. So, huddled close to each other for warmth, we kept in hiding.

The long wait under the great tree even now seemeth an evil dream. The frost clutched us miserably. The very stars and the trees seemed struck stark and stiff. We dared not venture even to the Cathedral great gate, for there were voices rising all round. We could hear sudden flying feet and chilling cries; and the very shadows seemed to me to mop and mow at us, mocking our plight. The Bernardine could scarce have walked more than a bowshot at a time. So I vowed that 'twas better to be sick than sorry, to thole the frost than feel a knife in my ribs. Thus we waited long hours, still close together for warmth, our teeth clicking, the cold piercing us like a dagger.

At length, no sound arising either near us or from the town, we stole warily out, the wounded man leaning on me. Our legs could at first scarce carry us; but we crawled on, and kept

clear of the town by a secret way that I knew of near the Hospital of the Maison Dieu.

We travelled but slowly, scarce making a mile in the hour, chilled and tired beyond words. The Bernardine leaned on me, and I vow I did my best to come speed with him; but the cruel, hard-frozen fields, the pit-mirk darkness, and the cold fought us at every step, slowly killing any sparks of valiancy left with us. Twice did he fall into a swound for so long that I made sure that he would die where he fell. In truth I felt half-dead myself, and walked blindly on in a black nightmare, my legs great leaden weights, my teeth chattering, and my head a-singing with noises.

Presently, coming to a little wood, Brother Maurice stopped dead.

'I can go no farther, good Michael!' he whispered. 'My time hath come. Save thyself. Get thee forward alone, and let me die!'

He sank to the ground, and I beside him, my heart bursting in the extremity of misery.

There came over me a great desire for sleep, but I knew full well that to sleep on that fell winter morning meant death. Many times my eyes closed and my head fell; but a longing for life gripped me, and, holding on by a tree, I struggled to my feet. Then I took the Bernardine's rapier and pricked my arm shrewdly to keep myself awake. The blood ran, and I drank it like a beast, for my mouth and throat were parched like a limekiln. A leech—a skilly man—did tell me afterwards that this was a foolish thing to do, and that it was but my imagining that revived me. If this be so, there be many worse and more costly medicines than such imagining, for my numbness on the instant relaxed and my frozen wits thawed. The Bernardine lay and babbled in the French tongue in a way sorrowful to the heart to hear. Then, his fit of raving leaving him for a space, he got him to his knees and prayed, I joining him.

'*Domine, exaudi*'—— he was on the words, when suddenly he stopped and listened.

'We are answered!' he said—'I know! I hear!' his great eyes looking into the dark. Surely, I thought, he was hearing uncanny voices.

'Call aloud, good Michael! I cannot,' he entreated me, and sank down again.

I called 'Help!' twice at my poor best, caring little whether an answer came from friend or foe. But the cruel silence was broken only by an echo that flouted us. I had given up hope again, when there was a scurry in the snow, and a whining sound that I knew well, and, lo! there cometh my dog Elspeth beside herself for joy, barking, leaping up on me, and making to lick my face. The beast's coat was stiff with frost, she looked woefully tired and bedraggled, and panted like to burst; but all the time she kept up such a merry coil about us, running round us, making the night ring with her deep voice, that I felt sure that we were saved. At the sight of her honest head, and the thought that the first sign of a friend in need on that night of cruel men and weather had come from a dumb, faithful beast, I was moved, I own, like any silly wench.

Greatly heartened, we stood up once more. The dog would seize my habit and pull lustily; anon she would run on in front and bark, guiding us right wisely. To our great joy, after we had stumbled over frozen field-ruts, deep ditches, and through thick woods in the uncanny black night, the good Elspeth struck a path that I knew, and I saw the ice at the edge of the Priory Loch. Brother Maurice was walking bravely enough, and I knew that we were now safe; and, sure enough, soon I saw a light shine, and we reached the great gate of the Priory. Never was the sight of a light more welcome. I knocked loudly, though I had but little need, for the porter was awake and waiting, and with him some men-at-arms and others.

'By the Mass, Brother Michael!' quoth he, staring at us round-eyed, as he hastened us into the warmth of his lodge, 'I had never thought to see the chops of thy honest face again!—'Tis near dawn! Run, Andrew!' he said to one of the company; 'run like a hare to the Priory and get some cordials from Brother Robert. Speed ye!'

Then he told us how one had come with news that the Most Reverend Prior and his friends were safe-housed and well-guarded with David Dunbar, the good Dean of Moray, but saddened by the loss of the novice, some men-at-arms, and vassals; and of the safety of Brother Maurice and myself they knew not. More he told us; but, half-dazed with our weary night, our wounds, and the cold, I think we scarce listened, thawing ourselves back to life over the blazing logs. I vow that I never knew the virtue of a good fire till that morning.

The men-at-arms buzzed with talk as they eyed us; and in truth we must have appeared right fearsome—the Bernardine pale and haggard, with the dead Innes's reddened harness still on him; frozen blood and mud smearing us both. In truth, I incline not to think of that night and morning. Even now it sendeth me a-shudder.

'Methought that ye were both lost. At the Priory they did pray for your souls,' went on the good porter, busying himself with the fire.

Up till now the Bernardine had said naught; but at the word 'souls' he rose, and straightway I saw that he was in a distemper of the mind.

'Souls!' he suddenly cried. I know not what was in his voice, but it shook us all. He strode to the middle of the room, not looking at us, two red spots from the firelight glittering in his great eyes. Then he stretched out his arms and

called in a broken voice, unlike the ring in his own.

'Souls! Give me back mine! Where is Lucille?' he called again. Then he broke into laughter past belief in its mockery. The horror of it smote us. The men-at-arms crossed themselves; and one whispered, looking at his ghastly face, 'Saint Andrew save us! He seeth things not of the earth!'

In his delirium he threw himself into a posture of sword-play.

'Where is Lucille? Traitor!' he called again.

His hand but half-drew his rapier. Then he reeled blindly, came slowly to his knees, and sank in a huddle to the floor.

CHAPTER VI.

NEXT day, at a solemn Te Deum in the Priory, when I saw Prior Alexander with a wound on his forehead, pale, but standing erect and with his look of government, my heart warmed to him. I recked not of the old wives' tales regarding him, and forgot his faults. The carrion gossips of the countryside, ever ready to seize on the worst in a strong man, had idle fables concerning him. But be he Churchman or knight, I love a man of his hands, the more perhaps because I am none that way inclined myself.

After service he honoured me by giving me audience, when I told him of our great skaith and escape of the night before. Yet I did not tell him all, for Brother Maurice's voice and the words he used to his foe rang in my ears. Seeing no profit to any one in the matter, I kept peace as to names and such like, other than that certain of the Inneses' rabble had pressed us hard.

Ere he dismissed me Prior Alexander commended me heartily, and vowed that he would see me right fairly rewarded. His words concerning the Bernardine wrung my heart, for he told me that Brother Maurice was at the very gates of death, lying sick and raving in a fever, unable to know friend or foe. He had spoken my name, it seemed, and the Reverend Prior gave me leave to see him. I sat for long with him, sad and silent, for he knew me not. Now he would lie wasted and listless, and on a sudden break into a fevered speech, talk of his boyhood or of fighting abroad, and continually the name of Lucille was on his lips, until I felt a dull anger against the woman who haunted him.

Those winter days were dark and long. The frost gripped hard. All the land was white, so that I could do but little work in the orchard, and had the more time to feel my grief, for idleness keepeth sorrow alive. Ofttimes I have wondered—the Saints forgive me—that work should have ever been called the first curse of man. Full sure am I that Adam, bent over his mattock, dripping sweat, was happier than brooding at the gates of his lost Eden. If my poor prayers availed they were for Brother Maurice, and to my joy, under Providence, his great strength cheated death. But he was for long bed-cast, and it was many weary weeks ere he could walk abroad.

None too soon came the time of stirring sap, swelling buds, the tacksmen at work again in the fields, the smell of the good brown earth, and the great forest gleaming green around the Priory. The hazels swinging their catkins, kingcups shining like jewels by the burn, the chestnuts waving their white torches, birds chattering in the ivy, the May-blossom shining in the sun; all the world breathed the promise of life, when spring, the kind spring of this Fair Province of Moray, came to the little glen.

On one fine May morning I was working contentedly in my orchard, and Brother Maurice was walking, as was his wont, along the path by the south wall. Presently he came near and watched me at my work.

'Michael, I have a mind to walk through the forest. Come! Thou wilt bear me company? Thy work is surely well forward. Come! The woods are young, and the day a delight,' said he.

Methought that his regained health and the scents and sounds of the sweet May day had wrought a change in him, for his eye was bright and clear, and his voice and smile almost happy. I hesitated and looked around. Truly, as he said, the day was a delight. So I gave full orders concerning his work to my knave Peter, to keep his hands from idleness and his mind from evil, and set off with the Bernardine through the woods.

The air was still, with a gentle heat in it; and in the cool shadows under the arches of the forest we walked for miles, saying but little, as men often do when there is much in their hearts. Coming to an open space on the hillside, we paused and looked down on the prospect, the miles of goodly Church lands, the tall trees of the royal forest; and far away the blue border of the sea, with the sails of moving carracks on it—a fair sight. The Bernardine looked for long at the scene, and then pointed to the distant towers of the Cathedral at Elgin, and the smoke of the town hanging in wisps against the sky.

'"Tis a true saying, the one in your old Gaelic tongue, "Blue are the hills that are farthest." Whatever is out of man's reach, his desire is towards it.' He sighed. 'Thou and I, Michael, have seen a less peaceful day in yonder town,' said he slowly, bitterly, I thought. Now, never once had he spoken of New Year's Day till then; and I, judging that he wished to forget it, had also kept silence regarding it.

We were knee-deep in the bracken. Below us was a hill-tarn, where the coots were 'kow-kowing,' swimming secretly among the reeds. Now and then a trout's jump made a tinkle in the silence. Cuckoos haunted the wood, throwing their calls to each other.

'The cuckoo-call bringeth back the past to me, Michael—old France and a summer day such as this. Hark!' he said, as the bird called again; 'sometimes I think it hath a mocking sound like some tireless, unchanging undernote in life.'

'Nay,' I made answer, for I knew his moods and would fain have kept his thoughts in tune with the sunshine—'nay, the bird calls for the joy of being alive in the spring and mating-time.'

'Such a day as this in old France,' he repeated, scarce, I think, hearing me. We stood for a space saying naught.

'Thou didst save my life, Michael, on New Year's Night. Better, perhaps, that I had fallen; but life is sweet, and I owe mine to thee. . . . Let us rest here.'

We sat down at the edge of the bracken, and there he told me something of his heart. The wish to share a secret that peradventure hides in every man, some hunger for his kind, may have stirred him, for he turned to me and said, 'Once, Michael—once,' he began, 'I—I loved a woman, and rejoiced.'

'Her name is Lucille,' I said boldly.

He looked straight at me, a question in his great eyes.

'Thou didst speak the name on New Year's Night, and it was on thy lips in the fever,' I said. He took my hard, stained hand in his white one; and thus we sat, I waiting for him to speak.

He pictured to me a goodly castle in France, the chase near it, the girdle of a silver river about it, the rich vineyards and the forests all around, until I longed to see the fair country. This was his home as a boy. More he did not say concerning his home, but I judged that he came of some great and powerful house. Much he told me of the days of his youth, for they were happy ones, and he lingered over the telling of them. Then coming to manhood, he bore arms like his forebears, and went through hot and bloody fighting under Francis of Guise. Returning, he met the woman of his dreams, his Lucille. It was strange to hear from one in his monk's garb of her fair hair and her eyes as gray and her heart as pure as Jehanne la Pucelle, the Soldier-Maid of Orleans, and of how he loved her, and how she loved him. Doubtless one in his holy office ought not to think or speak much of the things of this world, and never of the love of man or woman; but there lieth something in the heart of man older than any Church. Even I, as Master Lubias would have put it, with my sorry and pudding countenance, have had my dreams, and been as near heaven in them, I warrant, as through many ministrations of the holy friars.*

These two, then, did plight their troth, and he went back to the wars. But misfortune, and worse—black, sorry treachery—rode beside him. With him to the wars went one Etienne Dubois, a comrade in arms, but as false as a painted gaud, the man with the French doublet, the same who had appeared like an evil spirit in the Cathedral on New Year's Night, and who had nearly compassed the Bernardine's life afterward. The Bernardine's face lowered as he spoke of him.

They were both taken captive in a sortie at Verdun, carried off, and kept for many months. Then drawing lots for it, Dubois was given his freedom in exchange for a courtier of Charles the Fifth, and Brother Maurice was left alone in captivity.

'Those were dread times,' he said; 'but I was young and resolute then. Thoughts of home and of one waiting for me made my heart beat and kept hope alive amid the solitude of strangers. I watched and watched daily, hourly, and at length made good my escape. Better, far better, had I remained a prisoner.

'When I neared home, after months of hiding and travelling by night, I was met by strange glances and cold words.' He paused. 'The story is not long to tell now, good Michael. I know not what black falsehoods had been set forth, other than that my honour was held tarnished. I was suspected of being a traitor, and of bearing arms for the enemy to save my life'—his voice broke—'I, who would have given ten lives for France and King Henry! Too soon I found the key. Lucille, swayed by a haughty father, and in a maze of doubt and despair, was married, and to the traitor Dubois. He had lied to win her. Since excommunicated for foully slaying a great son of Holy Church, but for Lucille's sake it was in my heart to denounce him at Vespers on New Year's Night in Elgin. I never saw him again until our eyes met in the Cathedral. And I? . . . I took monk's vows in the blessed Order of the Val des Choux. And Lucille? . . . I spoke to her but once, and saw in her eyes that her heart was mine. But I was a monk. . . . Men prate lightly of "All's fair in love and war." 'Tis a lie, blasphemous against God and man!'

He rose to his feet.

'Let us homewards, Michael! Thou hast had but a lackmirth and sorry companion in me this summer day. But thou knowest now my life, like most men's—silver and shadow, shadow and silver.'

We went home through the quiet woods, and

* *Note by Brother Philip.*—The good Michael stubbornly causeth me to set this hollow delusion down, much against my will; but I greatly desire to hear his tale. So I set it down to keep the old man's mulish humour smooth.

in due time reached the Priory. The evening was still, and as we passed through the postern-gate, the Bernardine being in front, a strange thing came about. There struck on my ear the light clink of something falling on the path before me. I stopped. At the same moment, on the farther side of the road flanking the wall, there was a rustle in the undergrowth, as of some one hastening into hiding, and once I thought that I saw a short figure dart behind a tree-bole. But of this I was not certain.

The Bernardine had turned when I halted.

'See!' I said as I bent and picked up a little circlet that lay and glistered on the walk; 'some one cast this at our feet but a moment ago.'

I held it towards him. Two bright-red spots suddenly burned on his face, and his breath came swift and uneven. He took a step forward, seized it, and looked at it for a moment.

''Tis a sign for me, Michael,' he said, both gladness and sorrow in his voice, I thought. 'Some one—she—hath need of me. Saw you naught of the messenger?' He did not wait for any answer, but hastened back through the postern. I saw him straining his eyes along the white road and into the shadows of the wood beyond. After a while he returned.

'The road is as empty as my hand. No sign of living soul near. 'Tis strange!' His voice was shaking, and he looked strangely moved.

He looked again at the trinket. I came closer, and saw it. It seemed to be a little shield of half-a-finger's breadth and length, of a blue colour, certain gold markings on it, and in the centre a smaller device that I got but a glimpse of.

He looked at it for a moment. Forgetting me, forgetting his monk's vows, he pressed it to his lips, and then strode off to the Priory without a word, leaving me standing in astonishment.

I stood there for long, waiting and wondering, on the outlook for any stranger near the Priory, but no one came.

It was an evening of rare peace and beauty, all around the cushats making their soothing sound in the firs, and the cuckoos their call in the woods; but their voices fell dully on my heart. I felt a leaden sense of trouble, growing as the shadows melted into evening, and the evening into a dark and strangely silent night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next morning was another one of good summer sunshine, and in its brightness my vapours lifted. I rode Christina the mule into Elgin, my dog Elspeth capering beside us, for I had sundry purchases to make, and there was a market to be held in the town. I gained the Muckle Cross betimes, and set about my business. There were many booths and hucksters on the street, fellows bawling their wares; peat-futherers from the hills, henwives, and the like; sheep and nowt and cocks and hens making a great din; fellows singing ballads or playing the pipes; Merry-Andrews making jests and musick and keeping up a pleasing enough clatter, the countrymen and their wives and wenches gaping at them; the High Street holding a half-idle crowd, the taverns astir and humming like beehives. After a heartsome bargaining with one of the burgesses (and getting the better of him), I did buy from him certain goods for the Priory, and having seen to some poor needs of my own, lingered about the crowd, giving a fair good-day to such as I knew, and idly watching the throng, full of content after my bargain and a luckpenny of a chopin of ale, the sun shining warm and comforting on my back.

As I was standing on the causeway my eyes suddenly met another man's. He stood a little way out from the crowd, watching it. I knew him at once. He was the fellow whom I had seen struck in the mouth with a halberd on New Year's Night when we of the Priory were making our way down the High Street towards the Cathedral. The moment our eyes met he looked away swiftly and moved off, slinking into the crowd as I have seen an otter slip into a pool of the Black Burn; but I did watch him as he looked at me with a sidelong glance, and then away again. I was full sure that he was keeping his eyes on me. I know not why I tarried there. Curiosity, born of the Devil, leadeth many men (and more women) to sore straits. So there I lingered, and so did he, our eyes playing hide-and-seek amid the people. In the end I moved away, turning my back on him. Then, a thought seizing me, I walked swiftly towards the Smithy Port, and doubled suddenly on my steps. It was as I thought, for I nearly ran into the fellow as I turned the corner. He did not look at me this time, but passed me by with a manner of great unconcern. But I was not deceived. He was following me, and I cared not overmuch for his looks. However, I went my way, with my head high, not once looking behind, for it was broad day, and I had little to fear. Yet I wondered why a poor lay-brother should be chosen for such notice. There were many of the New Religion who did not scruple to flout and jeer at the faithful, and for a moment I thought he might be one of these deluded ones. But I was wrong. Coming to a press of people again near the Muckle Cross, I felt a touch on my arm, and a voice asked, 'Ar't Brother Michael of the Priory?'

I turned. There he was at my elbow! I had time to look narrowly at him. He was clad in a dark-brown jerkin and hose, like scores of the crowd on the street. His face was round, with a crop of grizzled hair; his eyes, as pale and colourless as his face, and his haddock's

mouth curiously reminded me of some staring fish. I feared him not, for I saw that he carried no arms, and indeed he looked to have more knowledge of the buttery than the armoury.

'Ye name me,' I made answer, civilly enough, but keeping a stiff upper-lip. 'What seek ye?'

'Naught for myself, good brother—naught! But I seek to be of vast service to one that ye know,' he said in a low voice. 'Let us come clear of the throng, for what I would say is for thine ear alone, and a matter most urgent.'

'I like not these mysteries,' I said at once, as we separated from the crowd. 'Are ye one toward the New Religion?' For I remembered New Year's Day, and his scowl among the rabble.

'Not I; but, to my shame, I did listen to these heretics for a season, and got the steel end o' a halberd on my mouth on New Year's Night in the by-goin'.' He fingered the gap in his yellow teeth quaintly enough as he spoke. ''Tis but a few months since. The Evil One must have been near me, for I confess I was mightily taken with the "Gude and Godlie Ballads." Ye have seen them?'

Now these ballads were woefully miscalled, for they were neither good nor godly, but breaths of poison by the makers against Holy Church; wherefore I answered hotly that I would not rest my eyes on the accursed things.

'Nor would I now, brother,' he said; 'but I wavered then, and had it not been for my Lady at Coreaster, whose servant I am, my soul might have gone down to the Pit.' He crossed himself devoutly. 'But her goodness was a light to me, and kept me in the true fold. She is as good as she is fair. The Saints guard her, as she guarded me!'

I asked him where he served.

'At Coreaster, in the household of the French kinsman of Innes of That Ilk,' he made reply.

Again I looked at him narrowly, and again our eyes met.

'I am of thy mind, Brother Michael,' he said at length. 'I like not mysteries. We do but fence. Do you doubt me?'

'Speak on!' I answered, for I had caught but a glimmer of his meaning.

'Nay, not here. The crowd hath eyes and ears. 'Twere more seemly i' "The Three Cushions," where is good March ale, and no harm in a chopin of it'—(or two, or three, or six chopins, said his fat, round face).

I hesitated. But the thought that the lady at Coreaster was the Lucille of the Bernardine's story stirred my blood. Masking my impatience, I went with him to the tavern.

There he chose a quiet corner, paid for two cool tankards, and drank to his better acquaintance of me. Then he said easily, with his fish-eyes fixed on me, 'I threw a bit bauble over the wall at the Priory yestreen. Ye picked it up and gave it to him they call Brother Maurice?'

I kept my countenance.

'Truly I had forgotten, but ye jog my memory,' said I. 'We thought 'twas some child's ploy, a poor jest. What of it?'

He pushed aside his tankard and leaned over, laying a hand on my arm.

'Come, good Michael, plain speaking and fair dealing are best. Ye know well him they call Brother Maurice at the Priory. Ar't his friend?'

'By the Rood, I am, in so far as a poor lay-brother may claim friendship with such an one as he!' Then I began to extol the Bernardine. He interrupted me.

'I aim not at discourtesy,' he said smoothly; 'but I know these matters. Of a truth I have heard that Brother Maurice is of a rare quality, as ye say. Tell me, said he naught concerning the trinket I cast over the wall?'

I was wary, and lied boldly and, I think, well. If a man hath it not in him to lie in the cause of his friend, neither hath he much of the truth in him.

'Nay, whatever he thought, he said naught. Come, sirrah! ye do but fence with me, and time passeth. I must to the road again. I cannot tarry here hearkening to bairns' tales of trinkets!'

'Fair and softly. But a moment, good Michael!' He hesitated.

I rose, feigning haste, but mightily concerned lest he took me at my word and let me depart without telling me more.

'Sit ye down and hear my message,' he then said. ''Tis from my Lady, to be given to Brother Maurice. I trust ye.'

'Come then, make speed!' I made answer, with a face of unconcern. Then he told me, with much whispering and vows of secrecy, of the coming to Coreaster of Etienne Dubois, the French kinsman of the Innes, and of his own taking service in his household.

''Twas a good day for me, Michael, for I owe my soul's peace to the Lady Lucille,' he continued. 'And seeing her lonely and unhappy, I would fain do her what poor service I can. To be plain with ye, I doubt not that my master at Coreaster is a mortal enemy of him they name in religion Brother Maurice. Why, I know not, but he hath sworn to have his blood!'

'The foul, excommunicated dog!' I said, off my guard for a blink.

'Ye know him, then?' he asked sharply, his fish-eyes still staring at me.

'Not I. Nay, I know not even where I heard of him. It may be old wives' clatter. True or false, I care not.'

'But 'tis true, Brother Michael, and a greater villain will never die unshriven. Not an hour would I tarry in his retinue were it not that my

heart goeth out in pity to my Lady, for he is but a sorry and cruel husband, his name a by-word in the countryside. But yesterday she sent for me. She wept not, for, "Good Gilbert, I have wept the well of my tears dry," said she.' He lowered his voice. 'She trusted me, and gave me the little token I threw ye yestreen. "For him they call Brother Maurice," she said. "Let it be given to him at once, Gilbert, for it saith to him, 'I am in trouble, and thou art in danger. We must meet.'"'

'Danger!' I repeated.

'Ay; it may be that Brother Maurice knew him long ago. Who knows? 'Tis not for us to pry. It may be that she loved him,' said Fish-Eyes, whispering. 'It may be that he hath not always worn a cowl!'

'Maybe! But get ye to the marrow of the matter, for I have tarried too long,' said I.

'The marrow of it, then, is that she hath discovered a design on thy friend's life by her husband and a creature of his, and hath sent the token by me to him. I know no more, other than that she is distraught, and must speak to him. Her husband is eastwards toward Aberdeen a-drinking and a-hawking with some kinsmen. Now, good Michael, wilt carry a message to Brother Maurice, and Heaven reward thee!'

Now I like not mysteries, as I have before said. What hindered this Fish-Eyes to have spoken himself to the Bernardine, and given him the token and the message? I asked him this.

'I tell ye plain,' he made answer, 'I have no mind to put my neck in a mink. For I was in the fight wi' the Inneses at the New Year. Further, I am a servant o' their kinsman, and 'gin I were caught prowling about the Priory'—— He shrugged his shoulders. 'The Most Reverend Prior, holy man or no', is an ill man to conter! I might have given the message, and gotten leave to cool my heels in the Priory dungeon, or maybe worse! Man, I care no' a luckan gowan for the monk, your familiar, but I passed my word to my Lady! Come, 'gin ye trust me not, do but ask Brother Maurice where the token came from, and'—here he eyed me and slowly drew from his pocket a letter—'here is the message from her.'

I had misjudged him. What he had said marched with the truth—his being with the crowd on New Year's Night, the enmity of Etienne Dubois to the Bernardine, the ownership of the little silver shield, and now a written message from the Lady Lucille herself.

I took it. It was sealed, and written on it were some words I took to be in the French tongue. There could at least be no skaith in carrying the letter. I made up my mind.

'He shall have it into his own hand in two hours,' I said. 'I ask ye to o'erlook my seeming to misdoubt ye, but we are in only middling honest times.'

'I did but hesitate for the same reason,' quoth he easily. 'Ye have done my Lady and Brother Maurice a service this day, good Michael!' he said, and shook me by the hand right heartily. 'But let us not be seen leaving here together. The town is as full of prowling heretics as a dog of fleas.' He went out, turning round to whisper to me that we should surely meet again. I went to the courtyard, saw Christina saddled, and rode homewards through the West Port, my thoughts in a see-saw between hopes and fears for the safety of the Bernardine.

By the time I reached the Priory I was more easy in my mind. Truly, the Bernardine was in some danger—I knew not what; but beyond doubt the Lady at Coreaster knew of it, and wished to put him on his guard. I sought him out at once.

It was after Vespers when I sought him in the orchard. His eyes tried to read mine.

'Thou hast seen her, Michael?' he asked eagerly.

I shook my head.

'But I have this for thee,' I said, and handed him the letter. He took it, and turned a few paces aside, so that I could not see his face. Then he came back to me and listened gravely as I told him of my meeting with the man Gilbert.

'Michael, again thou hast been a rare friend! The letter comes from her, even as the badge did. That spinner of black webs has thought of foul murder. Ever his way, rather than meet me in fair fight. But this time'—— His face lit up with a great joy. 'And I shall see her to-morrow—to-morrow!' He left me, forgetful, I could see, of my presence, in his thoughts of the morrow.

Now here I confess to a foolish thing. I again felt a childish anger against the woman. Why, I can scarce tell. True it was that she was doing him great service at that very moment. Yet I reflected that until New Year's Night peace was around us, and quiet days. Since then, the man in the French doublet; our near escape from a bloody death; the Bernardine's fever, and her name on his lips; and now, whispers of foul plotting against his life, and a tryst between the two on the morrow. Heaven forgive me! I know now that there was no cause of anger against her; but I had a man's bitter sense of being useless when his friend is on the edge of trouble.

Turning the day's happenings over in my mind, I resolved to be near the Bernardine on the morrow.

CHAPTER VIII.

I SLEPT lightly that night, indeed scarcely at all, and was up at cock-crow. Rather than lie awake, I rose and tried to work at clearing the shoots from my pear-trees ere the sun

climbed higher and the heat would become a burden. But my mind ran on Fish-Eyes and his message that I had carried. I pictured the outcome of the day in a hundred shapes, but to no filling purpose; and soon found that I was working with my hands only, not with my heart. Such work all good gardeners know to be worse than none, wherefore I cast my knife from me, and stood idle, a prey to uneasiness and ill-temper. Even the morning call of the mavis sounded harsh. It was I who was out of tune, not the bird.

Now on this day fell the Feast of Saint Columba the Abbot, and there were various holy offices in the Priory. Certain of these I attended, and saw the Bernardine in his place, but never out in the precincts. Again I tried to work, but could not; so I overlooked my knave Peter among the pear-trees, keeping a watching eye for the coming of Brother Maurice.

The idle hours crawled tediously; but at length, as the sun began to lower to the afternoon, I saw him come out of the Cloister Court. He strode off, looking neither to the right nor the left, and disappeared through the Good Gate at the west.

Then I got me a ladder and set it against the high north wall, mounted it, and watched him. He walked swiftly eastwards along the outside path, passing not three paces below me; but I was in the shadow of a great cedar overhanging the wall, and he did not see me. A turf-path across the Heldon Hill, a short cut to the Abbey of Kinloss from the Priory, joined the road near by. Reaching this, he paused for a moment, gave a glance backward, and then took the path and disappeared among the thick growth of the trees. I sat on the wall-top, pulled the ladder up, put it down the other side, and in a twinkling I was after him, creeping cautiously through the wood, quietly lest he should discover my presence, for my watching him might not have been to his mind.

When I saw him next he was standing under an oak on the farther side of a clearing, with his back to me, gazing down a ride through the wood. Here, then, I thought, was the tryst. I tiptoed back to a knowe behind a screen of trees, and lay there face downwards to watch, about a hundred paces from him. Right glad I was of the rest, for he had walked like one possessed.

There was a great stillness all around me; not a cloud in a sky of deep blue; the earth hot from the sun, for the day was windless; not a wrinkle on the peaty face of a lochan near by; the lush grass and the brackens as motionless as stones.

I had not long to wait, for a figure, a shadow dark and sudden in the bright sunshine, appeared behind him. It was clad in the black garb of the Order of the Benedictines, and came forward hurriedly, then stopped and hesitated, gazing round, it seemed to me, in timidity. The figure took a halting pace or two forward, and stood with clasped hands, near the Bernardine, looking as little and slight as a halfling boy. The ground was turfed, the soft footfall giving no sound, and he heard it not, for he stood without a move.

Then I heard a voice call softly to him, and the figure stood with outstretched hands as the Bernardine turned swiftly. I saw a great light in his eyes as he took the other's hands in his and then gently put back the hood. I nearly betrayed my presence by calling aloud, for — and it was marvel — as the hood fell back a mass of fair hair gleamed in the sun, and I knew that I looked on the Lady Lucille.

Now I ought to have gone straightway home, but I was younger then, and, I own, humanly concerned to see her fair face closer at hand; so I slipped round the edge of the wood on tiptoe, and, coming near, crouched among the tall bracken. The Bernardine and she were about twenty paces from me. I could see her broad white forehead, her dark eyes and fair hair, and as I looked I thought that I had never seen so fair a woman, even though set in so poor and drab a disguise as a Blackfriar's gown. She was talking earnestly in a low voice to him, her hands clasped in his, her fair head on his shoulder. I had no thought now to play the spy, being less anxious of my friend's safety, and resolved to return to the Priory.

I had been lying face downwards, and in my purpose to go rose to my knees, when suddenly I was seized from behind with amazing strength and swiftness. Two great hands were gripping my throat. I had not a second of time to cry out in, even if my fright would have allowed me. The fingers closed on me like steel claws. I was borne choking to the ground, the man's huge knees pressing into my back, my face crushed to the roots of the bracken, and the monstrous weight forcing the breath out of me, so that I imagined my ribs cracking and every moment my last. I gasped and tried to struggle, but the weight on me was murderous cruel. So for a time I lay, being, as I thought, slowly strangled, until there came a merciful blackness over me. When I came to myself my mouth was tightly gagged and my wrists and ankles tied, and I lay on the ground like a trussed fowl. Beside me sat two men; on one side a huge red-bearded lout, and on the other, looking at me with a sly, wicked smile, the man Fish-Eyes! I was in the jaws of a devilish trap. I cursed myself inwardly, for the gag was cruel, in its tightness bulging my eyes nearly out of my head, and I could not utter a sound. I made an effort to move, but Red-Beard dealt me a blow with the back of his

hand, put his lips to my ear, and whispered, 'Lie still, or'—— and then he did prick me wantonly in the great of my leg with a knife, the while Fish-Eyes' cruel smile covered his face, as he saw me wince from the red-hot pain.

There was nothing for it but to lie still. So, in terror of my life, my head singing from Red-Beard's fist, bound and helpless, I gave myself up for lost. Never was I in such a cold horror. I tried to pray, but own I could not, as I took what I thought might well be my last look at the sun.

But Fish-Eyes and the huge red man, seeing me quiet and motionless, paid but little heed to me. Rather they seemed on edge waiting for something else, and peered like two weasels through the undergrowth towards the Bernardine and my Lady, never taking their eyes off the two figures. I followed their looks, and, as luck had it, could also see them from where I lay.

They had no thought of concealment, but were standing where they had met in the open. The Bernardine was holding her in his arms. They stood there for a time, a strange, fair picture in the sunlight and the summer hush. Then the stillness was broken by a sound of passionate weeping, and I saw her shaken by sobs as she gave him adieu. She went a little way from him, her face in her hands. Anon she came back as though loath to go, and as she hesitated Fish-Eyes suddenly nudged his companion and pointed. My blood turned to ice, for shining against the green of the brackens opposite I saw the barrel of an arquebuse! What man accursed, Etienne Dubois himself, or some foul tool of his, lay behind it, I know not. My reason nearly left me. There I lay, as helpless as a snared rabbit, and Brother Maurice and my Lady within twenty paces of the secret lurking thing that raised its evil head like a snake out of the bracken.

As I looked I saw the Lady Lucille go a pace or two away again. Suddenly she held up a warning finger, and then slipped the hood over her face, pale with terror. Her ear had caught a sound. She listened for a moment. There was a movement in the wood. She sprang back to the Bernardine's arm with a little shuddering cry, and at the same moment the bark of the arquebuse rang out. The Lady Lucille put her hand to her side, swayed for a moment, and fell.

One might have counted ten in the dead silence, while the smoke of the powder hung about the bracken, and the Bernardine knelt beside the stricken figure. Red-Beard struck his knee with his fist, and swore a great angry oath in his beard.

'Now this is a foul day's work!' he whispered savagely to Fish-Eyes. 'I stay no longer. I am a man-at-arms, and came not out to slay a lass. She hath gotten the bullet instead of Sir Monk!' He rose to his feet and crossed himself, his great body a-trembling.

'Come, hasten! A curse will surely follow us!' he said to the worm Fish-Eyes, who still crouched in hiding, and the two men, without so much as a look at me, stole away swiftly among the trees.

I had a certain freedom for my arms, for, although my wrists were tied, my elbows were not bound to my sides. Remembering that my knife was in a pocket, I contrived, after great pain, to pull it out. Then, placing it between my knees, I sawed asunder the cords round my wrists. I scarce could hold the knife in my numbed and useless fingers, so tight had been drawn the cruel cords. Though I was in an agony of haste, minutes sped ere my blundering strokes set free my feet and loosed the gag. Then I ran towards the clearing where the Bernardine bent over the figure in black. He gave me one look. It hath haunted me ever since. Never have I seen such another on human face.

It was plain that she was beyond all aid from man. To see her, scarce more than a maid, lying there still and pale, so near her last breath, the bright June sun glinting on her fair hair, the green turf reddened, is more than I can speak of. We knelt beside her, her lover clasping her to him. She made no sign until at the end, his voice beseeching, she opened her gray eyes, and then looking at the Bernardine, said, '*Cher ami, . . . adieu!*' and died on the words, with a smile.

He held the little hands for long, then crossed them on the blood-stained bosom, kissed once her broad, white brow, and stood up, the look of grief and vengeance in his eyes blinding me, for it was not of this earth.

For a moment thus he stood, his face twitching. Then he gave a great cry, and, his face in his hands, hastened out of my sight into the wood whence the shot had come.

I was left alone, my heart full of black and bitter sorrow. Great penance have I done for my luckless part in carrying the letter. The memory of it is every day an open wound, for the man Fish-Eyes was a heartless traitor, a creature of his craven master Dubois. He had but feigned loyalty to the Lady Lucille to lure the Bernardine to his death through a lonely tryst with her. This he confessed within the year, on the day before his master and he and certain others most justly swung in a tow at Aberdeen for another matter.

There I was alone, beside me the corse, all around us the bright sun and the merry singing of birds. No sound but their voices, strange and beautiful in the presence of death, broke the silence, till I heard again a great cry, and cold clutched my heart, for the voice was that of a man *fey*, and I knew that I might

not see the Bernardine again in life. . . . It was I who came upon him that evening, dead, in a deep pool of the Black Burn, in his clenched hand the little silver token that I still keep.

Brother Maurice was the only name I did know him by; but that evening I heard the Reverend Prior say to himself, not seeing me present, and strangely moved as he looked on the dead man, 'The end of a great House, and the best swordsman in France!'

. . . . . .

The swift years have passed. Prior Alexander's tall stature lies quiet before the High Altar, near him many of the brethren. Strange changes I have seen, the New Religion raising its voice against Holy Church—ay, growing in men's minds, a marvel to think of.

Here in the vale of the blessed Saint Andrew, through royal provision, the Priory happily still holdeth rule (though hungry heretic eyes are cast on our worldly possessions more than on our souls), and here I hope to end my days and leave my old bones near my children of the orchard.

Not seldom, when I look afield on such summer days as this, and mark the peace brooding over the green hillsides, the memory of those dead matters that Brother Philip hath here set down seemeth but an old wives' tale. But my eyes fall on a secret green place overlooking the Priory where I know the Bernardine and the fair flower of France rest side by side in the great Minster of the woods; and in my dreams I sometimes see a tall white figure, and hear a great sad cry down the wind in the little Glen.

. . . . . .

'*Finis!*' said the reader, laying down the parchment. 'See what I found along with it. It has probably lain unseen for over three centuries.'

He showed us a little silver shield, tarnished, faintly streaked with red and gold. 'It is the token in old Michael's story—the badge of the Order of the Val des Choux, on one side the Royal Lilies of France and the arms of the Dukes of Burgundy.' He turned the shield round. On the other side, nearly undecipherable, was cut the words '*N'oublie pas.*'

We passed the message from the dead years from hand to hand, silently. It had lain in the long ago next the beating heart of a fair daughter of Old France.

The wind and the rain had ceased, the night holding a sudden quiet, scarcely flawed by a faint undernote from the beach, the aftermath of the gale. Over the poplars shone a single star, lonely and very bright.

Travers lingered in the room as we passed through the opened French windows to the lawn. Somewhere under his gift of silence and his conventional soldier's surface lay hidden an artistic lode. He went to the piano, and on the quiet summer night there floated out to us, sweet and poignant as the scent of the wet flowers around, the music of the Liebestod in *Tristan and Isolde*, voicing beyond words our thoughts of the mystery of Life and Love and Death.

WHEN DADDY COMES ALONG.

When we get up in the morning,
  It is often like a race;
And while daddy's busy dressing,
  Mummy's scrubbing at my face;
The staircase clock is ticking,
  And it's nearly time to go;
For daddy's got a train to catch,
  And trains are never slow.

It's a hurry and a bustle;
  'Breakfast's ready,' 'Sound the gong;'
For it isn't time to linger
  When daddy comes along.

When daddy's off to business,
  Then all the work begins;
Such a sweeping out and dusting,
  Such a washing-up of tins.
The clock still goes on ticking,
  Till six o'clock is near;
Then mummy puts her best gown on,
  And sings till daddy's here.

For all worries are forgotten,
  And the day becomes a song,
When there's whistling up the pathway,
  And daddy comes along.

EDITH L. ELIAS.

THE DEPTHS BENEATH.

By FRANCIS VIPOND.

CHAPTER I.

'YOU have not succeeded to a particularly rich inheritance,' said Hugh Angus dryly, gazing compassionately at his client, who stood in the embrasured window which looked out over the gray expanse of North Sea; 'in fact, not to put too fine a point upon it'—— He hesitated, not knowing exactly how to put the full bleakness of the situation before the young man.

Roger Bellingham turned and faced him. 'In so many words,' he said quietly, 'I am a pauper. Please explain to me exactly how things are, Mr Angus.'

Hugh Angus fingered the papers in front of him uncomfortably. He was a sandy-haired, clean-shaven man of some forty years, this north-country lawyer, with a shrewd face whose plainness was redeemed by the kindliness of his keen gray eyes. His client was a soldierly, well-set-up young fellow of four or five and twenty, smartly though quietly clothed, well groomed—a typical officer in a first-rate regiment, who has been educated at a good public school, and is a gentleman in the best sense of that much-misused word. The lawyer had looked forward with dread to this bad half-hour since the day, now a week ago, when Roger Bellingham's father had died suddenly, and the only son had been hastily telegraphed for from York, where he was stationed.

'As you know by the will,' Angus said in his precise voice, 'all there is is left to you, of course. Your father was not—er—exactly a slow mover, and he has left a lot of debts behind him. In fact, when everything is paid off, I fear you will not have much more than a couple of hundred a year to live on. You have, too, this property and house. There are farms, of course; but many are unlet, and all are in shocking repair. The ready-money was not available for putting farms in order. There is the coal-mine, which is still working, but the profits are small; it needs capital, and capital in these days of Government robbery is almost impossible to raise for such a purpose. The only thing you can do that I see is to sell or let the place; but I fear a buyer or tenant will be difficult to find. Such a place as this would not suit many people's—moneyed people's—taste.'

Roger Bellingham looked him squarely in the face with gray eyes as steady and as resolute as his own. He had always had an allowance of three hundred a year from his father since he left Sandhurst; poverty was unknown to him, but he had the courage of a fighting race, and he was not going to cry now over the milk his father had spilt, the fortune that had been gambled away.

'I shall leave the army and live on the place,' he said very quietly. 'There has been a Bellingham of Hedley since the Conquest, and as long as I live there will still be one. The property—is it mortgaged or encumbered in any way?'

'No,' returned Angus—a new respect dawning for the man he had hitherto regarded as a mere fine gentleman—'there are no mortgages or charges of any kind; but, as I tell you, everything has gone to ruin. Your father would listen to no advice. He made a few investments from time to time in companies that paid perhaps 15 per cent. for a year or two, and then collapsed. I am sole executor of the will, as you heard. I will do anything I can for you, Mr Bellingham, in any way. I am grieved beyond measure at the state of affairs.'

There was genuine sorrow in his voice, and Roger was quick to see it. He held out a small, brown, strong hand to his legal adviser, which was warmly shaken. 'Thank you,' he said. 'Now, the first thing, I take it, is to get rid of all the useless tribe of incapables my father kept here as servants. Ring the bell, like a good fellow, will you?'

The lawyer obeyed, and the footman who answered it was told to summon the whole household to the library, and withdrew, looking somewhat scared. After a short interval he collected his fellow-servants, and they filed into the huge, book-lined room, maids and men, grooms, coachmen, and chauffeurs, with the rest, the two keepers bringing up the rear. Roger's keen eye ran over them, and he singled out the old housekeeper and butler, man and wife.

'John Wilson and Mrs Wilson,' he began in his even, rather drawling voice, 'my father's death will make a most complete reorganisation of this household necessary. You two are pensioned by the will he left, as you heard when it was read after the funeral two days ago; also, old James M'Donald, the head-coachman. You can continue, as long as they may remain in my possession, to live in the cottages you now occupy. The rest of you will be paid a month's wages to-day, and will leave my service as soon as you can find fresh situations. I cannot afford to keep up a household; I am left an extremely poor man.'

There was a pause; then Mrs Wilson spoke up. 'John and me isn't going to take no notice after thirty years' service, sir,' she said respectfully—'me that was your dead mother's still-room maid, and carried you often in long-clothes, Mr Roger. We'll look after you, sir; you can't mind a house yersel' yet awhile.'

'I'll no' gang neither, wages or no wages,' chimed in Will Grey, the head-keeper; and the page-boy, Geordie Grey, his nephew (a lanky, overgrown lad of fifteen), echoed his uncle; while James M'Donald, with a triumphant glance at his hated rivals the chauffeurs, was understood to mutter that he was good to look after a horse or two single-handed for several years to come.

'We've lived on the fat of the land, Mr Roger, all these years,' said the stout butler, John Wilson; 'we've had good wages and a good master, though a bit a reckless one. We'll no' forsake his son if bad times is come.'

'Thank you,' said the new master. 'It is good to find in one's need that one has a few friends left.—Mr Angus, will you settle matters with them all?' He went slowly out of the room, leaving behind him a silence of stupefaction.

The lawyer got to work, and the wages were paid, with the assistance of the house-steward, who, like the rest, was leaving the sinking ship.

CHAPTER II.

HEDLEY SEA-HOUSE, Roger Bellingham's home, was, as Mr Angus had said, certainly not the kind of residence to appeal to all men's taste. It stood—a desolate, rugged gray pile—several miles from any town, perched high on the cliffs of the wild Northumbrian coast. So close, indeed, was it to the edge of the cliff that from some of the windows a stone dropped would fall sheer two hundred feet to the shingle of the beach below, on which a relentless surf beat constantly, for even when it was not blowing there was usually a heavy ground-swell. So exposed was the situation chosen for his fortress-residence by the Norman Roger Bellingham that in the gardens behind the house, though they were enclosed by a thick, high wall of solid stone, hedges of juniper were planted at regular intervals to prevent both flowers and vegetables being blown bodily out of the beds in which they endeavoured to grow. Half a mile away from the lodge-gates was a small colliery village inhabited by the pitmen who worked in Hedley Main, Roger's unremunerative coal-pit.

Here also, in an ugly, square, comfortable house, dwelt Hugh Angus and his sister Katherine (for he was not a married man), who managed his domestic affairs for him.

Sparsely dotted about were the cottages of a few agricultural labourers and the ruinous farms of which Hugh had told their new owner; but the country was too bleak for farming to be a remunerative occupation, and those who held the farms probably did so because their fathers had been there before them, and they did not care to seek out better land in a strange country.

The inhabitants of Hedley Main stared curiously at their new landlord the next day as he rode slowly through the grimy, coal-soiled village. His slender figure and the eye-glass in his eye excited, it must be confessed, somewhat adverse comment from the bondagers (rough girls who work in the fields) and pit-brow lasses.

'Yon's nobbut a puir bit thing to call 'issel' a lad,' said one contemptuously. 'He'll no' bide ower lang here, I'm thinkin'. T'owd lad, he were a mon.'

'Deil mair like, by all sayin',' returned an older woman shrewdly; and indeed it is to be feared that her description was not far off the truth.

Roger, unimpressionable as he appeared, nevertheless noted the passive antagonism that greeted him everywhere he went. He had never before been amongst them, these people who lived so close to the gates of his home. His mother had died when he was a tiny boy, and then set in that wild downward career of his dead father, which, to his credit be it said, he had not cared that the boy should have part or lot in. Roger was sent early to school, and his holidays were seldom spent at home. Then came Sandhurst, with its new friends, the opening of his career; then York, and the joy of companionship with brothers-in-arms. Now all this was behind him, and he was here amongst those people, who as yet despised and distrusted him, but for whose welfare, nevertheless, he was responsible. He noticed as he rode past the 'Seven Stars' (the one inn of which the village boasted) that a crowd of miners was gathered about its door, to whom a seedy person, in a bowler hat and tweeds that had been dear at thirty shillings the suit when new, was addressing impassioned oratory. He only caught fragments of the discourse as he passed.

'Blatant aristocrat! Robber of your hard-earned shillings!' drifted to him, and the grimy crowd in coal-stained clothing and heavy clogs turned and stared at the tall, slim figure in well-cut gray clothes, on the serviceable black pony, with a low growl of dissatisfaction and enmity.

Roger slid off his father's favourite shooting-pony—the valuable animals in the stable were to be sold; this, the old man's favourite, and another, a gaunt and hideous but serviceable gray mare of seventeen-two hands, called Queen Anne, were to be kept under the care of James M'Donald—at Hugh Angus's garden-gate, as Hugh himself came down the gravel path to greet him.

'There is a stable here,' he said genially.—

'Here, Geordie, take Mr Bellingham's pony and put her up.'

A tall, thin, rather sad-looking man took the cob from Roger and led her away to the back regions. Her rider followed Angus into the house, where he found himself in a comfortable smoking-room.

'The people here seem uneasy,' said Roger bluntly. 'What is wrong?'

'Many years of mismanagement,' returned Hugh with equal directness. 'You will have to live it down, Mr Bellingham. If you had the money to help things on a bit it would be different. As it is'——

'Tell me plainly, without mincing matters, what you mean,' said Roger, dropping his eyeglass from his eye. 'If things have gone wrong, I am here to try at least to set them right. These villagers look upon me as a sort of pariah.'

Angus looked hard at him. The man of fashion had vanished with startling completeness, and the man of affairs and responsibility had suddenly taken his place.

'The manager of the pit is a rotter,' said the lawyer with sudden candour. 'The condition of things is altogether on a bad system. See the men; talk to them yourself. As it is, they are smouldering. If they strike, and this pit stops work, you may close it for ever. Keep them at it, mark time, and it may pan out great things. There is plenty of coal in it. It only wants capital. Your father took no interest in it or them; he merely ground them as human machines. Now they are beginning to resent it.'

'I see,' said Roger. 'Well?'

'It isn't well,' returned Angus. 'They have got an agitator amongst them now, and in fact I believe we are on the threshold of a strike. That, of course, means the end of Hedley Main pit, Mr Bellingham.'

'If you would be so kind,' said Roger quietly, 'I should be obliged if you would sack the present manager of the colliery. I have looked into things, and he is not at all, from any point of view, efficient—mine as much as the men's. For the future I will manage the colliery myself.'

Hugh gasped. 'He was a great favourite of your father's,' he said at last.

'My father was not always, I fear, quite wise,' returned Roger gently; and both men said no more, but both knew that a scoundrel had met with no more than his just reward. It was evident that Roger had, as he said, been 'looking into things' with a vengeance.

'Money, I know, is not only scarce, but non-existent,' went on Roger; 'but things here hurt me. I have cottages in the village that look—well, I've seen no worse slums in towns. All the people look so poor. I want to remedy that a bit.'

Hugh held up his hand. 'Go slow, Mr Bellingham—go slow,' he said. 'You must have money, and you can't do anything without it. Mark me, there is much to come out of that pit if you can only put a little money in. Keep it going, see the men, talk them over; but get money. Can't you marry money?' he wound up desperately.

'Good Lord, I never thought of that!' said Roger Bellingham blankly.

CHAPTER III.

ROGER BELLINGHAM and Angus made their way along a grimy wagon-way to the pit-head. The shifts were changing, and a small crowd of colliers in clogs and scanty, coal-smeared clothes stood, with safety-lamps alight and bait-cans slung over powerful shoulders, waiting for the men below to come up that they might go down and take their places.

They eyed their new master with unmistakable, sullen ill-will. He faced them quietly for a second, looking them over, and noting the animosity with which they stared back. Then he spoke, and every man there heard his words plainly.

'Men,' said Roger in his slow, deliberate voice, 'I understand you have grievances. I shall be obliged if you will choose out six men from amongst yourselves and send them to me at any time you like to-morrow to state the causes you have of complaint. If you can show me that things are not as they should be, I will endeavour, as well as I can, to remedy them. We are going to start on a fresh system. I have already discharged the present manager, Adam Carr, and I am getting a colliery expert from Newcastle to advise as to the equipment of the pit, which I believe to be totally inadequate. Is that so?'

A grizzled pitman stepped forward. 'Ay, lad, ye're reet,' he said emphatically. 'We've naething ither foak ha'e i' pits—electric drills, an' haulage, an' sich. Even th' props is fair rotten, an' th' windin'-gear—weel, it winna wind muckle mair, I reckon. Ye've done a guid day's warrok sackin' yon Adam Carr, ony gait. Us an' thee are weel shut o' the likes o' him.' He spat on the ground as if to get the taste of Carr's name out of his mouth, and looked keenly at his master, who stared steadily back at him.

'We will get a man who knows his job to take the pit in hand,' went on Roger impassively; 'and the wages scale must be gone into and reorganised as well. What I propose is a fixed and just minimum wage, with a sliding-scale bonus on the earnings of the pit to each man, whatever his grade, who works in it. Well, lads, think over what I have said, and tell the other shift when they come up. Settle on your men, and send them up to me to-morrow. Good-day to you.'

'Good-day,' echoed the crowd; and Jock Neil, the old viewer who had spoken up, turned to

his mates as Angus and Bellingham walked slowly back together down the wagon-way.

'Yon 's good stuff,' he said. 'He 'll play fair, yon chap. Tak' ma word, lads, ye 'll dae better tae hauld to him an' pit th' other lad doon at th' "Seven Stars" i' th' beck. He 's nobbut good for spoutin' an' boozin'.'

There was no more talk of the strike that day. The agitator at the 'Seven Stars' found that *his* star had unexpectedly set, though; the Northumbrian miner is not a communicative person, so he could not discover what had caused such a sudden waning of interest in his impassioned oratory. His discomfiture was completed in the evening, when, after he had delivered a flood of abuse directed mainly and by name at Roger Bellingham and Adam Carr, he found himself suddenly seized by a dozen pairs of strong and coaly hands and dropped into the mill-stream already alluded to by Jock Neil as 'th' beck.'

'Thou 'd better haud thee clack roond here,' advised that disciplinarian grimly as, dripping and swearing, the agitator scrambled out. 'We 've had mair than enoo o' yer jaw!'

They turned away laughing, and left him.

Next day he went back to Newcastle, and in the same carriage with him there travelled the discharged manager, Adam Carr, who too was vowing vengeance against Hedley Main and all its ways, works, and inhabitants. Long before the town was reached the two men had struck up a common cause—a grievance; and when they left the train it was together, a suitable pair, as Hugh Angus—who had also travelled by the same train—remarked to himself.

'I shouldn't be surprised if they mean mischief,' he said to himself as the men turned into a dingy public-house. 'I 'll try to keep in touch with these two blackguards. One thing, there will be no strike yet awhile; but it was touch-and-go. Bellingham has at any rate succeeded in marking time. The men were ripe for mischief, and small blame to them. I 'd have struck myself with Carr cheating all round.'

In the public-house Carr and Satterthwaite the agitator had their heads very close together. Bellingham had started by making two enemies.

CHAPTER IV.

ROGER BELLINGHAM sat in the library, which he had turned into his only living-room that he might economise domestic labour and fuel. His household was reduced to old Wilson and his wife, the page-boy Geordie Grey (now promoted to the coveted title of footman), and a stalwart damsel rejoicing in the somewhat magnificent appellation of Josephine, whose work appeared to consist in doing everything that no one else felt it incumbent to perform.

'She 's a rare willing lass is Josephine,' said Mrs Wilson; and on this striking testimonial Josephine Neil became part of the little establishment which she had originally entered as under-scullery-maid some months before the death of the last master. She was a daughter of the pitman Jock Neil, a Northumbrian born and bred, shrewd, rough of speech, loyal and true-hearted.

Bellingham impatiently pushed aside the papers at which he had been working all morning and part of the afternoon. It was hard work this straightening out of the threads his father had so grievously entangled. He thought he would go up to Hedley Main and see if Hugh Angus had got back from his visit to Newcastle and his interview with the colliery expert.

As the master of the house crossed the hall, however, the front door-bell clanged, and, man-like, he paused with intent to flee before the visitor.

A door leading to the back regions burst open, and Josephine, hurriedly securing a clean muslin apron round her substantial waist, appeared.

'Where is George?' demanded Roger severely.

'Geordie hasna his claes on yet, sir,' replied the damsel; and it was only on reflection that Roger realised that his servitor was not clothed in the costume of Adam, but had not yet found time to adorn himself in livery. 'Mrs Wilson said I maun gang an' see wha 's at th' dure.'

'Make haste, then,' said the master. 'Mind, though, I can't be bothered with people. Say I 'm not at home, Josephine.'

'Ay,' was Josephine's brief response, and Roger stepped out of sight into an alcove as she threw back the massive door. From this hiding-place he heard distinctly the ensuing dialogue.

'Is Mr Bellingham at home?' asked a high-pitched, clear, aristocratic voice, the voice of a woman of position and breeding.

'Ay,' returned Josephine serenely; 'he 's within, but he doesna wish to see ye.'

It was evident that Josephine had been brought up on George Washington-like principles; and Roger, to save the situation, came desperately out of his lair.

Under the portico was an old-fashioned barouche drawn by a superb pair of bay horses driven by a stout coachman. There was no footman. In the carriage sat a strange figure—a woman with a painted face wrinkled with age, piercing dark eyes, golden-yellow hair surmounted by a youthful picture-hat. Beside her sat a sweet-faced girl of two or three and twenty. The elder woman leaned forward as he went to the side of the carriage. She gave an impish hoot of laughter.

'So, Roger Bellingham, you don't want to see me?' she cried. 'A nice way to greet your godmother!'

In a flash Roger remembered who she was—Lady John Jessell, his father's old friend and his godmother, a woman, so report said, of almost fabulous wealth, who lived in Eaglehurst Tower—a huge house—alone with her niece and ward, some five miles away.

'The maid misunderstood,' said Roger, the hot colour in his face. 'You see, Lady John, at present the place is upside-down, and I have nowhere to receive visitors. If I had known it was you it would have been different. Won't you come in and have some tea in my den?' He opened the door of the barouche, and Lady John descended with alacrity. The tall girl followed the old lady, and Lady John suddenly pushed her forward.

'Don't you remember my niece Marcia, Roger?' she said. 'You and she were playmates years and years ago.'

'Yes,' said Roger gravely, 'I remember; she had long yellow pigtails, and we were always in mischief.—We were very good friends then, Miss Jessell. I hope you will be as good to me now as you were then.'

Marcia Jessell's gray eyes rested kindly on him. 'I'll try,' she said; and Lady John smiled sardonically.

'I must marry money. Marcia Jessell will be very rich,' flashed unbidden into Roger's brain as the agitated George brought in tea. Here, perhaps, was a way out of the financial mire into which he had fallen.

'Roger has grown into a very nice man,' said Lady John as she and her niece drove away later on. 'Nice boys don't always.'

Marcia did not answer; there was a troubled look in her sweet face, which, luckily for her, Lady John did not see.

'I asked him to dine and stay for a night next week,' went on the old lady. 'We must do what we can to make things bearable for him.'

'Yes, of course we must,' returned Marcia slowly, and silence fell between them for the greater part of the long drive home. Lady John was scheming, Marcia dreaming and castle-building. But the central figure in their thoughts was the same—a slim, tall, flat-shouldered man, with a slow, drawling voice, an eye-glass which masked a keen, quick eye, and a fair, up-twisted moustache which concealed a small, resolute mouth.

'Roger has grown into a man of possibilities,' said Lady John as the carriage drew up at her own front door.

'Yes,' agreed Marcia rather wistfully. Into her mind crept the picture of another man—quite a commonplace, uninteresting man—who for the last year had occupied a large share of her thoughts. 'A probability, as far as I am concerned, if I know Aunt Julia,' she added bitterly to herself.

CHAPTER V.

MEANWHILE Roger, as soon as his guests had departed, set forth for Hedley Main. He was extremely anxious to hear the result of Angus's visit to Newcastle and the report of the colliery expert on the papers that the lawyer was to lay before him.

He rang the bell of the lawyer's house, and felt distinctly disappointed when the trim parlour-maid who answered it told him that Angus had not yet returned.

'Might I wait for a bit till Mr Angus gets back?' he asked.

As he spoke a lady crossed the little square hall, a tall, slender woman of perhaps four-and-twenty years, whose copper-brown hair caught rich lights from the dying wintry sun, and whose dark-gray eyes, large and steady, looked at him kindly as she came forward and held out a small, strong, white hand. He noticed that her mouth, curved with a smile of welcome, was beautiful both in shape and colouring, and that her soft white chin was firm and determined.

'Come in,' she said; 'Hugh won't be long. I will give you some tea while you are waiting for him. I am his sister Kate.'

He followed her into a dainty drawing-room, whose fine parquet floor was covered with old, richly coloured Persian and Bokhara rugs and magnificent tiger and lion skins. Dotted over the room were deep, comfortable chairs and sofas upholstered in old-world chintz. On a huge open hearth burnt logs which threw out the ruddy light and comfortable warmth peculiar to a wood-fire. On a big silver tray stood tea-things, and a silver kettle crooned contentedly over the blue flame of a spirit-lamp.

'I am very glad of your company,' said Kate, measuring tea into a venerable Queen Anne tea-pot. 'I always think tea by one's self is a very dreary meal. I don't wait for Hugh, he so often misses the train.'

A strange feeling of rest and peace stole over Roger as he watched her pour boiling water from the silver kettle into the teapot. Here at last was peace, and the spirit of Home brooded. She looked up and caught his eyes fixed on her.

'Nothing wrong, is there, Mr Bellingham?' she asked in sudden anxiety. 'The men at the pit are not doing anything silly, I hope?'

'No; they are all right,' said Roger. 'I was only wishing you could make tea for me every day. My own efforts are not over-successful.'

Kate laughed.

'You will improve in time,' she said. 'Ah, here comes Hugh.—Train late as usual, Hugh?'

'Yes,' returned her brother, shaking hands with his client. 'There was a fellow travelling with me who asked all kinds of things about the pit, Mr Bellingham. He must have been a colliery company's manager on the lookout for fresh country, I fancy. He seemed to know what he was talking about pretty well. He let fall hints that he intended buying up a colliery in this district if he could find a decent one on the market. Finally he said he was coming in a day or two to see me on business, which I sup-

pose means he is going to make you an offer. Would you sell if he did?'

'I don't know,' returned Roger slowly. 'I want to get things in better order first, anyway. It might be worth thinking of later on, though, if we get a good price offered. What about the colliery expert?'

'He comes next week,' returned Angus. 'I've got a resident colliery engineer for you—cheap, too—a young nephew of mine who knows his work thoroughly, and has just passed his final exam. Now he wants a berth on his own account, and is willing to start at a low figure. Gerald Angus his name is. He is my dead brother's only son; he is twenty-three, and a good worker. I hope I've done right, Mr Bellingham. He is coming to see you to-morrow morning, if convenient to you.'

'If he is as good a chap as you, I'm lucky,' said Roger. 'When will he start work if he'll take on the job and I like the look of him?'

'At once,' returned the man of law. 'He can live here with Kate and me if he likes. There is plenty of room in this old barrack for another, and Kate will like to have him about. He is much nearer her age than I am. My brother Jerry was the eldest of the family, she the youngest, and I come midway between.'

'He was a very nice boy when he was here last year,' remarked Kate. 'The neighbourhood quite spoilt him, thanks to Lady John Jessell, who was always having him over for tennis-parties and dinners and dances. It was a wonder his head wasn't turned.'

'I expect it is a good hard one,' laughed Hugh. 'All Anguses are celebrated for the thickness of their skulls and the steadiness of their wits, Mr Bellingham. Will you stay and dine with us? I'll send down a message to Mrs Wilson if you will.'

Roger hesitated a moment; then his glance fell on Kate.

'Thanks most awfully!' he said boyishly. 'I will, with pleasure. It is lonely work down at the Sea-House all by one's self. I am going to Lady John Jessell's for a night next week. She came to see me this afternoon with her niece, my old playmate Marcia, who has grown into an awfully pretty girl.'

'So Gerald said,' remarked Kate rather dryly. 'Lady John is going to marry Marcia to Mr Bellingham,' flashed across her brain.

It so happened that at the same moment Lady John sat in her own sanctum with a miniature in her hand, her hard old face strangely softened, her brilliant dark eyes moist with tears. The miniature was a portrait of Roger's father, painted long ago, when he and Lady John had been young together.

'If I had married him,' whispered Lady John to the firelight, 'things would have been very different. Roger is the image of him. I wish Marcia were my daughter. Still, she is my niece, my own flesh and blood. He will be good to any woman he marries.'

She shut the case of the miniature with a sigh and locked it carefully into an old-fashioned bureau, then sat down again before her desk and wrote a note to Roger asking him to stay several days next week and shoot.

'One can't do much with one night,' she said as she sealed the note and dropped it into her post-box.

CHAPTER VI.

'IF you please, sir,' said Geordie as Roger was finishing his lunch next day, 'there 's a gentleman wishes to speak with you. It is Mr Gerald Angus, sir. He 's waitin' on ye in the library.'

Roger rose with alacrity. He was very anxious to see what manner of man Hugh's nephew was likely to be, for he realised that upon him greatly depended the success or failure of his own attempt at reorganising on a sound footing the working of Hedley Main colliery.

A square-shouldered, rather short man stood looking out of the window. He was dressed in very well-cut but well-worn clothes of blue serge, which gave him somewhat the appearance of a naval man, an effect further increased by his sturdy figure and healthy bronzed face, which was clean-shaven, showing a square jaw and a very determined mouth. Plain though Gerald Angus undoubtedly was, there was something very attractive about him, and Roger at once felt it as he shook hands with him.

'That chap ought to be in the navy,' he said to himself.

'I've been down the pit with my uncle this morning, Mr Bellingham,' said Angus, lighting appreciatively the excellent Turkish cigarette offered him by his prospective employer. 'I think it will have very good prospects when things are brought more up to date. There must be, I fancy, plenty of coal if we can only get it out. The workings now extend so far that you will want a lot of plant for saving time in getting it to the surface—electric haulage instead of ponies, machine-drills, improved ventilation, and winding-gear.'

Roger nodded. 'Yes,' he answered in his slow, deliberate voice. The glass in his eye completely masked his expression, and Angus felt half-afraid the man might be the useless fine gentleman he appeared. 'Those workings go the best part of four miles out under the sea. One of the fellows who came here a day or two ago to talk things over with me told me that when a big storm is on there is one place where you can hear the roar of the sea above you when you are working down there. What do you think of taking on the job of managing engineer?'

'I'd like it awfully,' said Angus eagerly. 'It is a big chance for me. You see, it means that the pit will have to be rearranged completely, and I can do it—if you will let me—on my own ideas. The expert Uncle Hugh tells me you are employing is a man I've done a lot of work under, and I shall feel quite safe in carrying out his advice. I think I may say I am thoroughly at home with his methods.'

'Good!' said Roger more slowly than ever. 'What about the men?'

'Satterthwaite has done an infernal lot of harm,' returned Gerald Angus. 'Fellows like him ought to be hung. However, he's quitted now, and the men seem to realise that you mean to try to improve things all round. I think if they are left alone, and not got at, they will be all right. If they strike it is all up with Hedley Main; but Uncle Hugh says they are a lot more reasonable than they were a week ago, before Carr and Satterthwaite took themselves off.'

'What about the salary?' asked Roger. 'Your uncle said he would arrange with you about that.'

'That is all right, Mr Bellingham,' returned the young man, slightly flushing. 'May I consider, then, that it is settled—that I enter your service at once?'

'As soon as you can,' said Roger heartily.—'What is it, George?' he added to his youthful footman, who came rather doubtfully into the room with a card on a salver.

'A gentleman wishes to see you, sir,' he said, presenting the card to his master.

'Mr Smith, Manchester,' he read. 'Who the dickens may Mr Smith of Manchester be?—Bring him in here, George, and we'll see.—No, don't go, Angus,' he continued, as the young man prepared to leave.

Angus sat down again, and as he did so the footman ushered in a tall, slim man, very upright and alert, with the flat shoulders of the drilled man. He wore eye-glasses, and his mouth was hidden by a large, fair moustache. He looked doubtfully from one young man to the other.

'Mr Bellingham?' he said to Angus.

'My name is Bellingham,' struck in Roger. 'What can I do for you, Mr Smith? This is Mr Gerald Angus, the manager and engineer of my colliery.'

Mr Smith glanced sharply at Angus, who saw the look and remembered it.

'It is about your colliery, Hedley Main, that I have come to see you, Mr Bellingham,' he said in very precise tones. 'I was given to understand that you might be willing to sell it. I am the representative of a large firm of colliery-owners in Lancashire and the Midlands, and we now want to increase our output, especially here in Northumberland, where we are as yet unrepresented. Would you consider the question of selling your pit or pits, sir?'

Roger shook his head.

'I think not at present, Mr Smith,' he drawled. 'In a year or so I might perhaps wish to do so, but certainly not now.'

Mr Smith looked extremely disappointed, but he found Roger quite immovable.

'Well, sir,' he said at last as he found that Roger really was determined not to part with his coal-pit, 'I trust you may find it advisable, as in your own interests you probably will, to reconsider your determination. We, with our large capital and experience, would find it much simpler to reorganise the pit than you will. If you feel that you would like to change your mind, will you let me know? I can then make you an offer on behalf of myself and my partners. Mr Henry Smith, the Midland Hotel, Manchester, will always find me, or I have an office in John Dalton Street. Good-afternoon, sir.' He bowed ceremoniously, and followed George (who had been rung for) out of the room.

'That fellow,' said Roger slowly, as the front door clanged in the distance, 'for all his perfect English—too perfect for an Englishman—is a German. Did you notice his bow? And he has served as a soldier. Also, he has a sword-cut on his jaw-bone. Wonder what his game is that he wants a colliery?'

'Probably to ship coal over to Germany,' said Gerald. 'Newcastle is a handy port—far more handy than the other coalfields. Probably his talk of coal-pits in other places was all bluff, though. He seemed very well acquainted with the state of affairs at Hedley Main, sir. I wonder where he got his information from?'

'Carr, very likely. He may have knocked up against him in Newcastle,' replied Roger. 'It won't be a bad plan to keep in touch with Herr Henry Smith, and then we may find out a little more about his plans. Stop and have tea with me, Angus.'

'Thanks, I will,' said Angus.

CHAPTER VII.

'MR BELLINGHAM,' announced Lady John Jessell's butler a week later. Roger had come to dine and shoot; and as he walked into the big drawing-room at Eaglehurst at about ten minutes to eight, he found that it was full of smart women and well-groomed men, and he wondered if it was one of her 'big nights,' when scurrilous Society papers hinted that play ran high. It was rumoured that on one of these nights when baccarat was played, before the days of bridge, Lady John had won something like ten thousand pounds, and a neighbouring duchess had pawned her diamonds.

The old lady came forward to greet her godson. She looked more bizarre than ever, with her wrinkled, painted face, her elaborate yellow wig a little on one side as usual, her dress almost regal in its magnificence of purple velvet and priceless old lace, her wizened little person absolutely blazing with diamonds.

'Take Marcia in to dinner,' she commanded him in her abrupt, autocratic manner. 'I hope you play a decent game of bridge.'

'I've given the game up,' said Roger in his quiet, even drawl; 'I invariably lost, and usually trumped all my partner's best cards, so it seemed wise to do so in the interests of all parties.'

Lady John looked very sharply at him. 'Then I am afraid you will have to amuse Marcia for the rest of the evening, as every one else plays,' she said dryly. 'I do not allow her to play yet. It is not—Eaglehurst bridge at least—a game for the *ingénue*.'

Roger was astonished at this remark. The worldly old woman, a notorious gambler, had some notion of what was fitting for her niece at any rate.

Before, however, anything more could be said a gong sounded, and they made their way into the huge, oak-panelled dining-room, lighted with candles fixed in sconces on the panels of the wall.

'How are your pitmen getting on?' asked Marcia as they commenced dinner. 'We heard that there was a likelihood of a strike at Hedley Main.'

'They are simmering just now,' said Roger. 'They may boil over any time, but I hope the worst is past. I sacked my father's manager; an awful bad lot the chap was, and he can think himself lucky I didn't prosecute, which I ought to have done. The men hated him, and that soothed them a bit for a start. I got an expert from Newcastle, who went thoroughly into things yesterday and the whole of to-day, and he has told me exactly what needs to be done. There is a precious lot, too. I thought the fellow was never going to stop telling me of things I must fit that pit up with, from props to new cages. I've also got a first-rate chap as manager and resident colliery engineer. By the way, he said you knew him—Gerald Angus, the lawyer's nephew.'

Marcia dropped a fork into an entrée-dish that a footman was handing to her, and did not answer for a moment.

'Yes, I saw a good deal of him last year,' she said at last. 'Do you mean that Mr Angus is coming to live at Hedley Main?'

'Yes,' returned Roger. 'He is taking up his abode with his uncle for the present. We are both going to work like niggers over the pit. You've no idea how interesting a coal-pit can make itself, independently of its financial possibilities.'

'I've often wanted to go down one,' said Marcia with genuine interest. 'Will you take me down Hedley Main when you get it ready for visitors?'

'Yes, of course, with pleasure,' returned the young man. 'You have to go three or four miles under the sea to reach the workings where they get the coal now. It is nearly an hour's ride in a dirty little tub of a truck drawn by a pony at present. We are going to put in electric haulage as soon as we can. But the first thing to do is to make the ventilation better, and get good winding-gear. If we had a bad smash now it would ruin me—compensation, and that, you know.'

Marcia kept him to the subject of the pit for almost the whole of dinner. He marvelled at her adherence to the subject of mines and mining, in which she displayed an intelligent interest.

'Tell me more about Hedley Main when the others start bridge,' she said, as she rose to follow her aunt to the drawing-room.

Bridge appeared to be the business of the evening. The men, when they left the dinner-table, went straight to a card-room where tables were placed ready.

Lady John looked very business-like as she took her place at one with an elderly young man whom she had cut as her partner, and who Marcia subsequently told Roger was the son of a wealthy wine-merchant and brewer who had recently received a peerage, and had bought an adjacent estate, where he proposed to play the part of landed proprietor and country gentleman.

'Auntie will be in a good temper to-morrow,' the girl told Bellingham as they started to play patience together near the fire. 'She and Mr Winter always win when they cut together. Look how sour old Sir John Flood and Mrs Sebright look at playing against them. Aunt Julia won't let me play at all, Mr Bellingham. She has made me promise never to play for money. She says gambling is a curse.'

'She is right,' said Roger, wondering how many thousands his father had squandered at the baccarat and bridge tables at Eaglehurst. What a queer mixture the old woman must be! he thought. He was quite happy, anyway. Marcia was very pretty and very attractive, and he gave himself up to the pleasure of the moment, quite unaware of the fact that Lady John's keen dark eyes were from time to time glancing sharply in the direction of the couple by the fire, who seemed quite engrossed in each other's company. They had taken up the threads of their interrupted friendship, that was abundantly clear; and Lady John's rather grim countenance was wreathed in smiles as later on she bade Roger good-night. Her plan showed prospects of succeeding, and she had won heavily. But it was a long time before sleep came to Marcia, tired as the girl was. A strong, plain face, with a firm

mouth and steady gray eyes kept whirling in her weary brain.

'He would never think of caring for me,' she said to herself, hitting her embroidered pillow viciously. 'I can't tell him I love him, though I would if he would only show one sign of caring for me. Oh, what a horrid world this is!' And at last she slept the sleep of sheer exhaustion.

CHAPTER VIII.

MEANWHILE Adam Carr was not idle. He had a wife and two young children, whom he had left behind him at Hedley Main till he could obtain employment—not easy for a man with no reference to offer—and he was beginning to feel the sharp pinch of poverty. Much of his dishonest gains had gone in gambling and racing, and what little he had managed to save was rapidly dwindling. He was rather surprised, therefore, one evening, as he dispiritedly got into the dirty third-class carriage of the local train for Hedley at Newcastle station, to see a well-dressed man follow him into the carriage with the evident intention of speaking to him. As the train started the man leaned forward and spoke.

'Are you not Mr Carr, the late manager of the Hedley Main colliery?' he asked.

'Yes,' acknowledged Carr suspiciously.

'I am very interested in the colliery,' went on the questioner. 'I am one of the managers of a colliery combine, and we want pits in this neighbourhood. Unluckily, so far we have not been able to purchase anything at all suitable. Hedley Main has rich and very extensive veins of coal, I believe, and there is great likelihood that the owner might sell, is there not?'

'I should think he would be thankful to get rid of it at any price,' returned Carr reflectively. 'I would, I know. He hasn't any capital, and the pit—it's a good pit, mind you, with any amount of stuff in it, and plum good stuff at that—wants money just pouring into it as you pour water into a dry pump to make it suck.'

'Exactly,' said the stranger. 'Well, Mr Carr, my firm has capital enough and to spare. We could make the pit pay handsomely, I feel sure, and we would employ far more men than the present owner is able to do. I understand you were employed at Hedley Main a good many years?'

'Yes,' returned Carr sullenly, 'I was; and now I'm kicked out like a dog.'

The resentment against Roger that had been smouldering in his heart since his summary dismissal suddenly flamed into savage hatred, and an idea born of that hatred flashed into his brain.

'Look here,' he said to the stranger, who was eying him curiously through his masking pince-nez, 'there is no one knows Hedley Main better than I do. I know every working, old and new—where the coal is easiest won, where it's good, and where it's bad. Would you be likely to take me on if you bought the pit?'

The keen gray eyes gazed sharply at him.

'Yes, probably there would be a good chance for you,' returned the colliery agent at last, who saw that he might get much valuable information from Carr if he handled the man carefully, and he put question after question to him, which showed that he at least had mines and mining at his finger-ends.

They were still discussing the subject when the brakes grated harshly as Hedley signal-box was passed.

'Well, here we are at your station,' said the stranger. 'Henry Smith, 300 John Dalton Street, Manchester, is my office address. Put it down, and remember it in case you have anything to tell me about the pit that may be advantageous to me. You shall not lose by it. I shall be in Newcastle again in a day or two, and should like to see you then. I'll send you a line with directions where to meet me. Don't forget.'

'I won't,' said Adam Carr, and found himself standing dazed on the little sleet-swept platform, watching the tail-light of the train vanish in the cutting beyond the station. His lips were dry and his tongue felt too big for his mouth. His idea was maturing.

'If they 'll strike, that 'll do the job,' he said to himself. 'If they won't, then it must be the other. I can do it right enough, knowing the pit as I do. I must get down again somehow, though.'

A man in miner's scanty dress, unwashed, unkempt, came to him.

'Strike 's off,' he said. 'Ye 'd best let Satterthwaite know. Th' lads is a' for gi'ing th' new lad his chance. He 's worrukin' fair.'

Carr swore. The first string to his bow had failed. 'Soft lot you are, all of you,' he sneered, 'to let yourselves be twisted round the finger of a fine gentleman such as him.'

'Nay,' said the pitman indignantly, 'we 're nae sawnies, Maister Carr; but wages is oop, see'st tha, an' he 's puttin' new gear i' th' pit. She wants it. She 's fair an' gassy i' th' goaf. She might gang ony time an' ruin him, just wi' a bad lamp or yan daft-like feller strikin' a licht. Gin she does it 's glory to a' them lads i' th' lang drift richt oot. Ye ken that, Maister Carr. But he 's pittin' in fans an' electric gear; an' even noo ye wouldna ken th' owld pit, she 's that bonny, an' yer lamp doesna burn blue half th' time. 'Tis said he 's gi'in' us electric lamps too.'

'The strike is off, that 's clear,' said Carr to himself. 'But if there were an accident! He couldn't stand the racket. He 'd sell to get clear of the liability. He couldn't stand the expense of clearing and restarting the pit. I should get my job back and clear my score

against him at the same time.—Well, Jim, what else?' he added to the pitman, who was plodding stolidly along beside him.

'There 's nowt else ah know on,' returned Jim. 'Wha thou laitin' [looking] for, mon?'

'Nothing,' returned Carr hastily. 'Only, Jim, I want to go down the pit.'

The man looked at him shrewdly. 'What 'll thou gi'e?' he asked curtly.

'A couple of sovereigns to the engineman at the winding-gear, and a sovereign to you when you manage it for me,' he answered quickly. 'It 's all I can raise now, Jim.'

'Thou 'd better gang down as ma mate,' said the pitman. 'Ah 'm a hewer, thou kens. They 'll no' ken ye i' pit claes, Maister Carr.'

'Very well,' said Carr dully. He knew that for the sake of revenge he was bartering away many men's lives. It did not occur even to his trained brain that his own life too might be in the bargain.

'We needna tak' th' engineman into the job,' said the pitman. 'He 'll no' ken ye 're owt but ma mate. Thou can gi'e me th' brass.'

'Very well,' assented Carr mechanically. So the bargain was made.

CHAPTER IX.

HUGH ANGUS stirred the sugar in his tea thoughtfully. He and his sister were sitting in the latter's cosy drawing-room one March night several months after the events chronicled in the previous narrative; both looked somewhat serious as they sat there in the silence that is only possible where perfect friendship and understanding exists.

'Hugh,' asked Kate suddenly, 'did you know that Mrs Carr has a lodger? I think he must be a poor relation. He is a younger edition of Adam Carr, without his beard and moustache.'

'I've seen the fellow,' said Hugh, taking a piece of girdle-cake from a silver dish in front of the fire; 'he works in the pit. I wonder where Carr has got to, and if he is doing anything. It is very rough luck on a superior woman like Mrs Carr to be reduced to keeping her home together by taking lodgers.'

'Yes,' agreed his sister. 'Gerald is late to-night.'

'They are very busy in the pit,' said Hugh. 'They have done wonders in the time. Ah, here he is,' he added as the door opened and his nephew came into the fire-lit room.—'Well, Gerald, how goes the pit?'

'Very well, thanks,' said Gerald. 'That new patent safety-clutch works well, Uncle Hugh, and the friction-gear is a dream.'

'I wish its cost was a dream,' said Hugh. 'When are you going to be able to declare a dividend, my boy?'

'Not yet, I 'm afraid,' returned his nephew. 'We shall require to spend some more money before we come to that.'

Hugh's mouth tightened. 'I don't know where it is to come from,' he said gloomily. 'Bellingham has risked all he could raise by mortgaging the place to do what has been done. If he had any sense he would marry Marcia Jessell. Any owl could see Lady John has set her heart on it, and it is the only way I can see of saving the situation.

Gerald stooped to pick up his tea-spoon, which he had clumsily dropped out of his saucer. Kate thought he looked very tired as the firelight flickered on his strong, firm face.

'Yes, Uncle Hugh, I see,' he said slowly. 'I quite see that. Bellingham has been most awfully good to me,' he added rather inconsequently, as the trim parlour-maid announced 'Mr Bellingham.'

'Speak of an angel!' said Kate, smiling a welcome. 'We were talking about you, Mr Bellingham.'

'My ears were burning all the way up here,' said Roger gravely. 'I hope you were discussing my good points.'

'I think it was really the one absorbing topic of Hedley Main that dragged you into the conversation,' said Hugh. 'I want to see you in my office when you have had your tea.'

'All right,' returned Roger, 'I 'll come directly. By the way, Mr Henry Smith has paid another call. He made no secret of the fact that he is extremely anxious to buy the pit; so anxious, in fact, that I have quite made up my mind that there is more in it, in a literal sense, than meets the eye, and that I shall hang on to the very end of my tether.'

'He 's been here too,' said Hugh. 'He came to make to me, as your agent, an extremely good offer for the purchase of the pit.'

'Which I hope on my behalf you refused,' said Roger.

'I temporised,' returned the lawyer. 'It is about that I wished to speak to you, Mr Bellingham. I want you to go through some papers with me.'

Roger made a grimace. 'Come along, then, and get it over,' he said, getting lazily out of the deeply cushioned sofa. 'Coming up here to tea is like taking a powder in jam. Tea in this room is the jam; you and your beastly office and musty papers are the powder.' He smiled at Kate as he followed Hugh out of the room. During the last few months a friendship had grown up between these two, a friendship that had materially brightened the dull life of the lonely inhabitant of the Sea-House.

'Gerald,' said Kate as the door closed behind the lawyer and his client, 'I wonder if you will be very nice and bicycle over to Eaglehurst with a note from me to Lady John? The post has gone, and I particularly want her to have it.'

'Yes, of course, with pleasure,' returned Gerald.

'Here it is, ready written,' said Kate, giving him a note addressed in a clear, good hand. 'There is an answer, if you don't mind bringing it back for me, like the dear boy that you are.'

Gerald pocketed the note and set forth. It was a frosty, moonlight night, and he skimmed so quickly along the hard North Road, though his heart was heavy within him, that the journey did not take him long. He propped his bicycle against one of the portico pillars at Eaglehurst, then rang the bell.

'Yes, Lady John is in,' said the man who answered it, and who knew Gerald well. Would Mr Angus come in and wait for the answer to the note?

Gerald accordingly followed him to a room known as the library, and prepared to possess his soul in patience as the door closed between man and note.

As he turned in search of a chair, however, a sound made him look more closely into an arc of light near one of the several writing-tables which the room contained. Some one got up hastily and came towards him.

'Miss Jessell!' he said, then pulled himself up. His manner as he shook hands was distinctly frigid, so cold, indeed, that Marcia could not help noticing its marked unfriendliness.

'We are having a tea-party the day after to-morrow,' she said. 'Do come, Mr Angus!'

'Thank you,' said Gerald with chilly politeness, wondering that she did not hear the hammering of his heart. 'I am very sorry, but I am much too busy in the pit to get away.'

'Will you take me into the pit one day soon?' she asked. Eighteen months ago he would have seized with avidity any chance of being with her. 'What had changed him so?' she wondered half-resentfully.

'That is for Mr Bellingham to say,' was his ungracious response. The electric light was touching her white dress with strange flecks; her hair shone like spun threads of gold. The room seemed rocking around him; his breath came quickly. There was a silence; then, 'Miss Jessell'—— he began, then paused as the door opened to admit James with another note, from Lady John this time, on his salver.

'With her ladyship's compliments, and she is much obliged to you, sir,' said the man.

Gerald took the note. He had narrowly escaped committing himself irretrievably, and he said an icy 'Good-night' to Marcia, and fled in ignominious haste, quite unable to trust his self-command further. Marcia stood by the fire, her small white hands clenched, her face bitter.

'He doesn't care! he doesn't care!' she said to herself. 'And I was so sure he did. I thought it was only because of the difference in position that he wouldn't speak; but what does *that* matter? I have money and to spare for both. He *can't* care and speak to me like that. I believe he really dislikes me. Oh, why is it—why?' She leaned against the mantelpiece, and slow tears fell, splashing heavily. She was young, and life seemed very hard just then.

'Marcia!' said a voice. 'Marcia crying! My dear girl, what on earth is the matter?'

It was Roger, who, unheard and unnoticed, had come into the room. The next moment his arm, strong and kind, was round her, and she was crying her heart out against a tweed-clad shoulder.

His heart began to beat quickly, and he stooped and kissed the golden head with something more than mere brotherly affection. The girl's sore heart warmed to him, and she clung tightly to him.

'Marcia,' he whispered gently, 'marry me, dear, and let me take your troubles on my shoulders. Marcia, will you?'

Marcia, wounded and heart-sore, realised only the comfort of his presence. He would be very good to her always, she knew. Besides, Lady John would make her marry him sooner or later, anyhow.

She buried her face still more deeply in the tweed-clad shoulder, but the tears ceased.

'Well?' whispered Roger, kissing the golden hair again and again.

'Yes,' she said, lifting her flushed, tear-stained face to his.

Roger kissed her gently on the cheek. 'Come and tell Lady John,' he said. 'I bicycled over to see if you will come down the pit next week. I have promised to take Miss Angus down, and I thought you would like to come too. Will you, dear?'

'Yes,' said Marcia again. She felt curiously dazed and stunned, but not actually unhappy. That would come later. 'Aunt Julia will be very pleased,' she added mechanically.

CHAPTER X.

'I HOPE it is going to be fine to-morrow, for Marcia's sake,' said Roger, as he sat as usual having tea in Kate Angus's comfortable drawing-room. 'She doesn't care for driving in a close carriage, but this rain is really hopeless in an open one. She would be soaked in five minutes. Listen to it!'

A furious gust of wind rattled the rain against the windows, then roared down the chimney and passed screaming round the corners and angles of the sturdy gray-stone house.

'What a night!' said Katie, putting a fresh log on the fire. 'Thank goodness none of these chimneys smoke! I believe it has rained continuously for three days.'

'Yes,' returned Roger, 'three days straight on end, and never stopped, as far as I know. That

is one of the beauties of work down a pit; you don't mind about the weather.'

'I am looking forward to our trip down the pit to-morrow,' said Kate. 'You will take us right to the end where they are working, won't you?'

'The long drift?' said Roger. 'Oh yes, of course. I want you both to see how beautifully the new gear works. It is nearly five miles under the sea.'

The trim parlour-maid came into the room before he could say more.

'Please, ma'am,' she said to Kate, 'Mrs Carr is here. She says may she speak through your telephone to the doctor at Ingleton? One of her children is not so well to-night.'

'Yes,' said Kate, 'of course. I'll come and see her, Jessie.'

She got up and went out of the room with the maid, leaving Roger ruminating. Ingleton, the nearest town, lay at the other side of the river, some seven miles away, and there dwelt the nearest doctor.

'Hope there's nothing seriously wrong with the kid,' said Roger as the door closed.

It opened again very shortly after.

'Mr Bellingham,' said Kate, who looked very worried, 'Mrs Carr's little girl is very ill, and the telephone has gone wrong. What are we to do?'

'Wires down with the storm, I expect,' replied Roger stolidly. 'Let me try.'

He tried, but he was no more successful than Kate had been.

'No use,' he pronounced after five minutes' fruitless effort. 'I must try and ride over to Ingleton.—What's up with the kiddie, Mrs Carr?'

'I don't know, Mr Bellingham,' returned Mrs Carr helplessly. She was a fragile-looking woman of about thirty years of age, evidently of a quite superior class. Indeed, she had been a governess when Adam Carr met and married her.

Roger turned to Kate. 'Well,' he said in his usual drawling voice, 'will you come with me and see? I'll just have a look, so that I may let the doctor know what he's wanted for.—Saves a lot of bother these long journeys,' he added to Mrs Carr.

'I'm sure you're both very kind, sir,' said the poor thing, who looked scared and bewildered. 'The child is so bad that I didn't know which way to turn or what to do. I thought this morning it was nothing but a bad cold she had.'

Roger picked up his cap and crammed on his coat. Kate quietly and quickly had done the same, and was ready to go with him on his errand of mercy into the awful night. The wind had gone down slightly as they made their way into the village street, but the rain still came down in sheets. Mrs Carr, drenched and helpless, took them to her trim little house, and opened a door which led straight from street to kitchen.

Propped with pillows on two chairs in front of the fire was a little girl of some four or five years, livid and gray in the face, who coughed and choked with noisy, crowing, stertorous, strangling breathing.

Roger looked closely at the child, felt her pulse, then turned to Kate. 'Kid's got dip.,' he said shortly; 'seen it before amongst troopers' kids. Got it badly, too. I'll go and dig out the doctor. Will you help Mrs Carr to look after the poor little beggar? Put hot compress things round its throat. It's all you can do till we get a doctor. Kid's awfully bad.'

Kate nodded. She took the pins out of her suède cap, which she threw aside. 'I'll do what I can till you come back,' she said, putting the kettle on the dying fire, which she poked into fresh life. 'Be as quick as you can.'

'I will,' returned Roger, and went out into the blackness of night and storm.

Geordie, Hugh's groom, soon had Queen Anne ready for him when he got back to the lawyer's house.

'Post-boy says th' brig's doon, sir,' he said as Roger climbed the alpine heights of Queen Anne's gray back and arrived at last in the saddle. 'Th' river's in spate, and it's washed fair away.'

'Good Lord!' exclaimed Roger blankly. 'Then we'll have to swim the river, that's all.—Come up, old girl!'

Queen Anne 'came up' bravely, and horse and rider made good progress through the torrents of rain and the tearing wind. But when they reached the place where the Border Bridge ought to have been Roger's heart sank. Of the bridge no trace remained. Where it had been seethed and boiled a chocolate-coloured, foam-flecked, roaring flood. The bridge, as Geordie had said, had been washed away, and the next was twelve miles off.

Roger set his teeth, took Queen Anne short by the head, and set her straight at the river.

'Come on, old girl!' he drawled again.

The gaunt, raw-boned, ugly beast cocked her lop ears gallantly, then made her way cautiously into the seething, boiling, roaring stream.

Roger had a confused sense of being beaten and battered against stones, trees—he knew not what. Queen Anne lurched and rolled, and now and again he was soused over head and ears under water. Then suddenly they were clear. The gallant gray mare had landed him, half a mile down-stream, it is true, but still on the Ingleton side of the river. He gathered up the slippery, wet reins into his chilled hands.

'Well done, old lady!' he said dully.

Thomas M'Lean, physician and surgeon, had just retired to his hard-earned rest when his night-bell pealed a merry chime.

'Confound it!' he said as he tumbled out of bed and pulled on breeches and motor-coat. He threw up the window and shed therefrom the

beams of an electric lamp, which showed him a foam-flecked, blood-spattered, dripping, gaunt, and exceedingly tall gray horse. Grasping the bridle of this animal was an even more battered man—a tall, thin man, without a hat, with an eye-glass screwed firmly into one eye, and blood trickling from a scalp-wound into the other. His riding-boots and breeches were mere sodden rags and tatters.

'Hallo!' said the doctor; 'what's up?'

'Hallo!' returned the dilapidated spectre below with unabated cheerfulness. 'Will you come at once to Hedley Main, please? Little kid with diphtheria. Very urgent, and I'm afraid may mean tracheotomy. Got a stable where I can put this horse? She's done her best, poor beast, and she's properly foundered.'

The doctor hurried downstairs, and an elderly groom appeared from regions unknown and led Queen Anne away. Roger explained the situation.

'What's that?' said Dr M'Lean sharply. 'Bridge washed away, and you've come *through* the river? Perfectly astounding! Here, drink this!'

Roger obediently drank a stiff jorum which the doctor held to his lips, and the room stopped spinning round him. 'Thanks!' he drawled politely, wiping the blood and mud from his white face. 'How soon can we get back?'

'We'll start now,' said the doctor. 'My car is ready at the door, but we'll have to go round by the upper bridge, as the Hedley bridge has gone. My aunt! swam the river, did you, and got through? I wouldn't have tried it for a thousand pounds. Now then, in you go.'

Roger climbed into a comfortable motor, and was sound asleep the moment the engine started.

'My goodness, the pluck of the chap!' said the doctor, gazing with awe at his slumbering companion as the car battled through the wind and rain. 'I hope the child won't be dead by the time we get there, that's all. Seems to me the days of miracles aren't quite out of date yet. Swam the river in flood! I can't get over it.'

CHAPTER XI.

'WAKE up, man; we've arrived!' said Dr M'Lean, shaking his deeply slumbering companion roughly by the shoulder.

'Not bad,' went on the doctor; 'eighteen miles or a little more in half-an-hour, with a gale of wind and a deluge thrown in. This the house?' He unceremoniously opened the door of the cottage and walked in, Roger at his heels.

Kate, who was bending over the child, looked up as they came in. Mrs Carr, white-faced and exhausted, was wringing out cloths in boiling water, giving them to Kate as they were ready for application to the throat of the choking child.

'I'm afraid you are too late,' said Kate quietly, as the doctor bent over the blue-faced little figure in front of the fire.

'Nothing of the kind,' returned Dr M'Lean sharply. 'Go and get one of the head-lamps from the car,' he added to Roger, who obeyed quickly. When he came back with the lamp he found that Mrs Carr had vanished, and that the kitchen-table had been cleared and pulled from its usual corner into the middle of the room. On it was a sheet, and several pie-dishes of boiling water, into which the doctor was putting instruments out of a case.

'Sure you can stand it?' he said to Kate. 'You won't turn faint or anything?'

'No, of course not,' returned Kate impatiently, though she was very white.

'Well, then, look here,' went on Dr M'Lean. 'These are scalpels—knives for the job; this concern is a dilator; these are needles ready threaded with sterilised silkworm-gut in case we want stitches; and this'—he deftly threaded some narrow tape into a curved silver tube with a flange as he spoke—'is the outer part of the tube. Here'—picking up another smaller silver tube—'is the inner tube. Now, are you ready? —Mr Bellingham, hold that lamp as I tell you. There is no time to be lost.'

The child's stertorous breathing stopped suddenly, and the livid face became absolutely purple.

Dr M'Lean picked her up and laid her on the table. 'Now,' he said again, 'scalpel first. —Hold that light steady, please.'

Roger, feeling deadly sick, obeyed to the best of his ability, trying to keep his eyes off Dr M'Lean's dreadful handiwork as he deftly and quickly made an incision in the throat of the unconscious child.

Kate, quiet and steady, handed him the things from the pie-dishes as he asked for them.

'The child is dead,' said Roger dully.

'Not she,' returned the doctor. 'You wait a moment.'

There was a terrific choking, gurgling cough as he spoke, and some of the lividness died out of the little girl's face.

'Outer tube, please,' said Dr M'Lean to Kate, who gave it to him, and helped him to tie the tapes securely round little Maggie's neck.

'Breathing nicely now,' went on the doctor, complacently fitting the inner tube into its place. 'See, put your hand here.'

Roger put his hand over the aperture of the tube. Sure enough there was a quite perceptible expiration and inspiration, and Maggie's face had almost become a normal colour.

'She'll do now,' said Dr M'Lean, wiping his instruments and rolling them up in a towel. 'Look here, Miss Angus, I'm going back to Ingleton to fetch a nurse. I won't be away more than an hour, and I'll leave a spare inner tube in this bowl of bicarbonate of soda solution.

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If the tube becomes blocked, take out the inner tube and put in the fresh one while you clean the other with this swab on a probe. You are not to interfere with the outer tube. See? Can you manage?'

'Oh yes,' returned Kate, who, however, looked very white and shaken.—'Mr Bellingham, put your head into that sitting-room through the door there, and tell Mrs Carr it is all right, will you?'

Roger did as she told him, and Mrs Carr crept into the kitchen, tears of thankfulness running down her thin cheeks.

'How can I thank you, Miss Angus and Mr Bellingham?' she said brokenly. 'Maggie would have died but for you.'

'Oh, that 's all right,' said Roger uncomfortably. 'Where is your lodger, by the way?'

'Down the pit, sir,' returned Mrs Carr. 'He works in the night-shift.'

She did not add that he had been away all the afternoon as well, in Newcastle, and that she had not seen him since the morning, when he had rushed home from the pit, changed into decent clothes, and gone off by train.

Dr M'Lean was as good as his word, and returned in a little over an hour with a pleasant-faced nurse, who took charge of the peacefully sleeping Maggie.

Roger and Kate splashed their way back through the puddles in silence, which he at length broke.

'How can any chap be a doctor?' he said, shuddering.

Kate laughed. 'I'm glad I am not a nurse,' she said. 'Now, Mr Bellingham, it is nearly two o'clock. You had better come to us and sleep there. It is no good going down to the Sea-House all alone at this hour. There is sure to be some supper ready for us.'

Roger hesitated a moment. Kate's sensible comradeship was exceedingly pleasant to him; he was beginning suddenly to realise that her companionship meant more to him than he cared to consider. The temptation, however, was too strong for him, and he yielded.

'Thank you very much, I will, if you are sure I shall not be a nuisance.'

'You will be on the spot for our trip down the pit to-morrow morning,' she went on gaily. 'We shall be quite all right again when we have had supper and a good sleep. By the way, how did you get to Ingleton? The nurse said they had to come round by the West Bridge, as the Hedley Bridge had been washed away.'

'Queen Anne swam the river,' said Roger shamefacedly. 'She 's a game old beast. M'Lean said his old groom would look after her well, and be glad to have a horse again. The old man's son is the doctor's chauffeur, you know, and the old chap is very bitter against motors; calls them "contraptions o' th' deil."'

Kate turned and looked at him with shining eyes as he splashed doggedly along by her side. 'Swam the river!' she said. 'In spate! Why, you might have been beaten to pieces. Many men have had a V.C. for less than that.'

'Then they got 'em cheap,' laughed Roger, though his heart was beating madly, and he was trying to force himself to remember that in a few weeks he was to marry Marcia Jessell.

CHAPTER XII.

ADAM CARR meanwhile had not been idle. He had not dared to return to Hedley Main and ask for work in the pit under his own name; but he shaved off beard and moustache, thereby completely altering his personal appearance, and under the guise of his wife's lodger obtained a berth in the same section of the pit as Jim Armstrong the hewer, who had met him at the station the night of his first interview with Mr Henry Smith of Manchester.

Satterthwaite saw Carr several times in Newcastle, and, with ignoble spitefulness, fanned the flame of his ever-growing resentment against Roger Bellingham and the man who had succeeded him as manager, Gerald Angus. The agitator was furious at the failure of his almost successful attempt at inciting the miners to strike. He had not forgotten his ducking in the beck, and he was not at all disposed to let Carr's grudge die out for lack of innuendo and suggestion.

Mr Henry Smith, too, was not forgotten by Carr. If he got the pit for his company the disgraced manager felt certain that he would be reinstated. To be back in his old position, and at the same time to revenge himself on Roger, was a chance not to be missed; and the idea which at first he had hardly dared to entertain grew and grew as the details gradually fell into place in his mind.

'A small explosion will spoil all that new gear,' he thought, to salve his conscience, 'and cost far more than Bellingham can possibly raise. If it is managed at the changing of the shifts there need be no lives lost.'

The afternoon of the day on which Maggie Carr had been taken so ill her father had seen Mr Smith in Newcastle. That gentleman again put before Carr the benefits that the controlling of the pit by a well-financed company would mean to the inhabitants of Hedley in general, and Carr in particular.

'I wish, though, Bellingham would sell quickly,' he wound up. 'The sooner we have the pit the sooner we can get the coal out in quantities that will really pay. I shall come over to Hedley one day next week and call on both him and that pig-headed lawyer of his, Angus, and see what I can do to urge upon them the real advantages that would be gained all round.'

'Yes,' said Carr as he picked up his hat to depart.

There was a light in his eyes that made Mr Smith wonder what sudden idea the man had in his head; he began to speculate uneasily if Carr contemplated the murder of Roger Bellingham.

'Perhaps by that time, sir, they will be more ready to come to terms with you.'

'I 'm sure I hope they will,' replied Mr Smith. 'Good-afternoon, Carr.'

Carr stumbled into the street, his brain on fire. He would act at once. So late, however, was he in leaving Newcastle that he got back barely in time to go down with his usual shift; he had not time to go home to change into pit clothes, but took his place amongst his mates as he was, a trim, strong, sailor-like figure in well-worn gray tweed. He knew the pit as no one else employed in or about it knew it, he flattered himself. He knew that with anything like decent luck he could cause an explosion, disastrous to the pit but harmless to his fellow-workers. Everything was planned in his own mind. Even luck seemed fighting on his side, for as he went to the cage-house with Jim Armstrong one of the deputies responsible for the safe working of the pit came up to them.

'Yer spot 's fenced, Armstrong,' he said; 'it 's gassy more than half-a-cap. It 'll have to bide till the new fans is going. There 's a spot for you in No. 3.'

This meant that the portion of the working where Armstrong and his mate were getting coal had developed a dangerous amount of gas, and that they were given work in another part of the pit, a section, indeed, about half a mile beyond the gassy spot, where men would not be allowed to work till its condition had improved.

'A' reet,' said Armstrong briefly.

They stepped on to the platform of the cage, and in five minutes more were in the electrically hauled tubs on their three-mile journey under the sea. These two men and two other parties were the farthest away of all from the foot of the shaft. They were in consequence the last to leave the pit when the shift returned to the surface, though from the main haulage-way branched other levels which extended even farther, notably the long drift, which was nearly five miles out. Here, though coal had been experimentally worked, the men had been temporarily withdrawn till some improvements had been installed in ventilation and the haulage-plant completed.

It was about eleven the next morning when Armstrong suggested that they should be making their way to join the rest of the shift, who were due to be up by twelve, when the next shift came down. 'We shall be a bit a'hint as 'tis, ah reckon,' he said. 'We 'll jes' ha' a look in at oor old gassy drift as we gang by.'

The men stumbled on along the tunnel, Carr, who came last, fiddling with the lock of his lamp.

Armstrong, after glancing at the fenced drift where they had been working for the last week, went on again and turned a corner ahead of his mate, who bent down to fasten his boot-lace, then ran after him and caught him up.

'Get a move on thee, lad; we 're turble late,' Armstrong said, as Carr, breathless and panting, reached his side. 'Where 's thy lamp?'

'I left it, I think!' gasped Carr. 'It was dreadfully gassy there where I stopped, near the drift. I ran for it. Run for your life, Jim.'

There was a roar and a shaking, shattering crash. Armstrong and Carr ran for their lives.

From other workings running men joined them. 'She 's awa'!' they gasped, the horror of their panic showing white through their coal-grimed faces.

'It was dusty yonder; she 'll be alight,' said one man as the cage reached the platform at the top of the pit, where the tallymen, with scared white faces, were counting the miners as they came up.

'Th' maister and Angus an' twa leddies is doon!' gasped one of the deputies. 'Ha' ye seen them, ony o' you lads? Ye 're a' oop save Jock Neil an' his mate.'

Carr turned away with triumph in his eyes. He had not known that the master and his other enemy were in the pit. He made his way home quickly, glad to leave the pit behind him. He was sure now of his revenge. Some of the others would see that the master and Angus and the 'leddies' were got out. But when he came into his kitchen his wife met him with her finger on her lips.

'Don't wake Maggie,' she whispered; and, drawing him into the little sitting-room, she gave him the history of the night. Maggie, the child he idolised, had been at death's door; her life had been saved by the man whose life he had probably sacrificed in his mad greed for revenge and gain.

Carr thrust his wife aside and raced back to the pithead.

CHAPTER XIII.

ROGER BELLINGHAM, Gerald, and the two girls had made up their minds to explore the pit thoroughly; consequently they had arranged for an early start, and ten o'clock saw them at the pithead, Roger and Kate looking rather tired, though both declared that they were quite rested. Roger, too, was very stiff and bruised with his buffeting in the river. Otherwise neither of them was any the worse after their trying experiences.

The tallyman in charge solemnly provided each with a numbered safety-lamp, which he lighted and carefully locked, entering the number in a book, together with the name of the person carrying it.

'Quite necessary, I assure you,' said Angus. 'You'd be surprised how foolhardy miners can be. I've known a chap light a cigarette in a fiery drift before now. If the lamps weren't locked heaps of chaps would fool with 'em. Now, look here before we go down. Here's the ventilating machinery; that house there contains the electrical plant and the pumps. Now then, ladies and gentlemen, this way for the cage. Old Neil and his mate are to be our guard of honour. They'll meet us at the foot of the shaft.'

Both girls took their places on the platform of the cage.

'Open your mouths,' said Angus; 'you won't feel the pressure so much then. They are going to lower us very slowly.'

He rang a bell, and the great cage dropped down the shaft, very fast it seemed to Marcia and Kate, in reality very much more slowly than it usually performed its journeys. In a minute or two it stopped, and an iron grille was thrown back for them to make their way into the workings of the pit. Jock Neil and his mate were waiting for them.

The foot of the shaft was a brilliant glare of electric light, and more resembled the terminus of an important railway station than anything else. It was a lofty, arched brick building, with an iron-spanned roof, and with offices opening out of it. There was a manager's office and various other rooms all comfortably furnished, and a surgery well fitted up with first-aid appliances. It was all quite different from what either girl had thought it would be.

Tramway-lines and the haulage-cables led beyond the radius of white light, vanishing in weird perspective into the blackness of a series of tunnels beyond.

'Why, it is quite big!' exclaimed Marcia. 'I thought coal-pits were sort of rabbit-burrows that you couldn't stand upright in.'

'So they are in some of the workings,' returned Angus, who was putting tarpaulins into one of the little trucks. 'What you see is the main haulage-road. Now, jump in and sit tight. We will go right to the end, to what is called the long drift, where there is a splendid coal-face. The men are not working just now, but they will be in a day or two when the haulage is finished there. We will see the men at work in their drifts as we come back.'

The two ladies settled themselves in their little wagon, Bellingham with them. Neil, his mate, and Angus came behind them in another wagon coupled to the one in front.

'Right away!' said Angus, and the two wagons started sedately, quickly leaving the lighted terminus and plunging into the inky darkness of the main haulage-way, the only illumination the tiny flames of the safety-lamps.

Now and again they passed gangs of men, but most of the work was going on down byroads, for the pit was a regular labyrinth of workings, some in use, many worked out and disused.

When they reached within about a hundred yards of the long drift the haulage stopped, and they had to walk the rest of the distance.

'Here's your rabbit-burrow,' laughed Bellingham as he bent his head and crawled under an archway of coal.

As he spoke there was a dull reverberation as of distant thunder.

'What is that?' asked Marcia. 'Is it the sea up above us?'

Angus glanced quickly at Bellingham and shook his head.

'Probably a blasting-shot has been fired in one of the workings,' he said. 'I think, if you will stay here for a moment or two, I will go and see if it is all right to go back for a little while.—Jock, will you come with me?'

The elderly man followed him with alacrity, and the two tiny points of light vanished in the blackness of the mine as the two men walked down the narrow way.

'The air-current is reversed, sir,' said Neil quietly. 'There's been an explosion.'

'Yes,' said Angus, 'I knew that when I heard it. We must see what has happened.'

'Bide here a wee,' said Jock as they reached one of the doors which are placed at intervals in the workings to prevent the ignition of the dust which, with the poisonous gases, forms one of the great dangers of mines. The door was closed, but the door-boy—whose duty it was to open and shut the door for the passage of tubs—had vanished; whether he had not arrived at the changing of the shift, or whether he had fled at the alarm of the explosion, the two men of course had no idea.

Neil opened the dust-door and closed it again carefully after him. There was a puff of heavy air as he did so, and Angus's lamp burned blue. Sick with anxiety, he waited there for the miner's return.

The man's face looked more grave than ever when he reappeared. His hair was scorched and his clothes had a smell of burning.

'Th' pit's alight way back along th' main haulage, sir,' he said quietly. 'We'll no' gang oot yon road whatever. But fra' here some gait we maun gang; there'll be bad air afore lang. There's th' owd levels, sir, roond fra' th' lang drift, an' I've heerd Carr tell there's a road leads roond like to th' upcast emergency-shaft, which ah'm thinkin' was the only gude piece o' worruk he ever did to this pit, gettin' yon shaft pittin' in.'

The two men made their way back to the others, who were waiting for them patiently at the end of the long drift. They heard the bad news quietly and bravely. Marcia and Angus, standing side by side, suddenly dropped the mask of cold acquaintanceship. Face to face with death, somehow the aspect of things altered.

'Are we in danger?' she whispered to him as they prepared to follow the two pitmen, who went ahead to see that the way was sufficiently clear of gas to make progress possible.

'Yes, I am afraid so,' returned Angus, choking. 'Please God, we 'll come through, dear.'

He took her hand in his, and hand in hand they walked together, the hearts of both too full for further words. They both knew and understood at last.

Kate and Roger followed them in silence. Roger had seen the look that had passed between Marcia and Angus when it had been broken to them that they were in mortal peril; he too understood how things were with them.

The pitmen led the way to a very low passage which branched off from the road they were following.

'You 'll have to crawl a few yards,' said Angus. 'Jock says it gets higher farther on, he thinks.'

'Ah was nobbut a lad when ah coom this road afore,' said Jock. 'It was long afore th' emergency oopcast were pittin' in. Ah dinna ken th' road verra weel, but it 's oor lone chance.' He crawled into the hole, the others after him.

'Here is another rabbit-burrow right enough,' said Marcia, trying bravely to smile, as, bent almost double, they crept after Jock and his mate.

'Put out all the lamps except two,' suggested Roger; 'two will give us plenty of light, and that will give us a reserve in case we are down here any length of time.'

'We couldn't get them alight again down here,' said Angus. 'You cannot risk a naked flame, even a match, for a few seconds in a pit like this. Besides, the air in those old levels may be very bad, though it seems pretty fair now.—What is it, Jock?'

The pitman had reached a kind of hall from which workings branched out in several directions.

'I dinna ken th' road,' he said in a low voice to Angus. 'Will we gang which way, sir?'

The problem was an awkward one, and Angus and Roger debated anxiously which way they would take. Finally they chose the passage which looked in the best condition, chalking a rude message with a piece of white chalk, which Jock produced, on the side of the working to say in which direction they had gone, in case, as Roger suggested, a rescue-party succeeded in getting round the fire after them.

'There 's none kens th' owd levels, sir, exceptin' Carr, I 'm feared,' Jock remarked slowly; 'an' he 's awa'!'

They tramped on, it seemed to them for many miles, in reality barely a mile. Then perforce they halted, for across their path lay a fall of roof, blocking it completely.

'The air is fairly good,' said Roger, surveying the obstacle with dismay; 'there 's plenty of it, too, and it seems as if we may be near the uptake shaft. We can't get through this, though. What on earth are we to do?'

'Win oor way oot, sir,' said Jock's mate, who all the time had stuck to his pick. He and Neil—who had a crowbar with him which he had picked up in the long drift—set doggedly to work at the obstruction. After about half-an-hour of strenuous work Angus and Roger relieved them. The air was hot and stifling now, though the lamps still burned fairly well. So, taking shift and shift about, they laboured hour after hour. Kate and Marcia sat in silence, watching. They knew that escape was almost hopeless, but the courage of neither faltered. Then suddenly Jock swung his lamp aloft and closely examined the burrow they had made through the heaps of débris which blocked their way.

'Tis na fall, sir,' he said, bitter disappointment in his voice; 'tis th' end o' th' road.'

Angus lowered the pick which, with aching arms and back, he was manfully wielding. He took the lamp from the pitman and crawled into the hole.

'You are quite right, Jock,' he said after a moment or so of breathless anxiety; 'we are in a blind-alley. This is the end of the working. All this downfall is shale-stuff at the end of the coal-seam that has been worked out.—There is another point, though, of interest to you, Bellingham. We 've burrowed into another seam opened out by the fall. It is good stuff, too. Look!'

He snatched the crowbar from Bellingham and prised out one or two large fragments of beautiful iridescent blue-green substance—freshly won coal of good quality—which he handed to Bellingham, who smiled rather bitterly.

'It is like giving a man on a raft with no food a chest of gold,' he remarked. 'Coal when you have small prospect of seeing daylight again is not so wildly interesting. By the way, what food have we left? Suppose we have a meal.'

Packets of sandwiches and flasks were produced. Four packets of ham-sandwiches, four wedges of plum-cake, four hard-boiled eggs, two flasks of whisky-and-water, and two of claret were forthcoming. Unluckily, the pitmen had eaten their 'bait,' and had only a tin bottle full of water between them.

'We had better share out rations,' said Bellingham, who took upon himself the office of steward. 'There are six sandwiches in each packet; if we use a packet now, that is one apiece; and Jock and his mate Stevie had better have an egg each and half-a-slice of cake, as they 've done the bulk of the hard work. We 'll drink a flask of claret, giving them a little whisky. The rest of the stuff we must keep. We don't know how long we may be prowling down here before we can be got out.'

It was a very silent meal that the six refugees

partook of, and it was soon consumed. One ham-sandwich is not very satisfying even in stifling, vitiated air. Then suddenly, just as they finished, Jock held up his hand and listened eagerly. Echoing along the narrow working of the mine came a sound—a footstep.

'Whist, sir!' he exclaimed. 'Wha's yonder?'

CHAPTER XIV.

FAR away along the passage through which they had come flickered the feeble glimmer of a swinging safety-lamp.

'It's nobbut yan lad,' said Stevie, in bitter disappointment. 'It's na rescue-party.'

Out of the darkness stumbled a terrifying figure of a man, scorched, burned, bleeding, spent and exhausted, whose singed clothes hung on him in rags. As he reached them he lurched and would have fallen had not Roger caught him.

'Give me some of that whisky,' Roger said quietly as he steadied the reeling man, into whose fire-scarred face Neil was peering.

'Look, sir; it's Adam Carr!' he exclaimed, holding his lamp close to the disfigured features.

Carr opened his eyes as he swallowed the spirit. 'Pit's alight all along the main haulage!' he gasped. 'We may get round to the upcast if we make haste, but it's no good chance. The air is getting worse.'

'Right,' said Bellingham, as Carr steadied himself and pulled himself together. 'We'll try back for the uptake. Do you know the way, Carr?'

'Yes, I think so,' returned Carr, gulping down the last of the whisky-and-water in the silver cup which Roger held to his lips. 'It is a good many years since I was right along these old workings, but I was in the other end when the emergency-shaft was sunk. If we get the right passage from the place where they all join it will be all right.'

'How did you get here?' asked Angus as they retraced their steps slowly and uncertainly after their dilapitated guide.

'Along the main haulage,' said Carr shortly. 'The fire wasn't so bad at first. It is a raging furnace now. Nothing could pass it.'

Roger glanced very sharply at him. It was borne in upon him that the man he had dismissed as a dishonest servant had risked his life to save those of the party down the mine. He had no time for further reflection, however, for the lamps began to burn with a bluish flame, and the air grew almost insupportably hot and heavy.

'Tie your handkerchiefs over your faces,' said Angus; 'the air is very bad.'

They wrung their handkerchiefs out in the supply of water which Jock carried in his tin bottle, then tied them as best they could over their mouths and noses. Even so, the fetid air was almost unbreathable.

Sweating, trembling, and exhausted, they stumbled after Carr. Once Kate fell from sheer exhaustion.

'You go on,' she said hoarsely to Roger, who kept always at her side; 'I can't go any farther.'

He pulled her almost roughly to her feet. Great beads of sweat rolled down his livid face. His breath and hers came in labouring gasps.

'Oh yes, you can,' he said, keeping her hand firmly in his. 'You must come on, Kate; I want you to.'

She looked at him half-bewildered; then his strong will won the day, and she plodded on again. It was a nightmare-journey. One by one the lamps went out till at last only the one carried by Carr was burning, a tiny point of bluish flame in inky blackness.

Silently they tripped and lurched after Carr in blind dependence upon him. If his knowledge of the old workings failed, as they knew, their doom indeed was sealed. Suddenly he spoke, his hoarse voice muffled and indistinct by reason of the handkerchief tied over his face. 'The lamp is burning better,' he croaked. 'We are round the fire!'

It was true. The blue flame was yellower now, and the air not quite so stifling.

'We are at the foot of the emergency uptake,' Carr whispered again.

He was not mistaken. They stood at the foot of a black pit, at the brick-lined side of which was clamped a spidery iron ladder.

'There is no cage,' went on Carr dully, mechanically.

'No,' Angus finished for him; 'that was down in the list of necessary improvements. 'Well, here goes. I'll send down help for you people. So long!'

He started off nimbly up the ladder with the agility of a sailor. They watched him vanish in the blackness of the shaft. High up, like a star, was a tiny point of light, the top of the shaft, three hundred feet above them. It was a stiff climb for an exhausted man, and Bellingham wondered whether Gerald's tired muscles would accomplish it.

After a period of suspense there came relief. Down the shaft, cleverly hitched with ropes, came an arm-chair of the kitchen or Windsor variety, and in it Hugh Angus. It hailed from the office up above.

'We'll send the ladies up first, one by one, of course,' he said as they released him from the bonds which had kept him secure on the descent. 'It won't be so bad going up as coming down. The thing kept spinning like a roasting joint of meat as they lowered me, and I'm giddy yet.—Now, then, Kate, in you go.'

One by one they were hauled to daylight—the light of another day—and stood on a rude

staging at the head of the uptake shaft, blinking and dazed. Dirty were they, incredibly weary, and as regards Carr badly scarred by fire, but safe.

Roger took out his watch. 'It is half-past ten,' he said in his usual quiet drawl. 'Just twenty-four hours since we went into the depths beneath.' He glanced at Kate, Marcia, and Angus with his sarcastic smile, in which, however, much kindness lurked. 'We've dredged up treasure out of the deep, too,' he went on; and Angus and Marcia both went crimson in spite of the pallor of exhaustion and much grime and dust. His gaze travelled to Kate's face, and stayed there. Her steady eyes met his, and after a second fell.

'There is luck out of our trip after all,' he wound up. 'I, at any rate, have no cause to complain. Out of much tribulation is joy in the morning.'

Kate flushed a fine rosy red.

CHAPTER XV.

'MARCIA,' said Roger a little later that same eventful day, 'I am going over to Eaglehurst to let Lady John know that you are all right, and that you are staying the night here with Miss Angus. I am also going to tell her that you and I think we shall get on better as brother and sister, as jolly good pals, than as husband and wife. That is so, isn't it?'

Marcia went a fine scarlet. 'I'm afraid you are right, Roger,' she whispered. 'You are very, very good to me.'

'I understand,' he returned. 'You needn't bother to explain. I'll be back as soon as I can.'

He went out at once, but it was a long time before he came back. Marcia, Angus, and Kate had gone to bed by Dr M'Lean's orders, and the doctor himself was lying in wait for Bellingham to see that he did the same on his return.

'Here he is,' said Hugh Angus as the front door opened and closed.

The young man looked ghastly. 'Dr M'Lean, will you come over to Eaglehurst at once?' he said thickly. 'Lady John has had some kind of seizure. I am afraid she is dying. It happened just before I got there. She heard of the explosion without warning, and the shock was too much for her.'

But Dr M'Lean could do nothing, for Lady John was dead before he got there.

On the day of the funeral her lawyer read her will. Roger listened, dumfounded.

'Marcia, my niece, is so well provided for that to her I leave nothing but my love and goodwill. To my dear godson, Roger Bellingham of Hedley Sea-House, I leave all of which I may die possessed, with the exception of the undermentioned legacies.'

The will was dated the day after Lady John had been told of Roger's betrothal to Marcia.

'That means,' said the lawyer, 'that you will come into a very handsome fortune of about twelve thousand pounds a year after all death-duties and legacies are paid, as well as the Eaglehurst property. Allow me to congratulate you, my dear sir.'

Roger went straight back to Hedley Main.

'Kate,' he said, bursting unceremoniously into the well-known room, 'you'll have to marry me now. I couldn't ask you before, when I hadn't a sou to offer you. Lady John has left me a fortune. Will you help me to spend it? There is a fortune in the pit too, now I have money to finance it.'

Kate put her hand in his. 'Yes, I will,' she said with her usual simple directness.

Hugh smiled when they told him. 'Lady John owed him some reparation,' he told Gerald as they sat smoking. 'My own belief is that old Bellingham loved in that quarter, and rode away, and Lady John's love for him turned to hate. She had a weapon all ready to hand in old Roger's gambling propensities, and she set herself steadily to work to ruin him after his wife's death, probably at the bottom loving him all the time. Queer things women are! Well, Roger scores.'

He did in more ways than one.

The pit—once it was cleared after the explosion, an undertaking which Roger's inheritance from Lady John made easy—proved to be indeed almost as good as a gold-mine. The new seam of coal which had been accidentally discovered behind the fall at the end of the disused workings was a very valuable one. To-day it is known as the 'Hedley Main Four-foot Seam;' its coal is of the first quality, and fetches high prices.

Carr, scarred and disfigured, to his own surprise found himself made underground manager. Roger himself offered him the post one day not long after the reading of Lady John's astonishing will.

Carr twisted his hat and his scarred face twitched. '"Twas I blew up the pit, Mr Bellingham,' he said at last.

'Yes,' returned Roger, holding out a finger to one of Carr's babies, 'I know that—at least I thought so. There are circumstances, however, which counterbalance that error—shall we call it?—of judgment. If you had not got through the fire—and no one will ever know how you did it—we should have been dead bodies in the labyrinth of disused workings to-day. I think, Carr, you and I may cry quits. Will you take the job?'

'Yes, I will,' returned Carr, blinking his lashless, scorched eyelids. He had been terribly burned. 'We'll start afresh, sir—underground again,' he went on unsteadily. 'You'll have a faithful servant in me, Mr Bellingham.' And he kept his word. To the end of his life he did

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his duty faithfully and well by the master who had so narrowly escaped death at his hands.

Mr Henry Smith paid a most inopportune visit to Hedley Main two or three days after the explosion. His offer, to his surprise, was most definitely declined.

The pit, Roger and Hugh Angus both told him with a decision which was final and unmistakable, was not for sale, nor was there any prospect of its ever being on the market.

Mr Smith with difficulty concealed his mortification as Geordie showed him out of the Sea-House library, where the interview had taken place.

As the echoes of the closing of the massive front-door died away, and Geordie's footsteps clattered off to the kitchen regions, Roger turned to Hugh. 'What was that chap's object?' he asked. 'I am sure you know.'

'Oh yes,' returned Hugh, lighting a cigarette. 'His object was plain after a little good work executed by an inquiry agency. The Happy Fatherland is lucky in owning such faithful servants as Mr Henry Smith, whose knowledge of coal-mining is as unexceptional as his devotion to the interests of that Fatherland.'

'I don't yet see,' said Roger, screwing his eye-glass more firmly into his eye, 'where the interests of the Fatherland coincide with the proprietary interests of Hedley Main pit.'

Hugh gazed at him reproachfully. 'My dear fellow,' he said at length, 'an infant in arms could perceive the advantage that a coaling-station on the English coast in German hands would give a German fleet if war should unhappily arise between England and Germany. There is a fishing-fleet harbour not four miles away from Hedley Main, where lighters could ship coal to battleships lying off the coast. Even in time of peace coal is a marketable commodity. Oh yes, it was a pretty and a far-reaching little plan, that of Mr Smith's! It was unlucky for him that I happened to be a lawyer as well as your agent; also that I got inquiries made which resulted in the fact coming to my knowledge that he hailed from Berlin. I really feel sorry for Mr Smith.'

'So do I,' said Roger, laughing. 'His little game only escaped success by a fluke. I don't think, though, he will try for colliery concessions again just yet in this neighbourhood.'

'I don't think he will,' returned Angus thoughtfully. 'I rather fancy the Intelligence Department people may be keeping a quiet eye upon his movements.'

At any rate, Hedley Main saw him no more. Roger's happiness was secured. He and Kate still live in the rugged old Sea-House, where there is now a small Roger Bellingham. Eaglehurst is inhabited by Marcia and Gerald, who has blossomed into a famous colliery expert.

'All good things, as far as I am concerned,' said Roger one day to Gerald, 'came out of the Depths Beneath.'

Gerald glanced at Marcia, who smiled back at him. Both remembered that had it not been for the explosion their lives would probably have been wide apart.

'Yes,' he said slowly, 'I think I agree with you. As I said before, "out of much tribulation came joy in the morning." We might literally say, "out of the blackness of the pit."'

'Yes,' agreed Roger, 'we might indeed. It was only Mr Smith who got left.'

CHRISTMAS PICTURES.

A silver moon, a sable sky,
A moving star discerned on high.

A stable neatly strewn with straw,
An ass and ox close to the door.

A manger with sweet fodder piled,
A mother and a little child.

Some shepherds out in fields at night,
An angel with a shining light.

The magi slowly drawing near,
Encumbered with their gifts and gear.

The Temple with its veils and priests,
The daily service, fasts, and feasts.

Two turtle-doves as offerings laid—
The law's requirements duly paid.

And Anna, the old prophetess,
And Simeon, too, the infant bless.

These Christmas pictures, bright and clear,
We see before us year by year.

SARAH WILSON.

THE LADY OF THE WOODS.*

By J. MORTON LEWIS.

CHAPTER I.

MAINWARING was seated before the fire in his rooms, reading, when Strangeways entered. He put down his book and rose. 'How are you?' he said.

With the freedom born of long friendship, Strangeways flung himself down in an easy-chair. He vouchsafed no answer, and for a moment there was silence, while Mainwaring regarded his friend.

Then Strangeways looked up suddenly, and there was weariness in his eyes. 'Dick,' he said, 'I'm leaving England.'

Mainwaring laid his arm on a table by his side. 'What!' he said. His voice expressed no astonishment, he experienced none, for he had grown used to the wild impetuosity of his friend—a wildness which had followed him from school to the army, where it had earned him the title of 'Dare-devil Strangeways.'

'Where are you going?'

'I have accepted a commission in the army of Her Highness Princess Mavelie of Livadia.'

'You are leaving for good and all? You have left the Guards?'

Strangeways sighed. 'Yes,' he said slowly. 'There was a little affair on the sands outside Calais a few weeks ago, and the colonel interviewed me to-day. I am too wild for the British army except in war-time.'

'You will have a wild enough life where you are going!' Mainwaring gazed into the fire, intentionally refraining from glancing in the direction of his friend, for he knew what the relinquishing of his commission meant to him.

'Yes,' said Strangeways again, 'for a life of fighting the German States stand unequalled. But still they are not England's wars, and I would rather be Lieutenant Strangeways in the British army than Captain Strangeways in the Livadian Guards.' He rose.

'When do you sail?'

'To-night. I commence my duties in a week's time.'

Mainwaring had risen too. He laid his hand on the other's shoulder. 'Strangeways, I've known you since we were kids. For God's sake, be less impetuous! You've a grand career before you; don't spoil it by your impetuosity.'

Strangeways smiled grimly. 'It's my evil genius, I know. It will either lift me to the top of the tree or carry me to the gallows.' He held out his hand. 'Good-bye, old chap.'

Mainwaring gripped it. 'God bless you, Dick!' He watched his friend walk out of the door, and heard his footsteps down the stairs. Then he walked to the window to watch him down the street. 'Poor old fellow,' he said, 'it's hit him badly!'

CHAPTER II.

EVENING was settling on the woods which stretch between Livadia and Salzstein; the sun shone purple through the branches of the trees. Strangeways guided his horse in a northerly direction away from the borders of Livadia. It was in keeping with his character that he rode his horse at a gallop, heedless of the shadows of the trees and the more menacing shadows that might lurk behind them. The Livadian Forest, always a source of danger to the traveller, in times such as these had proved itself a death-trap for those who passed through it. Livadia, a small principality, was in a state of turmoil. King Ferdinand, who had governed with an iron hand for thirty years, was dead; his daughter Mavelie, acting on the advice of her councillors, was in hiding none knew where; while a Prince from a neighbouring state, who had long cast eyes upon Livadia, held it in siege.

They were dangerous times for those who rode upon the Princess's errands, and rumour had preceded Strangeways. Men in Livadia spoke of him as a great soldier, and hopes ran high among the Royalists when his name was mentioned.

Unconscious of the glory which surrounded him, Strangeways rode fast through the Livadian Forest. Once he reined in to judge his position. 'If I have got the direction right,' he said to himself, 'another three miles should bring me to the house.'

As he proceeded the forest became darker, and suddenly, in the distance, through the trees, there shone two points of light, and seeing them, he urged forward his horse.

Riding into a clearing in which stood a long, two-storied house built of brick and timber, he reined in, and, dismounting, knocked on the door with his knuckles.

After a short interval it was opened, and there

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stood before him a tall, dark man, dressed in the clothes of a forester.

'Herr Gruegel?' asked Strangeways.

'Yes,' said the man in guttural German.

'I wish to stay in the forest a few days until a messenger comes for me. And I was told to come to you for lodging.'

The man surveyed Strangeways. 'I can put you up,' he said, and stood aside.

'And my horse?'

'Hans,' cried the forester, and a tall, lanky youth appeared by his side. 'You will take this gentleman's horse to the stable, and give it food and water.'

Strangeways followed his host into the room. Around an oaken table was gathered a party at supper—three youths dressed in foresters' clothes, sons of the man who had opened the door to Strangeways, and a couple of women. The elder was obviously the forester's wife. The other was young and tall; her oval face, with its dark, flashing eyes, spoke rather of a southern country than Germany. There was a stateliness almost regal about her carriage, and the rough peasant-dress she wore could not hide the beauty of her figure. She looked up as Strangeways entered; their eyes met, and he bowed.

'This is a gentleman who has come to stay with us,' said Herr Gruegel.

'You are welcome, sir,' said his wife, making room at the table and setting a basin of broth before him.

'The fare is homely,' said the forester. He spoke in gruff tones, and the look he bestowed on his visitor was almost sinister in its lack of hospitality.

'It is welcome to one who has ridden far.'

'You have ridden'—— said the forester; there was more than idle curiosity in his manner as he left his visitor to finish the sentence.

Strangeways met his gaze, and for a moment the two men mentally weighed one another. 'I generally ride,' he said; 'it is wearisome to walk a horse for thirty miles.'

'You come from Livadia?'

'No.'

'You travel there perhaps?'

Strangeways laid down the spoon which he was in the act of placing in his mouth. 'I travel,' he said, speaking slowly, 'on my own business.'

Catching the girl's eye, he saw a smile flicker across her face.

'You are a stranger, sir?' she said.

'This is my first visit to Livadia.'

'You will find it a pretty country, but one sadly ravaged by war.'

'So I heard as I travelled,' replied Strangeways.

After supper the party gathered round the fire burning in a cavernous open grate. Frau Gruegel knitted, while the men smoked. Of conversation there was little. Herr Gruegel and his family were not loquacious, and the suspicion with which they regarded their visitor froze what words might have risen to their lips.

At last Strangeways rose. 'If you will show me my room,' he said, 'I will go to it. The fresh air here makes one tired.'

'And you have been in the saddle all day?' said the forester. There was that in his voice which expressed doubt.

Strangeways noticed it, and frowned. 'And I have been in the saddle all day,' he replied.

'You will sleep well,' said the girl. 'I wish you good-night, sir.'

Strangeways bowed, and followed his host out of the room and up a flight of stairs.

The room into which he was shown looked out across the stables to the forest beyond. Strangeways smiled as he heard the forester walk heavily down the stairs. The bluff suspicion with which he was regarded amused him. He crossed to the door, and finding that it possessed no key, placed a heavy chair beneath the lock. A few minutes he spent gazing out of the window, then he flung himself down on the bed fully dressed, and in a few moments fell fast asleep.

Herr Gruegel was frowning deeply as he entered the sitting-room.

'I care not for that man,' he said, addressing the girl. 'To-morrow I shall ask him his business, and if I like not his answer better than himself he will not sleep here to-morrow night.'

The girl laughed merrily. 'And why those fears, Herr Onkel?'

'Because of you—your'—— A word rose to his lips, but she stopped him.

'Mind you, I am Gretchen, simple country Gretchen.' She rose and made a mock curtsy. 'And why those fears?' she asked, becoming serious again. 'Have you not guessed who he is?'

The forester looked at her. 'My mind would be less troubled if I had.'

'He is the great Strangeways, who is captain of Her Highness's army.'

The forester stared in amazement. 'You know that?' he said.

'But yes, Herr Onkel. I saw him once in England, two years ago, when your little Gretchen was staying there, you remember.'

'But yes.' A doubt still lingered in the forester's mind. 'You are sure?'

'Quite. I knew him the moment he entered the room.'

It was early in the morning when Strangeways rose. A few moments, and he had found his way downstairs and was in the open. The wind was cold, but a brilliant sun shone through the pines. He chose the path which led to a small village not far distant. He walked along deep in thought, unconscious of his surroundings.

Looking up suddenly, he saw Gretchen, the girl who had smiled upon him the night before.

She was seated on a carpet of moss, gathering a bunch of primroses from the flowers which grew in profusion around her. Seeing him, she smiled and wished him good-morning.

'You are out early,' he said.

'And you, sir?'

'I am used to early hours,' he replied. 'At home, in summer-time, I am nearly always out as early as this.'

She looked at him, her head on one side, her lips parted in a smile. 'At home! You come from England, sir.'

'How did you know?'

'I saw you once in England.'

'You saw me in England!' he repeated. 'You have been there?'

'Once.' She thought for a second. 'Two years ago.'

'Where did you see me?' asked Strangeways.

She laughed. 'Ah,' she said, 'then you wore a soldier's uniform and rode a black horse.'

'Jeannette,' he exclaimed, 'tell me, are you Herr Gruegel's daughter?'

Again the lips parted in a smile. 'No.'

'Are you any relation?'

'Why do you wish to know?'

'A question for a question.'

'And you have asked three.'

'The visitor's privilege.'

She tossed her head. 'You take your privileges, sir!'

Strangeways shrugged his shoulders. 'In my country they say "all things come to him who waits." It is a silly proverb. All things come to him who takes them. Are you a relation?'

The girl shook her head. 'No. Herr Gruegel was kind to my father; and, now he is dead, Herr Gruegel is kind to me.'

'And your name is Gretchen?'

'How came you to know?'

'I heard Herr Gruegel call you so.'

'That,' said the girl, 'does not prove it is my name. I call him Herr Onkel, but he is not my uncle.'

She had ceased gathering primroses, and they lay in her lap, where she had cast them.

'See,' said Strangeways, 'your flowers have fallen.' He picked up a few and placed them in the button-hole of his coat. 'The rest I will make into a bunch for you.' She watched him gather them together with deft hands.

'We will tie them with that pink ribbon which is in your hair.'

'Sir!' she expostulated.

'Or else they will fall again.'

'And if they do?'

'But they shall not.' With equally deft fingers he unfastened the piece of ribbon and tied it round the bunch of flowers. When he had finished he laid them in her lap.

She was looking seriously on the ground, her chin resting on her hands. From beneath the folds of her coarse dress showed the trimmest of ankles and a foot the beauty of which the clumsiness of her shoes could not hide.

'Tell me,' she said, 'are you a soldier now?'

'I was when I left England.'

'But here—now?'

'Do I look like a soldier?'

'People are not always what they look,' she replied. A strange look came into her eyes. 'But tell me, are you?'

He paused before replying. 'If I was, it would be on secret service, would it not?'

Perhaps the answer satisfied her, for she nodded her head.

'Do you see many soldiers here?' he asked.

'A few sometimes—soldiers from the Princess's army.' Then she rose. 'Herr Onkel will wonder where I am if I do not return, and Herr Onkel will be frightened.'

'I could not imagine Herr Onkel in a state of fright.'

Gretchen laughed. 'He is terribly frightened when I wander in the woods by myself sometimes, and I love the woods.'

Herr Gruegel and his wife were downstairs when the two reached the cottage. The forester was about to say something, when on seeing Strangeways he stopped. 'You are late, child!' he said instead.

'I am sorry, Herr Onkel,' replied Gretchen. 'See, I have brought you some flowers.' She held the bunch before his face until it was buried in them. Then she laughed. 'Herr Onkel is not angry with me?' she said teasingly.

'I angry!' The forester looked up at her in astonishment. Words rose to his lips, but his eyes fell upon Strangeways, and he checked them and remained silent.

After breakfast Strangeways went to the stable to inspect his horse. There Gretchen followed him.

'That was not the horse I saw you ride in England,' she said.

'No,' said Strangeways; 'that one is dead.'

They spent the morning together, and the afternoon.

A week passed, and no message had come to Strangeways from the general commanding Her Highness's troops. Little news came to him, for few people visited the forester. So with time on his hands he spent it with Gretchen, until he found himself looking forward to seeing her each day, so that they might wander away somewhere together.

A sudden civility had crept into Herr Gruegel's tones; he no longer regarded his guest with suspicion; the reason whereof had been a conversation he had had with Gretchen when she had returned from her early morning walk with Strangeways.

'That gentleman is Captain Strangeways, Herr Onkel,' she said, 'so your fears are groundless. He told me so himself.'

'He has told you?'

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'Not in so many words, but I managed to wean it from him. A woman can.'

'And you above all women, Gretchen!' as a step sounded and Strangeways entered the room.

It was on the evening of the ninth day. They were seated in the glade where they had sat gathering primroses.

'How long do you stay here?' asked Gretchen. She was resting upon a little throne of grass which he had gathered about her, her hands clasped round her knees. The sun sinking cast a farewell light upon her eyes until they shone.

'Until I am called, little one,' he replied.

'Tell me,' she asked; 'you are a soldier; you have come to Livadia to fight?'

He hesitated, and she read the cause of his hesitation.

She leaned towards him, and a wisp of her hair caught by the wind brushed against his cheek. 'I will tell no one, I swear.' She took a little crucifix from the bosom of her dress and placed her lips upon the cross.

Then, a man of prudence, Strangeways cast discretion to the winds. 'Yes, little one,' he said, 'I am going to fight for your Princess.'

She caught her breath. 'And you go'——

'When they send for me. Perhaps to-night. Perhaps to-morrow.' He looked quickly at the girl, and seeing something in her eyes, seized her hand and drew her towards him. 'Why do you ask? Tell me.'

The girl made no reply.

'Gretchen, I have spent my days fighting ever since I can remember. It is the breath of life to me. But if you ask me now I will not go. What is Princess Mavelie to me, now I have met you?'

Gretchen tried to loose her hand. 'Sir,' she pleaded, 'what are you saying? Remember what you are and what I am. You are the Captain Strangeways who has come to save the kingdom of our Princess, and I a peasant girl.'

'You are no peasant girl.'

The girl looked at him. 'No peasant girl?' she repeated.

He clasped her in his arms and rained kisses on her young lips. The scent from her hair rose fragrant in his face. He felt her lithe young frame, rebellious at first, sink contentedly in his embrace.

'You are my queen,' he whispered, 'my queen, my little Gretchen. Tell me you care a little.'

For a moment the girl was silent, then she looked up into his eyes, and her own were shining with a strange look. 'I care—so much,' she said.

The shadows had fallen around them, and the leaves in the trees whispered a chorus to their whispers.

Then Gretchen rose. 'It is late, dear one,' she said, 'and we must go back.'

Strangeways rose. 'Little one,' he said, 'the decision is in your hands. It lies with you whether I go to Livadia and fight, or we fly together—you and I.'

Gretchen, the country girl, smiled upon the soldier a smile which told of love and pride. 'You will go, dear,' she said; 'and when it is over you will come back to your little country girl, if you have not forgotten her.'

'Never!' said Strangeways.

She took both his hands in hers. 'For a while the Princess shall have you, and then you will be mine—mine, dear one, for ever.'

Side by side they walked through the darkening forest. Outside the door of the forester's house Gretchen paused. 'We will not tell my uncle, dear one,' she said—'not yet awhile, until you come back.'

Before he could reply Herr Gruegel had opened the door and stood before them. 'Two gentlemen have called for you, Herr Strangeways—two officers in Her Gracious Highness's army.'

'They are inside?'

A greater courtesy had crept into the forester's tones. 'No, sir; but there is a note awaiting you.'

Followed by Gretchen, Strangeways hurried into the cottage and tore open the note.

'Herr Gruegel,' he said, 'I must saddle my horse. I leave to-night at once for Livadia.'

'And I will guide you through the forest,' said the forester; 'it is no easy path in the dark.'

Strangeways laughed. 'Before you have travelled half the distance, Herr Gruegel, I shall be in Livadia wearing the green uniform of Her Gracious Highness Princess Mavelie, God bless her!'

'Amen,' said the forester, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

While Strangeways went up to his room and buckled on his sword, Herr Gruegel, lantern in hand, went into the stable and saddled the gray mare.

There was a new light in Strangeways' eyes when he returned, the light of a soldier, a man who knew not fear, and a great pride welled up in Gretchen's heart as she saw him.

They were alone in the kitchen when he returned. He crossed to her side and took her hands in his. 'The call has come, little one,' he said.

She looked into his face and smiled bravely, though she knew the dangers to which he was going—none better. 'God keep you safe, dear one,' she whispered.

On the hard road outside there came the sound of a horse's hoofs.

Strangeways clasped her in his arms and kissed her lips. 'Good-bye, my darling.'

The door opened, and they sprang apart.

The forester stood upon the threshold. He might, or he might not, have seen them. Neither

knew. 'Your horse is ready, Herr Strangeways,' he said.

'Thank you,' said Strangeways. He walked into the open and mounted. Then he cast one look into the lighted room. Gretchen stood by the table, one hand upon it; though she smiled when she saw him, there was a look of sadness on her face. Between them stood Gruegel, silent and sphinx-like.

Strangeways saw her wave him a farewell; then, putting his horse to a gallop, he rode up the road which led to the darkness and Livadia.

Six hours later he had taken his command, and stood in the green uniform of Her Highness Princess Mavelie—Captain Strangeways of the Imperial Army.

CHAPTER III.

SIX months had passed. Prince Otto, who had vainly endeavoured to subdue Livadia and add it to his domains, had retired to his own town, beaten. The Gold Cross, the highest honour Livadia can bestow upon her sons, rested on Strangeways' breast. Men spoke of him with pride; women, when he rode through the town, called upon him as the saviour of their land. The sword which England had relinquished had placed a Princess upon the throne.

Strangeways stood in the private room of General Austerlitz, the chief of the Livadian army.

'To-night,' said the general, 'you will take a company of cavalry and bring Princess Mavelie to Livadia. It is her wish that you should go; she has commanded it, as an honour in recognition of your bravery. She rests at the inn on the Alsenburg road on her journey from Berlin. You know it?'

General Austerlitz smiled as Strangeways bowed. It was the scene of an engagement in which the English officer had greatly distinguished himself.

'You will meet Princess Mavelie there at sunset,' he went on.

Strangeways bowed and withdrew. Mounting his horse, he rode in the direction of the forest and the cottage which sheltered Gretchen. Flags fluttered in the streets as he rode through the town, flags hung out in honour of the victory and the home-coming of Livadia's Princess.

By daylight the road to Gruegel's house was easier to find than at night, and by midday Strangeways had reined up outside the cottage.

Gruegel himself answered his summons. 'You, Captain Strangeways!' he said.

'I have come to see Fräulein Gretchen,' Strangeways said.

Gruegel looked at him in astonishment. 'To see Gretchen? She has left us these many months.'

'Left!' Strangeways' face denoted his disappointment. 'And she has gone'——

'I do not know, Herr Strangeways.'

'You do not know! But surely she gave you some address? Fräulein Gretchen has not many friends. She would tell you.'

The forester smiled. 'Pardon, sir, Fräulein has many friends. It is to one of these she has gone, I expect; but I cannot tell you where. A carriage came for her one day four months ago, and she drove away. Since then I have not heard from her.'

Strangeways grew impatient. 'But I must know. Before I left to join the army she promised to become my wife when the fighting was over.'

'Your wife!' Gruegel's face expressed astonishment at the words.

Strangeways turned upon him in anger. 'My wife,' he said; 'she is worthy to be any man's bride.'

'You are right,' replied the forester slowly; 'she is fit to be any man's bride.'

'And you can tell me nothing?'

'Nothing, sir. I know nothing.'

Strangeways slowly mounted his horse. 'Then I must seek elsewhere. Should she come back, Herr Gruegel, tell her that to-night I escort the Princess to Livadia; then I shall rest neither night nor day until I have found her.'

The forester was watching him as he spoke. 'To-night you escort the Princess to Livadia? Ah!' he said slowly.

Strangeways rode back along the forest-road a prey to melancholy thoughts, conflicted with many emotions. Why had Gretchen, his little Gretchen, left without a word, knowing that he would come back? Perhaps she had ceased to care! He banished the idea from his mind as he thought of the time when they had said good-bye.

Still unsettled, he rode into the town of Livadia, and up to the large stone house which had been turned into a barrack during the war.

Giving his horse to an orderly, he gave the necessary commands for the small force he was to take as an escort for his Princess, then went up to the room which had been set apart for his use as a staff-officer. He flung himself down on a couch, fully accoutred, and lit a cigarette. There was a frown on his face as he tried to think out what could have happened to make Gretchen disappear so suddenly and mysteriously. No idea that she was false entered his mind, nor yet of failure to find her again, for he knew not the meaning of the word once his heart was set upon a project.

Yet when the time came for him to lead his men to the inn upon the Alsenburg road he had not decided as to the best course to pursue.

The Alsenburg road from Livadia runs at right angles to the forest-road, and for the first two miles of the journey Strangeways saw the thick clusters of pines upon his right hand. The sun was setting through their branches like a golden haze, as he had seen it in the days he

had spent with Gretchen, and the sight of it brought back memories of the girl.

He led his men at a hard gallop, and the first signs of dusk had fallen as they drew up in the courtyard of the White Horse Inn.

The inn, much frequented by travellers in the German States, is one of the finest upon the road.

Strangeways' eyes gleamed as he saw signs of the fight which had taken place there a few weeks before. A broken gate, a fence laid low, bushes torn up by the roots, and the horse-trampled sward, all brought back memories.

He entered the inn. Everywhere were signs of bustle, and obsequiously the proprietor came forward to greet him and have his name sent up to the Princess.

Strangeways waited a few moments; then came a message: 'The Princess Mavelie would see him alone.'

He walked up the stairs to a suite of rooms upon the first floor. There, in a large anteroom, were gathered the few ladies and gentlemen who had been attendant upon the Princess.

'The Princess will see you alone,' said one of them.

Strangeways walked towards a door which led into an inner room. It was opened, then closed behind him. He stood there, helmet in hand.

'You have come, Captain Strangeways,' said a voice.

He started and looked up. There, before him, stood Gretchen—the same Gretchen—no longer clad in homespuns, but in rich silks and linen.

He staggered. 'You are Princess Mavelie—you!'

She came towards him, her hands outstretched. 'Dick,' she said, calling him by the name he had taught her.

He drew himself up. 'I have come, your Highness, to escort you back to Livadia.'

She stopped. 'Have you forgotten the days at Herr Onkel's?' she said, speaking slowly.

'I went to Herr Gruegel's to-day to inquire after a little country girl to whom I had plighted my troth. He told me she had gone, he did not know where.'

'I did not tell him. It was the safest place for me to hide. It was near Livadia, a couple of hours' journey, and I could have had the army with me, and no one would have thought of looking for me at Herr Gruegel's cottage. Now I have no need to hide, since you have saved my kingdom for me.'

There was a look of weariness in Strangeways' eyes, the look of a man who has ridden all day in the saddle. 'I am waiting to take you to your kingdom, your Highness,' he said.

The Princess came still nearer. 'Dick,' she said—her hand was upon his sleeve—'Dick, in the old days you told me, as a country girl, rank made no difference—love levelled all.'

'Little one,' said Strangeways, almost unconsciously calling her by her pet-name, 'there is one rank love can never bridge—royalty. You, a princess, cannot marry me.'

The Princess looked up into his face. 'Dear one,' she whispered, 'what is a kingdom to the other? You know I would give up all for you. You know, don't you, dear one?'

Strangeways held her in his arms. 'I know, little one,' he said; 'and I know, moreover, that, cost me what it may, I can never let you do this thing. You are Princess Mavelie—Livadia waits for you; I, a soldier who has taken service under your colours.'

'Who has won me my kingdom! With whom else should I share it?'

In a few moments Strangeways had aged as in many years. 'No, dear one,' he said, 'it can never be. As a reward for the little help I may have given to your country I shall have the honour of escorting you to Livadia and setting you upon your throne. Then our ways must part; and I shall go back to England, to remember you always as Gretchen, my little lady of the forest.'

Princess Mavelie staggered; tears stood in her eyes; she was no longer a princess, but a woman. 'Dick,' she said, 'I cannot let you go. I will renounce my country and go back to England with you.' She saw the look of refusal in his eyes. 'You remember,' she said, 'that day in the forest when you told me that you loved me? You gave me the choice—it lay in my hands whether you should risk your life to save Princess Mavelie or stay with me. You remember?'

'Yes,' said Strangeways.

'I chose. When we reach Livadia I shall give you the choice. Either I shall reign in Livadia as princess or go with you.'

'You chose the path of duty,' said Strangeways.

As he spoke there was a tap upon the dividing door. They sprang apart as it opened slightly. 'Your Highness,' said one of the gentlemen, 'the carriages are waiting beneath.'

'I will be with you in a few moments,' said the Princess Mavelie.

The door closed again, and she turned once more to her lover. 'The choice lies with you, dear one,' she said.

Strangeways held out his arms, and she came to them with a sigh of gladness, though the tears ran down her cheeks. 'At any rate, it is good-bye to little Gretchen. Kiss me, dear heart.'

Their lips met and lingered together; then he gently disengaged her.

'Now my duty is with the escort,' he said. 'We must start soon, or it will be midnight before we reach Livadia.'

'Remember,' said the Princess Mavelie as they stood upon the threshold, 'the choice is in your hands.'

Strangeways hurried below into the courtyard. Before the door three carriages were waiting, each drawn by four horses. He arranged his men around them.

A small crowd had gathered about the doorway of the inn, and from their midst emerged the Princess.

Bending low in the saddle, his helmet in his hand, Strangeways held open the door of her carriage.

A few moments, and the cavalcade started. In the carriage with the Princess rode a couple of ladies-in-waiting. Strangeways rode by the side.

The light from the lamps shone full upon the Princess's face, showing it pale and drawn. When their eyes met she smiled upon him, and once she let down the window to whisper a few words.

As they neared Livadia lights came to meet them out of the darkness. When they entered the town itself people ran alongside the carriage, shouting their welcome to the Princess. The bells of the churches were pealing, waking the echoes of the night. In the darkness the flags waved bravely in the rising wind.

Whatever thoughts might have entered Strangeways' mind—the wild thoughts of a lover who thinks of nothing but love—they were dispelled by the sight which met him at Livadia. The palace was ablaze with light. In the great hall stood General Austerlitz and the chief men of the kingdom.

It was upon Strangeways' arm that the Princess walked up the marble steps. On the threshold of the palace itself, within the shadow of the gates, she appeared to hesitate a moment, and a look of glad expectation lit up her eyes as she gazed upon her lover.

'Gentlemen,' cried Strangeways in a loud voice, 'long live Princess Mavelie!'

A thousand voices took up the cry.

Strangeways felt her arm quiver in his. Then she turned from side to side, bowing in acknowledgment of the acclamation.

Strangeways had chosen.

SHADOWS.

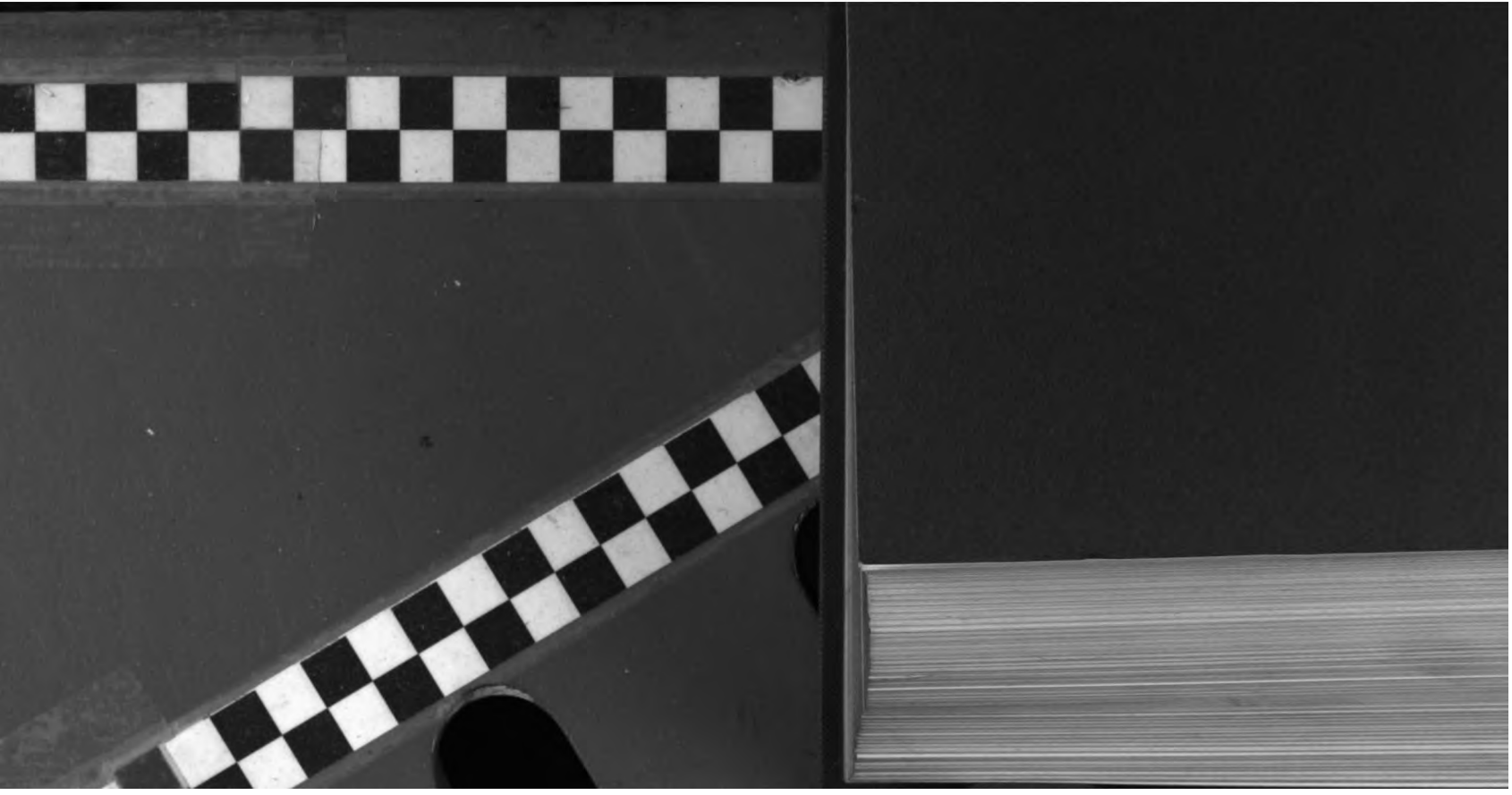
THERE 's a shadow on the veld where the sunshine used to be,
The dove's soft song is sadder than before;
And I hear the Homeland calling to the heart that 's sore in me,
And the surges shout a welcome from the shore.
But, Africa, land of laughter!
Of a thousand friends and true!
How could my heart beat after
Bidding good-bye to you?

There 's a shiver in the pines where the song of summer dwelt,
There 's a tremor in the frolic of the wave;
The grand old Mountain 's frowning on the ever-patient veld.
Dear hills o' Home, how kind the look *ye* gave!
But, oh, kopjes lone, forsaken,
In lethargy you lie!
I want to see you waken—
How can I say good-bye?

It 's a weary trek that winds round the kopje's riven foot,
It 's grayer since the veld-flowers left the scene;
And there 's neither vlei nor spruit for the trekker's weary brute.
Oh meads of Home, how lush ye are and green!
But, land of the brooding distance!
Of mountains brave and blue!
You call with such insistence,
How can I part from you?

There 's a wistful silence steals where the song-birds twittered free;
The only music is the baboons' bark.
Oh immortal magic mornings of a land across the sea!
Hush! o'er a Scottish moorland sings a lark!
But, dear little bok-ma-kieri,
'Mid the Homeland's mists and rain,
I shall wait for your call so cheery—
How can I wait in vain?

CAPETOWN. MARY ADAMSON.



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